

RADIO-TV MIRROR

August

N. Y. radio, TV listings

New stories on:
ARTHUR GODFREY
BOAGY CARMICHAEL
BERT PARKS
BILL CULLEN



Eddie Fisher
His Own Life Story



Ted Mack
Mr. Amateur Hour

●
Lu Ann Simms,
Arthur Godfrey's
Songstress

New! a shampoo that
Silkens
your hair!

I love it, I love it—how my hair shines. So-o-o silky to touch, so silky bright. *One* shampoo with the new Drene—that's every last thing I did to make it so silky.

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!

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

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

Just see how this luxurious new Drene silkens your hair! *You have an exciting experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE—

See Drene *silken* your hair! See this new formula flash into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick!*



New Lightning Lather— a magic new formula that silkens your hair . . . **Milder than castile—** so mild you could use Drene every day!

This is a *New* Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



Important- especially if you can't brush after every meal!

New Ipana[®] Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria



Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!*

Every brushing fights tooth decay!



Clean sweet breath - even after eating

*In tests, new Ipana stopped most cases of unpleasant mouth odor for even 9 hours after brushing. The people tested smoked freely and ate anything they pleased except foods like onions and garlic, which cause odors from the stomach.

Dentists say it's best to brush your teeth after every meal... and we agree. But when this is inconvenient, you can still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

For instance, when you use Ipana in the morning, you don't have to worry about your breath for up to 9 hours... even after eating or smoking. Tests by an independent laboratory proved it.

What's more, every brushing with new Ipana fights tooth decay. It removes bacteria that form the acids that eat into your teeth and cause cavities. So to fight tooth decay effectively, use

new Ipana regularly—after meals when you can.

And here's how to take care of your gums before gum troubles start. Brushing your teeth with new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

With all these benefits, Ipana now has a new, more refreshing flavor. Thousands of families who tried new Ipana liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We're sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube of new, white Ipana today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

New, White—



Product of Bristol-Myers



Student nurses are needed...
Inquire at your hospital.

Contents

Keystone Edition

Ann Higginbotham, *Editor* Jack Zazorin, *Art Director*
 Teresa Buxton, *Managing Editor* Frances Maly, *Associate Art Director*
 Betty Freedman, *Editorial Assistant* Joan Clarke, *Art Assistant*
 Maryanne Crofton, *Editorial Assistant* Betty Mills, *West Coast Editor*

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**Mom's Sure Putting
It On The Line!**

DON'T SOUND OFF FOR THE NEIGHBORS, JEAN! JUST TELL ME WHAT I DO WRONG—AND I'LL FIX IT!

ASK OUR DENTIST HOW TO FIX BAD BREATH, JACK! I'M SORRY, HONEY, BUT THAT'S IT!



JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!



Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



JEAN'S ADVICE WAS RIGHT IN LINE AND COLGATE CARE FIXED THINGS UP FINE!

Now! ONE Brushing With
**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Removes Up To 85% Of Decay
and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



**GIVES YOU A CLEANER,
FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!**

people on the air

What's New from Coast to Coast.....	by Jill Warren	4
Who's Who on the American Music Hall (Burgess Meredith, Nancy Kenyon, Larry Douglas).....		10
A Day with Robert O. Lewis (RTVM contest winner Helen M Haaland) Florian ZaBach.....		21
Arthur Godfrey's Little Miss Miracle (Lu Ann Simms).....	by Anne Candy	27
Mr. Amateur Hour (Ted Mack).....	by Arthur Norris	30
Be True to Yourself (Garry Moore).....	by Gregory Merwin	32
Courageous Is the Word for Arthur Godfrey.....	by Philip Chapman	34
The Road Of Life (Virginia Dwyer and Don MacLaughlin).....		36
Hoagy Carmichael Is Like This.....	by Pauline Swanson	38
Lili Darvas—Heavenly Homebody.....	by Mary Temple	40
Faith Breaks The Bank.....	by Mrs. George F. Hart	52
Life Can Be Beautiful (complete episode in pictures).....		54
Teens Are a Time to Learn (Joey Walsh).....	by Elizabeth Ball	60
Meta's Guiding Light (Ellen Demming).....	by Frances Kish	62
The Brighter Day (Bill Smith, Mary K. Wells, Phillip Pine).....		64
Our Mutual Friends (Bruce Eliot and Dan McCullough).....		66
Somewhere I'll Find Him (a Lorenzo Jones novelette).....	by Belle Jones	84

features in full color

Love Lives With Millie (Elena Verdugo).....	by Betty Goode	42
Eddie Fisher's Life Story.....	by Chris Kane	44
Easy to Live With—and Fun! (Bill Cullen).....	by Martin Cohen	48
Bert Parks—"I'm the Average Man".....	by Gladys Hall	50

your local station

Good Night Little Redheads (WOR).....		8
Nightbeat with Rowzie (WWDC).....		12
Some People Call It Madness (WIP).....		14
Weather or Not (WKBW).....		24

inside radio and TV

Daytime Diary.....		16
Information Booth.....		22
Inside Radio (program listings).....		75
TV Program Highlights.....		77

Cover portrait of Lu Ann Simms by Ozzie Sweet

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 Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group



Tess came home with a *tan*

... Martha came home with a *man!*



Two bright girls on vacation. Tess was the one who men ignored . . . Martha the one they adored. So, all Tess got was a tan, but Martha came home with a man . . . and a ring on her finger! Moral: If you want to be popular don't tolerate that insidious thing one moment. Listerine Antiseptic not only stops *halitosis (bad breath) instantly . . . it usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's ability to kill germs.*

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

Isn't it just common sense then to trust to Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be extra-careful not to offend? You see, germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. Because they start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. In fact, *research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.* Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fer-

mentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll

products, it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic . . . Listerine Antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.



Remember:

"Even your best friend won't tell you!"

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world

what's new from Coast



Walter O'Keefe is back in business again with his new CBS show.



Fred Allen and Tom Dugan learn some facts about how blood can save children from polio at Red Cross show in Beverly Hills.

By JILL WARREN

SUMMER replacement time is here again, and this year the networks and sponsors have come up with many interesting shows, so there should be enough variety to please everyone. First off, NBC is presenting an auspicious two-hour radio program on Saturday nights called *New Talent, U.S.A.* It is being produced in collaboration with NBC affiliated stations all over the country, with four different stations broadcasting half-hour segments each week. The only provision for performers is that they must be new to network radio, although they may have had any amount of experience in other fields of show business. The show will run for thirteen weeks through the summer and, on the fourteenth broadcast, the winners will be brought to New York City to compete in the grand finals. NBC has set up quite a project in *New Talent, U.S.A.*, with teams of talent scouts and personnel who are on the road in advance of each broadcast to assist the local stations in preliminary arrangements and in the local talent contests from which the performers are chosen. The network has high hopes of discovering many new personalities for both radio and television.

Suspense is off CBS Radio for the summer and in its place on Monday nights you can hear a half-hour program called *Crime Classics*. Strictly on the dramatic side, with re-enactments of actual famous crimes in history. Elliott Lewis, who knows his drama, is producing and directing.

Eddy Arnold takes over for Dinah Shore on NBC-TV while Dinah grabs a bit of vacation. Incidentally, the "Tennessee Plowboy," as Eddy is known, was (Continued on page 6)

to Coast



Eddy Arnold, the Tennessee Playboy, just signed a contract with NBC.



Jimmy Durante surrounded by a bevy of beauties at La Guardia Airport.



Spectacled NBC-TV scene designer, William C. Malynex, who does sets for Voice Of Firestone and NBC-TV Opera, explains tricks of his trade to students at New York School of Performing Arts.



New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

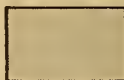


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor — just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

recently signed by NBC to a five-year radio and television contract, and he'll probably star on a show of his own in the fall. Under the terms of his new pact, he'll continue to do his radio program on Saturday nights.

If you like your summer radio fare, cultural style, listen to Literary Greats on ABC on Tuesday nights. This is a series of recordings by famous names of the arts, reading or talking about their work. Featured are such well-known creative personalities as Laurence Olivier, Tennessee Williams, William Faulkner, Sean O'Casey and The Sitwells.

21st Precinct is the name of a new dramatic radio series on CBS which fills the My Friend Irma spot on Tuesday nights. This half-hour will be produced in cooperation with the New York City Policemen's Benevolent Association and will present adaptations from true criminal records in New York, slanted from the policeman's point of view.

Long-time listeners to the NBC Symphony Orchestra broadcasts will be happy to know even at this early date, that Arturo Toscanini will conduct again during the 1953-54 season, starting November 7. This will be the sixteenth complete season for the eighty-six-year-old maestro.

CBS Radio has three interesting shows penciled in for summer. The first is Country Editor, a dramatic half-hour about a small-town newspaper, starring Will Rogers, Jr. Rogers should certainly be able to play his role convincingly, because until recently he published his own newspaper in his home town of Beverly Hills, California.

The second program, called Stage Struck, is an hour show saluting the living theatre, with scenes from his Broadway plays, news of theatre personalities and guest interviews. Mike Wallace, of Mike And Buff, emcees this one.

And the third summer show is Between Teens, a thirty-minute panel quiz for teenagers, with Red Barber, CBS Counselor on Sports, as the moderator.

This 'n' That:

Fred Allen will finally make his long-awaited television debut on Tuesday night, August 18, when Judge For Yourself bows on NBC. The program, which is a comedy-interview talent show, will be simulcast. Herb Shriner, who will share his cigarette sponsor with Allen, is moving over to CBS on August 15 and will probably be assigned the Saturday-night time spot following Jackie Gleason.

What's with the Jack Webbs? The rumor bird whispers from Hollywood that the Dragnet star and his actress wife, Julie London, are having marital troubles. He recently flew into N.Y. for a quick trip, registered at a hotel under an assumed name and, after a few days, hopped back to Hollywood.

Warren Hull is certainly the favorite son of his home town, Gasport, New York. They gave him a rousing homecoming celebration a few weeks ago, complete with parade and everything.

Dorothy "Dottie" Schwartz, former member of the Chordettes vocal group, and her husband, Bill Schwartz, have welcomed a baby boy. And Dorothy has said she is through with singing for a while and will concentrate on a domestic career in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Also on the receiving list from the stork was Big Jon Arthur of the Big Jon And Sparkie and No School Today programs over ABC. Arthur and his wife named the latest addition to their family Debbora Ruth. They have three other little Arthurs, Kathy, Mary Melody and Lloyd.

(Continued on page 20)



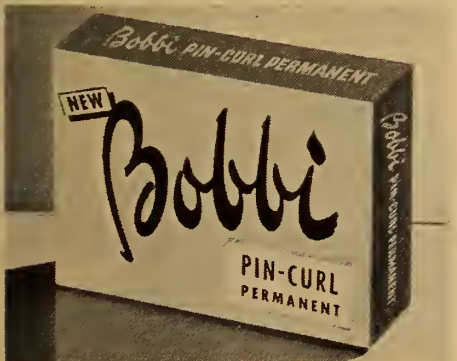
Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenu" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave *where* you want it.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Capri" style. No "nightly settings."

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.



GOOD NIGHT LITTLE REDHEADS



wherever you are



In front of his Rye, New York, home, Lyle gets in a few practice swings at bat with little Vans—Dirk, Lyle, Jr., and Lyla Gaye.

THOUSANDS of letters from listeners have asked the same question of Lyle Van, WOR newscaster—"Who are the little redheads you say good night to at the end of each of your programs?" Well, the above pictures reveal at least three reasons why Lyle says this—his own three little redheads at home. But Lyle isn't at all partial—his good night is intended for all red-headed children, wherever they may be.

The witty newsman who brings *News On The Human Side* into New York homes, five days a week over WOR, is a member of a family that dates its American arrival at 1652. His real name is Van Valkenburgh, and his Dutch ancestors settled in upper New York State when New York was still New Amsterdam.

How radio ever came into his life is still somewhat vague to Lyle, who had no intentions along that line originally. He sang in the choir at school in Troy, New York, when he was a boy (soprano), and had pretty definitely decided to be a singer by the time he was twenty. But, when Lyle was twenty, singers—like other people—were lucky if they could eat, much less sing for a living, so Lyle got interested in Florida, where they were supposed to be having a boom. Well, Lyle got there in time for the bust—so, to keep body and soul together, he became a U. S. Marshal, whose job it was to run down rum-runners off Key West.

But finally Lyle found radio—accidentally. He was selling insurance to a man who owned a radio station down South. The man didn't buy any insurance, but he hired Lyle as a radio announcer. Now, several radio stations, one marriage and three children later, Lyle is one of the most popular newsmen on the air. His little redheads are pretty famous, too. Ethel Keller and Thayer Walthall have written a song entitled "Good Night, Little Redhead," dedicated to Lyle's carrot-tops, wherever they are.

Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up

*Dial clears your complexion by removing
blemish-spreading bacteria
that other soaps leave on your skin*

No matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected underneath your make-up.

For this mild, gentle face soap does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7 (Hexachlorophene). It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way of removing these bacteria safely and effectively. These pictures, taken through a microscope, are proof. No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on the skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they are free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of these blemish-spreading bacteria.



And Dial is so mild!

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it could give you such benefits. It's delicately scented. Dial's mild, creamy lather removes dirt and make-up so gently and completely it helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads.

Skin doctors recommend Dial for adolescent complexions. And with Dial your skin will become cleaner and clearer than any other type of soap can get it. Why not let mild, fragrant Dial soap protect your complexion — even under make-up?



Also available in Canada



P.S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try *New DIAL SHAMPOO* in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



who's who on the American Music Hall



Burgess Meredith

THE HOST on ABC's American Music Hall is that nonchalant gentleman of the theatre and screen—Burgess Meredith. Ever since he started taking acting seriously, Burgess Meredith has been very successful. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Burgess spent his early twenties going from one job to another. He couldn't find any job that really made him happy. In 1930, with his enrollment in Eva Le Gallienne's Student Repertory Group, Burgess changed. He discovered acting was an exciting way of making a better than average living. He began to attract critical attention in 1933 when he appeared with Le Gallienne in "Alice In Wonderland." In 1936, he reached the heights of the acting profession when Maxwell Anderson wrote "Winterset" for him. In it, Meredith achieved lasting fame on the stage and, later, in the film version. In the past few years, he has added producing, directing and writing to his theatrical work. In private life, Meredith is relaxed and uninhibited. He's an ardent antique collector—even owned a shop at one time. He likes sport clothes and usually needs a haircut. Friends he's made on the Music Hall will want to hear him as The Adventurer—also on ABC.

The American Music Hall is heard on ABC Radio every Sunday, 7 to 9 P.M. EDT, produced by Paul Whiteman.



Nancy Kenyon

LOVELY songstress Nancy Kenyon provides some of the glamour and sweet vocalizing on the American Music Hall. She brings to the Music Hall an extensive background including musical comedy and TV experience. She's a native of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and her father and mother were both performing artists. Nancy's mother, Minnie Cameron, was a violinist and her father, Ralph Barker, a pianist. At thirteen, Nancy was commuting to New York weekends to study voice. At eighteen, The Philadelphia Opera Company offered her a place in their cast, but Nancy refused in order to accept an offer from the brothers Shubert to appear in "The Merry Widow" on Broadway. Nancy got very good notices on her part in that production, and went on to score successes in the revival of Jerome Kern's "Show Boat," "The Red Mill," and "Song of Norway," all notable New York hits. She made her TV debut singing the musical clues on Bert Parks's Break The Bank. She also got rave notices when she replaced Marguerite Piazza on Your Show Of Shows, while Miss Piazza was on vacation. Nancy is still looking for the right young man to make her life complete. She lives in a cute two-room apartment in Manhattan, owns a pet spaniel—"Maggie"—and uses spare moments knitting, cooking, or making miniature railroad models.

FEW SINGERS have been as fortunate as Larry Douglas, the male vocalist on the Music Hall, who has been working steadily ever since he got his first role in Billy Rose's "Jumbo." The handsome baritone, with his fine resonant voice, is always in demand for roles in stage productions, for radio and club dates. He has been featured in such hit shows as "Panama Hattie," "Where's Charlie?" and, more currently, "The King And I." A Brooklyn boy, Larry attended Erasmus Hall High School, where he was a member of the glee club. For pin money he worked as a butcher boy in a meat market, where his only audience were some unappreciative sides of beef. Larry entered every amateur contest he could, until he got tired of winning loving cups and decided to turn professional. He crashed the office of Billy Rose, diminutive Broadway impresario, who was casting a gigantic production called "Jumbo." Larry made good, and stayed with the show until 1935. It was while Larry was singing in the production of "Hold It" that he met the girl he'd dreamed of for a wife. She was a dancer, but wanted to trade a career for a family. They have one little girl, born in 1951. In among club dates, radio programs and musical comedy, Larry records for two major disc companies. The rest of the time is wrapped up in the ever-delightful activities of his little daughter.



Larry Douglas



NIGHT BEAT with ROWZIE

JACK ROWZIE's wife used to complain to him, "Why can't you get off night-beat duty?" But, as a member of the Washington, D. C., police force, Jack had to take the job he was assigned. Well, one day Jack decided to resign from the force, and Mrs. Rowzie felt like a million dollars—now she could expect him home for dinner when the rest of Washington husbands came home. Destiny is something she didn't figure on—and it seems to be Jack's destiny to work all night. He now runs an all-night disc jockey show over WWDC.

It was while Jack was still on the force that radio entered his life. His first job was as a newscaster; later he became a deejay and sports commentator. Finally the radio career won out. Rowzie's an oddity in Washington radio, since he's one of the few native Washingtonians on the airwaves. He grew up in the capital, where he went to school, played sand-lot baseball, sold newspapers, and was a Western Union messenger. By the time he joined the police force in 1941, Jack was known and liked by a lot of people in town.

The king of the airwaves after midnight, Jack has absolutely no competition for listeners' attention. The only other sounds heard above his program are the meows of cats on back fences throughout the town. The cats taught Jack a lesson. Nobody throws tin cans at him, because he keeps his music and his voice soft. His most faithful listeners are cab drivers and his former buddies on the force, who catch him on their patrol car radios. They give Jack lots of exclusive tips, too, when something newsy happens in the middle of the night.

True, Jack's schedule seems slightly off beat, but when you get right down to it, he really likes to be up all night—"It's the most exciting time of the day," he says.



The Rowzie children—Donna, thirteen, and Jon, six, do some brutal "waking Daddy" routines.

Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

"Instant Neutralizing!"

Amazing
New Neutralizer
acts Instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!



Re-fill
\$1.50
(plus tax)

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

BRAND NEW

Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:

A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!

A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.

A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave . . . even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE —>

Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!

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R
M



WIP's zany deejays Jerry Williams and Harry Smith provide music and laughter.

SOME PEOPLE CALL IT MADNESS

HARRY SMITH and Jerry Williams are WIP's answer to the A-bomb. The only difference is that the two Philadelphia deejays split gags instead of atoms. The result is almost as explosive. Williams and Smith began their comedy disc-jockey team in the fall of 1950. This year they were signed on the three to four p.m. spot over WIP. They also do the Saturday-afternoon record show, Record Room. A month-long search was conducted to find a suitable name for the team—and the winning selection was Gagbusters.

The tall, lanky half of the team—Harry Smith—grew up in Camden, New Jersey. He attended Woodrow Wilson High School, where he tried out for the football, baseball and basketball teams—none of which poor Harry made. After all these failures, claims Harry, “radio was the only thing left.” Once he had gotten his radio job, the Army discovered him, and promptly gave him a job. He saw service in Manila and New Guinea. After he was discharged, Harry took a screen test and flunked that—his head just wouldn’t flatten out. But then he met Jerry, and the world became brighter for both of them.

Jerry Williams has been stage-struck ever since he was a child in Brooklyn, New York. Just as he’d gotten his start in radio, the Army Air Force summoned him and he spent the next few years flying over China, Burma and India. After the war he worked in radio before heading for New York. In Manhattan he acted in many TV shows, such as Studio One, Martin Kane, and Philco Playhouse. But fate finally brought him into contact with Harry—and it’s been a partnership ever since. “Some people call it madness,” croons Jerry, “but we call it money.”

Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits
 . . . all revealing summer clothes . . .
 you'll think you've lost a full size,
 no matter what your size!



Hidden "finger" panels are molded in to flatten your tummy, smooth and support your figure in *Nature's* own way. *Boneless* non-roll top tapers and belittles your waistline, stays up without a *stay*. See the lovely textured latex outside . . . feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

New Playtex[®] Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is . . . a brief that *really* slims you . . . a brief with *all* the natural, figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle . . . a brief that gives you the figure *and* the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've *ever* worn a brief, you'll see the difference. If you think you *can't* wear slacks or revealing play-clothes . . . let Magic-Controller Brief show you how, *now!*



Playtex Magic-Controller^{*} Panty Brief, \$6.95

at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. PLAYTEX[®] *Living*[®] PANTY BRIEF turns your swimsuit into a slim suit. \$3.50
 Playtex *Pink Ice* PANTY BRIEF is a translucent sheath, pats dry with a towel. \$3.95
 PLAYTEX *Fabric Lined* PANTY BRIEF with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. \$4.95
 Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

when hair loses that
"vital look"



Helene Curtis
**shampoo
 plus egg**

brings out natural
 "life" and sparkle...
 conditions even
 problem hair!

The one and only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.

See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the natural "vital look" of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-sparkle.

You'll find your hair wonderfully manageable—with the caressable, silky texture that is every woman's dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg today. You'll be delighted that you did.



Available at
 All Drug Stores,
 Cosmetic Counters
 and Beauty Salons

59¢ and \$1

Helene Curtis

The Foremost Name
 In Hair Beauty

*2%

Daytime

AUNT JENNY Littleton is an average small American town, full of stories of average people that you might miss if you didn't know what to look for. But everything about Littleton is known to Aunt Jenny. All the dramatic elements of love and hate, greed, hope and jealousy that make the seemingly quiet lives of her neighbors so truly dramatic emerge in her exciting stories of her town and the people in it. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble, painfully aware of spoiled Elise Shephard's love for her actor-husband Larry, tries to distract her thoughts by becoming interested in the mysterious Lucius Brooks. But Brooks may turn out to be more mysterious and more dangerous than Mary suspects. Was this what actress Dolores Martinez had in mind when she introduced this old friend of hers to Mary Noble? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis has spent his life doing right and fighting in his peaceable way to see it done by others. He comes more or less naturally to the defense of young Alan Butler, unable to believe the young man guilty of the murder of Elmer Davidson. But Dr. Dennis has a deeper reason for concern in the case, because his daughter Patsy has fallen in love with Alan. Is Patsy's happiness doomed? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Julie and her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, have an unexpected first-hand experience with a young ex-convict's struggle for rehabilitation when they hire Richard Johnson, son of one of the hospital's elevator operators, as handyman during Julie's pregnancy. Is their faith in the young man misplaced? Has the gossiping town the right idea about the strange events which seem to center around him? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, ace crime reporter for the *Daily Eagle*, continues to collect glory with his unique combination of reportorial skill and detective instinct. Always on the scene when a big crime story breaks, David invariably manages to pick up the criminal's trail before it has grown too cold. And, no matter how dangerous the assignment, David's wife Sally is always at his side. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Just how much trouble can an unfriendly mother-in-law really cause if a marriage is on a fundamentally steady basis? Kathy Grant may never know the answer, for her marriage to Dick got off to such a shaky start that Dick's suspicious mother had only to raise an eyebrow, ask a question. Will Meta,

still uncertain in her position as Kathy's stepmother, be able to help enough to strengthen Kathy? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, appears to have resolved one of her life's most important problems as she plans marriage to Reed Nixon. But the strange woman named Annabelle, who almost wrecked Reed's life a while ago, turns up again with a disturbing question: will Reed adopt the infant born of her marriage to his cousin, the child she doesn't want? How will this affect Julie's future? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson has no trouble recognizing that Teresa Knight is a dangerous woman. But Bill's daughter Nancy, careless of her father's warning, almost allows Teresa to ruin her marriage. The happiness of at least four other people falls prey to this woman's twisted desire for power over others. Can Bill find a way to stop her before she succeeds in creating some final, dreadful tragedy? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Douglas Norman's new assistant on his little newspaper, the *East Side News*, bothers Chichi from the beginning, and she is caught between pity and anger as the truth about the girl, Grace Garcine, finally emerges. Chichi is relieved, however, to realize that all along Doug was not quite so blind to Grace's strange activities as he appeared. Will he be able to prevent the damage they may have done? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES During the months of Belle's search for Lorenzo, she never dreamed that finding him might not be synonymous with complete happiness. But now that she has found him she faces her worst trial as Lorenzo, about to marry Gail Maddox, cannot recognize Belle as his wife. If he does not regain his memory, what tragedy lies ahead for Belle? Is she wise to continue working for producer Verne Massey? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS From the moment Tom Wells reappeared in her life Fay has been a bit less jubilant, a shade less confident, than a girl in love ought to be. Are Fay's unspoken doubts justified? Will Ma be called on for help that even she cannot give as Tom's book approaches publication? And what about Ma's daughter Evcy, whose unexpected new baby causes some important changes in the Fitz household? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY With Paul Taylor's death, the misunderstanding between Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry, is

Diary

fanned to a crisis by Paul's widow, Wilma. Sunday is also seriously endangered by the maniacal Clifford Gates, Wilma's brother, who has enlisted Rose Taylor's help in his deadly scheme for revenge against the Brinthropes. Can Sunday help Henry clear himself of suspicion in connection with Paul Taylor's death? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Despite the nearly fatal results of Jim Dennis' effort to get back the baby he was once willing to have his wife give out for adoption, he is increasingly determined to prevent Pepper and Linda from consolidating their legal right to the child. Will Dennis' grim scheme to reclaim the child have results more tragic than he can foresee? How will Pepper and Linda weather this onslaught against their happiness? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PERRY MASON Each time lawyer Perry Mason advances a step toward his final expose of racket king Mark Cesar, Cesar manages to make a clever retreat that keeps him just enough ahead of Perry and the police for safety. But, one by one, Cesar's henchmen are being dragged into the open. Will Emmett's death and the activities of Mrs. McCormick somehow enable Perry to get to Cesar in time to save his client, Ruth Davis? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Carolyn Kramer Nelson finds that her own future and the future of her marriage are bound up in the fate of two young people who a short time ago were strangers to her. Her passion for justice keeps her fighting for Danny Lockwood's freedom even though she now knows that if she does not give it up the gap between her and her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, may become a permanent break. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE There were times during their courtship when Dr. Jim Brent and Jocelyn McLeod thought that they would never be able to realize their love. But last June Jim and Jocelyn were married, and all their friends rejoiced for them. But is it possible that even now a shadow lies over Dr. Jim and his bride? How will Jocelyn be able to overcome the resentment of Janie, Jim's daughter by his first wife Carol, who died five years ago? Will Janie ever really accept Jocelyn? And what effect will Janie's problem have on Jim? M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen's recent visit to the mountaintop home of her employer, producer Kelsey Spenser, results in repercussions even more
(Continued on page 90)

"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap

...because it's such wholesome skin-care!"



Says Beauty Director

CANDY JONES

Head of the Famous Conover School in New York

"As a beauty director," says Miss Jones, "I always recommend Cashmere Bouquet Soap, because I consider it the most effective complexion-care. It's *wholesome* for the skin, and it leaves a look of *natural beauty*—the kind that no amount of make-up alone can achieve."

Do as beauty expert Candy Jones advises. Use fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly. Its rich lather is so mild and gentle, leaves your skin with such a *naturally* fresh, radiant look . . . you'll be saying, "my skin *thrives* on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



"Daily Cashmere Bouquet Care Helped These Girls to New Careers"
—SAYS CANDY

PAULA STEWART
Television Actress



ELLEN WILLIAMS
College Secretary

Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips For You!

1. Stained or discolored hands clear beautifully if you'll pour 2 teaspoons of fresh lemon juice into your palm, half-filled with Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion. Massage well, repeat every other night for 2 weeks.
2. Complement your daily beauty care with eight hours' sleep . . . and start each new day with a thorough beauty-cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

More later, *Candy*

a day with



Two big moments in a busy day: Robert Q. Lewis introduces Helen on the Arthur Godfrey Time broadcast—and takes her to lunch at Louis and Armand's famed restaurant near CBS.



Office hours: Helen learns something of what it's like to be secretary to a radio-TV star. She helps with the records as Robert Q. tapes comments for his popular deejay programs.



Correspondence: Lewis goes over fan mail, as his regular secretary, Nancy Robinson (at left), brings in trayful after trayful. (Helen also typed scripts, took some dictation.)



WHEN Helen Haaland saw that exciting contest in RADIO-TV MIRROR, she thought how lucky some girl would be—winning the chance to be Robert Q. Lewis' secretary for a day! But she never dreamed she'd be that girl. Busy now as housewife (husband Einar is a machinist) and mother (four little girls), Helen had finally had to give up her secretarial job with Mutual Life Insurance. However, she kept up her shorthand and typing with part-time work for her mother, Mrs. Birdie Mohaupt, who writes children's stories and gardening articles. Unknown to her, Mrs. Mohaupt entered Helen in the contest—and her praise of her "perfect secretary" was so sincere and to the point that Helen was chosen the winner! Result: A memorable day behind the scenes of big-time broadcasting, and a score of pictures with celebrities who had once been only names to the young housewife-secretary from Woodbury, Connecticut.

Hear Lewis on CBS Radio in Robert Q.'s Waxworks, Sun., 10 P.M., for Webcor—and the Robert Q. Lewis Little Show, M-F, 4 P.M., for General Foods. See him on ABC-TV in The Name's The Same, Tues., 10:30 P.M., for Swanson's Foods, Johnson's Wax. (All times EDT.)

Robert Q.



Lu Ann Simms and Julius La Rosa escort Helen around the CBS studios.



Helen meets every little Godfrey—including glamorous Marion Marlowe.



The Mariners are on deck, too—for another photo in her memory book.

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



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

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



R
M

Glorify Your Hair

3 wonderful ways with

Nestle

COLOR



1 GLAMOROUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS glorify your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. COLORINSE is a "must" after each and every shampoo and whenever your hair looks dull and drab. It adds glorious color-highlights and exciting sheen . . . makes hair so easy to comb and manage. Choose from 10 beautiful shades that *rinse in—shampoo out*. 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

Nestle COLORINSE

2 RICHER COLOR TINTS beautify your hair when you use Nestle COLORTINT. For COLORTINT enhances your natural hair color — adds exciting new color — blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. It's *more than a rinse but not a permanent dye!* Enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair shining soft. Take your choice of 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 29¢, 12 capsules 50¢.

Nestle COLORTINT

3 LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR . . . as much or as little as you wish in ONE application . . . with Nestle LITE. Why fuss and muss with repeated applications when Nestle LITE makes your hair up to 10 shades lighter AT ONCE! Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks. Contains no ammonia . . . enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. \$1.50. Retouch size 79¢.

Nestle LITE HAIR LIGHTENER

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 6)

Teresa Brewer, the cute little singer who is subbing for Jane Froman on *Summertime, U.S.A.*, must have decided against those movie offers which were tossed her way after her Hollywood night-club appearance. She has been spending every free moment between rehearsals looking for a home to buy in the Westchester section of New York. Teresa constantly gets fan letters from young men who simply refuse to believe she is very much married and the mother of two children.

"I Believe," the hit song which has been at the top of the list for so long, is the first tune ever introduced on a television program which became popular as a result. Jane Froman's writers composed the song for her to do on her program last December 13, and it received such response from the public that it was immediately published and recorded and, of course, became her theme song. "I Believe" recently won a Christopher Award for its authors. Christophers are given annually for "creative works that reflect the power for good that can be exerted."

Faye Emerson and her old Cola sponsor may be in business together again soon. There's a dramatic filmed series in the offing for ABC-TV which would find Faye giving out with the commercials.

I Love Lucy has accomplished a lot of things and topped a lot of ratings, but now it can also be called an alibi! A young man was arrested in Compton, California, a few weeks ago, on suspicion of an armed robbery which took place about 9:15 P.M. on a Monday night. The suspect insisted he couldn't possibly have been at the scene of the crime because he never missed Lucy, which goes on at 9:00 P.M. in the Los Angeles area. Witnesses corroborated his faithful viewing and proved that on the night of the trouble he had been entertaining a crowd at his home watching the program. P.S. He was released!

Liltin' Martha Tilton and her new husband, test pilot James Brooks, are planning a delayed honeymoon late in August, when they'll visit his relatives in Roanoke, Virginia.

Eve Arden reports that her *Our Miss Brooks* show has made a strong impression on her young daughter, Connie. It seems that Connie recently finished up her going-to-bed prayers with "God bless Mommie and *Our Miss Brooks*. We're a little late, Lord, so good night."

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. F.H.D., Paterson, New Jersey: No, Marion Marlowe does not wear a hearing aid. I think this odd rumor got started because of the way Marion has worn her hair on occasion, sort of fluffed over her ears. . . . T.B.C., Toledo, Ohio: Yes, Red Buttons will be off television during the summer months, but will not be making a movie. However, there are negotiations under way for him to make a few night-club appearances, and the first one may be in Las Vegas. Red will be back at his regular CBS stand in the fall. . . . Miss J.B., Jacksonville, Florida: Jimmy Durante is reported to have told close chums that he had signed a lifetime contract with NBC, but I don't think the network has announced it officially as yet. . . . Mrs. A.B., Auburn, Washington: Sorry you've missed Mary Margaret McBride. She broadcasts

daily from New York, and just recently celebrated her nineteenth year on the air. . . . To all of you from everywhere who wrote asking about the Chordettes and the Mariners, from the Arthur Godfrey shows: The Chordettes and Godfrey parted company on the friendliest of terms. When Dottie Schwartz left the group, the girls got a new "voice" to replace her and at the moment they are in the process of musically re-voicing and re-organizing their quartette. Since leaving Arthur's shows, they have worked in and around New York City, "trying out" the group, as it were, on personal appearances. The girls, who have a tremendous fan following, will probably be set for a radio or television show this fall. Now, about The Mariners: The boys didn't make the Florida trip with the Godfrey gang because they had concert work and personal appearances to do, for which they were committed before the date for the Florida trek was set. And Arthur had given his okay for their two-week vacation a couple of months previously.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Johnny Dugan, the tenor, who gained much popularity on his own NBC-TV show last year? Johnny hasn't been too active in television until about three weeks ago, when NBC signed him to a contract and promptly handed him the emcee chores on a new afternoon variety show, *Ladies Choice*, which is seen Monday through Friday from Hollywood.

Walter O'Keefe, formerly heard on *Double Or Nothing?* Lots of inquiries on Walter, who has been very quiet this past season. But his fans will be pleased to learn that he has a summer radio show on CBS called *Get On The Ball*. It's an audience-participation program, heard Monday through Friday in the afternoons.

Hal Block, who used to be a regular panel member on *What's My Line?* Hal left the show to go to Florida, where he did a disc-jockey broadcast for a while. At the moment, he isn't appearing on any regular radio or television show, though he may be set for something this fall. He will not return to *What's My Line?*

Andy Russell, the baritone, who has sung on many radio shows? Andy has been more or less taking it easy lately at his home in Hollywood, except for recordings and occasional guest shots, though he did come to New York a couple of months ago to be a guest-star host on *Show Of Shows*, so maybe the television bug will bite him after all.

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

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



Florian ZaBach

WHEN Florian ZaBach, featured violinist on the Club Embassy show over NBC-TV, was twelve years old, he was considered a child prodigy of the violin and gave his first concert in his native Chicago's Auditorium Concert Hall. He continued this "longhaired" start by guest-appearing at the Chicago World's Fair in 1935 and embarking on a tour of the European capitals.

When he returned to the United States, and while playing as soloist with the orchestras of Roy Shields and Percy Faith, Florian began to wake up to something about himself. He noticed that not only was he appealing to lovers of serious music, but to lots of people who didn't know Beethoven from boogie woogie. A two-year hitch in the Army confirmed Florian's estimate. When he was mustered out, the handsome blond violinist abandoned his concert career, and decided to devote himself to entertaining the millions rather than the thousands. He organized his own society orchestra, touring the nation's select hotels and night clubs.

On the road, Florian discovered that, in addition to his skill as a virtuoso, he was getting plaudits for being a personality—a personality who could sing, tell funny stories, and even do magic tricks. When the full impact of this dawned on Florian, he immediately set about launching himself as a solo act. His success is something of a phenomenon when you consider that a solo violin act hadn't made money since Rubinfoff and His Magic Violin.

The factor which really carried Florian over the top into the magic circle of stars was a little record called "The Hot Canary," which sold upwards of a million copies.

His success is used as an example by thousands of mothers throughout the land, who tell their Johnnys or Billys that if they practice their violin they may end up on TV like Florian ZaBach.

Florian ZaBach appears on the Club Embassy, each Tuesday at 10:30 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, for Embassy Cigarettes.



Are you in the know?

To start school with a bang—

Be a hide-beater Gong up Try soloing
Don't let those hermit blues set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let calendar cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outline" blues, for those flat pressed ends don't show—so, your public will never know!



Are these autographs likely to go —

- To her head Round her waist

A walking album — your scrapbook belt (new fun fashion)! Make-believe leather with vinyl plastic "window", it holds your heroes' autographs, snapshots — whatever suits your fancy. And here's something for your memory book: at problem time, you can choose a Kotex absorbency that suits you — exactly. Try Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

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



What's on a smart job-holder's mind?

The future The clock New materiel
Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting fireman. Show the boss you're dependable. Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That safety center gives extra protection — and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex holds its shape!

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- Romeo & Juliet Kotex and Kotex Belts Moon 'n' June

Made for each other — that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts — and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they're designed to prevent curling, cutting, or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . for a change!



R
M

DO

go near the water



You can go swimming wearing Tampax*. Even when the bathing suit's wet and clinging, internally-worn Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn't reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tampax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It's so easy to insert that the user's hands need never even touch it. And it's just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you're away from home.

You can sit on the beach wearing Tampax. What if you don't want to go in? There's nothing to betray it's one of "those days"—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tampax is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it once it's in place. Worn by millions of women, Tampax is really a "must" to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summer.

Buy Tampax this month. At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month's supply goes in purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Information

Sunday Afternoons

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me some information about the host of On A Sunday Afternoon? We all think he has a very pleasant voice.

E. B., Hanover, N. H.

Eddie Gallaher, host of CBS Radio's On A Sunday Afternoon music series, is an extremely busy young man. He writes a weekly column on records in the Washington Post, is a ranking low-handicap golfer, and does numerous radio chores in addition to his summer stint on CBS. Ever since he started broadcasting while still in college in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Eddie has delighted ever-growing audiences. Born in Washington, D. C., thirty-odd years ago, Eddie came back to his birthplace from Tulsa, where he grew up, to make a name for himself. He took over Godfrey's old programs in the capital, and proved to be equal to the difficult task of replacing the fabulous redhead. He lends his charm to the CBS summer series for the second year.

Mary McGoon

Dear Editor:

Is Mary McGoon, the featured cooking expert on the Bob And Ray show, a man or a woman?

C. N., New London, Conn.

Mary McGoon, Bob and Ray's answer to

Poison Pete, is none other than Ray Goulding himself.

Sheldon's a Producer

Dear Editor:

I often notice the name, Sheldon Leonard, listed as the producer of various TV shows, including a steady credit for Jeweler's Showcase, a dramatic series. Is this the same Sheldon Leonard who used to be in the movies in gangster pictures?

P. B. S., Athens, Ohio

Yes, Leonard the actor and Leonard the producer are the same Sheldon. In addition to being a past master at the art of portraying the mugg with the heart of gold, who is always attired in pepper-and-salt tweeds, Sheldon is a very capable writer, director and producer of teleplays. A graduate of New York's Stuyvesant High School and Syracuse University, he began his career in college plays. His first movie job was in a film made in the West Indies. From there he turned to the Broadway stage—playing featured roles in "Three Men on a Horse," "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," and "Having a Wonderful Time." In 1940, Sheldon went to Hollywood where he made over one hundred pictures. In 1950, he sold his first TV script, and, since that time, Sheldon has really "moved in" on the production end of television.



Eddie Gallaher



Sheldon Leonard

Booth

Voice of Spring

Dear Editor:

Who is the girl who does the fashion commentary on Camel Caravan with John Cameron Swayze? I call her the "voice of spring."

C. K., Fulton, Ill.

Your girl is Connie Lembeck. She quit radio and TV after her marriage, but while her husband served as a colonel in the Army during the last war, Connie returned to her career. She appears on many dramatic shows as well as on Camel Caravan.

Five!

Dear Editor:

Who is the man on the Walter Winchell TV broadcast that calls out how much time Winchell has left?

M. B., New York City

The man's name is Sonny Diskin on the production staff at ABC.

Mr. Keen

Dear Editor:

You never print any pictures of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons. Who is he, and what does he look like?

S. H., Baker, Fla.

Mr. Keen is portrayed by veteran actor Philip Clarke and, if you look down this column a bit, you'll see what Mr. Keen looks like.

(Continued on page 25)



Philip Clarke

Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film... just soft shimmering beauty

Now... try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way... With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

End dry hair worries
with miracle Curtisol—
Only **Suave** has it



Special Offer!



Your choice of these two tremendously popular luxury shampoos

Helene Curtis MILKY SHAMPOO

Works miracles for dry hair. So lanolin-rich it leaves hair soft as sable, wondrously radiant—twinkling with exciting new highlights. And so well behaved.

Helene Curtis SHAMPOO PLUS EGG

The only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg! Brings out that "vital" look. Conditions even problem hair! Leaves it monogeoble, silky.

WKBW's Stan Barron sits in front of the studio under his trusty umbrella for the Clock Watcher Show.



“WEATHER” or NOT

STAN BARRON has a unique approach to radio broadcasting. He does his Clock Watcher Show from the lawn of WKBW every day, rain or shine. This gives Stan a grandstand seat on the busiest street in Buffalo, where an estimated 68,000 people pass Radio Center every day. Buffalo motorists look forward to seeing Stan under his bright red umbrella, and wave to him as they drive to work.

A long and varied career has taught Stan that almost anything can happen in radio, and qualified him for handling the problems peculiar to broadcasting out-of-doors. He'll tell you about the gust of wind that threatened his position atop the high platform from which he greets listeners each morning. The gale caught hold of his umbrella, but athletic Stan held on to the umbrella, table—and, in addition, saved the mike,

thermometer, clock, copy and model radio!—without disturbing the smooth pace of the show.

Thirty-two-year-old Stan was born in New York City, where he lived on Seventh Avenue and 41st Street, in the heart of the theatrical district. His mother and father owned a small store there, and many were the actresses and actors he met, since the store was right next-door to the Amsterdam Theatre—home of the Ziegfeld “Follies.” He fell in love with show business, and naturally wanted to go into it himself.

The Clock Watcher Show is popular because Stan provides sunny music and friendly chatter at an hour in the morning when people need a lift. No matter what the weather brings, Stan is undaunted—and you can't help feeling that it is not such a bad world after all.

Information Booth

Gil Whitney

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me who plays the part of Gil Whitney on the daytime drama, *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, and tell me something about him?

C. L., Grand Ledge, Mich.

David Gothard portrays Gil Whitney. Mr. Gothard has spent most of his life in the three radio capitals—New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Born in Beardstown, Illinois, Gothard moved to Los Angeles when he was nine years old. He completed high school there, and, since those were depression times, he went to work when he was graduated instead of going to college. When he was twenty he hitch-hiked to Chicago and managed to land a radio job there on his twenty-first birthday. In 1939, Mr. Gothard headed for New York where he has been acting in radio ever since. He is six feet tall, has light brown hair and blue eyes.

Love Of Life

Dear Editor:

I would like to have some information on the young woman who portrays Vanessa Dale on the TV serial, *Love Of Life*.

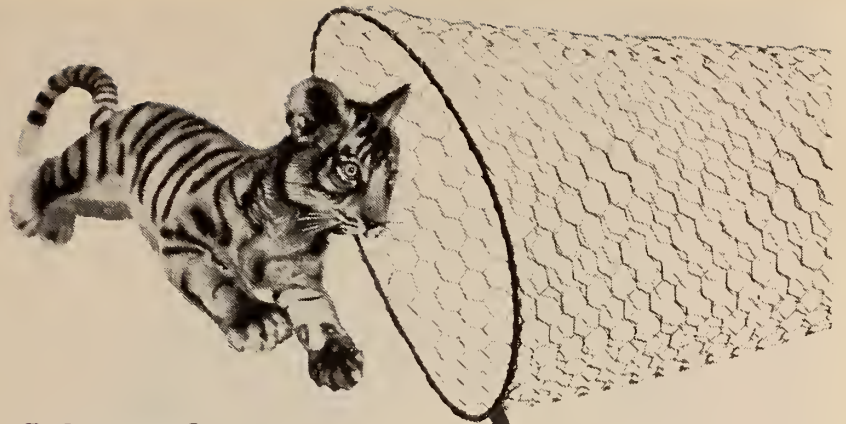
N. F., Toronto, Canada

Peggy McCay, who plays Vanessa Dale on the CBS-TV serial, *Love Of Life*, was a drama major at Barnard College, just four years ago, and now she has a successful career well-launched. She has trouped the Midwest and South, played Broadway and TV. After she was graduated from Barnard, Peggy joined the Fordham University Players under the direction of Albert McCleery. Next she played several summer stock engagements. But, in the fall of

(Continued on page 26)



Peggy McCay



I dreamed

I went on a tiger hunt in my

maidenform^{} bra[®]*

I'm the daring young lady from Niger,
Who smiles as she goes hunting tiger;
My figure is svelte,
The best on the veldt . . .

Or anywhere else, says the tiger!

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Maidenette^{*}
in acetate satin and lace, broadcloth
and lace, or nylon taffeta
with nylon marquisette . . . from 1.50
There is a *maidenform*
for every type of figure.*
Send for free style booklet.
Maidenform, N. Y. 16



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. COSTUME: JOHN FREDERICKS BUSH HELMET: CAVANAUGH

R
M

Julia Adams starring in Universal-International's
 "THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO" Color by Technicolor



JULIA ADAMS says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Julia Adams—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

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



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans; leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It does not dry or dull your hair!



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage; tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



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

Thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos: Lustre-Creme also comes in new Lotion Form, too—30¢ to \$1.00.



Information Booth

(Continued)

1949, her really big break came when she was hired by Margo Jones to play in "Summer and Smoke."

Anne Malone

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me whatever became of Anne Malone in the Young Dr. Malone daytime serial?

G. H., Burlington, Vt.

In the Young Dr. Malone drama, Anne died. Now Jerry is trying to make a new life for himself and their daughter.

Audrey's Both

Dear Editor:

Is Audrey Meadows, who appears with Jackie Gleason, also on the Bob And Ray show?

M. M., Beechhurst, N. Y.

Yes, Audrey appears on both shows.

Gunsmoke

Dear Editor:

I would like some information about Bill Conrad, the star of Gunsmoke on radio. T. A., New York City

Bill Conrad has played in hundreds of radio series and a score of motion pictures. He specializes in villains, but in real life he is a very nice guy. He is best known by his pals as being one of the ten most poorly dressed men in America. His favorite ensemble consists of a sack-like pair of blue linen slacks, a T-shirt, tennis sneakers and an old leather jacket—a relic of his Air Force days. Like Bing Crosby's loud sports shirts, Bill's disheveled apparel is his trademark. Bill is one of the busiest actors in Hollywood, but that doesn't stop him from relaxing, and when he does, he works harder at it than most people when they're working. Hobby-wise, aside from sleeping, Bill likes to cook, and his pretty wife lets him—to his heart's content. Sometimes they invite friends in to sample his recipes, and Bill always reminds them that—"We're not dressing. . ."

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

Lu Ann Simms' dreams
have a wonderful
way of coming true

Arthur Godfrey's

LITTLE MISS MIRACLE

Godfrey and Lu Ann love the Florida sands—but not on their suits!



By ANNE CANDY

WHEN she was three years old, she went to an audition for an amateur show—Young Stars Of Tomorrow was the name of it—and they stood her up on a chair, and she won. The other contestants were old people of eight and nine, and stood square on the floor, and didn't have a chance.

When she was twenty years old, she went on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts program, and she sang a song called "Don't Take Your Love From Me," and she won. She cried, and Arthur Godfrey cried, and everybody in the audience cried, and a star, as they say, was born. And they called her Lu Ann Simms.

The girl who grew into the star was actually born on July 11, 1932, and christened Lucille Ann Ciminelli, in Rochester, New York. She loafed until she was three, then got the aforementioned job on Young Stars Of Tomorrow. She worked that program for a year and a half—it was

See Next Page

Arthur Godfrey's

LITTLE MISS MIRACLE



For Julius La Rosa and Lu Ann Simms, being "little Godfreys" meant

broadcast over a local radio station—before she retired.

The Ciminellis had a good kind of life in Rochester. They always lived in a house—no apartments for them—and there was always a stretch of grass where kids could play, or a tree to climb, or a baseball game to get into. Lu Ann is a baseball nut, who claims to be an ace catcher, and is good enough so the boys still don't mind letting her play. Even her brothers. Brother Sonny—just home from Korea—is nineteen, brother Donnie is fourteen.

"They're very fussy now," she says. "I'm supposed to call the nineteen-year-old one John, and the little one Donald. Nicknames are sissy—"

Lu Ann went to Our Lady of

Mercy High School in Rochester (it's a Catholic school for girls), sang in the glee club there, and at masses, and the annual school concert. She studied classical music for five years, faithfully practicing numbers that hovered up around high C, but she had a feeling for popular music that couldn't be buried under a pile of arias. Her singing teacher'd be "giving classical" in one room of her house, and Lu Ann would be in another room, "giving popular" instruction to kids who cared about such things.

Along about now, a tall dark man with a contract should have appeared, tapped Lu Ann on the shoulder, and said, "Little girl, I'm going to skyrocket you to fame." And Lu

Ann should have smiled bravely, left her "popular" class with its small mouths open, and gone off into the sunset to be a success in Hollywood.

But that only happens in the movies. Lu Ann wasn't considered a musical genius by anybody. She finished high school, and went to work to save enough money so she could start college. She wanted to be a doctor, which meant years of study, and her family—long on love, short on cash—couldn't help her much. Al Ciminelli works for the city of Rochester, and nobody who belongs to him ever went hungry, but he certainly doesn't make the kind of salary that enables a man to put his offspring through medical training.



requent trips to Florida.

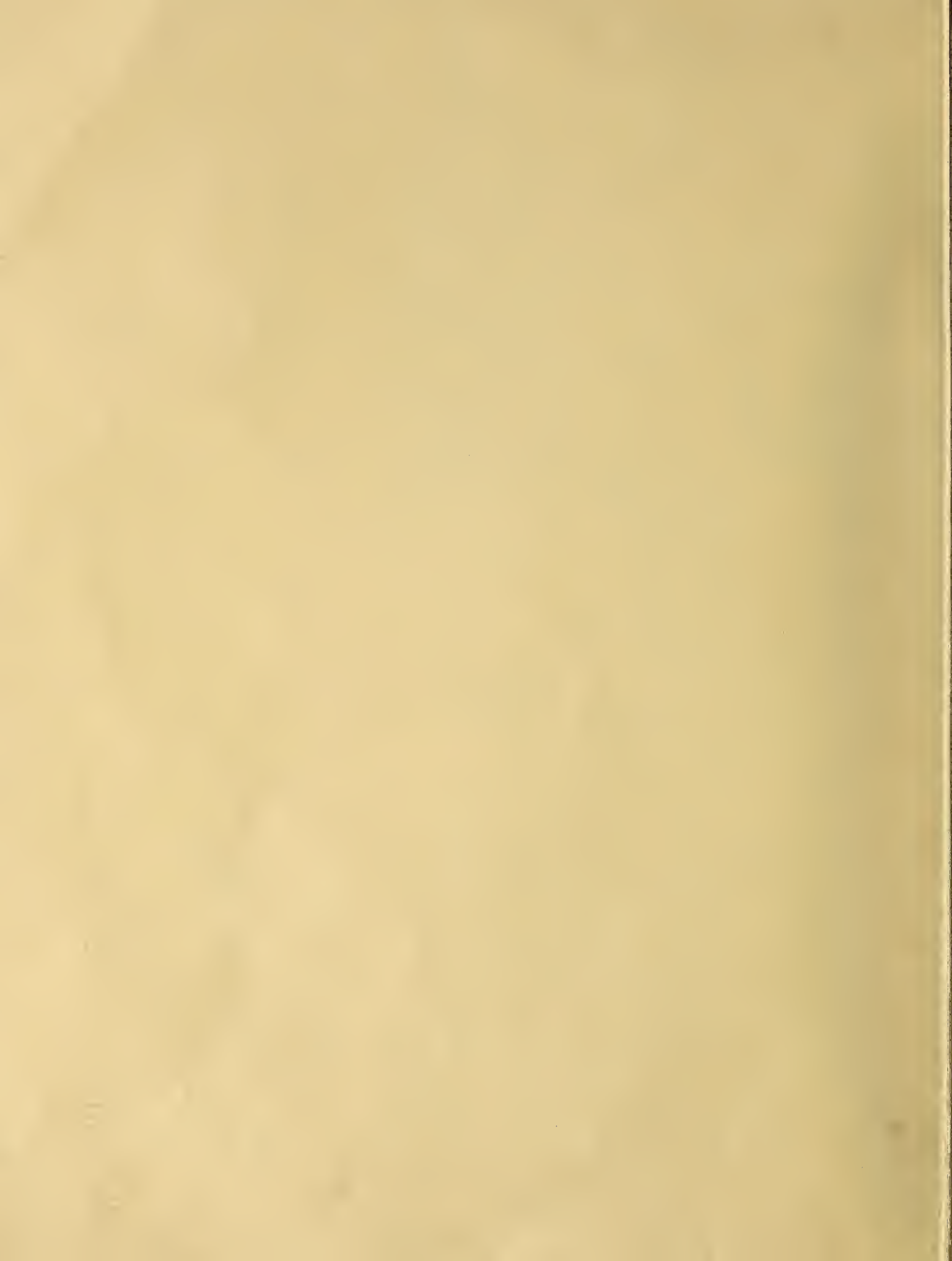
Anyhow, Lu Ann started selling records in a music store for thirty-three dollars a week. Supposedly, she never gave a thought to singing as a career, surrounded though she was by musical paraphernalia. She was dreaming of bone surgery, not a white Christmas, even as she gift-wrapped Bing Crosby.

After a year-and-a-half of honest effort, she came to New York City on a visit. Not really New York City. City Island. That's way up in the Bronx, and a kind of resort where a lot of rich people keep their yachts. Lu Ann's aunt and uncle were working in a restaurant at City Island, and it was this aunt and uncle she'd come down to visit. There was a trio playing (*Continued on page 70*)

There's time for play, as well as work, so Lu Ann practices a good diving-board spring with a helpful lifeguard's advice.



Lu Ann Simms is heard and seen on Arthur Godfrey Time and Arthur Godfrey And His Friends (see page 35 for full schedule).



Arthur Godfrey's

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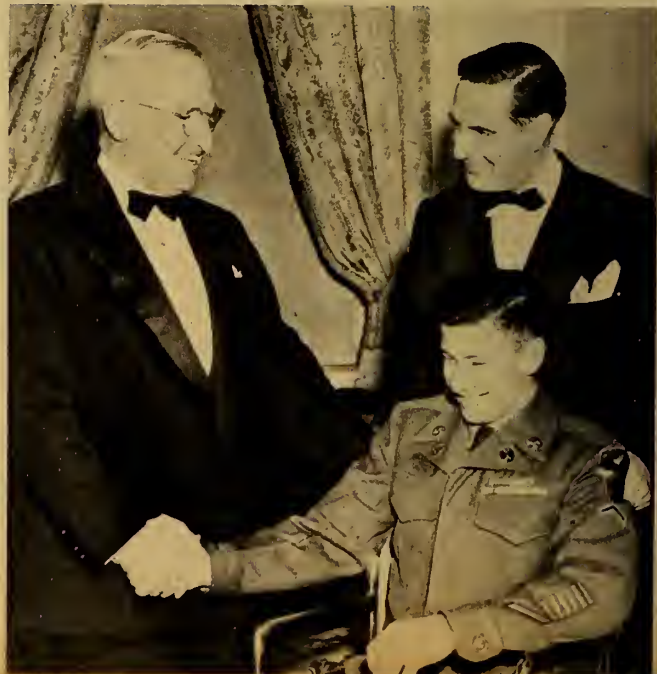
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MR. AMATEUR HOUR



Above, Ted's famous wheel. Below, his "Mr. V.I.P. of 1951"—Pfc. Anthony Troilo—being congratulated by Harry S. Truman, then President of the United States.

**Ted Mack believed in
helping others—this
faith led him along the
golden path to fame**





Before broadcasting, Ted directed music for such films as "The Great Ziegfeld."

By ARTHUR MORRIS

A SMALL boy, not yet in his teens, huddles in a dark closet, his nimble fingers feeling the keys of a saxophone almost as big as he. With determination set on his face, he begins to play. The same scene is repeated many times and, as days grow into weeks and weeks into months, he finally harnesses the rich tone of the instrument. Little does he realize that this saxophone is shortly to become his bread and butter, this determination his greatest asset.

Still in knee pants, this youngster learned early in life what it means to struggle but to *(Continued on page 79)*

Ted Mack and The Original Amateur Hour are seen and heard on NBC-TV, each Saturday at 8:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Pet Milk Company.



It was Lou Goldberg who brought Ted and the Amateur Hour together.

Ted's show entertained troops in Korea, presenting such local G.I. talent as the "Kumwha Valley Boys."



GARRY MOORE—Be True

Garry's a great guy to have as "boss," according to Durward Kirby (left), Ken Carson (right)—and others.



Conferring with writer Bill Demling, assistant Shirley Reeser, producer Herb Sanford—inspecting a kinescope of Denise



to yourself

"All the corny things people are reluctant to talk about—loyalty, dignity, understanding—are present on our show."

By GREGORY MERWIN

THE SHANGRI-LA of TV is in the Mansfield Theatre, just west of Broadway, where the Garry Moore Show is rehearsed and telecast five days a week. Although in some other theatres stars may scream, here Garry and his director speak courteously in low voices. Elsewhere a female singer may plot to upstage her male counterpart, but here Denise Lor is comparing notes with Ken Carson about their respective children. The air is calm and business-like, to be sure, but relaxed.

"The secret," (Continued on page 92)



Jimmy Durante—ex-partner, firm friend, Professor of Humility!

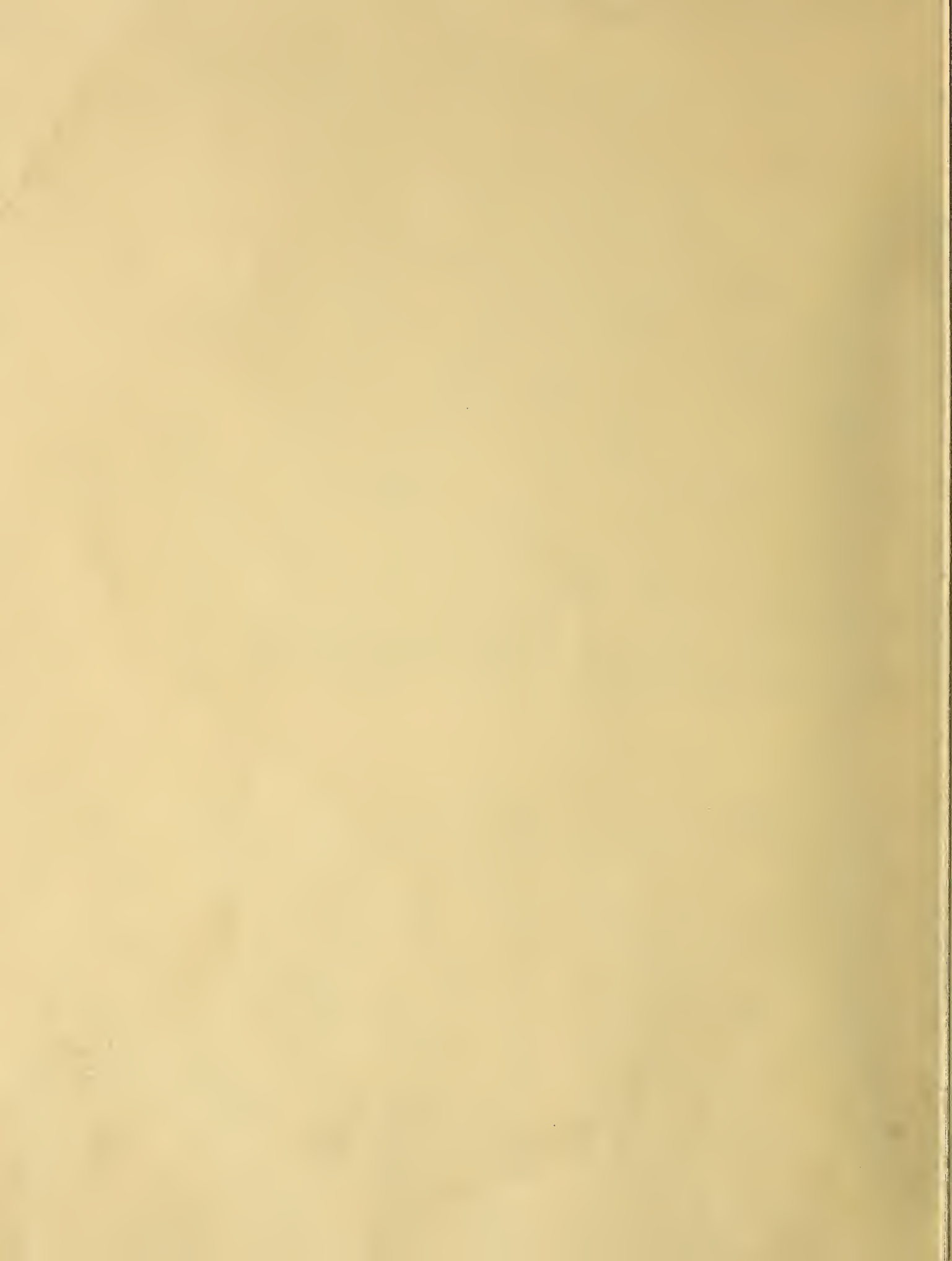
The Garry Moore Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, under the sponsorship of Ballard Biscuits, Rit and Shinola, Stokely-Van Camp, Deepfreeze, Kellogg's Gro-Pup, Hoover Vacuum Cleaners, and Purex. Garry also emcees I've Got A Secret. CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, for Cavalier Cigarettes.

Lor and himself—Garry's always seeking ways to improve his shows.



Relaxing at home with his Springer spaniel, Som.



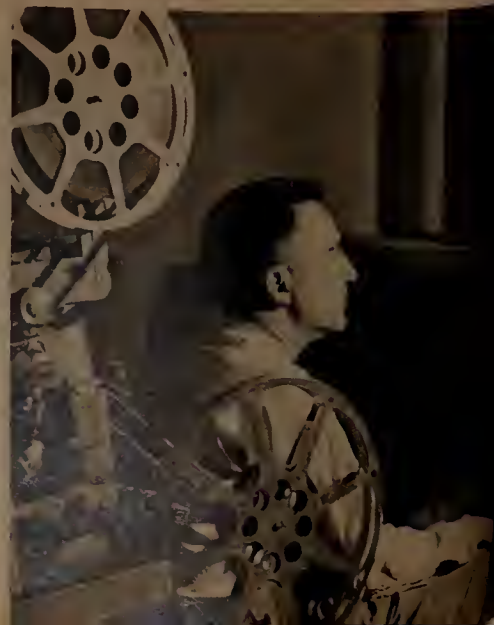


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Relaxing at home with his Springer spaniel, Sam.





Hospitalized or working, Godfrey relies on his own strength to pull himself up where he wants to be.

COURAGEOUS IS THE WORD

Characteristically, just before his operation, Godfrey was busy in Florida—carrying out three projects at once!



*There was drama in the hospital
room, drama in Miami—drama
wherever Godfrey happens to be*

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

AT THE Phillips House in Boston, Massachusetts, newsmen gathered around the bedside of Arthur Godfrey. Out in the hall, nurses were bustling about on the off-chance they, too, could glimpse the jovial redhead. Adjusting himself by overhanging pulleys, Godfrey laughed and joked with the reporters just as he has done hundreds of times before, on less serious occasions.

"If the Good Lord is willing, about this time next year I will be able to get around with no trouble," he said.

A day later, Arthur Godfrey underwent the first of the two operations (*Continued on page 71*)

Arthur Godfrey Time, heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11:30 A.M.—seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10 to 11 A.M.—for Snow Crop, Kleenex, Fiberglas, Star-Kist, Pepsodent, Frigidaire, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Toni, Chesterfield. Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS Radio and CBS-TV (simulcast), Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield Cigarettes, Toni, Pillsbury. (All times given EDT.)

FOR ARTHUR





Secure in Jim's love, Jocelyn knows she must somehow, find a way to win the heart of his young daughter Janie, too.

Jocelyn's marriage to Dr. Jim Brent

creates problems along the

ROAD OF LIFE

WHAT strange twists the road of life takes, Jocelyn thought as she timed her steps to the honored music of the wedding march. There were so many shadowy places along the way—and now the glorious sunshine of a love which she hoped could always remain bright and beautiful. Momentarily, she caught her breath as she at last stood beside Dr. Jim Brent, tall, handsome. His beloved face bent down over her and his smile confidently conveyed his kindness, his strength of character. As the minister intoned the solemn lines which pronounced Jocelyn the wife of Dr. Jim Brent, the young bride uttered a silent prayer: "God grant us the power to solve our problems, and the wisdom to put behind us those we cannot overcome." In the days that followed her wedding, Jocelyn was to think again and again of this prayer. Within the framework of the life she assumed, by marrying Jim, is the care of his ten-year-old daughter. Relying on the power of her own heart to guide her, Jocelyn daily faces the problem of Janie's jealousy, Janie's resentment of Jocelyn's marriage to her father. No matter which way Jocelyn turns in her at-

tempt to win Janie to her, there is Aunt Reggie encouraging an insidious worship of the memory of the child's "real mother." Even Jim, with all his understanding, all his calm assurance, is helpless to combat Aunt Reggie's influence. Aunt Reggie is his dead mother's sister, a woman who cared for him, brought him up when his mother was still a bedridden invalid. Aunt Reggie, in her own way, loves Jim—but Aunt Reggie finds little satisfaction in love except the power love provides to possess and control. It is this power which she wields over Jim—and now over Janie—that makes her an impossible adversary for Jocelyn. What should Jocelyn do? In her heart she knows that she can never replace Janie's mother, but she has so much love to give Janie, if only she can find a way of appealing to her heart. Like any little girl of ten, Janie needs this love, craves it, must have it if she is to grow into a wholesome woman. Throughout the days that slowly pass, Jocelyn has only one reassuring thing to cling to—Jim. The deep love they hold for each other makes Jocelyn believe that, with patience and prayer, somehow, sometime, the problem of Janie will be solved.

The Road Of Life, M-F—NBC Radio, 3:15 P.M. EDT—CBS Radio, 1 P.M. EDT—for Crisco and Ivory Soap. Don MacLaughlin and Virginia Dwyer are pictured here in their roles as Dr. Jim Brent and Jocelyn.



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**He looks—and
sounds—like he hasn't
a care in the world, but
don't let that fool you!**

By PAULINE SWANSON

CATCH Hoagy Carmichael on his big new Saturday Night Revue (replacing Your Show of Shows for the summer on NBC-TV) and you'll see a man who's relaxed, carefree, having himself a ball. (You think.)

Rocking away at the punch-drunk piano, singing dry songs in his familiar Indiana twang, slyly topping the jokes of the perspiring comics, rolling his beat-up old hat which is becoming almost as much a trademark as Will Rogers' ten-gallon topper, he looks—and sounds—like a guy who is as much at home before the cameras as he is in his own living room.

It's an optical illusion.

He's taut as an E-string, and he will worry right up to the moment of sign-off that something will go wrong.

As for that hat: "I gotta have that hat," he'll tell you, "to hang on to. That hat covers up a multitude of sins . . . like when I forget the lyrics to a song or something."

"Or something" . . . some catastrophe that has never happened, and probably never will, but which Hoagy consistently and un-confidently expects. (Continued on page 69)

Hoagy Carmichael is starred in Saturday Night Revue, over NBC-TV, Saturday, at 9 P.M. EDT.

Hoagy Carmichael is



The "Stardust" composer with his wife, Ruthie



With Fabien Sevitzky, who conducted his symphonic music . . .

And Hoagy serenading his mother, Mrs. Lyda Carmichael.



like this

LILI DARVAS—

By MARY TEMPLE

WHEN Lili Darvas was asked to play the role of Hannah, the cook, on the dramatic radio serial *Hilltop House*, she thought at once of the cook in her childhood home in Budapest. The way she portrays Hannah has therefore been built around her memories of this cook, of her homely wisdom and her kindness to the children.

"This good-natured woman who came to work for us—and remained to become a loved member of our household for twenty-three years—was not only a magnificent cook, but an angel to all of us. In the pre-Hitler Europe in which I grew up and where my father was a doctor, all middle-class families were able to have such servants, devoted to those they worked for, bossing the children and spoiling them at the same time. If we wanted cookies and our (Continued on page 80)



Beloved Hannah of *Hilltop House*,
Mrs. Norris of *When a Girl Marries*—
Lili Darvas is a woman who knows
what she wants out of life



Heavenly Homebody



Truly regal on the stage, Lili Darvas triumphed as the Queen in Maurice Evans' production of "Hamlet."

Friendly and gay at home, she pampers an aging but affectionate pet who is known as "Mommie."



Europe—the scene of early triumphs (but in America she found the home she'd always wanted).



Lili Darvas is heard in *Hilltop House*, over CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., EDT, for Alka-Seltzer (Miles Laboratories)—*When A Girl Marries*, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT.

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Love Lives with MILLIE

Meet Millie



Charles "stood her up" on their first date—but he knew the answer when she asked: "Do you love me?"

By BETTY GOODE

ELENA VERDUGO, the cute, blonde, vivacious Millie Bronson of radio-TV's Meet Millie, lives with her writer-husband, Charles Marion, in a modest bungalow on a sun-bright street in Westwood, California. The house isn't much different from the other modest bungalows but, somehow or other, its bright-shining outward appearance immediately telegraphs that happiness lives inside. It has a cherished look, a friendly look. And its occupants—Elena, Charles and baby Richard—have the same appearance.

Each member of the family wears a cheerful optimism which is really part of their wardrobe. They wear it all the time, both day and night, and you can be certain they are always in style. Optimism, (Continued on page 82)

Elena Verdugo stars in the title role of Meet Millie, heard on CBS Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, for Brylcreem, Nescafe, and Lava Soap—seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EDT.



Richard thinks his mother can handle anything, even tigers. He and "pardner" Jeff Brinkley (in plaid shirt) are mighty proud because Elena can twirl a toy shootin'-iron like a real cowboy!



Alias Elena Verdugo—cute, blonde and wonderfully happy



EDDIE FISHER'S LIFE STORY

by Chris Kane



Back where it all started, at WFIL in Philadelphia: Eddie, partner Joey Forman, Fred Bonaparte, Eddie Cantor, Bernie Rich; at back, Skipper Dawes, who first put the Fisher-Forman duo on the air.



New York debut: Eddie in costume for a production number at the Copacabana with a Copa cutie. Historic meeting in 1949 at Grossinger's: Cantor introduces Eddie, hears him sing—and makes an epic offer.

NOT SINCE Sinatra had it happened. But last April, it happened again. The kids were bringing their lunches to the Paramount, and sitting through five shows, and screaming and tearing their hair out, and beating their fists on the heads of the kids in front.

They were swooning for Eddie, not Frankie, but you couldn't tell one disease from the other, without a program. A brand-new generation of high-school students—or, at least, students who should have been in high school instead of playing hookey at the Paramount—had it bad.

The boy they were all hooting for is Eddie Fisher, born August 10, 1928, in Philadelphia, with a golden throat instead of a silver spoon.

The Fisher family was big—seven kids all told, three older, three younger than Eddie. Money was scarce, but noise, music.





EDDIE FISHER'S LIFE STORY



Reunion in Florida: The two Eddies with Jennie Grossinger, who's helped to launch so many careers.



Tribute: Al Jolson's widow and former accompanist Harry Akst are witnesses as Eddie gives a gold record of his "Goodbye, G.I. Al" to little Asa Jolson.



Off to the greatest adventure of all: Fans wave a fond farewell as Eddie is inducted into the Army.



Thrill of a lifetime: Eddie entertaining the troops.

laughter, babies to trip over, the Fisher home was full of these.

Eddie's mother, still in Philadelphia—has just bought a new house. "Four bathrooms," Eddie says. Those days, they didn't have a house of their own, but moved around from place to place, and there were times when there'd be two, three kids sleeping in one bed, and the family lucky to have four rooms, let alone four baths.

Eddie's father makes luggage now. Those days, he huckstered vegetables. Joe Fisher had an old car he'd converted into a vegetable truck and, if you'd lived in Philadelphia then, you could have seen the eleven-year-old Eddie, a basket hanging from his

Coronation: Listeners vote a virtual tie, and deejay Brad Phillips crowns both Como and Fisher!





at a dance in Patton Lounge, Heidelberg, Germany—on the other side of the world, "somewhere in Korea."

skinny arms, trudging through the alleys yelling about bananas and cabbages.

His family teases him, claiming those days of hollering in the streets developed his lungs.

Eventually, he took his developed lungs to a Philadelphia radio station which hired him and his friend, Joey Forman, a youth of eleven—Eddie was twelve—to do songs, snappy patter and commercials. The radio station didn't want to insult them by offering them money, so our two artists got paid their carfare—fifteen cents a week—for quite a long time.

Until one day Joey looked at Eddie and Eddie looked at Joey, and they pondered out loud. "We're worth more," they said. "*Anybody's* worth more."

They went to the money man at the radio station, and put it to him straight. "Five dollars a week, or we quit."

"Sure, boys," the man said. And, with a wave of his hand, he made them millionaires.

By the time they were fifteen and sixteen respectively, they were doing four radio programs, and Eddie'd amassed a huge teen-age following. One of the shows was sponsored by a milk company, and the milk company had Eddie's (Continued on page 98)

Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher, seen on NBC-TV, W, F, 7:30 P.M., and heard on NBC Radio, Tu, F, 8 P.M. (Mutual—M, Th, 10:30 P.M.). All EDT, sponsored by The Coca-Cola Company.

Presenting the family: Cousin Dolores at far left, Eddie and his Mom, sisters Eileen and Miriam; right, Eddie with kid brother Alvin, his prize "recruit."



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Presenting the family: Cousin Dalores at far left, Eddie and his Mam, sisters Eileen and Miriam; right, Eddie with kid brother Alvin, his prize "recruit."





EASY TO LIVE WITH—

*Bill Cullen loves gadgets,
spaghetti—and his wife, who
thinks he's "special," too*

By MARTIN COHEN

HELL buy almost anything—though the family closets are already bulging with previous purchases. He's a pushover for any new hobby or game—particularly if it requires lots of equipment and plenty of space. He's only home for dinner on weekends. In fact, his wife can be sure of seeing or hearing him only if she turns the dial to almost any network, almost any time of day—for Bill Cullen stars in *Walk A Mile* on NBC Radio, *I've Got A Secret* on CBS-TV, *Where Was I?* on Du Mont Television, *Fun For All* on CBS Radio, plus sundry shows in-season on other networks.

But, to Carol Cullen, her Bill is definitely the ideal husband. Many of the things he buys are for her, often in duplicate. Many of the hobbies are shared enthusiasms. All the weekends are wonderful. It all adds to the fun of being a Cullen-by-marriage, and only helps prove that Quipmaster Cullen, the nimble-brained emcee who's so quick with wit and cash, is equally free with his wit and cash in private life.

"Bill is sensible and smart," insists Carol, herself a singing (Continued on page 73)

Bill Cullen emcees *Walk A Mile*, over NBC Radio, Wed., 8 P.M., for Camels, and is also heard on *Fun For All*, CBS Radio, Sat., 1 P.M., for Prom and White Rain, and *Give And Take*, CBS Radio, Sat., 11:30 A.M., for Cannon Mills. He is seen on *I've Got A Secret*, over CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., for Cavalier Cigarettes, and *Where Was I?*, Du Mont Television, Tues., 10 P.M. (ALL EDT.)



When Carol married Bill, she soon learned there were no big problems about the bride's own cooking—but what about the bridegroom's?



Bill enjoys being at the controls of almost anything mechanical—whether a plane, a high-powered radio, or the latest thing in cameras.



and **FUN!**



BERT PARKS—

“I’m the average man”

He’s a human dynamo who plays hunches and thinks there isn’t an exceptional thing about himself, but—

By GLADYS HALL

BERT PARKS drew a picture for me the other day—the picture of Bert Parks as Bert Parks sees himself. It all began with a chance remark concerning the odd notions still entertained about people in show business and how they live.

“I don’t exactly know how people in show business are supposed to live,” Bert said. “Jumping and screaming, maybe? Feudin’ and fussin’, maybe? In the Barrymore tradition, maybe? Dangerously, that is. Maybe. But I don’t live like that. Or behave like that. Or even think like that. I live a very average kind of existence. Come to think of it,” said the super-charged emcee of Break The Bank and Double Or Nothing, “I *am* the average man.”

But what, the question then arose, is the “average” man? You hear about him. You read about him. But who, exactly, and what, exactly, is he?

“I am he,” Bert laughed. And added, “I’ll proceed to prove it.”

“As a starter, let’s take my appearance—I am a fellow of average height and weight with dark

hair and brown eyes and an unremarkable set of features.” (You will note Bert omits to sketch in the winning smile, the vitality that makes sparks.) “I haven’t the Barrymore profile. I’m not a six-footer and I don’t, to coin a phrase, stand out in a crowd.

“A more impersonal—and so, more telling—proof of my averageness came from a motorcycle cop who waved me to a stop one day as I was speeding down the highway from my home not far from New York City. (My one extravagance is automobiles—and travel. Love automobiles and have the itchy foot, two of ’em!) After asking for my identification, ‘What do you do,’ the scowling gendarme inquired, ‘for a living?’

“I’m in television,’ I said meekly.

“‘Oh,’ said the cop, ‘you (Continued on page 68)

Bert Parks emcees Double Or Nothing, heard over ABC Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M.—and seen on CBS-TV, M, W, F, 2 P.M.—for Campbell’s Soups. He also emcees Break The Bank, as seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. for 5-Day Deodorant Pads. All EDT.

Typical American family (with twins!)—Bert and Annette Parks, sons Jeffrey and Joel, and baby daughter Annette.

Faith

BREAKS THE BANK



First miracle: A prisoner of war returns!

By MRS. GEORGE F. HART

IT WAS faith in God that brought about two miracles in one month. My son George had been reported missing in action in Korea. So often this means that the soldier has been killed. His return by the enemy marked one of the happiest days in my life. Then it was only forty-eight hours later that we won \$8,550 for him on Break The Bank. It was prayer that made both great joys possible.

My husband is George F. Hart, a clerk in the postal service. My name is Emma. We are a middle-aged couple with four children ranging from fifteen to twenty-eight. We have never been wealthy, rich or even well-to-do, but we are a happy family, grateful for *(Continued on page 91)*

Break The Bank is seen on NBC-TV—as emceed by Bud Collyer, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship—as emceed by Bert Parks, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for 5-Day Deodorant Pads. (Heard M-F, with Bud Collyer, NBC Radio, 10:30 A.M. EDT.)

Celebrations: Girl friend Mary Theresa Schwing joins George and Emma Hart as they get the good news of their son's release—and hospital buddies congratulate Pfc. Hart on the "nest egg" his family won for him.



Second miracle: The Harts and their daughter Marilyn win \$8,550 on Break The Bank, as Bud Collyer beams.



**Prayers brought a beloved son back to his family
and are giving him a new start in life**



1. Alice tells Chichi and Papa David she wants to stop working on her husband Doug's paper, stay home and keep house for him. Chichi's full of enthusiasm—Papa David listens philosophically.

When a woman loves a man—as Grace loved Ted—is there any limit

Life can be Beautiful

IT WAS one of those hot, sticky, humid evenings in summer when the coolness of the bookshop felt good to its occupants, Chichi Conrad and Papa David, Alice and Doug. Perhaps it was the heat that was shimmering from the sidewalks outside, perhaps the contrast of the evening's quiet to the day's frantic hustle and bustle, that started off the heated argument which was in progress. Papa David was being his usual calm self, half-smiling at some of Chichi's intense observations, half-frowning at others. He listened to Doug carefully and cautiously, weighing carefully every statement which Doug made. . . . It was simple—in



2. Impressed by Grace Garcine's eagerness to work on a paper—though something about her appearance strikes a false note—Alice hires her to help Doug.

3. Young Danny is puzzled by Grace's odd behavior—but he hesitates to tell Alice, who is so happy in her new-found freedom.



to the sacrifices she should make?

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



4. Unaware of the sordid undercurrents sweeping through their lives, Alice revels in the feminine business of shopping, mending, and making a home.



5. But perhaps Grace is being too helpful? She writes

Chichi's mind—for anyone to follow her thoughts. She was contending that there were a vast number of women who loved men who are weak, characterless, but that nevertheless this did not necessarily make the woman involved less of a good human being. Doug, whose wife Alice sat next to him, was arguing that all this might be true—but it didn't make the woman any less "guilty" for hiding or defending such a weak character when a crime had been committed. . . . All four persons in the bookstore knew that they were arguing about Grace Garcine. Grace had entered their lives some months before, when Alice had decided that she would retire from

her business partnership with Doug to assume her rightful role as his wife; Chichi had suggested, when Alice came to this decision, that Doug hire someone to help in the newspaper office. Grace had applied for the job and Doug and Alice had gratefully accepted her application. She was a speedy typist, very alert, with a slight knowledge of newspaper work. . . . Little had happened those first few weeks—little that was out of the ordinary, that is. Grace had taken a room in Mrs. Schwartz's flat, joined Rev. Dr. Chandler's choir, and helped Father McGary at the Settlement House. Alice had been very happy about the arrangement, for it gave her time to fix up the flat, mend Doug's clothes, prepare meals for Doug which he could relax over and enjoy when he came home tired from the newspaper office. . . . It wasn't until the incident of the gun that Alice became concerned. Alice began noticing the number of times when Doug was late now because he had to be with Grace during her training period. She noticed Grace's rather obviously blondined hair but—more significantly—when she read her husband's newspaper, she began to be aware of the frequent items in the social notes column, which Grace prepared, which did not seem to ring true. Alice and Chichi began comparing notes, with Alice confiding her fear that Doug might be involved in something. Grace, in the meantime, it seemed to both Chichi and Alice, had become overfriendly—almost as if she were trying to placate Alice,

The cast, as pictured here, includes:

Chichi Conrad.....Teri Keane
 Papa David.....Ralph Locke
 Doug Norman.....George Petrie
 Alice Norman.....Elsie Hitz
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Life Can Be Beautiful, NBC Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, for Tide.



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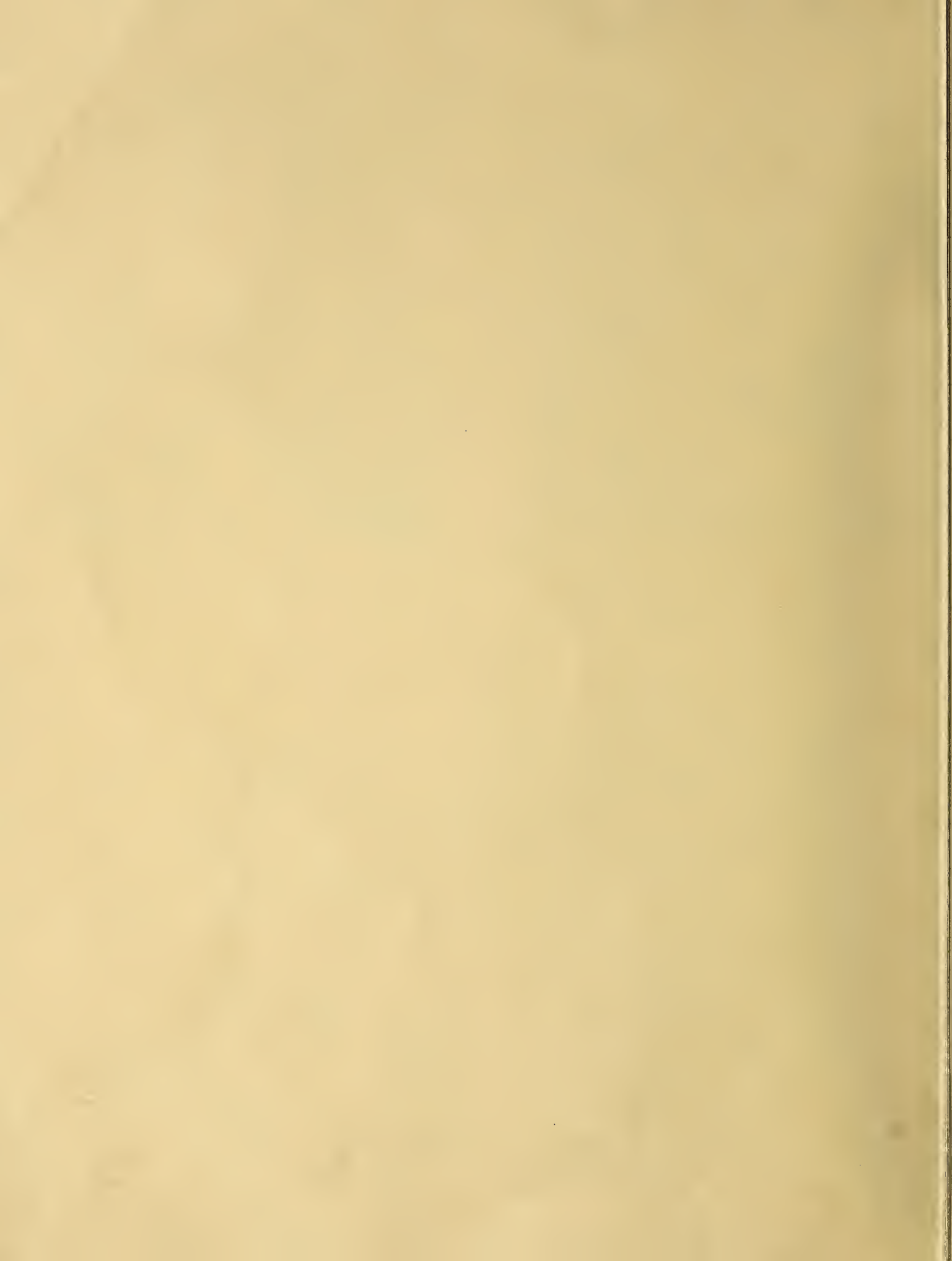


6. Unknown to the happy group which has befriended her, Grace has been keeping in touch—by phone and through her "social column"—with a man named Ted.

reassure Chichi that nothing could be wrong. . . . As events transpired, the suspicions of Chichi and Alice had firm foundation. Grace Garcine's real name was Marie Holmes and she had changed it for very good and sufficient reasons. She had had to, in order to hide. About a week before Grace walked into the lives of the Papa David circle, she had found herself in a terrible entanglement. For some time she had been in love with Ted Bowman, young, eager to make money, and a person of not too much backbone. He'd chosen the easy but questionable profession of bookmaking—on the fringes of the law, but certainly not a justifiable occupation. Grace had rationalized his involvement in her own mind by coming to the conclusion that, as soon as Ted made money enough, he would quit and get into a strictly legitimate business. . . . This, however, was not quite the way it turned out. Ted made enemies who didn't want him to "muscle in." He was with Grace when one of these competitors came to him and threatened him with a gun. In defending himself, the gun went off. The competitor was dead. Terrified, stunned over what had happened, the two had realized they were in great danger from two angles—the police, and the gangsters who would want revenge for the death of their associate. Ted, alone, could lose himself. Grace, alone, must change her name, her appearance and personality, and hide. With Doug's newspaper, Grace has the perfect set-up. She can use the social notes column to



7. Ted has a bad record—but Grace loves him. What is the secret they share? Where did she get that gun? And why does she hide it in Papa David's safe?





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Life Can Be Beautiful, NBC Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT. for Tide.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

convey information to Ted, she is not in danger of being discovered by anyone while employed there. . . . In spite of all precautions, the police finally catch up with Ted—and Ted, to save his own skin, claims Grace shot the bookmaker. Grace had guessed that this might happen and, to save herself, she had kept the murder weapon—the gun Alice had heard about—which still had on it the dead man's finger prints and Ted's—but not hers. . . . In the bookstore, Chichi defended Grace's fight for the man

she loved. "There must be great agony in a woman who loves a man she knows she cannot trust," Chichi said earnestly to Doug. "Ted is a weak character, I'll grant you, but Grace had to stick up for him, her heart dictated and wouldn't let her act otherwise." Doug shook his head firmly. "No," he said slowly. "To condone, to put up with weakness in a man, just because you love him, is to be guilty of an offense against society—and, as importantly, against yourself. Ultimately your own dignity, your own

8. Knowing little, but suspecting much—Alice and Papa David and Chichi plead with Grace not to keep a dangerous secret. Grace knows Ted has killed a man and she cannot trust him, but still she keeps silent.





9. Suddenly, the whole tragic story is revealed. Alice and Danny look up in amazement as the police bring Ted into the quiet little bookstore—but Grace's face is a mask as she pretends not to recognize the man she loves.

10. Ted, however, is anything but grateful for Grace's long-suffering silence. He believes that she has betrayed him, and denounces her bitterly. This is her only reward for all her misguided efforts to protect and shield him.

character is destroyed." Chichi grinned and turned to Papa David. "What do you think, Papa David?" she asked. . . . "I think, Chichi," Papa David replied with a sigh, "that you think like a woman—with your heart—and Doug like a man—with his head. You are both a little right, both a little wrong. And, because there is a mixture of a little right and a little wrong in each of us, the world goes along in a little lopsided fashion." Doug tucked Alice's hand under his arm and bent across to whisper in her ear. "At least one man gained out of all this—I have the perfect wife." Aloud, he added to Chichi and Papa David, "Alice and I are going to call it a day—because we're two people who know that, the world being lopsided or not, life can be beautiful!"





Big night: Joey's mother, Mrs. Edward Walsh, helps Joey preen for the P.C.S. prom.



Calling for his date: Joey greets pretty Pat O'Neill and proudly presents his corsage.

TEENS are a time to learn



Playtime at Professional Children's School usually means baseball—Kevin Matthews "chooses up" with Joey

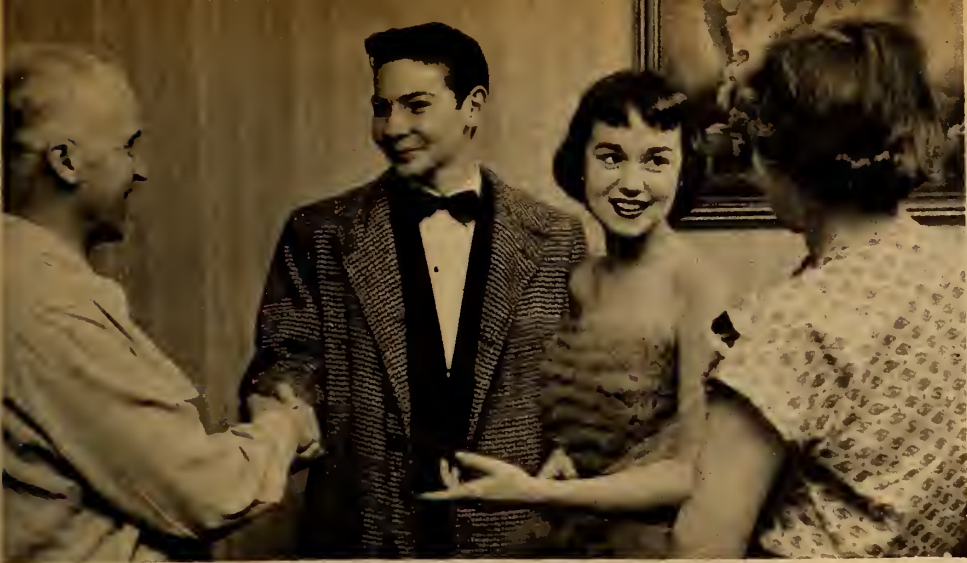
Joey Walsh is a success at fifteen—but he's still eagerly seeking answers to life's problems

By ELIZABETH BALL

THERE'S a boy on television by the name of Joey Walsh. He's pretty tall, has slanting eyes—and the ability to portray almost any type of teenager. Joey also plays in the movies. In "The Juggler," Joey played the part of Yehoshua, the Israeli youth who befriended Kirk Douglas. In "Hans Christian Andersen," Joey was Danny Kaye's sidekick.

As a small boy, asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, Joey said, "A fighter." When his dad frowned on this aspiration, saying, "It's a little too rugged," Joey obligingly changed his tune and thereafter, if asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, said, "An actor." This was the beginning of Joey-the-actor's story.

Joey's dad is a (Continued on page 95)



Meeting the family: Pat introduces Joey to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neill, who say (but noturolly), "Hove fun, now—but don't stoy out too lote."

Having wonderful time: At the Hotel Plazo, Joey ond Pot donce "a little jitterbug—somba—Chorleston—Woltz." It's dreomy, ond pretty terrific, being fifteen and learning your way around!





Ellen's a record-breaker—as a dramatic actress on stage, radio, TV!



*Ellen Demming is Meta,
whose problems she
shares, whose triumphs
she appreciates*

META'S Guiding Light

By FRANCES KISH

IT'S A lucky girl who can claim Meta Roberts for a mother—lovely, understanding Meta of *The Guiding Light*. Kathy, Meta's stepdaughter in the dramatic serial, is only beginning to realize that fact. But there's a lively little youngster who fully appreciates her own good luck, even though she's only three years old. Her name is Erica, and her really-true mother is Ellen Demming, who plays Meta on both radio and TV.

Young as she is, golden-haired Erica knows all the *Guiding Light* people by name, and sometimes talks to them, but she's learned not to be surprised when they don't answer her from the screen or radio. Erica knows she has two wonderful mamas and loves them (*Continued on page 96*)

The *Guiding Light*—CBS-TV, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT—CBS Radio, M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT—for Duz, Ivory Soap, Ivory Flakes, and Crisco.



Two reasons she loves playing Meta: She can get home early to be with her own husband, Hal Thompson, and their little girl, Erica.

*Belief in the future must see
the Reverend Dennis through to a*

BRIGHTER DAY

THE FAITH that has inspired Reverend Dennis through the years is being tested almost beyond human endurance as he tries desperately to bring some sort of order out of the chaos which engulfs the town of Three Rivers. The citizens of the town are divided, one against the other. The Mid-States Power company is building a dam which will eventually spell doom to the town. Tempers run high, as many of the townspeople argue that they should stay and fight the power company—and others argue that the law is on the side of the power company. . . . Perhaps all of this could have been viewed by the Reverend Dennis with a calm and detached attitude, had it not been that his daughter Patsy had fallen in love with Alan Butler. The Reverend Dennis is convinced that Alan is a nice young fellow—but, in the course of events, Alan has become involved with Roy Wilmot, a most undesirable character. Heightening the tension between the power company and the townspeople, one terrible night, town druggist Elmer Davidson is murdered and the finger of suspicion points so strongly at Alan that Alan himself is convinced he must have killed the old man while in a drunken stupor. . . . The Reverend Dennis firmly believes that a man cannot commit a crime, even under such horrible circumstances, unless he is a criminal at heart—and this he will never believe is Alan's nature. Patsy shares her father's complete conviction. The townspeople, however—angry, unhappy, unsettled—need a victim as revenge for Davidson's death, and Alan is their choice. With all the strength of character he can muster, Reverend Dennis bravely faces tomorrow and the townspeople's wrath, confidently holding on to the principles that have always governed his life. With his faith in the Lord, his belief in the future, Reverend Dennis will stand firm beside Alan and Patsy in their fight for justice.

The Brighter Day, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, for Cheer. As pictured here, Bill Smith plays Reverend Dennis; Mary K. Wells, Patsy; Phillip Pine, Alan.

What hope can Patsy and her father offer—when Alan doubts himself?





Bruce fans the flames with an old-fashioned bellows while Dan roasts a lonesome wiener.

OUR MUTUAL FRIENDS

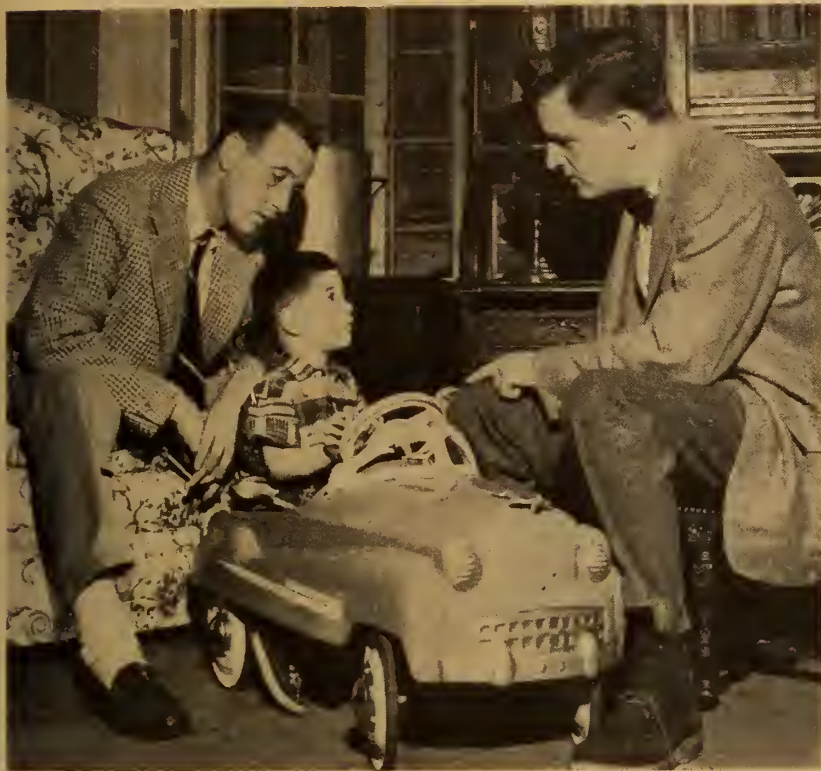


Uncle Bruce, the children, Priscilla and Dan lunch "quietly" in the patio.

SATURDAY afternoon at the McCulloughs' is something of an experience for the casual visitor. As the door of the little brownstone house in New York's Greenwich Village opens, three very small children hurl themselves at you with complete abandon. Their mother, Mrs. Dan McCullough, stands back looking slightly confused for a moment, but soon an impish grin appears and the children are scooped up so that the visitor can get past the door. The room you enter is double size—dominated by two huge fireplaces. The furniture has a well-worn look of comfort. People live here—that's obvious. And they live with the least possible formality—from the children in their overalls to Priscilla and Dan in blue jeans.

Just as you settle back on one of the lovely old pine chairs, footsteps thunder down the staircase and in buzz Dan McCullough and his deejay partner, Bruce Eliot. It seems the two don't see enough of each

*Bruce Eliot and Dan McCullough
spend Saturdays together, too*



Dan (left) and Bruce (right) give Tommy advice on parlor driving.



The McCullough twins—Sarah and Kate—perch on Priscilla's lap.

other all week long on the Bruce And Dan record show over Mutual, and their local morning Tello Test program. So, on Saturday, Priscilla not only has to contend with her three lively youngsters, but with Bruce and Dan, as well. She claims that it's amazing how either of them survived until they teamed up—they seem to *need* each other so much now. Bruce is a bachelor, and likes to get a taste of family life at Dan's.

Actually, the boys explain their friendship very well themselves. "We sort of complement each other," says Bruce. "I'm a pretty outspoken guy, while Dan is more reserved and thoughtful." Together they make music. Working as closely as they do, the boys sort of anticipate each other's reactions. That accounts for the completely ad lib job they do on their four o'clock record show, during which they chatter between discs and interview musical personalities.

When the visitor starts asking questions about the lovely house,

with its brick kitchen complete with open hearth, and the early-American dining room, which is stocked with genuine antiques—oddly enough, Bruce will be just as ready to tell you all about it as Dan or Priscilla. He brags about Dan's horse sense in selecting the house and in buying the furniture. That's a story in itself. Seems Dan once met an old man in Maryland, who told him all about old furniture. One day he received a letter from the venerable oldster telling him of an entire houseful of furniture which was up for sale. Dan ordered the whole lot sent up to New York by truck without ever having seen it. Priscilla was skeptical but, when she saw the wonderful old pieces, she decided Dan must be the smartest husband in the world. "The moving men thought it was just a bunch of old junk," laughs Priscilla, "thought we were crazy to be bothering with it."

Saturday lunch is served in the patio outside. This is a hectic affair

with Bruce, Dan and the children whooping it up with all sorts of she-nanigans. The patio is flagstone with little New York weed-trees shading it from the sun. After lunch, the boys usually get out the puff balls and take practice shots to improve their golf. Tommy gets into the act, too, if he can worm his way in. Then, Uncle Bruce decides to go home, and there is a general panic of good-byes, and Tommy's begging him and any other outsiders to please stay with them for good.

Once outside the McCullough house—you can hardly believe that you've been visiting people who live right in the middle of the busiest city in the world. It just doesn't seem possible that in three more blocks the subway roars. You feel like taking Tommy's advice and staying there for good.

The Bruce And Dan Show is heard at 4 P.M. EDT, Monday-Friday, on Mutual network.

R
M

Bert Parks—"I'm the Average Man"

(Continued from page 51)

install sets. So what's the hurry?"

"This I offer as practically positive proof that, to any man, I am Everyman, which is to say the average man.

"Taking a backward look, the evidence, from the beginning, seems to prove that there is, in me, nothing of the stormy petrel. I did not become a star 'overnight.' My first job was in a local radio station in my home town of Atlanta, Georgia. I earned seven dollars a week. In order to earn this stipend I ran errands and 'swept out,' in addition to doing most of the announcing. I continued to come up the slow and unspectacular way. The steady way, yes, but with no flash-bulbs (or headlines) exploding; no bobby-soxers screaming as I climbed.

"When I fell in love with Annette—a very pretty girl, but not in the profession—our romance wasn't 'written up.' We just got married as millions of other young Mr. and Mrs. Americans do, and set up housekeeping—also like millions of other young-marrieds—in a two-room flat in New York. The twins were born while we lived there. The babies and nurse slept in the bedroom; Annette and I in the living room.

"We found our present home, as most average couples find their homes, by spending every weekend driving around the suburbs 'spotting,' as we called it. The instant we clapped eyes on our clapboard house, 'This,' I said, 'is for us!'

"Whether making snap decisions is, or is not, characteristic of the average man, I don't know, but I," Bert said, "make them. Always have. And they are almost invariably correct. I knew right away, for the most important instance, about Annette. Yes, love-at-first-sight is what I mean.

"Ever since I was a boy, I've made snap decisions, played hunches and, when I do, I always," Bert laughed, "Break The Bank! When I was a boy at home in Atlanta—back in 1931 or '32, this was—my mother planned to take my brother and me to the Chicago World's Fair. This was a great opportunity. I spent weeks thinking I couldn't wait another day when, flash, at the last minute I asked Mother if, instead of taking me to the Fair, she'd give me the money it would cost so that I could go to New York and try my luck on radio. Mother gave me the money. I came to New York, auditioned, and got a job as staff announcer on CBS!

"Another time I played a hunch, I was emcee on the Vaughn Monroe show when an agency came to me with an offer to emcee a new show, Stop The Music. Now, I had a contract with the Monroe outfit. If I accepted the new and, as yet, untried program, it would have to be on a sustaining basis at first. Yet my first impulse was to make the change. I made it—and the show ran for six years!

"Same, in a way, with our home here out-of-town—we were warned against it. 'Built of post-war materials,' friends cautioned us, 'green lumber, you know. Any moment, the walls will warp, the roof will leak.' Again I obeyed my first impulse, played my hunch that this was home, our home, and—we've lived in the house, without warp or leak, for six years!

"Hunches apart, we lead a very average kind of existence, that's for sure, in Suburbia. By 'average' I mean we do all the things most folks do and very few they don't do. Our boys go to the public school in the town, play with the neighborhood kids and belong to the local Boys' Club, and our schedule, Annette's and mine, could be duplicated—bet you double or

nothing—by just about every other suburban family in these United States. On days when I'm working in New York, I usually drive in—do my show, Double Or Nothing—by late afternoon, I'm home again. When I get home there are many things, as Mr. Suburbia knows, to be done: We have about an acre of land and—although I have an expert come in once, sometimes twice, a year to sort of lay things out for me—the daily chores, like outside work, are mine, all mine! Planting in the spring, you know. In the summer, weeding what you've planted in the spring. Doing battle with insect life. Raking leaves in autumn. Shovelling snow in mid-winter. Or there are screens to take down or put up. Or the dinghy to be painted. Or the grass to be cut. Monday evenings, the chores done, Annette and I may go to a movie. Or stay at home and watch TV, as we do a lot. . . . Dragnet being one of my pet programs. Hate to miss it.

"On my days off, I always like to get up slowly; probably wouldn't get up at all, except that I'm usually awakened by my little Annette, now four. There's a kind of special set-up and atmosphere," Bert said, with a special expression in his dark expressive eyes, "about a little girl. She's very feminine, our little girl—pudgy and squeezey. Still got that baby fat, you know. At the same time, she's such a diminutive little thing and dainty—even though, living among boys as she does, it's difficult to dress her in anything but blue-jeans. When she has her way with her mother and wears the jeans, she asks hopefully: 'Now, Mama, will I turn into a boy?'

"Once a week, when I'm awake and the spark of life ignites, I usually take the kids downtown for haircuts; spend the rest of the day doing odd chores.

"Then, one day a week, of course, Annette and I take care of the children all day long. It's cook's day off, so I usually cook dinner. I'm downstairs stirring the pot while Annette is upstairs hearing prayers and tucking in—and I bet you there are mimeographed copies of this family scene in homes all over the U.S.!" Charcoal-broiled steaks are, Bert admitted, the family fare for lunch, likewise dinner, when it's his day "on."

"One night's our night in town, Annette's and mine. We go to the theatre. Or we just have dinner and talk. Or we have dinner with friends and talk. Bobby Sherwood and his wife are good friends of ours and we often make a foursome.

"Weekends we do all the things we've done during the week—only more of them, and more intensively. Once in a while, Annette and I spend a weekend in the home of friends. But that's only once in a very long while!

"Couldn't be more average, now could it?" Bert asked. "Sounds dull, doesn't it? Only it isn't. Not to me, it isn't. I care too much about Annette and the kids; I'm too interested in them as people—and not just because they're my people—to find even a dull minute when we're together.

"It's also very average, I'm sure—in fact, one of the ways the average man proves he's average is to go about telling people how above-average his children are! I am—as I'm trying to prove—no exception. I carry my kids' pictures around in my wallet. I repeat their 'bright sayings' to anyone who looks even moderately receptive. Which reminds me to tell you about the day I tried to find a clue to what Annette would like to be when she grows up. The day I chose to use the technique of the quizmaster on my youngest, she was all dressed up—a white crispy thing, all ruffles and ribbons and curls—but when, to this dainty doll, I put the question: 'What do you think you want to be when you grow up?' the prompt reply was: 'I know what I want to be—a garbage man!'

"I am certain," Bert laughed, "that things will change between now and the time she matriculates into womanhood!"

"The boys—twins Joel and Jeffrey, age seven—will sing and dance and perform at the drop of a hat. Joel's done some songwriting, too—his most recent is a really beautiful little ballad titled 'There's Always a Key to Fit My Heart.' Even Irving Berlin wouldn't think poorly," Bert Parks said proudly, "of that title—or of the song.

"Our girl is different from the boys in that she's a real performer at home, sings your ear off from dawn to dusk. When I have the kids on television with me—which I do, any show I'm on, every Christmas—Annette gets up there and not a word out of her. The minute the lights go on, she blots out!

"I'd say that I'm like her—only in reverse. I do have a few occupational faults," Bert says honestly, "such as a tendency to be impatient because of the pace of television, which is accelerated. The pace of normal life is not. Everything and everyone seems slow to me by comparison and I'm inclined to say to myself, 'Come on, hurry up, get going!'

"Also because of the pace TV requires of you and the necessity of being constantly alerted, I occasionally draw a blank, forget certain things that should be unforgettable. One night last summer, the night of June eighth, to be exact, Annette and I were out with friends helping them celebrate their wedding anniversary, and—it turned out to be ours, too! I should have known," sighed Mr. Parks, "long before I did, for Annette kept remarking the date to the other couple. . . . 'June the eighth—fancy this being your anniversary, she'd say, and 'Oh, really, it's a very special day—June the eighth, I mean.' Things like that. When, finally, the bomb burst in my brain, I turned all colors! No, I didn't go home the next night with the mink coat under my arm," Bert laughed, "or with anything at all. Too much like locking the barn after the horse is stolen, I figured.

"Other than these lapses which might befall any man, whether in television or in the Pentagon, the mark of show business is not, I think, upon me. Perhaps to be the average man, even though you're in show business, is to consider your life as if your occupation is nothing unusual. I so consider it—because to be impressed with what you do is the quickest way to end a promising career!

"It all," Bert said, expansively, "adds up, doesn't it, proves out, that I am the average man?"

I didn't answer. I didn't have the heart to. The answer to the one-and-only-of-his-kind Mr. Parks would have been a flat "No."

What do you think?

It's a date!

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Hoagy Carmichael

(Continued from page 38)

The easygoing, wryly philosophical character whom Hoagy essays is, he will tell you, "the kind of guy people imagine I am."

Actually, he's pretty much the opposite—like "casual" Jack Benny, a chronic worrier. Weeks before the Saturday Night Revue debuted last June 6 from the big new NBC television plant in Burbank, near Hollywood, Hoagy crossed off the days one by one with big black crosses, worrying a little harder every day about the new responsibilities he had assumed. Could he hold an hour-and-a-half show together? Would it, at his "relaxed" pace, seem too slow? Would the comedians be funny? Would the vocalists sing flat? Could he find a writer who could write *really* funny sketches? (Sure, Sidney Miller, who can write funnier than almost anybody, already was signed up to direct the show—but Sid would have his hands full with the direction.)

Nobody else was worried, even about Hoagy's worrying—because, according to Joe Bigelow, producer of the show, "Hoagy is like that."

Never having failed at anything in his life—including, incredibly, the law (the profession for which he was educated)—Hoagy nevertheless has been apprehensive about each new undertaking. He's worried through the years over his music—some of his popular songs, notably "Stardust," "Old Rockin' Chair," "Lazybones," have been among the big hits of all time; "Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening" won for him and Johnny Mercer the coveted Academy Oscar; his one foray into the symphonic field, a tone poem, "Brown County Autumn," was introduced by the Indianapolis Symphony in a successful concert at Carnegie Hall. He worried before he clicked big in the movies, and on the radio, in night clubs and big-time vaudeville.

Truthfully, Hoagy was pretty much a dead cinch to grab yet another gold ring as a TV personality. (He had come off magnificently already in a series of TV guest shots.)

But don't try to tell Hoagy that.

When he is hitting his top stride as an entertainer (maybe to make him feel less guilty about having abandoned the "gentlemanly" profession his parents wanted for him), he is most likely to confide to you that he is "slipping"; living like a king, he is compelled to whisper that "believe it or not"—he is "broke."

For the final weeks before Hoagy's debut day, he chose to do his worrying alone. His pretty wife, Ruthie, he dispatched to Palm Springs—at least she wouldn't have to worry about his worrying. The boys, Hoagy Bix, now fifteen, and Randy, thirteen, were in school at Chadwick. (Hoagy Bix, surprisingly—since he was named for his father's idol and early mentor, Bix Beiderbecke—has turned into the athlete of the family, plays pitcher on the Chadwick baseball team. Randy is a gifted pianist, "will have his own concert next spring—but no popular stuff, yet.")

The Carmichaels' rambling, comfortable house, folded around an inviting swimming pool on its Bel Air hilltop, wore a surprised air of unaccustomed quiet as Hoagy got on with his worrying.

Interviews, photographers' and other appointments were squeezed in somehow, although "the schedule is pretty tight today." Actually, Aunt "Nosey" (Noreen Milburn), from Indiana, was bringing her grandson, Danny, over for the afternoon, and Hoagy had promised to teach Danny to swim. (You can *always* get a corner on Hoagy's crowded schedule if you're from

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Indiana and, if you're a relative, you're a cinch.)

He was too busy to confer with his music publishers about his newest song, "Love Will Soon Be Here." ("A corny little song, might catch on if the kids like it," Hoagy shrugs, after casually singing it through at the little work piano in his study. Note: it will probably sell a million.) But he had a whole afternoon to "look over the little poems" with another aunt, Miss Florence Carmichael, "the best Sunday school teacher in the entire state of Indiana."

He was too pressed to accept a night club date which would have paid him thousands, but had plenty of time to whiz up the coast to his favorite golf club at Ojai, share the piano bench—but for free!—for most of a gay, late night with the club's popular pianist, Bob Andrews.

"You play the topside, man," Hoagy said, moving in. "I'll put in the oompahs." Everybody stopped dancing at once to listen to the mad music the combination was putting out.

"That boy," Hoagy remarked about his erstwhile partner later, "sure plays a powerful lot of piano."

And Carmichael? Just for the oompahs! And the laughs! Man, he almost forgets to worry when he gets to laughing.

But he had to get on with it.

His mother, Mrs. Lyda Carmichael—who, since Hoagy's father's death seven years ago, has lived near her son in a house he bought for her in Beverly Hills—took over as guide and hostess for the Indiana contingent. She believed Hoagy when he said he simply had to get down to work (i.e., worry).

Most of his friends—the dozens and dozens of pals who ordinarily roam through the house and splash in and out of the pool at all hours of the day or night—had believed him, too. So the phone gave up its incessant ringing.

And then suddenly the big house—about as unlike the cramped little "apartment" which Hoagy, as TV star, inhabits for his hour and a half on Saturday evenings, as Hoagy is unlike "the guy people imagine" him to be—was unbearably lonely.

The maid was there, but keeping considerably quiet somewhere off in the direction of the kitchen. Poagy, the black poodle, was there. But not real company. Poagy went right on sleeping even when Hoagy banged out the chorus of "Love Will Soon Be Here."

This was getting on his nerves. He would have to call somebody up.

Hoagy rang up Howard Ross, the man assigned to lining up talent for Saturday Night Revue. Mr. Ross was out. Joe Big-

low was out. Sidney Miller was out. Was a guy expected to worry alone?

Even in a place where you'd expect to be lonely—say Cardiff, South Wales, where he had played last summer after a successful stand at London's famed Palladium—it was never as quiet as this. He remembered the nice family who had come around backstage after his performance in Cardiff. He had never seen them before, but they were friendly.

"Come on home with us," they said, "we'll give you supper." Canned spaghetti and salted crackers, supper was—from America. They thought the American would like that. He did, too.

But he wasn't in Cardiff, South Wales. He was at home in Bel Air, and lonesome. Too lonesome even to get his worrying done. So he'd do those seventy-five autographs of "Stardust" he had promised the Senior class at St. Francis High School in Lafayette, Indiana, Indiana . . . school . . . it made him homesick. Homesick, at home, that was a laugh.

He called the Chadwick School. The boys would be free for the weekend.

"Tell them not to come home," he told the director. "There's nobody here. . . ."

"What I mean is," he added, "I'll be picking them up. We're joining Mrs. Carmichael in Palm Springs."

Lu Ann Simms—Little Miss Miracle

(Continued from page 29)

at the restaurant when she got there. She was a long way from home, and feeling frisky, so she approached the leader. "May I sing with you?"

"Be my guest," said he.

She sang, and a florist named Mike Risoli, one of the patrons of the place, heard her, and bells started ringing in his head. "You gotta go on Talent Scouts," he said. "In fact, you gotta let me take you. I'll present you. I'll discover you—"

He was such a nice man, he was such an eager man, Lu Ann couldn't think of any reason to say no. "What can I lose? Let's do it."

She had three auditions—the preliminary ones, before you know if you're accepted to appear on Talent Scouts—in one week. Before each audition, she went to St. Patrick's and lit a candle. In the peace of the great cathedral, she lost her fears, came out refreshed.

The third audition completed (the first had been for a lady named Esther Stone, the second for Esther Stone and somebody else, the third for the producer), Lu Ann went home to Rochester. One week later, the phone rang. "We want you to appear next Monday night—"

On April 21, 1952, Lu Ann—accompanied to the studio by her mother, father, and Aunt Laura (from City Island)—appeared on Talent Scouts, and started the river of tears mentioned previously.

She herself didn't stop bawling until thirty that night, she was so excited.

Thus did fame come to our heroine, who looks like a darker-haired Debbie Reynolds, with her horse's-tail hairdo, her "five-foot-almost-one" of height, her "100 pounds right on the button" of weight.

The day after she won the Talent Scouts contest, MGM Records phoned her. "We'll sign you Thursday, and you'll record Friday—"

She said, "I'll let you know." Then there was another call. Mitch Miller of Columbia on the wire. "Don't touch your finger to a fountain pen; we want you—" With all due respect to MGM Records, if Columbia Records wants you, you jump. Lu Ann's no different from anyone else; she jumped, signed, and is glad of it.

Percy Faith's done all the directing, so far, on her records, and she's one of his warmest admirers. "I like pretty music. In my own collection, I've got mostly L.P.'s by people like Percy, David Rose, Paul Weston—"

She keeps these L.P.'s in an apartment she shares with a girl named Joanie Waterhouse—a receptionist up at the Godfrey office. But that's getting ahead of the story. There'd have been no need for Lu Ann to take a New York apartment, if she'd just won Talent Scouts. Not that it doesn't generally lead to big things for the winners; just that, after all, there's a winner every single week, and Godfrey couldn't possibly make 'em all permanent "little Godfreys," members of his regular gang. He did, however, do just that with Lu Ann. She's been part of all the Godfrey shows for over a year now, working right along with Janette Davis, Marion Marlowe, Julius La Rosa, Frank Parker.

CBS likes to refer to Lu Ann's as a "Cinderella story," and states in a publicity release that she "was wafted from obscurity to vocal stardom by Godfrey."

Lu Ann's on their side, 100 per cent. Godfrey's her idol. She'd knit him an overcoat, bring him hot soup, give him her right arm.

"Cinderella" Lu and Joanie Waterhouse furnished their three-and-a-half rooms themselves—"It's modern, but it's going to take a year to get it filled." And they've got a little patio—"We can crawl right through the kitchen window onto it."

The girls claim the reason they get along so well is because "one's crazier than the other." But, called upon to give examples of their craziness, they can't think of any. Ask Lu Ann about boys, and she says, "We do have dates once in a while—"

"We?"

"Oh," she says, "Joanie and I do *everything* together."

They even get up at 6 A.M. together—Lu Ann has to rehearse, and Joanie doesn't want her to feel bad because she, Joanie, doesn't have to rehearse. They even ruin dinner together. Take an instance a few weeks ago. Both girls were tired. "I'm going to go pick up some frozen food,"

Lu Ann said, setting forth. She came back with two chicken pies, put 'em in the oven, then went into the living room. Joanie was already settled down watching TV. Lu Ann joined her. They fell asleep. They were awakened later by a horrendous smell.

"The house," said Joanie, "is burning down."

"Dinner," said Lu Ann, "is burning up."

They looked at each other. "I'm too tired to eat, anyway."

"Me, too."

They went into the kitchen, turned off the oven, drank a glass of milk apiece, and retired, quite happy.

Speaking of happy, Lu Ann reached a kind of happiness in May, when her brother Sonny—he who now demands to be called John—came home from Korea. Everybody in the Godfrey outfit was so thrilled for the Ciminellis that, when Lu Ann finished the Wednesday-night show, she was given the next two days off so she could have a long weekend with her family.

She rushed to her apartment, where Sonny and her mother were waiting (Sonny'd been in the Army seventeen months, and in Korea fifteen of those seventeen). And, after all the hugs and greetings and breathless exclamations and joyful tears, the three went to the Copacabana for Jimmy Durante's closing night.

Sonny was impressed. "All this happened to me since he went away," Lu Ann says, "and just being there, and sitting at ringside, and having people come up and ask for autographs, he got such a kick out of it—"

Next morning, off to Rochester and a family reunion. Is the family big? "It's immense. I don't even know all my relatives," Lu Ann says simply.

What she does know is every New York Yankee's batting average. (She and Julius La Rosa argue the respective merits of Yankees and Dodgers till older, tired heads grow restive.) And she also knows when she's well off. To movie offers, offers to leave Godfrey, Lu Ann turns a deaf ear. "I'm so tickled now, doing what I'm doing; I'm so lucky, I'll just let nature take its course. . . ."

Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 35)

which were to correct a painful hip condition with which he has lived for the past twenty years. Mrs. Godfrey was there. Godfrey's personal physician, Dr. Thomas Jackson, was there. So were the orthopedic surgeons who were to perform the delicate operation which would replace shattered bones with plastic ball-and-socket hip joints. The two operations were six weeks apart and, as we go to press, Arthur Godfrey faces nearly a year on crutches and then—"the Good Lord willing"—he will be able to walk free of pain, able once more to resume the fantastic pace which has characterized the man. For, with Arthur Godfrey, there is courage on many levels.

Waiting for the bulletins in the hospital corridors, it was hard to realize that, just a few short weeks before, Arthur Godfrey was walking through the lobby of the Kenilworth Hotel in Bal Harbour, Florida, wearing the resplendent blues and gold braid of an Eastern Airlines captain. Then he was on his way to realizing more of his dreams, more of his ambitions.

Out past the hotel, in the Atlantic, the Coast Guard prowled the light blue waves to make sure no importunate fisherman or millionaire, in scow or yacht, approached the sacrosanct sands. And high above, purring in the still Sunday morning air, an Air Force plane endlessly circled, in the event an old Jennv trailing a sign advertising "Mike's Palace of Good Eats" should come stuttering along over the hotel, and maybe drop a wing or a motor into the pool.

One such plane had recently plopped into the surf not far away a few weeks before, and Mr. Godfrey was taking no chances.

Somewhere in the picture, but curiously subdued and even apologetic, as if overpowered at the privilege of crossing the lobby and visiting the rooms or cabanas for which they were paying a minimum of thirty-five dollars a day, the regular guests of the Kenilworth backed and edged their way around the Godfrey troupe. A Texas oil millionaire smiled weakly when a TV technician caught an elbow in the millionaire's ear, over a lunch table. "S'all right," the Texan murmured, and the technician hadn't the time to apologize. He was hustling a cable across the dining-room floor.

A matron in a startling array of diamonds diffidently remarked to a policeman that she would appreciate it if her daughter would be allowed through the lines in front. "The chauffeur called up from a service station and says they've been waiting an hour. . . ."

Godfrey's voice, as he stopped to talk to us, sounded so much like Godfrey on the radio that people looked around to see who had turned on a set. He was on his way out to the airport to make (with Dick Merrill, senior Eastern pilot—and the man Toby Wing left the screen to marry) some more scenes for his documentary movie on flying safety.

When, sometime later, Arthur walked out through the great slabs of crystal that serve as the Kenilworth front doors, he limped only perceptibly. Yet, everyone watching him winced a little with every step, knowing what they cost him.

"Well," said one of the women who had been watching from a couch in a corner of the lobby. "Mr. Eisenhower couldn't ask for more! What's the idea, anyhow?"

"My dear," said her companion, an older



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woman, "it's something you must just get used to. Television, you know. . . ."

Not quite. There was drama here. What was going on before those two women was the build-up to an eight-day-long show that represented, on Godfrey's part, a remarkable amount of courage. In spite of what he faced three weeks later, Godfrey was quietly carrying on with three projects dear to his heart.

He was finishing the documentary film, to be shown on television and in films distributed to service clubs around the country, backing safety in flying.

He was going to try again to beat the sonic barrier himself, alone, in his own plane.

And he was thoroughly, carefully, at great personal expense, realizing his dream of pioneering a new television winter spot in Miami from which national radio and TV simulcasts such as his could originate whenever the rugged New York winters grew too rough, too unbearable.

"It's been a long-time dream," Arthur told us. "For years, winter after winter, I've been coming down here. Snow and ice at home in New York and Washington, then a four-hour plane ride, and *this*." He didn't have to nod to the waving palms, the bright sun glinting from their fronds, outside. "I've always thought how swell it would be for the staffs of big shows if we could move down here once in a while—maybe from fall to spring. Well, this is the first try, the foot in the door. If it works, who knows?"

When Arthur talked on that beautiful April day, he said, easily, that "by this time next year I should be through with the crutches. The guy who's going to do the operation has had only twelve failures—that's one chance in a hundred."

In character, Godfrey was talking casually, as if his operations were another show, or another documentary, or another spinning of a record on a dawn disc-jockey program.

But those of us who've known the story for a long time recalled the facts.

There had been a motor accident twenty-two years before, in 1931, when the mangled body of Arthur Godfrey was brought carefully into a hospital, and patched up as well as might be.

There had been forty-seven fractures in and around the pelvic region, and the surgeons who attended him had shaken their heads and remarked that he probably wouldn't live.

Arthur overheard them. He might have been conditioned to ham it up a little about most things, even then, but this was bigger than that. He played it straight.

He said to himself, "Nothing's impossible."

Nothing ever had been, so far. If he could beat this one, he could beat anything.

"Nothing's impossible. Nothing—"

Arthur Godfrey beat that twist of fate. He lived. And, afterward, somehow he seemed to beat every one that followed, every obstacle, every stop that presented itself. Until he was on top. Until there was no longer any way to count the people who listened to him and loved him, who saw and loved, who bought the products he advertised. Even when he panned the products, they bought them. They told their friends. Week and month and year after year, more dials were turned to him. More TV sets, as they were installed everywhere, caught his show.

And the millions of dollars poured in, and went out again in production costs, in salaries. A good share went into Godfrey's private coffers, where they belonged, because this is a country where you can still make a fortune, if you earn it.

Arthur Godfrey earned it. Nobody ever worked harder.

Arthur, who is playing with such dangerous toys as the sonic barrier, told us—with his famous grin working nicely—that he thought his operation was on a par with walking across the street, so far as the danger is concerned.

Making a pass at the sonic barrier, which he planned to try in a two-seat Navy Interceptor, wouldn't be much riskier, he said. "It's no trick. You just climb to 45,000 feet, throw it into a dive to 32,000 feet and somewhere in between you pass through it. They do it every day."

As a Naval Reserve lieutenant commander, he once, some time ago, made a stab at going through the barrier, but the ship he was flying just wasn't built for it. "When I felt it start to buckle under, I backed out of there in a hurry."

There are degrees of courage. . . .

There are also a lot of reasons why it took courage for Arthur to follow through on his plans to bring his show to Miami for a week. Since the expense was the least of those reasons, I'll mention it first.

The production cost of the shows was two million dollars, of which Godfrey paid \$42,000 out of his own pocket. That's a lot of money to spend in one week, even when you're sure of what you're getting.

In this case, the whole production was not only an experiment—it was a monumental departure that would in some measure affect the whole future of television and in a very real sense affect the future of two entire cities—Miami and Miami Beach—and of tens of thousands of people. Because, by this one decision, Godfrey was opening south Florida as a rival to Hollywood. Partly through his efforts, the coaxial cable was made reversible and guaranteed.

From now on, network shows can originate in Miami whenever a major star decides it's a good idea.

This means that such people as Godfrey, Imogene Coca, Durante and dozens of other top names can move to Miami, come autumn, and operate from there until spring. Lack of facilities, and the distance involved, had kept them tied to New York or Hollywood before.

Godfrey had heard every reason why his pet project couldn't work. What would be used for studio space? True, WTVJ has one of the largest and most complete TV stages in the country, but that's occupied most of the time with local programming—and so how could rehearsals be held for really big shows? And then the telephone company wouldn't guarantee the cable, and it would cost a fortune to build all new stage settings in Miami, even more to transport the stuff all the way from New York to the tip of Florida, and besides and besides and besides. . . .

Well, said the city fathers of Miami and Miami Beach—spurred on relentlessly by the merchants there—if you'll bring the shows, we'll guarantee the cable. How's that?

It was about that time that Godfrey, during a short flying visit to the Kenilworth, stared about him one day and a light brighter than the Florida sun snapped on in his brain.

"Here's the set," he said, "and the stage—all of this. The lobby, the Emerald Room, the pool and cabana area. All it needs is lighting. All we'd have to bring down here would be the troupe, the technicians and some equipment. Instead of faking the scene, we can give TV audiences the real thing, move all this just as it is right into the living rooms of every TV family in America!"

And that, to the astonishment of the doubters, and to the ecstatic glee of Greater

Miami, is exactly what Godfrey did.

On the first day of the week of programs originating from sunny Miami, while local publicists wrung their hands and looked about for suicide weapons, a sharp wind moved in from a couple of freak pressure fronts and it rained cats and dogs. Muttering deep in his throat, Godfrey moved the whole outfit inside, leaving lights and one camera trained on the pool and cabana area. During the evening Talent Scouts simulcast, he had the camera break in with a view of the pool and what should have been a gentle, moonlit sea beyond.

The pool looked misty and cold, the sea was invisible, and the stately palms that generally murmur quietly looked a good deal more as if they were thrashing about in a brisk wind. A mike had been put on the beach to catch the soft whisper of the sea against the sand. It came through, all right. "Slap, crash!" it whispered. "Boom!" The picture hastily dissolved into the cozy warmth of the Emerald Room.

Two million dollars' worth of investment, the hopes and plans of months for both Godfrey and Miamians, hung in the balance.

But you can't get a good climate down. The next morning the sun was shining, the palms murmured, the surf whispered, and the pool was motley with the color of pretty girls. Thereafter every show went off like clockwork, the Wednesday evening water ballet was a thrilling light symphony, and by the end of the week not only had everyone had a terrific time—but there was no doubt the experiment had succeeded beyond anyone's wildest dreams, even Godfrey's.

Hank Meyers, public relations director for Miami Beach, sat happily snowed under by wires, letters and long distance phone calls—hundreds of each daily. With a kind of amazed reverence in his voice he told me, "It's just incredible. It's the most sensational promotion any city ever received at any time. It's as if the whole country had suddenly discovered Miami and the Beach. People are calling in wanting us to name streets and parks and bridges after Godfrey.

"The strange thing is, during this week of Godfrey shows the beaches and cabanas in front of the Beach hotels have been empty whenever Godfrey was on the air, and seats in front of the lobby TV sets were at a premium. Can you feature that? People saved their money and came all the way here for a vacation so they could lie on the beach in the sun, and instead all they wanted to do was sit inside and watch The Man on television!"

"What's even more important, from the inquiries that have been pouring in from big name shows on every radio and TV network, there's no doubt we're going to have our dream. In another two years, we're going to be one of the three great originating centers for radio and TV. It's going to change our whole economy down here."

"And what about Arthur?" I asked. "What's his reaction to what he's done?"

"Why," said Meyers, "he told me, 'I'm happy it worked.'"

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

Characteristically, Godfrey had accomplished the impossible, opened up whole new fields and jobs and living habits for thousands of people in one fell swoop, changed the scope and the map of the 1953-54 entertainment field, and then remarked vaguely, "I'm happy it worked."

And "the good Lord willing," in a few more months, Arthur Godfrey will be on his way once more to accomplishing new plans, new hopes, conquering new horizons. For, with Arthur, nothing's impossible!

Easy to Live With

(Continued from page 49)

star and a very pretty brunette. "It's just that buying is a hobby with him, his way of relaxing."

The trouble is that Bill relaxes in a big way, and their apartment is apt to look like Christmas shopping season any time of the year.

"Home was never like this," Carol says, "but a warehouse is."

What meets the eye, in the Cullen five-room dwelling on Sutton Place, is a very handsomely appointed apartment. The living and dining rooms were decorated by Bill in Chinese modern. Carol had her way with the den and bedroom. These were furnished in French Provencal. But all nooks, crannies, mantelpieces, closets and other infinitesimal holes have been crammed with Bill's purchases.

"Come into the dining-room closet," Carol says, "and at your own risk."

This is a walk-in closet which Bill crawls into. Stored here is a mimeograph machine, material for water color and oil paintings, an easel, canvases, a huge phonograph that plays sixteen-inch transcriptions. Bill's magic tricks are here, too. A magic cocktail shaker balanced precariously ready to fall on Bill's head. If he were to move the other way, he could be strangled by an assortment of trick scarves.

Of course, Bill has a reason for everything. The art and magic paraphernalia were once hobbies of Bill's. The out-sized phonograph he uses to play back transcriptions of his shows when he can get to it. And the mimeograph machine once had a function of its own when Bill ran an airline.

In the clothes closets in the bedroom, wearing apparel has given way to two large cases that individually contain a saxophone and a guitar.

"I faintly remember having some idea of mastering every instrument in an orchestra," Bill says thoughtfully. "This was as far as I got."

Another closet is loaded with airplane gadgets. "What, I don't know," Carol says, "but it's expensive."

Recently, Bill bought a few thousand dollars' worth of photo equipment and Carol had to build an extra closet for the den. He has taken some fine pictures, with Carol modeling for many of the best.

But, whatever Bill buys, there is method in his "madness." It's usually something that helps him escape from the radio business. And, while he's home, he insists on privacy and quiet. On weekdays, for example, the maid does not come in until after noon when Bill has left. On weekends, she is also absent. Bill has the run of the apartment and loafs about barefooted wearing whatever suits his mood.

His routine is well set. Mornings he is up between eight and nine. He drinks a pot of coffee while he goes through all the morning papers. He works the *Times'* crossword puzzle. (He bought fifteen different kinds of dictionaries for this recent interest.) He answers the phone and lines up his appointments. Around noon he goes to a studio or business luncheon. Usually, he doesn't get through work until eleven at night.

Bill's work schedule keeps him so busy that he and Carol manage dinner together only on weekends. He has about eleven meals a week in restaurants, and so he likes to eat home with Carol.

Saturday night at the Cullens is the best night of the week. It's just about the only whole evening Carol and Bill have together. And so they don't go out, and they don't invite anyone in.

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Sunday morning Bill breaks his coffee routine to fill up with a hefty breakfast, but the front door remains barred to all until evening, when friends come in for dinner. Carol prepares all meals—unless Bill has a craving for spaghetti.

"When he wants spaghetti, I just turn the kitchen over to him and get out of the way," she says. Carol keeps the cupboard stocked with necessary ingredients for such days when the call of the kitchen hits Bill. "Many times a seven-pound roast has found its way into the grinder to become meat balls."

She says Bill is really easy to live with and very considerate. He never brings his worries home. As a matter of fact when Bill's airplane business made a forced landing, she was the last to know of the problem.

Flying in no sense could be called simply a hobby of Bill's. He has 3600 hours of air time and a commercial license which puts him in the same class with professional pilots.

Bill's interest in flying began during World War II. Lamed by polio as a youngster, Bill was turned down by the armed services. He then took it upon himself to become a pilot so he could serve in the air patrol.

In New York, Bill found a fellow enthusiast in Arthur Godfrey and they flew many times together. Godfrey had a Ryan Navion at the time and Bill got one of his own. The plane was destined to change the social life of the Cullens, as Carol learned the very first week.

One night Bill told Carol to get dressed up for dinner out. He had heard of a new restaurant that served a delicious Italian dinner.

An hour or so later, Carol realized Bill was driving out of Manhattan toward the airport. She asked, suspiciously, "Where's the restaurant?"

"In Boston," he said calmly.

Bill remembers the day he first incorporated his flying business. "I was sore because the lawyer's fee was \$250," Bill says, and grins. "When it came to the day of reckoning, I found that I had lost \$30,000 on the business."

At the present time Bill owns not even a model airplane, but it hasn't stopped his buying sprees. The trouble is that he can't make a simple purchase. Recently he went into a department store to buy some underwear. He came home with underwear—but enough of it for a platoon, and a bill for \$143.

He isn't even safe in a drugstore. He and Carol stopped in a neighborhood store to buy a quart of ice cream. Bill paused by the gadget counter, lingered over shaving toiletries, fancied a bottle of cologne for Carol, and stopped by the candy counter. Carol recalls the stuff filled two paper bags. She nudged him then, and Bill remembered.

"Put a quart of chocolate ice cream in with that stuff," he told the clerk.

"Sorry," came the answer, "we don't sell ice cream."

And, when Bill buys, he buys for everyone. He frequently comes home with an armful of clothes for Carol. For his birthday party, he insists that Carol buy gifts for everyone coming. Prior to Easter Sunday, he stopped in a flower shop to get lilies for Carol, remembered a dozen friends and wound up spending \$150.

As a matter of fact, an hour after the lilies were delivered to Carol, the florist was back with a giant azalea bush.

"Looked pretty," Bill explained. "I couldn't resist it."

Only once has Bill forgotten an anniversary. At the time he was in the midst of grounding the airline business and had a head full of unpleasant details. He came

home one evening with his lawyer and found a bowl of rose buds on the coffee table.

"Who sent these?" he asked.

"Todd Russell," Carol said. "It's our anniversary."

"No!"

"Yes!"

A week later Carol got her anniversary gift: a Mercury convertible. This time, however, Bill bought only one.

At Christmas time Bill does most of the shopping. He and Carol give about a hundred gifts. He always buys more than he needs and also replenishes his own wardrobe at the time.

"Anything I plan on buying him for Christmas," Carol says, "he buys for himself."

Prior to his recent birthday he was on a camera kick. Carol called the store and pleaded with the clerk, "Please don't sell him everything he wants. Save one thing for me to give him."

Games they have by the boxful. Bill reasons that if they are good enough to give maybe he'd enjoy them. That's how he came by a lie detector. Unfortunately, the one he bought for himself doesn't work, but he has never returned it.

"Anyway, who wants to prove that people lie," he says. "I'd rather own a broken lie detector which proves people are honest."

Carol's big headache is the problem of finding storage space for all of Bill's acquisitions.

"I'll say, 'Let's get rid of this,' and he says, 'Let's keep it just a little while longer.'"

In four years of marriage, Carol's only victory has been the disposal of all magazines more than two years old.

"Matter of fact, Bill saves his mail, too," she says.

He doesn't like to open letters (unless they contain checks), so Carol lets mail accumulate on his desk for a week and then puts the batch in a paper bag. One closet is half-filled with unopened mail.

"The only thing Bill doesn't save are press clippings."

He subscribes to a clipping bureau which sends him any newspaper or magazine item that carries his name. He looks at them and throws them away.

"I want to know what's going on but don't want to keep a scrapbook," he says. "The way I see it, if I'm more successful as time goes on, I won't want them. And, if I flop, the clippings will only make me feel bad."

The chance of Bill's flopping is so remote it is ridiculous. The VIPs in the business expect Bill to be one of the biggest names in radio and TV. And, if that means his pay will be delivered in two-ton trucks, it's a little frightening to think of what may happen. With a million bucks in loose change, Bill might really make headlines.

"Of course, where would I put a dirigible?" Bill asks meditatively. "Although maybe I could buy the Brooklyn Bridge and moor it over the river."

There is no cure for Bill's shopping malady. Carol knows this and merely keeps her fingers crossed when she sees the mood come over him.

The other day he asked her to pick up a copy of *Yachting Magazine*. She did and noticed he was reading only the end pages. Carol glanced over his shoulder and saw advertisements of boats for sale—not rowboats or dinghys, but sloops and yachts and cruisers.

"Well," she observed quietly, "here we go again."

"I'm not serious about buying a boat." Carol crossed her fingers.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Thy Neighbor's Voice Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Break The Bank	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Wonderful City	My True Story Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Show with Robert Q. Lewis
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Phrase That Pays Bob Hope Show	Ladies Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Double Or Nothing 11:55 Turn To A Friend	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 Guest Time 12:55 Music Box	12:25 Jack Berch Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	Pauline Fredericke Reports Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45		1:55 News		The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens News, Banghart	Mac McGuire Show* Music By Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.) 3:55 Edward Arnold, Storyteller	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00	Backstage Wife	Music By Bruce And Dan	Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 Chicagoans Sunshine Sue Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
4:15 4:30 4:45	Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Lucky U Ranch	4:25 Betty Crocker Music In The After- noon	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Froni Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Play Fair Ronnie Kemper John Conte	News 5:05 John Falk

*T, Th—Paula Stone

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomae
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel. 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Summer Show	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Henry J. Taylor Field & Stream Concert Studio
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry Reporters' Roundup Off & On The Record	Jan Pearce Show
10:00 10:15	Hollywood Showcase Robert Ambruster, Music	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show	Starlight Concert
10:30 10:35	News, Clifton Utley Stars Of Paris	Eddie Fisher 10:55 News, Singiser	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Freedom S ngs News, Robert Trout Cedric Adams

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Hazel Markel Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Space Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Rosemary Clooney First Nighter	That Hammer Guy High Adventure	Three-City Byline Musical Personality Paul Whiteman Teen Club	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05	Barron And The Bee	News, Bill Henry The Search That Never Ends Off & On The Record	America's Town Meeting Of The Air	Johnny Dollar
9:30 9:45	Summer Show		E. D. Canham, News	21st Precinct
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Two For The Money News, Clifton Utley Stan Kenton Concert	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Bands For Bonds 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 United Or Not	Louella Parsons Doris Day Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomae
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Walk A Mile—Bill Cullen Great Gildersleeve	Crime Files Of Flamond Crime Fighters	Mystery Theatre City Of Times Square	FBI In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05	The Best Of Groucho	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre	Mr. President	Playhouse On Broad- way 9:25 News What's My Line?
9:30	Truth Or Conse- quences	Off & On The Record	Crossfire	Summer In St. Louis
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Scarlet Pimpernel News, Clifton Utley Summer Show	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Latin Quarter Orchestra	Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeyer Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Space Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective John Steele, Adven- turer	Mike Malloy Heritage	Meet Millie GE Summer Theatre
9:00 9:05 9:30	My Son, Jeep Summer Show	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Off & On The Record	ABC Playhouse Time Capsule	Romance On Stage
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Judy Canova News, Clifton Utley Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Eddie Fisher 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill Orchestra	The American Way with Horace Heidt Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddie Fisher Rosemary Clooney Summer Show	Movie Quiz True Or False	Adventures Of Michael Shayne Platterbrains	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Mr. Chameleon
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Musical Sweepstakes Bob & Ray	News, Bill Henry Great Day Show Off & On The Record	Summer Show Summer Show 9:55 News	Music In The Air— Donald Richards, Alfredo Antonini
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Music By Mantovani Words In The Nigh- News, Clifton Utley Bob McKenzie	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orchestra 10:55 News, Singiser	Fights Virgil Pinkley, News News Of Tomorrow 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Capitol Cloakroom Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Inside Radio

Saturday

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

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Coffee In Washington	Man On The Farm Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre Of Today Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour U.S. Army Band	Music Game Of The Day Ruby Mercer	Navy Hour Shake The Maracas	Fun For All City Hospital 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Design For Listening	2:25 Headline News Georgia Crackers	Late News Playland, U.S.A.	Music With The Girls Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Marine Hall Of Bands	Bandstand, U.S.A. 3:25 Headline News	Late News Martha Lou Harp Show	Report From Overseas Adventures In Science Farm News Correspondents' Scratchpad
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Stars In Action All-Star Parade Of Bands	U.S. Army Band College Choirs	Horse Racing Treasury Show	Eddie Fisher Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Big City Serenade Arthur Speaks Key To Health	Preston's Show Shop 5:55 H. R. Baukhage	London Studio Concerts Paulena Carter, Pianist	Washington, U.S.A. At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	George Hicks News, Cassidy NBC Summer Symphony, Milton Katims Conducting	Dance Orch. Country Editor Preston Sellers	Una Mae Carlisle Bible Messages Harry Wismer As We See It	News, Ed Morgan UN On Record Sports Roundup News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Talent, U.S.A.	Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 Cecil Brown	Speaking Of Business Women In Uniform Dinner At The Green Room	Dance Band Broadway's My Beat
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Talent, U.S.A. (Cont.)	20 Questions Virginia Barn Dance	Margaret Whiting's Dancing Party	Gene Autry Tarzan
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Grande Ole Opry	New England Barnyard Jamboree Lombardo Land	ABC Dancing Party (Cont.)	Gangbusters 9:25 Win Elliot Gunsmoke
10:00 10:15 10:30	Eddy Arnold Show Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	At The Shamrock Orchestra	Country Style News, Ed Morgan

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	Jack Arthur		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup We Hold These Truths Carnival Of Books Faith In Action	Elder Michaux Back To God	Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	Trinity Choir World News Roundup E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art Of Living News, Peter Roberts	Radio Bible Class Faith In Our Time	Message Of Israel College Choir	Church Of The Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Faultless Starch Time Viewpoint, U.S.A. UN Is My Beat Portrait Of Our Times	Frank And Ernest Bromfield Reporting Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News, Peter Hackes 11:25 Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Sammy Kaye The Eternal Light	College Choirs News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	News The Great Fraud Piano Playhouse	News Story, Bill Costello Howard K. Smith News, Costello
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Youth Wants To Know Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Fred Van Deventer Lanny Ross Show Lutheran Hour Game Of The Day	Herald Of Truth National Vespers	Galen Drake On A Sunday Afternoon
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour American Forum	Bandstand, U.S.A. Wings Of Healing Dixie Quartet	Pan American Union U.S. Military Band Lone Pine and His Mountaineers	On A Sunday Afternoon World Music Festivals
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Critic At Large Youth Brings You Music Songs Of The Wild Elmo Ranger	Top Tunes With Trendler Musical Program	Marines In Review Hour Of Decision	World Music Festivals World Music Festivals
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Hollywood Bowl Concert Jason And The Golden Fleece	Under Arrest Dear Margy, It's Murder 4:55 Ed Pettit, News	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	The World Today, Don Hollenbeck On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	NBC Symphony Counter-Spy	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	This Week Around The World Greatest Story Ever Told	On A Sunday Afternoon Music, Bill Downs 5:45 News, Bill Downs 5:55 Cedric Adams

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Considine Meet The Veep Listen To Washington	Nick Carter 6:25 Cecil Brown Squad Room	Monday Morning Headlines Don Cornell George Sokolsky	Quiz Kids Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Juvenile Jury UN Series	Treasury Varieties Little Symphonies	American Music Hall, Burgess Meredith, Emcee	Guy Lombardo Richard Diamond with Dick Powell
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Tony Martin Show Best Plays	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour	American Music Hall (Cont.)	Junior Miss My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	I Confess	Jazz Nocturne Answers For Americans	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant The Adventurer, Burgess Meredith	December Bride Escape
10:00 10:15 10:30	Barrie Craig Meet The Press	London Studio Melodies Music Of The People	Paul Harvey Alistair Cooke Science Editor	Robert Q.'s Wax-works News, Ed Morgan 10:35 Listen To Korea

TV program highlights

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

Baseball on TV

Pre-game Programs:

Happy Felton—30 minutes before Dodger games Ch. 9
Joe E. Brown—15 minutes before Yankee games Ch. 11

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Sat., July 11	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
	8:30 P.M.	Washington vs. Yanks	11
Sun., July 12	2:00 P.M.	Washington vs. Yanks	11
	2:05 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Tues., July 14	2:00 P.M.	All Star Game	11
Thurs., July 16	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
	8:00 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers	9
Fri., July 17	1:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers	9
	Sat., July 18	1:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers
Sun., July 19	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers (D)	9 & 6
Tue., July 21	2:00 P.M.	Milwaukee vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9
Wed., July 22	8:15 P.M.	Yanks at Cleveland	11
	8:00 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9
Thurs., July 23	8:15 P.M.	Yanks at Cleveland	11
	Fri., July 24	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers
Fri., July 24	8:00 P.M.	Milwaukee vs. Dodgers	9
	Sat., July 25	8:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants
Sat., July 25	1:30 P.M.	Milwaukee vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
	Sun., July 26	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants
Sun., July 26	2:00 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11
	2:05 P.M.	Milwaukee vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Wed., July 29	2:00 P.M.	Cleveland vs. Yanks	11
	8:30 P.M.	Giants at Milwaukee	11
Thurs., July 30	2:00 P.M.	Cleveland vs. Yanks	11
Fri., July 31	8:00 P.M.	Giants at Cinc.	11
Sat. & Sun., Aug. 1 & 2	3:00 P.M.	Yanks at St. Louis	6
Tues., Aug. 4	8:30 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yanks	11
Wed., Aug. 5	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yanks	11
Thurs., Aug. 6	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yanks	11
Fri., Aug. 7	2:00 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yanks	11
Sat., Aug. 8	2:00 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yanks	11 & 6
Sun., Aug. 9	2:00 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yanks	11 & 6

Post-game Programs:

Happy Felton's Talk With The Stars Ch. 9
Frankie Frisch's Your Extra Inning Ch. 11
Joe E. Brown With The Yankees Ch. 11

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6

In the cool of morning, Garroway comes to breakfast.

9:00 A.M. Margaret Arlen • 2

Beauty, housekeeping hints and other fem talk for milady.

10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)

Robert Q-for-Quote Lewis presides over Arthur's gay gang.

11:00 A.M. One In Every Family • 2 & 6 (M-Sat)

From sunny California, Dean Miller brightens up the morning as emcee of variety type audience-participation show.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Contestants in need get chance at \$500. Warren Hull, emcee.

12:00 Noon Bride And Groom • 2

Boy meets girl; boy loses girl; boy gets girl. Girl gets husband.

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 6

Serialized story of a woman, her career and personal problems.

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

Tense situations stretch family bonds in this daily drama.

12:45 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 (& 6 at 2:30 P.M.)

Absorbing serial starring Herb Nelson and Ellen Demming.

1:00 P.M. Journey Through Life • 2

Couples relate human interest events that contributed to marriage success. Tom Reddy emcees and quizzes for prizes.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6

Garry gallivants in variety with Durward, Denise and Ken.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 6 (M,W,F)

Rousing Bert Parks sparks this studio audience quiz show.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 2 & 6

Lush prizes of mink, trips abroad, fem wardrobes with hubby on quiz spot. Randy Merriman emcees; Bess Myerson, hostess.

3:00 P.M. Break The Bank • 4

The show that has paid off two million in cash continues giving it away with Bud Collyer giving, Win Elliot as host.

3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5

Friendly, homey show as Paul, Wanda Lewis and Sis Camp pantomime and dance to pop recordings. From Zinzinnati.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 6

Engaging Tommy Bartlett engages travelers in chit-chat.

4:00 P.M. Time Out For Fun • 4 & 6

Fran Allison, famous as Kukla's friend and Aunt Fanny, in summer series that subs for first half of Kate Smith Show.

4:30 P.M. Ladies Choice • 4 & 6

Johnny Dugan emcees variety from Hollywood.

4:30 P.M. Ted Steele Show • 11

Two hours of great pop music that goes to your head and feet.

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

Humor and strong story line in this daily drama from Chi.

6:30 P.M. Tex And Jinx • 4

Fascinating interviews and picture-features mark this show.

7:30 P.M. Douglas Edwards With The News • 2

Late evening headlines and news stories with brisk commentary.

7:30 P.M. Eddy Arnold • 4 (T,Th)

Eddy subs for Dinah Shore with Western and hillbilly songs.

7:30 P.M. Eddie Fisher Show • 4 (W,F)

The sensational, young balladeer with Don Ameche as host.

7:45 P.M. Chesterfield Show • 2 (M,W,F)

Vocalists Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberle carry on for Como.

7:45 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2 (T,Th)

Chirpy Theresa Brewer hits the high notes as Jane Froman hits the high road for a well-deserved vacation in the sun.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6

John Cameron Swayze's TV newsreel of the day's big events.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Bob And Ray • 4

The comedy duo lowers the boom in rib-tickling satire.

7:30 P.M. Opera Vs. Jazz • 7

Lovely Nancy Kenyon referees musical title bouts that feature concert and opera stars against big name pop singers.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen Show • 2

Situation comedy as Gracie confuses Georgie.

8:00 P.M. I'm The Law • 5

Sleek, slick George Raft in tough-guy adventure series.

8:00 P.M. Homicide Squad • 7

Whodunits starring suave Tom Conway as Inspector Mark Saber.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

More of Moore as Garry heads up his lively talent showcase.

9:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2 & 6

Reed Hadley as Captain Braddock.

9:30 P.M. Masquerade Party • 2 & 6

Genial Bud Collyer emcees this delightful guess-who show.

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

The full-hour theatre continues with a summer stock company.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6

Studio One, incognito, with cool entertainment for hot nights.

10:30 P.M. Who Said That? • 4

Quiz quotes from the news. Walter Kiernan queries panel.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

Beulah (Louise Beavers) as the Henderson housekeeper turns stormy domestic situations into uproarious comedy.

8:00 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4 & 6

Knee-pants panel parries Jack Barry's barrage of questions.

TV program highlights

8:30 P.M. Break The Bank • 4 & 6

The ebullient Mr. Parks heads nighttime edition of quiz.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2 & 6

Vivid dramatic exposes. Alternating weekly, City Hospital.

9:00 P.M. Nothing But The Best • 4

Repeats of the best plays of last season's Fireside Theatre.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

Eerie stories that vary from naturalism to sheer fantasy.

9:30 P.M. Candid Camera • 4

Allen Funt's novelty series.

9:30 P.M. The Big Issue • 5

Politics argued here. Martha Rountree is your moderator.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

Mysteries highly recommended for spine-chilling on hot nights.

10:00 P.M. Two For The Money • 4 & 6

Exciting cash quiz emceed by laconic wit, Herb Shriner.

10:30 P.M. The Name's The Same • 7

Perky panel show with Robert Q. Lewis posted as moderator and featuring folks with noted or novel names.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Date With Judg • 7

Teen-age star Mary Linn Beller creates hectic, hilarious havoc.

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

Big name stars fill Godfrey's shoes as emcee in a glittering variety hour featuring Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, others.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4

Joan Davis in zany situation comedy. Reruns for the summer.

8:30 P.M. Music Hall • 4

Gay, lilting, delightful show sparked by Patti Page. Alternate weeks, Cavalcade of America's stirring documentaries.

8:30 P.M. Straw Hatters • 5

Popular Johnny Olsen heads a good-time revue from Palisades.

8:30 P.M. China Smith • 7

Dan Duryea as daredevil soldier-of-fortune in the Orient.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

The show with a heart pays hard cash to worthy contestants.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

Fine performances are the rule here in adult TV drama.

9:30 P.M. The Hunter • 2

Keith Larsen in title role of mystery-adventure series.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling From Rainbo • 7

Wayne Griffin, from his foxhole, describes the muscle men.

10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4

Ralph Edwards' unique and emotional surprise TV biography.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. The Best Of Groucho • 4 & 6

The funniest of the past season's You Bet Your Life with mad-libber Marx. On non-inflammable film, of course.

8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2

Excellent half-hour dramas filmed in Hollywood. Alternating weekly with Tales Of The City, new series featuring the stories of Pulitzer-Academy winner Ben Hecht.

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

Competition-spiced telecasts as personable Dennis James presents young professional entertainers and a guest celebrity.

9:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6

Romance and/or comedy in this fine 30-minute film series.

9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4

Jack Webb continues to put the squeeze on criminals but in film reruns of the past year's most exciting adventures.

9:00 P.M. Treasure Hunt • 5

Sigmund Rothchild's fascinating appraisal of old relics.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2

Headline adventures of reporter Steve Wilson (Pat McVey).

9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4 & 6

Dramatic fare to take your mind off the boiling weather.

10:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 2

Little Margie played by not-so-little but yes-so-pretty Gale Storm in situation comedy co-starring Charles Farrell.

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

Suspects unlimited but Kane (Lee Tracy) gets his man.

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

Outstanding espionage series filmed abroad by Jerome Thor.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7

Frolicsome stories with Stu and his wife, June Collyer.

8:00 P.M. Ghost Chasers • 2

Spooks replace Mama for summer.

8:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4

Laugh-inspired situations with Dennis as the harried bachelor.

8:30 P.M. First Edition • 4 & 6

Fred Coe produces live drama while Riley (Bill Bendix) rests.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse Of Stars • 2

Big names in drama adapted from stories of top-notch writers.

9:00 P.M. Doorway To Danger • 4 & 6

Sinister, suspense drama summer-subbing for The Big Story.

9:00 P.M. Life Begins At Eighty • 5

Riotous, unpredictable, oldster panel. Jack Barry as emcee.

9:30 P.M. Earn Your Vacation • 2

Quiz show gives away two weeks here and there.

9:30 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 4 & 6

It's all or nothing at all in the famous, super-charged quiz.

10:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5

Ever popular radio-TV game with Jay Jackson.

10:30 P.M. Down You Go! • 5

Chicago's grand contribution to panel shows with Dr. Bergen Evans, Toni Gilman, Carmelita Pope, Robert Breen, others.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. Stork Club • 2

Sherm Billingsley visits with you in his glamorous Cub Room.

7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2

Bud Collyer emcees as couples try tricky stunts for prizes.

8:00 P.M. Larry Storch Show • 2

Versatile comic Storch with plenty of laugh-provoking ideas.

8:00 P.M. My Hero • 4 & 6

Reruns of the past year's humorous episodes in the life of Robert Beanblossom, bumbler, played by Robert Cummings.

8:30 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6

Talented amateurs get their big break. Ted Mack, emcee.

9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2

Panel-variety headed by chipper Mr. Fadiman.

9:00 P.M. Saturday Night Revue • 4 & 6

A comedy-music fest headed by Hoagy Carmichael who serves up stardust in the form of comedians and dancers new to TV.

9:30 P.M. Meet Millie • 2

Delightful dilemmas of a Manhattan steno (Elena Verdugo) supported by Florence Halop as Mama; Marv Kaplin as Alfred.

10:00 P.M. Medallion Theatre • 2

Premiere July 12 of new dramatic show produced by William Spier recently noted for his achievements on Omnibus.

10:30 P.M. Private Secretary • 4 & 6

Ann Sothern as the pulchritudinous secretary.

Sunday

2:30 P.M. Hollywood Off Beat • 2

Melvyn Douglas stars as tough, sophisticated private investigator, Steve Randall, in Hollywood-set mystery thrillers.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7

For youth of all ages, tingling, colorful, big-ring variety.

7:00 P.M. You Asked For It • 7

Art Baker's answer to the public's demands for the unusual.

8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 6

TV's king-sized, spectacular variety, headed by Ed Sullivan.

8:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4

Giveaway show subs for Comedy Hour.

9:00 P.M. GE Theatre • 2

Dramatic series starring Hollywood names subs for Fred Waring.

9:00 P.M. TV Playhouse • 4 & 6

Your big Sunday theatre with live, superior teleplays.

9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5

Assorted criminals are the target for Roscoe Karns.

9:30 P.M. Arthur Murray Dance Party • 2

Mrs. Murray, Kathryn to you, femcees sparkling, gay variety.

10:00 P.M. The Web • 2

Plots that tingle with suspense. Jonathan Blake, narrator.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2

Surprises and chuckles on this guess-your-occupation show with John Daly, plus Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen, others.

Mr. Amateur Hour

(Continued from page 31)

persevere. After his mother died, the aspiring musician was raised by his father, a railroader. And, when he decided to master the saxophone, he was warned in no uncertain terms that, because his father had to sleep during the day, he must confine his musical efforts to the closet.

A lad who would volunteer to teach himself to play the saxophone in a lightless closet can do just about anything, and that's what millions of people believe about Mr. Amateur Hour, Ted Mack.

This sax-playing youngster is today the beloved conductor of The Original Amateur Hour. His comforting voice, his mild manner, his understanding way, have guided thousands of talented amateurs, have proved an inspiration to millions of the show's viewers and listeners.

Daily an avalanche of letters strikes Ted's office—letters asking for advice, offering thanks for guidance, radiating warmth, making him a confidant. This proves bewildering to Ted, who has never attempted to be philosophical, to offer guidance, to spout patriotism, or to be all-knowing.

Yet the letters pour in by the tens of thousands. A Columbus, Ohio, lawyer writes:

"You have one of the finest all-American programs on the air, and your attitude and conduct do more for Americanism than all the speeches of our senators, representatives, and educators combined. . ."

A St. Louis woman writes, "Regardless of race, creed, or color, you treat everyone so sweet and nice. I just can't help admiring you and wish there were more men like you."

A pathetic letter comes from a Kansas City, Missouri, girl. Her mother, sixteen-year-old brother and she had attended an Original Amateur Hour radio-stage show there a few weeks before. The brother had been enraptured by Ted and the performers. He spoke of the show most of that night and the next day—when he was killed in an auto accident. Would Ted kindly write a letter to the mother, enclosing a picture? It would mean so much.

A full-time staff works continually on the letters—letters which share intimate details of personal lives, tell of loneliness meant only for the ears of a close friend, express gratitude for a word of cheer which has lifted someone from despair.

"I don't know how this kind of response to our entertainment began," Ted comments, in a voice which is as gentle off the air as on. "Perhaps people sense that, in trying to put the amateurs on the right course, we're giving courage also to the folks seeing and listening, for everybody has some unrealized hope."

Ted knows all about unrealized hopes and dreams because the course of his own life has not been smooth. Yet success hasn't changed him, and his universal appeal may well be due to the fact that the average man is able to find in Ted's words and actions simplicity and guidance which strike close to home. Ted knows well the aches that beset the average heart, for he has experienced so many of them.

Mr. Amateur Hour was born William Edward Maguiness in Greeley, Colorado, on Lincoln's Birthday, 1904. Shortly afterward came his first heartache, the death of his mother.

Determined to get an education, he worked his way through school, and, no longer confining his sax to the soundproofing of a closet, he organized his own orchestra in high school. Later, at the University of Denver, where he studied



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law, commerce, and drama, he delighted the Lindy-hoppers and Charleston set with another orchestra.

Music was now a vital part of Ted's life. The Maguiness orchestra (he was not yet known as Ted Mack) was an immediate hit, and Ted's solo numbers wowed the audiences. Because he was faced with the small problem of earning room and board, his orchestra engagements became a necessity, and he had to forsake college for a more practical education in the school of hard knocks.

The ambitious musician, resembling many of the amateurs whom he helps today, never failed to take advantage of every opportunity. It was this will that carried him through some rugged days. Ted often reminisces about other struggling musicians who, on empty stomachs, strove for recognition. In his early bands were such eager young fellows as Glenn Miller and Matty Malnick. Later Ted played in Ben Pollock's band with another young hopeful, Benny Goodman.

It was at this point that maestro Mack found himself on the West Coast, where he organized another orchestra. But there was something which made this one quite different from his previous groups. He had taken on a partner—a partner who has shared his aches and joys with him for the past twenty-seven years. Her name was Marguerite Overholt. Though she and Ted had been school-day sweethearts in Denver, they had not seen each other in three years. Their reunion took place in San Diego, where Marguerite was teaching school and Ted was playing a theatre. There they were married.

Though she was to live in hotel rooms for the next twenty years, often just a few jumps ahead of starvation, Marguerite insists today that she would not trade those years for gold.

Marguerite and Ted made a wonderful team, which always proved to be a calming influence on the rest of the troupe. They laugh now as they recall one stormy night when their little band of "gypsies" wound its way around a dangerous mountain road to play an engagement at an Arizona mining town. As they always did, Ted and Marguerite headed the procession, cutting their way through the sheets of rain that engulfed them. Marguerite was driving, while Ted was catching a cat nap in the back seat to ready himself for the next show. At the highest ledge, the car began slipping.

"Dearest," Marguerite said quietly, as she held her foot on the brake, "could you get out and put a stone behind the left rear wheel?"

Ted rubbed the sleep from his eyes, but it took him only a second to wake completely when he looked out to see the rear wheel only a half inch from a drop into nothingness!

The crisis that followed the next day was even worse, according to the very prayerful couple. The troupe's fan dancer had shaken her way right into some young man's heart at their last stop and had decided to settle down as a homemaker. When the theatre manager at the little mining town greeted the troupe—minus one fan dancer—he yelled, "Your act is canceled!" Miners liked their fan dancers, he explained ruefully, and the troupe was worthless to him without one.

Trouble-shooting Ted, with his usual alacrity, slogged through the town's muddy streets to the local high school, where he had the art instructor turn his entire class to making a large cellophane fan with corks inserted between the leaves to keep them open.

"This really was the beginning of progressive education," Ted insists.

Now all he needed was a dancer to get behind the fan. After much persuasion,

the wife of one of his musicians bravely made her debut as a fan dancer.

The troupe depended on Ted, and he never let them down. There was the time they were snowbound on a mountain pass, and there were plenty of times when they didn't have enough money for breakfast. But, somehow, he always pulled them through.

It was after their mountain experiences that William Maguiness became known as Ted Mack. Ted was a nickname which his childhood pals had stuck him with, and he liked it. But the name Mack was not of his own choosing. Ted had the opportunity to play the waterfront city of San Pedro, California, but the job called for someone who could give and take the rough wisecracks tossed up by the sailors. Because the troupe had developed the inconvenient habit of eating three meals daily, Ted accepted the job.

When he and Marguerite arrived at the theatre, opening night, their hearts sank. On the marquee was "Ted Mack And Band." Ted fell upon the manager. "I thought I was booked in here. Now you have somebody else!"

"Take it easy, son," replied the manager. "I couldn't get 'Maguiness' on the marquee. Besides, no sailor in this here port could pronounce a name like Maguiness. I gotta have an ordinary person with an ordinary name. And Mack it's got to be."

The handsome emcee decided not to worry about the sailors out front. He did what he has always done. He merely acted himself. The sailors liked his easy manner as he introduced the acts, and soon other theatres put in a bid for this quiet, easygoing guy who wasn't afraid to face an audience.

Despite good bookings, Ted's troupe could not stay ahead of their costs, and it was in Columbus, Ohio, that they finally ran out of money. Ted's personality extended itself even here, and the manager not only gave him credit but loaned him \$500 more.

"It never occurred to us," Marguerite explains today, "that we could have lessened our trouble by reducing the size of the orchestra. Ted never wanted to give less than the best."

The movies were next to call upon the genial impresario's talents. At M-G-M, he directed the orchestra in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Beat the Band."

All this time the maestro had been gaining a reputation as a developer of talent, never dreaming that this would be his greatest achievement. This forte was recognized by one Lou Goldberg, who was soon to become an important person in Ted's life. Goldberg was general manager for the many traveling units of Major Edward Bowes, who had originated The Family Hour in 1925 and, nine years later, The Original Amateur Hour, for which he was internationally famous. Goldberg grabbed Ted up as a talent scout and developer for the Bowes organization.

The Major was known the world over and when his perennially popular voice was stilled in 1945, The Original Amateur Hour died with him—at least for the moment. Jobless, Ted and Marguerite looked forward once more to starting from scratch.

It was a year or so later when Lou Goldberg informed Ted that some of the Major's old group thought they could revive The Original Amateur Hour. They wanted Ted to take the helm.

The man who had bravely faced rough audiences of miners and sailors, who had battled hunger many times, was, frankly, plain scared.

"Just be yourself," Goldberg advised.

Ted could not help but be himself. Success was instantaneous, and four years later the show was priced at three million dollars!

On the road, the show is a sellout, with the entire proceeds going to charity. And recently Ted went to Korea to organize and direct twenty-six G.I. talent shows in twenty-six days, each at a different place behind the front lines. For this, he was awarded a medallion on behalf of General Maxwell Taylor, commander of the Eighth Army. Then Ted rushed to New York to resume his televised broadcasts of The Original Amateur Hour.

With all this well-earned success, Ted Mack is still restless. He worries that he is not doing enough for the people who have faith in him. He is troubled with a sense of guilt that he does not possess all the wisdom his many followers think he does, when they write to him for advice. Ted has never pretended to be anything but an emcee and an entertainer, but he believes that a man must constantly improve himself. Therefore, he is always torn between the desire to devote all his time to expanding his activities with the amateurs and the desire to retire to his small home at Irvington-on-Hudson.

Still somewhat shy and completely unassuming, Ted heads for home and lovely Marguerite when a business meeting or broadcast doesn't keep him in town. The two troupers find their greatest pleasure working in the garden. They celebrated their twenty-sixth anniversary by planting new bushes in the yard.

"We've always wanted this—the home, the garden, the trees, the quiet," Marguerite says with a smile. "Everybody longs for a home, security, a confidante, and peace of soul, I believe. Perhaps Ted, in his sincere, quiet manner, is a confidante people trust. He surely knows what trouble is. But he realizes, also, that trouble adds a great deal to a person if he can accept it as part of his education and development."

After many years of struggling—not without their warm and humorous moments—the determination and faith which Ted called forth in teaching himself to play the saxophone, and which he has imparted to thousands of talented amateurs, have brought his dreams to fulfillment, just as he has made the dreams of so many others a reality.



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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Lili Darvas

(Continued from page 40)

mother said no, Cook would see that we got them, just to see our faces light up. She probably thought a few cookies more or less didn't matter, and she wanted us to be happy.

"All of these things came flooding back into my memory when I began to create the character of Hannah. So she is very real. A wonderful person. Someone you can love, and admire."

As Mrs. Norris, on another daytime radio serial, *When A Girl Marries*, Miss Darvas must make herself into a completely different type of woman. "Mrs. Norris is a cultured older woman, well bred and well educated, in contrast to Hannah's lack of formal education and of polish. Remember how, in *Hilltop House*, Hannah must ask a child to help her when she has to write a letter, because her spelling is so uncertain? Mrs. Norris, of course, has no such problems, but the two women have one thing in common. It's a kind of *goodness*, although each expresses it quite differently. A need to be helpful to those in trouble. And it is interesting to see how it is expressed by two such contrasting types of women. It makes them both so challenging to play."

Watching Miss Darvas talk about these women, with whom she has such a deep sympathy that she can portray them with a rare understanding, her own warmth and her interest in everything that goes on around her are apparent. She is an intense woman, with reddish-blond hair and hazel-green eyes, and every inch the actress. Mature, yet youthful, simply dressed but with the chic of the Continental woman who has traveled all over the world and knows how to choose and modify the fashions that best suit her. Yet she is a woman who loves home and perhaps appreciates it more than other women do, because it was long denied her.

"I have been in the theatre since I was sixteen," she reminds you, "and only after I arrived in New York, in 1938, did I at last have a real home. Other women may dream all their lives of living in apartments and giving up home responsibilities as families grow up and conditions change, but I dreamed always of settling down somewhere with my beloved possessions around me, creating my own kind of home."

Her European career as an actress, begun in her home city of Budapest against the wishes of her family, had been fostered by Max Reinhardt, who starred the lovely and talented young actress in his famous theatrical productions in Berlin and Vienna and the other great cities of Europe. Playwrights created some of their best works for her—among them Ferenc Molnar, whom she later married and who died a year ago. Lili fled from Vienna, where she was appearing in a play, when Hitler's armies began their march. After her arrival in America, Lili appeared on Broadway in Maurice Evans' production of "Hamlet," in the George Kaufman-Edna Ferber play, "Bravo," and in many others.

Work on the American stage and in radio and TV at last allowed Lili to have the home she always wanted. The living room of her apartment reveals her passion for fine old things, all the reminders of the life that used to be. Contrasted with these is her bedroom, thoroughly twentieth-century modern in furnishings. Nostalgia for the old is only one side of her nature. The other side is an attempt to live in the present, enjoying today's things today. The dining portion of her

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living room has a table, the pedestal of which is a desk from her childhood home. The chairs are fine examples of Biedermeyer, of a richly dark old Hungarian wood. The same wood forms the frame of a fine old sofa, upholstered in dark green. An antique tall clock, little tables, chairs, lamps and ornaments are from her old European home or were collected in her travels. The predominating color note is green, in a deep, restful shade.

The bedroom is all light color, even the wood of the furniture. A modern bed is recessed between two tall wardrobes which flank it on each side. Dressing table, chests, chairs and stools and lamps are all strictly America 1953. So is the compact little kitchen.

Strictly America 1953 are the house-keeping problems, also. Like all women who have interests outside the home—and one doesn't have to be an actress, of course, for this—Miss Darvas has had to learn to apportion her time and energy to handle both jobs as well as possible.

"I am a very orderly person by nature," she explains. "I would like everything to be completely tidy. I dream of being a perfect housewife. My two regular programs, Hilltop House and When A Girl Marries, take just so much of my time and I can plan the rest. I know what I can do at home, and what must be left undone. But then I get a television role, or a play, and the schedule is all off. If it's a role on a TV drama, there are rehearsals and costume fittings, and lines to be studied. There are always such roles—on

Hallmark Theatre, Studio One, the Robert Montgomery show, Lux Video Theatre, Kraft Television Theatre, and many others. They are wonderful opportunities, but it is demanding of time. When I am busy with these things, I shut my eyes to the demands of my home. Somewhere in my day, I have made the time to do recordings for Free Europe, to be beamed to the Iron Curtain countries where freedom is at the moment only a word. This, of course, I feel is a precious privilege.

"Yet I know my home is always there, waiting for me. That is the big thing. Then such matters as not finding the time to order the new vacuum cleaner, with the old one practically falling apart, do not seem too important. A lull will finally come, and then we will work like mad getting the house just the way we want it. I can take time to cook a little, and I can enjoy being a housewife."

The Darvas household now consists of the maid, who has been there for ten years and learned her cooking from Lili's mother—"which makes her a very good cook." And a friendly taffy-colored cocker spaniel whom they call Mommie, "in view of her motherly—almost grandmotherly—demeanor after thirteen years." Mommie has grown quite deaf, but she is a sweet old girl.

Lili's first radio audition is something she will never forget. It was for the role of Mme. Sophie in a dramatic serial, *We Love And Learn*.

"On the day I auditioned, I had a bad cold. I wasn't feeling well, I was hoarse

and uncomfortable and I felt I had done a poor job of reading. I was holding back the tears when I left the microphone, sort of mumbling to myself about how awful I had been. A group of people were standing near the door, and one man asked me what was so awful, having overheard my self-recrimination. 'Oh,' I said. 'It's my cold. This awful cold.'

"You had better hold on to it," he answered, and I wondered what he meant. I went out and made for the nearest shop and bought myself a new dress to raise my spirits, an old trick of us women when we are unhappy. When I got home my maid told me the phone had been ringing for me, and I later found that the caller wanted to know how soon I would be free to take over the role of Mme. Sophie. 'And please hang on to that cold,' I was told. 'Your voice sounded just right.' Of course my happiness at this turn of events completely cured my cold. But my voice must have been all right—with cold or without—because I played Mme. Sophie for about a year and a half, which was the length of time the program remained on the air. I was very fond of her.

"I am fond of all the people I do on radio. I could not play them, day after day, if I did not believe in them. Mrs. Norris, in *When A Girl Marries*, is like many women I have known and admired. Hannah, the lovely Hungarian cook in *Hilltop House*, is someone I have loved very much. Playing them has enriched my life, and that is what working should do for a woman."

Love Lives With Millie

(Continued from page 42)

hope, laughter, have been part of Elena's living plan ever since she was married to Charles some seven years ago.

"In fact," laughed Elena, "it was Charlie's wonderful sense of proportion—his good-humored acceptance of things as they are—which first impressed me. We met at Universal-International studios, where I was acting and Charles was writing. My closest friend, Joan Shawnlee, introduced us.

"I was quite thrilled," said Elena, "because the first thing Charlie said was: 'Would you like to go to the opening night at Mocambo this evening?' You can imagine how impressed I was! (Mocambo, Hollywood's swankiest night club, on opening night of a show, is something any girl would be pleased to attend.) I gave him the address of my family's place in Northridge (which is a sleeper jump from Hollywood). That night, dressed in my best new outfit, I waited—and waited—and waited. Since we had no phone and the Western Union office closed at five in our faraway suburb, I finally had to give up and go to bed.

"The next day on the Abbott and Costello set, Charles avoided me like the plague. I couldn't stand the suspense and finally approached him. 'I'm so glad you're still speaking to me,' he said. 'I'd never have had the nerve to speak to you again! I lost the keys to my car!'

"So, while I had sat in the dusk with my family, an equally miserable Charlie had been sitting in his best blue serge in his keyless auto, trying to think what he could do. He tried telephoning and, of course, there was no number for us. He was so upset that I felt sorrier for him than I did for myself. But, from the first, we never let little things like that get us down. So when Charlie asked if I'd like to try the Mocambo again I jumped at the chance—I mean I accepted."

According to Elena, the pretty, assured,

blonde actress of today is a far cry from the dark-haired, naive girl of eight years ago. "I was strictly a square," she laughed. "I don't know what Charlie saw in me. I think we got married so he wouldn't have to drive me that long way home after every date."

Charlie and Elena didn't have much of an engagement. After several months of dating, it hit Elena one day at the studio that she was in love with Charlie. So she got him on the phone. "Charlie," she said, "do you love me?"

Charlie may have been taken back by surprise but he didn't show it. His immediate reaction was simply, "Yes, of course, I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," said Elena. "When?"

"Now," said Charlie, "as soon as possible, today, immediately, this very minute! We'll elope!"

"So," said Elena, "the only one I told was Lou Costello. He promised to help us, made arrangements for the tickets and the plane and everything. The only thing I needed was a bag and a few clothes from home.

"In the evening, Charlie and I drove out to Northridge to my parents' place to pick up my clothes and quietly slip away. When we got to the long drive that led up to the house we found the gate locked. We couldn't get in. Then suddenly there was my mother. 'I hear you're going to elope,' she said.

"Well, what could I say. I sat in the car and blinked at my mother with my mouth open. But she was very sweet. We all went into the house and had coffee, a bite to eat and a long talk. It turned out that Lou had called our Hollywood newspaper columnist, Louella Parsons, to tell her about the elopement. Louella had sent her photographer to the airport and he waited there for us. (He may still be there.) Then she called the studio to verify the report. The studio has a standing rule that if you are working in a picture you can't leave

the city and certainly you can't go anywhere in an airplane. The studio people sent a messenger to my mother. All of this in the time it took us to drive out to Northridge. Over cups of coffee, my mother convinced us to wait and have the marriage in a church."

Elena's and Charles's cheerful optimism was put to a severe test their first year of marriage. "We had to be cheerful," said Elena, "because we were so poor we couldn't afford anything but hope and optimism. We were so poor, in fact, it was ridiculous! We had one dress-up outfit each. We called them our 'Gonna-get-a-job suits.' But then, everyone we knew was broke, so we made a joke of it."

Besides the money problems, the newlyweds had their own brand of family problems. It started with the marriage. "Since I came from a very old and very strict Spanish family, it was difficult to break away. This was in 1945 and my brothers were still in service, leaving me the only one at home.

"The first year of marriage, supposed to be the hardest, didn't turn out that way. Our problems didn't have a chance. We just didn't pay any attention to them. Time, better than words, took care of the family problems. Now I come second to my son and husband in my family's affections. We didn't even let money problems worry us. Why should we? We certainly didn't have any money!"

But times got better for the Marions, and with the improvements came changes. Little Richard was born July 1, 1949, and by the time he was two, Charles was an established screen writer.

Shortly after Richard entered Elena's life, so did Virginia Cullatt, who came to work with Elena in caring for Richard. "Virginia's last name," explained Elena, "should be Marion. She's one of the family and it seems like she's been with us forever."

Big, amiable Virginia not only adores

the Marion family, but sometimes has the upper hand—especially in settling arguments. "Not only does Virginia look after both the house and little Richard, but she listens to my lines, criticizes the show, helps me watch my diet with special dishes, remarks on Charlie's writing."

It's possible for Elena to be temperamental. Good-naturedly temperamental, that is. Her uprisings don't last more than a few seconds and they are generally directed at Charles when they both come in from work. These brief bubbles of excitement fail to last more than a few seconds, for Virginia has her own special way of settling them.

"Now Mizz Marion," she says, "you're just tired. You sit down for a minute and I'll tell you about Richard's day. . . ."

Since late 1952, the role of Millie Bronson has become part of Elena. "At first I couldn't see it," she explained. "I didn't think the part was for me. In fact, I tried to sell our director, Bill Manhoff, and Harry Ackerman, our CBS executive, my friend Joan Shawnee. 'She's just the girl for it, Mr. Ackerman,' I said. 'I really think you should give the part to her.'"

"But that wonderful Mr. Manhoff said, 'No, you're the one for the part, Elena,' and so I was working again."

"I'm so identified with the part now," she said, "the kids always call out, 'Hello, Meet Millie,' or 'Hello, Millie Bronson.' The neighborhood children don't know I have another name."

The advent of Meet Millie brought other changes to the household, too. Elena learned (again) that Charles wasn't cut out to be the business manager of the family. "When we were first married," she said, "I found out he'd been a bachelor too long. Came the first of the month and he ignored the bills. Pretty soon I was getting calls from the creditors."

"So I took over. I think it's better that way. A man has other details to look after. But last Christmas I was so swamped with Millie that Charlie took over the finances again. All went well (I thought) until I started getting those old calls from creditors. 'Charlie, my boy,' I said, 'the time has come—'"

It was then Elena's mother stepped in to help manage the finances. "Charlie's happy, I'm happy, and the creditors are delicious!"

Elena and Charles, with their own brand of cheer and optimism, are letting the future take care of itself. "We're working toward our own home and brothers and sisters for Richard, but we don't make a production of anything. We just live together happily, and don't take things too big."

Their seventh wedding anniversary, which they celebrated last March 24, illustrates their easygoing attitude. "What do you want to do, honey?" asked Charlie.

"Gee, maybe we should have the gang over. You know, Joan and her husband, Sydney Miller, Howard Leeds, Fran Osborn and Chuckie Bradley. Have a terrific party!"

"Maybe we should go out to dinner and a night club," suggested Charlie. "A real evening on the town."

"As it turned out," laughed Elena, "we had reservations at three different places. We were going to outdo ourselves. Only what did we do? We stopped at a neighborhood restaurant, ordered some spare-ribs to go, came home, took off our shoes, and curled up on the couch to enjoy our ribs."

Whether it's the night of a seventh wedding anniversary, or just an ordinary evening, the lights of the little house on the gay, cozy street shine with happiness. For good cheer and love live inside—and love doesn't call for a big production.



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Somewhere I'll find him

By BELLE JONES

IT WAS almost seven o'clock. In the big apartment building that backed on my little garden, lights were twinkling on and I could see movement in kitchen and dining-room windows—maids moving around, mostly, because the apartment my boss, Verne Massey, had found for me was in one of the more expensive neighborhoods of New York. That was one reason it never seemed quite like home. With the way the living room opened onto its garden, and with one or two small things I'd brought from back home, I could sometimes make myself think it was homelike enough. But at other times it didn't take much to bring tears of lonely homesickness to my eyes—times when I let myself admit how empty my existence was without Lorenzo. This could be one of those bad times, if I let it. Times when the longing for Lorenzo was almost unbearable. . . .

No! Turning my back on those cosy scenes across the way, I busied myself in the kitchen and when my dinner was ready I set myself a place at the small table before the fireplace. There was even a centerpiece of violets to cheer me up—violets Verne had brought back to the office for me after lunch. I was just finishing my coffee when the doorbell chimed. It was Verne Massey who smiled down at me when I opened the door—a smile that faded at once into worried reproof.

"Belle Jones, how often have I told you to ask who it is before opening your door? My dear, your small-town hospitality is out of place here in New York. May I come in for a moment?"

"Of course, Verne." I closed the door behind him and guiltily put the chain on. Verne put aside his hat and shook his head at me.

"That's like locking the stable door after the horse is stolen." He really looked concerned.

"But the horse is still here, Verne! I mean—nothing *has* happened to me."

"But something might." Verne looked at me reproachfully. "I wish you'd give up this whole apartment idea and come up to Westchester like a sensible girl. Rhoda and I have so much room in that house, and I felt so much more secure when you were with us."

I sighed. Verne and his sister had done so much for me, since I'd come to New York looking for Lorenzo. But Verne couldn't see that that was precisely why I couldn't accept any more from them. Ever since he'd first heard of the Joneses, Verne had been doing things for them. It was Verne who had found Lorenzo lying near death beside the road, that night so many months ago, and who had sped him to a New York hospital in his car and saved his life. It was Verne who had given me strength and encouragement when we realized Lorenzo's memory was gone . . . and it was Verne who had been beside me ever since that dreadful day when the hospital told us Lorenzo had somehow found his way past nurses and attendants, and disappeared into the vast, crowded city as completely as though he'd been swallowed up.

Searching for a chance to get off the subject of myself, I asked Verne if he'd had dinner.

"I'll have some of that coffee if you've any to spare," he said.

I passed him the coffee (*Continued on page 86*)

Lorenzo Jones, NBC Radio, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, for Fab and Colgate Dental Cream. Pictured at right, in their original roles, are Karl Weber as Verne Massey, Lucille Wall as Belle Jones, Arline Blackburn as Helen Stevens.

If love means anything, then, as surely



as we loved, someday a life together would be ours again!

and a slice of banana shortcake. He ate with appreciation. "I can see why you prefer your own cooking to our cook's," he said. "This is wonderful. You really are a home-town girl, Belle, aren't you—going to all this trouble just for yourself? It's not as if—" Verne colored suddenly. "Forgive me, that was tactless."

"Not as if my husband were here to fuss over?" I smiled tremulously. "It's all right, Verne. It's just what I was reminding myself before you came in . . . that unless I keep thinking Lorenzo may be right here with me tomorrow or next week or next month . . . unless I keep making this little place as much home as our house ever was . . . well, I just couldn't go on." My eyes stung, and quickly I covered them with my hand. "That's one reason I'd rather be here on my own, Verne, sweet as you and Rhoda are to want me up in Westchester with you."

In silence, Verne drained his coffee cup. His tanned face, made so distinguished by the touches of silver hair at his temples, looked grave and sad. I felt regretful that he insisted on offering me so much kindness, for I couldn't accept it all and I almost resented feeling guilty or worrying about hurting his feelings. Once or twice, lately, I had felt something more . . . something that had brushed me with real fear. When Rhoda, at lunch the other day, had said to me so earnestly, "Never hesitate to accept Verne's help, Belle dear. I can't tell you how happy he is when he feels he's doing something to make things easier for you."

I'd said, "Oh, Rhoda—something! You and Verne have done everything! Why, Lorenzo's very life is due to Verne—and all the hospital bills I couldn't have paid right away, and even the job he gave me so I could stay here and keep looking for Lorenzo. . . ."

"You don't know how much Verne would do for you if you'd let him." Rhoda's aristocratic, chiseled features had warmed into a gentle smile. "Verne's terribly fond of you. So very fond. . . ."

I'd felt it then . . . as though there were something behind her words that I couldn't grasp. As though she half-wanted me to understand—to understand without her telling me.

The memory made me uneasy now as we sat together, Verne and I, in the twilight silence. Getting up, I lit the lamps, and cleared away the cups. Verne, lighting a cigarette, glanced up with a smile. "Are you rushing me off, Belle? Sit down for a moment. I really came to ask you to do something for me, and I'll go as soon as that's done."

I flushed. "Verne, how can you think such a thing! I was only—"

"Only restless. I understand." His smile dimmed. "Your typing job at my office isn't keeping you very busy."

"Busy enough while I'm doing it. It's just that . . . well, after work, when I'm alone, I get to worrying. There's so much I want to do to look for Lorenzo, and I feel so helpless. I know the police are doing what they can, but—I know he can't be far away! I feel it. Sometimes I want to run right out into the streets and start looking into stores and restaurants and houses, anywhere—"

"That's just what worries Rhoda and me," Verne said sharply. "That's hysteria, Belle, it's not really like you. You need more to take up your time. And I need extra help." He reached for a leather portfolio which he'd dropped on the couch.

"Belle, I'm going to leave you some scripts to read for me. It would be a big help if you'd go through them for me, pick out anything that seems worth my reading."

"But your new play is such a great success. How can you worry about that and start a new one at the same time?"

Verne laughed. "You don't know much about the theatre, Belle. It's like any other business. You've got to worry about next season as well as this one."

Timidly I took the official-looking stack of manuscripts. "But I'm no play-reader, Verne," I objected. "As you say, I don't know anything about the theatre—I've told you that all along."

"But you're learning fast, my dear. You have a fresh outlook. I think I can make good use of your very lack of experience. Next time I want to do something fresh, off the beaten track." His gray eyes flashed with sudden mischief. "Something Helen won't like, probably."

Something Helen wouldn't like? I studied Verne, trying to make out his tone. Helen Stevens' success as the star of his new play gave added brilliance to both their careers. I couldn't understand the relationship between them—a relationship in which sometimes friendliness had the upper hand, sometimes a kind of tug of war, a clash of wills . . . that was another thing Rhoda had mentioned the other day: "How are you and Helen getting on these days?" As though she'd expected we weren't getting on at all well. . . .

When Verne left, he made me promise to put the chain on again. It did give me a secure feeling. As Verne often reminded me, if my suspicions about Lorenzo's disappearance were justified—if the gang of jewel thieves he'd helped to catch had something to do with it—I might be in danger myself. Tears caught at my throat again. Scripts in hand, I leaned for a moment in the doorway that led out to my darkened garden. Somewhere out there, under these same stars, breathing this same springtime fragrance, was Lorenzo. Closing my eyes, I prayed with all my soul . . . Then a sudden chill made me shut the door.

For the first time since I'd worked for Verne, I was late getting into the Falstaff Theatre next morning. I wanted to peep into his office to apologize, but the sound of voices sent me to my own desk instead, to wait impatiently until his visitor left. I could hardly wait to share my excitement with him. When he put his head out of the door and called to me, I jumped up with the play scripts in my hand and went eagerly into his private office. Helen Stevens was just shrugging into a short fur jacket, getting ready to leave.

Her glamorous, famous face was almost grim, and her pale blue eyes, brilliant beneath the pink-flowered hat, were unfriendly as she answered my greeting. "Congratulations on your new career," she said coldly. "I hear you're a play-reader now."

Perplexedly, I looked at Verne. He smiled. "Helen's being difficult, Belle. She's on her high horse because she's found a play she wants to do and I told her nothing doing until I got the report from you on the stuff I left with you last night."

"I don't want to do it right this minute—I just want you to read it! Verne, why must you be so unrea—"

"And I don't want to read it till I've got a few of them together, so why must you be so unreasonable? Besides, darling, knowing you, I know perfectly well it's a smart, bright, gay play you've found, with a glamorous part in which you can wear such clothes as were never seen on land or sea."

"And what's wrong with that? You and I have done pretty well so far with just that kind of play!" Helen's voice whipped round the office like a lash. I half-turned, anxious not to get involved until the sparks had died down a bit, but Verne said im-

periously, "No you don't, Belle. Now look, Helen. Leave the business end to me, won't you? Granted we have done well, but in my judgment what we need now is a change of pace. A change of pace." He underlined the words. "A role that will give you a chance to show another facet of your talent."

"That's beside the point," Helen said stormily. "I could understand it if you'd had your regular staff read the new scripts. They're experienced; they know the theatre. But Belle, of all people! Honestly, Verne, Belle herself is always saying she doesn't know the wings from the overture. What's got into you?" She looked at me angrily, and then said in a deliberate tone, "As if I didn't know."

Verne flushed deeply. "Helen, that's the most—"

"I know, I'm sorry." She bit her beautifully shaped lips. "That was perfectly rotten of me. I do apologize." She put a hand on my arm. "Belle, dear, forgive me, Verne gets me so upset sometimes I'm liable to say perfectly frightful things and they don't mean a thing. Honestly."

"It's all right," I said unhappily. "It's true, anyway. I don't know anything about plays." I put the stack of scripts on Verne's desk. All excitement of discovery had gone from me. What did I know? That play I'd put on top, the one I'd laughed and cried over until the early hours of the morning—how did I know it was a good play? "Only I thought maybe you'd read this one, Verne. I—I liked it. It was sort of sweet and—well, real. Like people you'd know . . . this girl, her name is Pegeen—"

"Pegeen!" Helen picked it up again and read a few lines. "Enter Pegeen, wearing a big white apron—" Her voice rose to a soft shriek. Jumping up, she clutched her purse and made for the door. "Verne Massey, if you think for one simple-minded second that I—Pegeen, in big white apron! Are you quite mad?"

There was silence after the door slammed behind her. Then Verne's shoulders began to move, and he pushed back his chair, threw his head back, and laughed till he cried. "If that girl isn't better off stage than on, I'll—eat the play! Don't look so scared, Belle. This is the theatre, remember? Helen's a star, and a star is always on stage."

"You mean—she isn't really angry?"

Verne sobered. "Oh, she's angry. Always is when she doesn't get her own way at the snap of a finger. But her anger won't affect her actions, that's all I mean to say. She knows which side her career is buttered on." Clearing away some papers, he picked up the script Helen had tossed down in such disdain. "So you think you've found something, eh?"

"I don't know," I said uncomfortably. "I just know I was moved by it. It's tender and sad and happy—" I began to remember how moved I had been. "I do think you ought to read it, Verne!"

"Read it! Of course I'll read it! Why do you think I left these with you?"

I went back to my typing and around eleven Helen called to ask me to meet her for lunch. Because of her insistence I finally agreed. Since I was with the star, Helen Stevens, the headwaiter and the people at surrounding tables looked at me with as much awe as they accorded Helen herself. For the hundredth time I wondered, as I listened to Helen apologizing for the morning's scene, what Lorenzo would think of my new friends. And the answer came with a thrill—he would be proud and happy. Lorenzo . . . with his quick wit and the charm that won sympathy and understanding from all who knew him. . . . With an effort I brought my attention back to Helen. Firmly, I told

her there was no need to apologize. "Verne has explained to me about actors and temperament," I smiled. "Besides, I think you're right. Verne had no right to let me read those plays. I'm not equipped for it."

Helen's face clouded. "As far as Verne Massey is concerned, you can do no wrong. Honestly, Belle, I've never seen him like this. He's neglecting his office, he never sees his friends . . . he's constantly on the phone to that Sergeant Rooney down at headquarters in case some derelict they've picked up might turn out to be—oh, Belle, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way."

I tried to smile. Helen went on in embarrassment, "I only meant he's even willing to risk annoying the police to help you. They—they're still working on it, aren't they? On that story you gave them about the gang of jewel thieves Lorenzo got mixed up with back in your home town?"

"They say they are." I sighed. All along they'd said they were. Were they just humoring me, like Verne? All that mixture of fact and fear and conjecture I'd poured out . . . Pierre Olivet, the jewel thief Lorenzo had done so much to expose. The gang that might for all I knew be nationwide, international even, and that certainly knew of Lorenzo's activities . . . and the frightful night when Lorenzo disappeared from our home, to turn up wounded on the road along which Verne's car was speeding to New York. The even more frightening disappearance from the hospital . . . men lost their memories every day. Amnesia, they called it. Could that be what was keeping Lorenzo and me apart? Or was it really something more sinister . . . something to do with that gang . . . ?

" . . . and so," Helen was saying, "the only excuse I can make for myself is that I'm not used to doing without Verne. We used to see a lot of one another, Belle, before you came to town. I'm—extremely fond of Verne. I thought he was of me, too."

"Oh, he is! How can you doubt it, Helen? Verne adores you! He thinks you're the best actress—"

"Oh, that," Helen shrugged. "There was a time when I thought he might . . ." Her eyes narrowed. "I can't help wondering just why he's giving you so much time. No doubt he doesn't know himself. Men!" She shrugged again. "Don't mind me, Belle. I know you're utterly devoted to your husband, and I honor you for it. Now—let's talk of other things."

We did, but I didn't give them my full attention. I was wondering how I had managed in the past to avoid the sudden, certain knowledge that now stared me in the face. Helen was in love with Verne, and was feeling lonely and neglected because he'd become so absorbed in the search for Lorenzo! It was daylight-clear, now, that for this reason her temper was so short, her nerves so unreliable. And I had to do something about it! I owed it to them—to Verne and his sister and all the friends who'd been so good to me in my trouble. Verne, I told myself, was too used to working with Helen to see her as a woman, apart from their association. What could I do to make him break through the veil of habit?

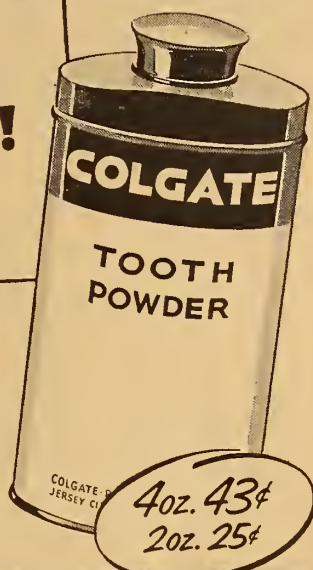
When Verne came in from lunch he glanced at my frowning face and said briskly, "Here, here, Belle, none of that. I don't like that dejected look making lines between your eyes. Eyes like yours should never—well, never mind. I've got a project that will make you sit up."

I couldn't help laughing. He sounded as if I were a kindergartner who might get into trouble if she wasn't productively occupied every single moment. But Verne was quite serious. He had decided that I, and I alone, must take on the redecoration

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of his town house. What an opportunity! "That beautiful place? That lovely brownstone, Verne, where your sister Rhoda asked me to tea one day and was so sweet to me, when I first came?" My lips parted in pleasure. It was the handsomest old place I'd ever been in, and I remembered at the time how Rhoda and I had agreed about the old, dingy furnishings not doing it justice. "But I'm not a decorator, Verne. I might—why, I might spoil it and spend a lot of money and not make it the way you'd want it at all—"

"Belle, Belle," Verne interrupted, "I'll be completely exasperated if you don't stop underrating yourself. Don't you know yet that you're a woman of uncommon taste and sensitivity, and that everyone who meets you sees it at once? You've got qualities you've never exploited, young lady, and I intend to see they're not wasted. And that's that."

Laughing again, I echoed, "All right, that's that. But I'm still scared. . . ." Even as I protested my thoughts grew busy. Taste and sensitivity . . . if he admired them so much, wouldn't it be the simplest thing in the world to show him that Helen Stevens had them in full measure? Suppose I got Helen to help me do the house—no, to do it herself, so that from attic to cellar it would be the expression of her own personality? Verne needn't know till it was finished . . . and then, when he admired it, I'd tell him whose taste he was really admiring. . . .

I had to leave several calls around town before one of my messages finally reached Helen. When I heard her voice I found myself a little shaky, wondering if she would balk at the small deception of Verne that I was proposing. To my joy, after the first surprise, she was as excited as I was. "If you think we can get away with it, Belle, of course I'll do it." She laughed musically. "Candidly, there've been times when I've wondered if you weren't—well, putting on a bit of an act with Verne. The clinging, helpless vine, you know, so he'd feel like Atlas himself. Belle, I'm abject. A woman who could do what you're doing for me is just as simple and sweet and honest as a woman can be." I started to speak, but she went on, "You've taught me a lesson, Belle. I hope I don't forget it. There are such things in the female world as straightforward fairness. Darling, I hope you find your husband soon. You deserve happiness if anyone does. . . ."

Between annoyance and a kind of amused resignation, I hung up. Verne had told me once that actors were some-

times as irresponsible and mercurial as children—down one moment, up the next. I couldn't seem to get used to it. I was always taking them . . . well, Helen . . . much too seriously.

So began our curious partnership. Helen's tastes and my own didn't often agree, but that was all right. . . . She was almost sure to have better taste than mine. Helen Stevens was certain to know better than I how to make a town house in New York a fittingly handsome setting for a man of Verne's stature. And his wife's. . . . For there was little doubt in my mind that he would be asking Helen to share it with him as our plan began to ripen. They were so right for each other!

I had almost forgotten about the play when Verne called me in one afternoon and told me he'd read it. His gray eyes sparkled with excitement. "Belle, I must be one of the smartest men in this city!" he said happily. "I knew you had what it took to recognize a good thing! Whether it's people or drapery fabrics or plays—"

"You mean that play I said I liked?" "I do indeed! It's marvelous. I sat up all last night reading it, and beyond one or two spots I haven't a quarrel in the world with it. I think it'll make next season's biggest success. With Helen Stevens as Pegeen."

My smile faded abruptly. "Oh, dear. Does she know yet?"

Verne shook his head. "That's where you and I are going to be as clever as two hardened connivers, Belle Jones. Between us, we're going to win Madame over till she wants to do this play. Don't ask me how—but we'll do it."

He began his campaign by taking Helen out to the most expensive, exclusive restaurant in town. "The place makes a point of its quiet, old-world charm," he told me as he set off. "Even Helen would think twice before throwing a scene in that atmosphere. And while she's sitting there, unable to screech or strike me, I'll get her to at least agree to read the play."

"Are you taking a copy with you?" I asked, marveling at his optimism. Verne nodded.

"The copy you made on thin paper. It makes an inconspicuous bulge." He patted his breast pocket. "I can give it to her if things look hopeful. If they don't—I'll bide my time. Wish me luck!" He went off with a mischievous glint in his eye. It was another light entirely that I wanted her to see in Verne Massey's eyes. . . . I must help it to come about! Love was too precious to go begging. . . .

Verne had some special guests, Cana-

dian friends, coming to the performance that evening, and he had asked me to come back to the Falstaff after my dinner. That was how I happened to be around when Helen came storming in. The very sound of her footsteps telegraphed her anger. I looked up to see her in the office doorway, eyes flashing, mouth grim.

"You certainly have done it, haven't you!" she flared at me. "You've taken us all in but *thoroughly*. Simple small-town girl indeed! How did you get Verne so you can wind him around your little finger?"

"Helen, I don't know what you're talking about." Terribly disturbed, I tried to control my own anger.

She waved a manila envelope in my face. "This—this thing you call a play? Is the writer a friend of yours or something? Verne must be right out of his mind to think of putting it on. It's rank amateur stuff—New York audiences will laugh it off the stage! Does he want to ruin his career and mine as well—all because you've bewitched and confused him so he doesn't know where he is any more? I will not have it! You listen to me, Belle Jones—I won't have Verne dancing to every tune you play! Neglecting his work to help you in this wild goose chase after your husband, neglecting his friends—and now this! Because *you* like it, choosing this mess of nonsense out of all the wonderful, first-class plays he could have for the asking!" She was trembling with fury. "I will not have it. I will not do it!" she threw at me. Then she turned and I heard her heels clicking angrily toward her dressing room.

I was almost at Helen's dressing-room door before I realized she was not alone, she was talking to Verne's friend, Peter Winthrop. For a fraction of a second I paused—and yet it was in a way the longest pause of my life. I heard Helen say sharply, "Peter, don't be so perfectly silly! Are you trying to tell me she doesn't know? Look, dear, I'm a woman, and I know what women are capable of—don't tell me she doesn't know Verne is head over heels in love with her! *Know it!*—Why, she's using it to make him jump through hoops, that's how much she knows it!"

I heard Peter reply unhappily, "Verne's just a friend to her. She's so deeply in love with her husband she doesn't know other men are on earth, not as men. You're unfair—"

"She's unfair! Belle's unfair, not me! Keeping him away from his friends, making him run all her errands with the police and what-not, and now this—this thing! This so-called play! I tell you she wants to be the power behind Verne's throne, that's what she's after! She has no more hope of finding her husband than you have, Peter, and she's lining up Verne against the future! If I only knew how she did it, I'd. . . ."

I heard no more. Face flaming, ears ringing, I got back to the office and sat helplessly as waves of revelation washed over me. It couldn't be true. It couldn't! Verne . . . in love with me? When he knew that all my heart and soul were dedicated to the search for my husband? When he, of all people to whom I'd talked so freely, knew that without Lorenzo I was only half-alive?

It was a strange, nightmarish evening. I got through it somehow. But behind my enforced calm was seething a terrible need to run away. To leave all this—to get away somewhere quiet and comforting where none of these people could touch me—where I could be myself again, plain Belle Jones, and think as myself. Decide as myself. . . .

I don't think I was fully aware of the outside world until the next morning,



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when I found myself walking down familiar Main Street, drinking in deep breaths of the tree-scented air just as Lorenzo and I used to do every springtime. I hadn't forgotten the night before, but the details were all dim in my mind—the telegram to Rhoda and Verne in Westchester so that they wouldn't worry, just telling them I'd gone away to think something out—the quick trip to Grand Central, the sleep snatched as we jolted along upstate. Back home . . . that was where I knew I had to go. Where I'd been Mrs. Lorenzo Jones. Where life was simple because standards were clear and simple. Where I would know just what I had to do.

Eagerly I gazed at familiar landmarks, the diner, the Bradford house, oldest in town . . . the small park where Lorenzo and I sometimes sat on Sunday afternoons on our way home from church, to watch the children playing. . . . It was almost as though once again I weren't walking alone. Oh, I'd been right to come here! Here Lorenzo was with me! Perhaps here was where I ought to stay! Wouldn't it be best that way—to give up New York, come back here, get away from the new pressures and jealous emotions of the dynamic people who surrounded me there? Get away from Helen's misunderstanding . . . and Verne's feeling for me, which even in my secret mind I couldn't call love.

The sun reflected sharply off the windows of the supermarket as the manager rolled up the awning, and I shut my eyes against the glare. Suddenly, in the darkened moment, I heard Lorenzo's voice. "Belle darling, you're wrong. Go back," he said. The words filled my whole being with sound that had nothing to do with my ears. I heard them in every fibre. "Go back to New York. Don't run away. Only in New York is there a link with me, with my disappearance. Don't let new problems drive you away. Life means facing new problems, darling. It means growing and maturing and learning all the time. You can learn to live there. You can even learn the answer to the problem of Verne, if there is a problem. I trust you, I have faith in you. Don't run away from life. Go back. Keep searching, Belle. Keep searching. Don't let anything make you stop."

You say I imagined it? I won't argue. But my heart and I know I heard Lorenzo's voice. And I would heed it.

Turning, I began the walk back to the hotel. It was all true. . . . I must and could learn to live with all the new problems, new people, that life brought me. I must keep growing so that when Lorenzo and I found each other again I would be a better person than the one he'd lost, not bitter, fearful, worn out with brooding. Why, if Verne was right—if the play was good, and if it was produced—there was even real work waiting for me in New York, a real career to help keep my life meaningful while I continued my search. I began to walk more briskly; now I was in a hurry to get back. Even the shock that had driven me away seemed less dreadful now, more exaggerated. Verne in love with me? No, not love. There was no real love unless two shared it, returned it to each other. Even if what Helen said was the least bit true, I could make Verne see that. And when I found Lorenzo again we would all be friends, the very best of friends. When I found him . . . no matter what the others thought, it was *when* and not *if*. I knew Lorenzo was somewhere in the world. If love like ours meant anything . . . and I knew it meant everything . . . then as surely as we loved I would find him again

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Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 17)

unfortunate than she anticipated, since it throws her once more into contact with her former fiance, Gil Whitney. Pursued by threats and gossip, Helen is painfully aware that Gil's wife Cynthia is determined to wreck her career in Hollywood. Will Gil be able to help? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY When Bill Roberts' new paper, the *Banner*, opened its campaign to expose the gambling racket that was growing so powerful in Springdale, Bill knew he would be running into a fight. But he is surprised when he begins to uncover the trail that leads directly to a bigger underworld operation than he suspected. Will Bill persist in spite of the danger to his family? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Another aspect of the newspaper business—and a most unexpected one—involves Stan and Terry Burton as two rival social factions decide to spur culture in Dickston with a series of summer concerts. What begins as a pleasant, unimportant news item takes on a very different aspect as Stan's mother, unable as always to remain on the sidelines, tries to run things her way. M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella, back in her sewing shop while her plans to marry Arnold King are postponed during Arnold's convalescence, becomes deeply concerned over the problem faced by her daughter Laurel. Laurel and her wealthy husband, Dick Grosvenor, are anxious to buy a home of their own to escape the domination of Dick's mother, but their efforts depend on Hanley Fraser, whom Stella distrusts. Is Stella's instinct correct? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Young Grace Sargent has not only involved herself in criminal activities but has led her friend, nurse Nora Drake, into grave danger through her association with Cass Todero. On the point of confessing the whole truth about Todero to Nora, Grace wavers when the young racketeer agrees to turn his back on crime if she will come back to him. Does he mean it, or is something worse ahead for Grace? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Mark's final breakdown reveals a cruel truth to Wendy—

that her love for her neurotic, brilliant husband may have been the most harmful factor in his life. Will she be able to keep her own feet on the ground until the time comes to re-examine all the events of her marriage? And when the time does come, will she discover she must face the future with hope and determination . . . or with resignation? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Even though Joan and Harry Davis have been reunited, the deadly trails of evil left on their lives by Donald Brady and Claire O'Brien cannot be easily erased. Desperately, Joan continues to fight for the happiness she and Harry once had, the happiness she is sure in her heart can be regained if their faith and courage can be maintained. But will the enemy prove unexpectedly and fatally resourceful? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The Carters are a large family and James and Jesse Carter are used to being called on to help in almost every kind of problem it's possible for children to bring home to their parents. It's hard for them to get out of the habit, even now when one of the children is an eligible bachelor, while another an independent young wife, and all the others more or less grown up. But how do the children feel these days about being helped? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Elderly Dr. Paul Browne regards it as a sickness that he cannot forget he once hoped for marriage between his daughter, Mary, and his beloved young friend, Dr. Jerry Malone. Under the strain of her pregnancy and her apparently dying marriage to writer Ernest Horton, will Mary herself remember the time she was so desperately in love with Jerry? And what of Jerry himself, who seems to have quite forgotten it? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown has always feared that her two children might complicate the marriage to which she and Dr. Anthony Loring have looked forward for so many years. Now the crisis faced by her friends, Norine and Herbert Temple, confirms Ellen's worst fears as the Temples' daughter Sheila creates a situation that may wreck several lives. Will the Temples' ruined marriage affect Ellen? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

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Faith Breaks The Bank

(Continued from page 52)

the health and good spirits of our children, the love and harmony in our home. We are a very religious family. We thank God for our blessings, and we pray to Him in times of trouble.

"May God bless you and spare you and bring you home safe to me," I said the day George left for the service.

He was drafted on April 7, 1952. To be perfectly frank, he wasn't happy about going. He was by temperament a boy who loved his home and our community in Wantagh, Long Island.

"I'll make the best of it," George reassured us. "I'll go and get it over with." We were proud to hear he had been assigned to the Marines but weren't surprised.

Of course, every mother thinks the world of her son but I know a lot of people agree with me. George has always been well liked. He has never said an unkind word about anyone and is usually the first to defend even a casual acquaintance.

He is a tall, clean-cut boy, just twenty-one now. He enjoys music, the fun of his friends, girls, and, particularly, square dancing. Yet he's always had a kind of maturity. Whenever George was driving the car, for example, I always felt safe.

As a three-year-old he had announced, "Some day I'm going to be a priest and build my church in our back yard." But, as he got older, his interest turned to automobiles and airplanes. I well remember the crates he nailed together to make an airplane with an old baseball bat for a propeller. He played in this by the day. As he got older, he began building model planes and ships and developed a real skill in carpentry.

I knew George to be sensible, but there is no mother in the world who feels her son is safe when he becomes a soldier. It is not the fear of training or living in camps. It is the fear of war.

George didn't tell us when he was preparing to go overseas. He first wrote his older sister, Joan, who is married but lives near us. He asked her to break it to my husband and me gently.

"You know, sooner or later, Georgie's outfit is bound to go overseas," she would say.

On October fifteenth of last fall he departed for Korea. From that day until he returned, my life was not the same. I tried not to show the fear that preyed on my mind. I had my husband and my other children and the nursery to think of, to keep me occupied.

We have a lovely twelve-room house in Wantagh. We got it over eight years ago when it was a good buy, but even so we couldn't manage it on my husband's income in the post office. I opened a day nursery, for we had room enough in the house and three-quarters of an acre of land for children to play in.

It was five years ago that I started the day nursery, and my son George was a big help. In his workshop, he made screens and tables and benches for the nursery. For the outside, he built swings and other playthings.

So there was never a day that he was out of my mind. Always there was something to remind me of him: his model boats and planes, the grape arbor he had built and rebuilt, the garage he hadn't time to finish. These things always brought back my fear for his welfare.

The thing I dreaded most, all those days, was a telegram. A telegram, when you have a son overseas, can be only bad.

We heard from George regularly dur-

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ing the winter. His letters were pleasant, never complaining. But that was his nature. And I would go on answering the door, always apprehensive, then thankful to God that there was no bad news.

It was the last week of March and the children were in the house with me when the telegram arrived.

DEEPLY REGRET THAT YOUR SON, PFC GEORGE F. HART IS MISSING IN ACTION SINCE MARCH 26, 1953, IN PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY AND IN SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY. REALIZING YOUR ANXIETY BUT DETAILS NOT AVAILABLE. LETTER FOLLOWS.

I can't possibly describe my emotion. I know I broke down completely. Thereafter my heart cried constantly.

We prayed to God—all of us, and all of our friends. My husband's fellow-workers were praying for George. My nieces and nephews and all of our relatives held masses for George. We prayed that he was alive and that he was missing only because he had been captured by the enemy, not killed. His letters were now returned to us unopened and we stopped writing him. I think that was bad, too. There was a finality to it.

"What can we give you for Easter?" my daughter asked.

"You can't give me what I want."

"Now, Mother, tell us what you want."

The only thing I wanted was Georgie's return.

In the meantime, my nineteen-year-old son Russell had been called before the draft board. His induction was postponed until June of this year in deferment to our grief. Then it was on April twenty-second that I was on the phone talking to George's godmother. And I was crying.

"I know George is alive," she said. "Let me read something to you." And she quoted from the Bible: "I have traveled many places and seen many things. I have suffered by these things and sometimes faced death by these things but I have conquered by the grace of God."

I prayed with her over the phone.

Three nights later I was sitting on the sofa, watching Douglas Edwards report the news on TV. Fifteen more American prisoners had been released and he began to read off their names. I was tense, and he was through the fifth name and the tenth. As he read off the twelfth name, I clasped my hands and prayed, "Oh, God, let him say Georgie's name."

Edwards said, "Marine Pfc. George Francis Hart."

I fell to my knees and thanked God.

That was the happiest day in the life of my husband and myself. We had been given back our son. Shortly afterwards we had a telegram from General Mark Clark confirming George's return as a prisoner of war:

I JOIN IN YOUR PRAYERS OF THANKSGIVING THAT YOUR SON PFC GEORGE F. HART HAS RETURNED FROM THE ENEMY AND WILL SOON BE WITH YOU.

The next night George was on the phone from Tokyo.

"I'm all in one piece, Mom," he said. "Don't worry."

I broke down. He told me he had been dreaming of my strawberry shortcakes. I told him I would have three for him. Then his father and brother and sisters talked to him on the phone.

I think it was sometime in the next week, when we were a lot calmer, that we thought of writing Break The Bank. We were thinking it would be wonderful if we could get some money for George so he would have a good start as a civilian. We asked for tickets for my husband, daughter and myself. We got them for Monday, May fourth. On Sunday, the third, George arrived at Mitchel Air Base in New York.

There were sixty of us, relatives and friends, to meet him. George came off the plane on a stretcher, wearing blue hospital pajamas. He was all grins and smiles at being home.

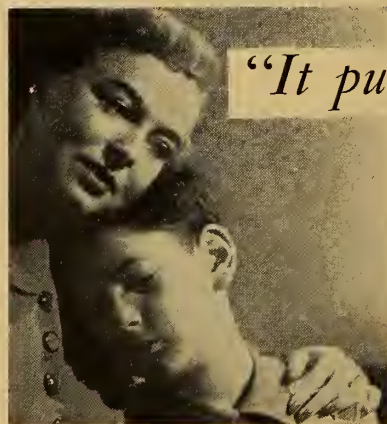
We went to the hospital with him. He had been hit by bullets in the hand and one leg, and shrapnel in the back, but he was going to be all right.

And, after he had told us all, we told him about our going on Break The Bank, hoping to be contestants and win some money for him. He was very sweet about that but as sensible as ever. He would not have been disappointed if we had won only ten dollars.

Well, we were picked out of the studio audience for the show. I think everyone there wanted that for us, when they heard about George. We were three, Marilyn, my husband and I, to be quizzed.

Bud Collyer said, "In these troubled times, people turn to the Good Book for guidance and comfort, Mrs. Hart, and so our questions will mostly be taken from the Bible."

I know that we got the answers to the questions among the three of us, but my husband and I were so nervous that our fifteen-year-old had to speak for us. We answered three questions that day.



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"You have thirty dollars," Bud Collyer said, "but our time has run out. Will you come back tomorrow?"

Of course we would.

The next day in the studio there was an extra surprise for us. They had sent a mobile TV unit to George's hospital bed, and we could see him on the TV screen as he saw us. Now we had to make good for him!

We answered more questions on the Bible, and then we were waiting for the bank question—for \$8,550!

"Here are stirring words of guidance from one of the first four books of the New Testament," Bud said. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The passage we knew well and answered.

Garry Moore—Be True to Yourself

(Continued from page 33)

says Durward Kirby, "is that we're friends here. All the corny things people are reluctant to talk about are present in this show: loyalty, dignity, understanding. That's the way Garry makes it."

Ken Carson says ditto, Denise backs it up, and so do the producer and director, the boys in the orchestra and the wardrobe mistress. Garry himself, no victim of false modesty, owns up that things run smoothly on the show.

He is the first to admit that he didn't learn about loyalty and dignity through perversity and bad luck. The rags-to-riches story isn't his, for Garry's parents were very well off. In show business, he has never suffered as the stooge of a prima donna, for since he was nineteen he has starred or co-starred on every show. With the exception of one summer, he hasn't been out of work in nineteen years.

Garry's afternoon show is now one of the most successful in all of TV, and one of the reasons is that Garry believes in human dignity, and respects the fragile bit that is sometimes called ego or self-respect.

"That was one of the things my father taught me," Garry says. "That, and to know yourself and to be honest."

Denise Lor says she would remember Garry even if he hadn't hired her. Auditioning for radio and TV jobs had been a frightful experience. She'd walk into a studio and stand by a microphone, while the people doing the hiring sat in a black-paneled glass room. They could see her, but she couldn't see them.

"It was like being in a strange room," she says, "knowing that people are staring at you out of secret peepholes."

She auditioned in the same type of studio for the Moore show. However, before she sang, a man came out of the black booth.

"I'm Garry Moore," he introduced himself. "I'm sorry we have to listen to you in this kind of set-up, but unfortunately there's no other way. Just take your time, and don't be nervous."

Afterwards, Garry came out again, thanked Denise and explained that, when they finally made up their minds about whom they would hire, and when and how, they would let her know. A little thing, but important to Denise for, being at ease, she sang well enough to get the job.

Then Ken Carson has a story to tell. He had worked with Garry in Chicago and California. He was invited to come East and work on the new video program.

Ken had done some TV in California but not in the grand way Garry's variety show is staged.

"The Gospel of St. John."

The whole studio broke into cheers and we could see George's friends in the ward surrounding his bed, congratulating him.

I have never known such excitement. I have never known of any family that has been more fortunate than ours.

Georgie is very grateful. He is going to bank the money until he gets out of the service and knows what he will do.

Our home is joyous, but even so there is a sad note—for, with Georgie's return, we have had letters from other mothers whose sons are missing. They want to know if our George knew their sons or saw them alive. I know how they are suffering. I have written them that I will pray for their sons as I prayed for George. It was faith in God that brought us our great happiness.

"I was nervous and scared," Ken remembers. "I didn't sound good and I knew it. And I wasn't that way for just a day or week, but for three months."

Ken found it difficult to get used to having the booms follow him around, to walking away from one camera and into another, to acting as well as singing. "It's a new experience for all of us," Garry told him. "It'll work out. You'll see."

Ken smiles about it now. "Most people in Garry's position would have said, 'Look, son, if you can't improve pronto, we'll get someone else.'"

No one has ever asked a member of Garry's show to lie across railroad tracks for him—but, if they were asked, they'd likely take the dive. Even the girls in his office sing of l'amour for Moore. He is always giving them extra time off. A pregnant secretary was told to take it easy, come in late and leave early. He offered to call in his own doctor for consultation when one of the girls' mothers took seriously ill.

Garry, himself, remembers the one summer he needed a friend. There isn't really anything unusual about laying off during the hot months in show business, but for Garry, at the time, it was a shock. He had been co-starring with Jimmy Durante for five years. He was in the big time.

The contract read that both men got equal billing, and one week they would be introduced as the Durante-Moore Show and the next week it was Moore-Durante. Plus that, Garry was doing most of the writing for the show.

"But I'm a realist," Garry says. "I knew that Durante was so big that I had to get out to cut my own niche as a personality."

So Garry decided to quit. Jimmy was reluctant but understanding—he once had done the same thing. But the producer didn't like it. The sponsor didn't like it. But quit Garry did.

"My agent was as bright and optimistic as the July sun," Garry recalls. "He said sponsors would break down my door pleading for my services."

Garry left his door wide open that summer and the only thing that came in was an occasional evening breeze.

"I was depressed," he says. "I was beginning to wonder whether I belonged in show business at all."

He drove over to Durante's home. "Sometimes I think all the radio stations have gone out of business," Garry told Jimmy. "Then I turn on my set and it seems as if everyone is working except me. I'm afraid they've got something I haven't."

Jimmy did his best to convince Garry that the exact opposite was true—that Garry had something the others didn't have—and

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his confidence went far in helping Garry to conquer his career problems.

"Jimmy is one of the greatest comics of all times, yet the greatest lesson he has to teach is in humility." Garry goes on: "Humility is the modest sense of one's own significance. When a person has that, you can bet he's aware of others' problems and handicaps."

The way Garry sees it, people are, at times, a little intolerant.

"You wouldn't get irritated if an amputee couldn't keep up with you," he says, "but you might blow up just because someone is grouchy. There is usually a reason just as real to account for bad humor."

Denise insists that Garry can read minds. She has come to a rehearsal upset by illness in her family. Garry seems to be right in tune with her brain waves and is over to discuss it and help with a solution. If, on the other hand, she is worried about her singing, he is likely, at the right moment, to say, "I was looking at some film clips of you, Denise. Gee, you look and sound wonderful."

Another of Garry's characteristics is his directness. He's star of the TV panel show, I've Got A Secret—but Garry himself hasn't got any.

Everyone in the cast is always kept informed of the exact business status of the show. Last October, for example, he was told that CBS was thinking seriously of replacing his afternoon program with a giveaway show. Garry was asked to emcee it and he turned the job down.

He got the cast together and said, "Look, kids, don't buy any yachts this week." Then he told them the whole story.

Garry was completely honest. After all, the loss would be primarily his. For fourteen years, he had been trying to build just the kind of show he has. He didn't want to emcee a quiz, giveaway, night-time variety or comedy show. He wanted his show "as is." He had failed in the attempt to build the show before, and he might fail again, but he didn't want to give up easily. Garry didn't say all these things, because he wasn't trying to twang heartstrings. What he did tell the cast was that things looked bad and they were free to get other work before the ship foundered under them.

"No one left," he said. "Now, that is the kind of loyalty that goes with real friendship."

Of course, Garry told the TV audience a little about his sponsor troubles, too. The audience is in on much of the business end of the show. He can't help being

honest and, for this reason, he's occasionally on the spot.

Garry sometimes has an open forum on his show in which the audience is free to ask questions of the cast.

A woman asked one day, "Why did you stop emceeing Take It Or Leave It?"

"I was fired," Garry said. Later he told a friend. "You know, that didn't really hurt me—and suppose there was someone watching the show who had lost a job that week? Imagine how much better he felt to know it can happen to anyone."

Garry's an even-tempered man. In all the years he has worked with his friends, he has never raised his voice.

"When some emcees get into rehearsal," Durward says, with customary humor, "you can see smoke coming out of their ears, nose and mouth."

But Garry, whether he feels good or bad, remains soft-spoken, and he intrudes as little as possible in the work of the cast. Ken and Denise pick their own songs and, if they want to try something a little different, Garry encourages them. Ken says, "I've been told by others, 'If you're going to try something new, do it on your own time.'"

This doesn't mean that Garry never criticizes the cast and doesn't run the show. It's all in the Moore touch, the way he goes about it. And it's always good for the person involved, as well as for the show. He intrudes seldom, because he has faith in the cast.

"But there's another side to it. Look at the burden that puts on their shoulders," he says. "Each one knows he is personally responsible for his success or failure."

That, of course, is what everyone wants and Garry knows it. People who have studied and trained and worked their way up in show business like to be treated as a team, not a dog act. And, for this, the Moore cast is grateful.

"Look, it's true that we get along well," Garry says. "I don't lose my temper. I'm not tough on others. But I'm no tin god, either. I'm not perfect, and I know that and know my own frailties. We endure what we must and improve what we can." He takes a deep breath and says, "This is the way my father taught me, and this is the way Shakespeare said it:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

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Teens Are a Time to Learn

(Continued from page 60)

sightseeing guide on Times Square. He sells tickets to the busses, sometimes guides the tours. Times Square being the heart of New York's theatrical district, he knows most of the theatre greats—each and every one of whom he approached, imploring them (a proud man, too, is Irish-American Edward Walsh) to give his talented youngster a chance. This went on for two patient but never discouraged years. Everyone listened, everyone was "interested," but everyone was too busy until John Ross—an old friend, also in show business—listened, was interested, was busy, but not too busy. . . .

John Ross had faith in Joey, faith in the stripling lad for whom he gave up his other interests, all of them (and so, his income, too). John Ross devoted all his time to coaching and developing and, subsequently, to selling the talent he, too, believed was there.

"When I started out with Joey, people thought I was out of my mind," John Ross says. "If I had to coach talent, people said, why did I have to take an inexperienced unknown? I 'had to' because the instant we met, we took a very strong liking to each other. Also, Joey's face impressed me, his strange, unusual face, and his quietness and his respect. We worked together, just the two of us, for almost a year. Then, realizing that Joey needed an audience and that the only way for him to get an audience was to make the rounds of the amateur nights, we made the rounds from Jersey to Westchester and back again. Joey danced and also worked out a couple of sketches with the emcees. Joey's real debut, his 'opening night' on television, was in September of 1949, when he appeared in 'The Family Genius'—in which, as Joey tells it, 'I played the family idiot!' Since then, Joey has appeared on almost a show a week, including, among many others: the Philco Playhouse, Studio One, Mr. I. Magination, Big Town, the Frank Sinatra show, We The People, Big Story, the Jack Haley show, Suspense, Danger, The Web, Kraft Television Theatre—about 138 appearances in all. His dramatic portrayals have encompassed every type of role from Shakespeare to young toughs. But the moment the lights dim, he's simply Joey—a nice kid," says John Ross, who ought to know, "to have around."

Joey is a serious-minded boy, soft-spoken and mannerly, but he is far from being an all-work-and-no-play longhair. As befits a youngster born and raised on New York's East Side, he can use his dukes (but he doesn't try to prove it), is completely at home on a baseball diamond, a football field, or in a swimming pool. He can wrestle his two older brothers, Edward and Charles, and is a dancing fool and a boy who has a completely masculine point of view on dates.

"I went with a girl, went steady," Joey says, "for about two and a half years."

But Joey doesn't like to talk about it. "I think you can be pretty serious at thirteen," young Joey, now fifteen, says seriously. "Not the full seriousness, maybe, but you can get to like a girl an awful lot. I did like this girl an awful lot. Enough to get hurt. No lasting hurt, though, because"—a grin twisted Joey's sensitive, tragi-comic young face, "there'll always be another girl. Not right now, though. I'm still going through the reflection period, thinking back on it; feeling pretty good about it, too, because I feel I learned a lot from it. I know for sure that next time I'll take my time!"

"Meantime, I'm going out with different

girls on different dates. Take my date with Pat O'Neill. Pat was a one-time date for the prom we have at our school, P.C.S. (Professional Children's School, where Joey is a freshman), which was held at the Hotel Plaza. It was a one-date thing because—well, because Pat has a boy friend. It was a formal date, too, me in my tux and Pat in a red dress with a hoop skirt thing. I went out to her house to call for her and met her folks and hailed a cab. All real proper and Park Avenue. At the Plaza, we danced. We did a little jitterbug. A little rhumba. A little samba. A little mamba. The Charleston, too. And we waltzed. Between dances we drank punch—no, not spiked. None of the girls in my class smoke but, sure, they take a drink—Cokes," Joey laughs, "gingerale, Seven-Up. We order our drinks 'on the rocks.'"

"After the prom at the Plaza, we went to the Copacabana. Most of us, including me, had never been to the Copa before so it was a kick. Jack Carter was there that night. He recognized me (made me feel real 'Mr. Big!') and started kidding us fellows about our tuxes: 'Have to get 'em back, don't you,' he called over, 'by eight o'clock in the morning?'"

Joey's very first date—before the steady, the two-and-a-half-year steady date began—was with a girl he met when he first went to P.C.S., three and a half years ago. Of this date Joey said, in reminiscent vein:

"I had this one girl I liked a lot. She used to sit next to me and help me with my homework. Used to call me every night, too, and 'hear my lessons' over the phone. The first time we went out, which was the first time I went out with any girl, I took her to an amusement park. We rode the roller-coaster and ate popcorn but spent most of our time at the shooting-gallery. I love shooting-galleries more than anything!"

"I remember that I took one of my dates to see 'The Man,' in which I alternated playing a part with Josh White, Jr.—he played the role for two weeks, that is, and I played it the rest of the Broadway run. Some fellows would think, Man, this is a crazy, mixed-up way for a guy to impress his girl by taking her to see another guy in his play!"

"A little snack after the theatre is fun, too. Mostly I take my dates to the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue, where all the TV and theatre folks hang out. Milton Berle, for instance—" (Uncle Miltie is, by the way, a great fan of Joey's) "and all the ball players hang out there, too. Rizzuto," Joey said, as if relishing each syllable of the great shortstop's name, "Yogi Berra, and all. . . ."

Now and then Joey likes to give a little party, four or five girls, for a Sunday afternoon at, say, The Bandbox:

"The last time we went to The Bandbox, Buddy Rich was there and 'Go, Buddy,' we yelled our lungs out, 'go, boy, go, man, go!' He's a great drummer," said Joey, looking wistful—he can only play the piano.

Joey and his gang seldom if ever date at the bebop joints in the Village but Joey can talk bebop and tell bebop jokes, and does.

"Do you know," Joey inquires, "who the first hepcat was?"

"No"

"Theodore Roosevelt. He was the first to yell 'Dig that Panama Canal!'"

"Then there's the one about the bebop and his girl in the park. A fire engine goes by with sirens screaming and the bebop yells, 'Darling, they're playing our

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song!" He has other stories, too.

To the question, "When you date a girl, do you expect her to kiss you good night?" Joey said, "Yes, usually. All depends on where you leave her off; whether or not she's standing near to you—see what I mean? Yes, usually it's done. But, if not, no hard feelings!"

One of the perils of dating is, Joey confides, that if you meet a new girl and don't make any headway, "The kids kid you for five weeks after!" In order to make headway you've got to have a smooth line and, although Joey's line is smooth enough for maybe, he feels, Marilyn Monroe, it somehow leaves him dangling. . . .

"I used to say to a girl I'd just met, 'You remind me of someone I used to know; someone I liked very much.' Now that sounds real sincere, doesn't it? They don't think so. They say, 'I've heard that one so often it sounds like a stuck record.' So I scrapped that one. Now I say 'You're one of the cutest girls I ever met.' I put my heart in it. Only, instead, it's my foot. 'I know,' they say, 'I've heard that one, before.' Or 'Bet you pull that line,' they say, 'on every girl.' No, it's true, I insist, 'you're getting me all wrong.' Anything I say to them, it's the same—they've always heard that one before, or they 'bet' I pull that line on every girl I meet. Now I've pulled in my line and settled," Joey says, "for a good, plain old honest 'Hi!' It's going pretty good."

Joey's taste in girls, like his taste in places to date, is simple, also varied. A girl, to rate with Joey, doesn't have to be beautiful. He says so. She doesn't have to be any one particular type, either. Except very feminine.

"I like the girls best when I see them in those full skirts," said Joey. "I think those are very becoming. I don't like

girls in dungarees at all—especially with their fathers' shirts hanging down to their knees. A girl dressed like that, if you don't look close, you think it's another boy you're with! Some of them walk around with a man's hat on, too, and an old overcoat. Soon they'll be wearing Army boots. . . . My mom wears those full skirts, dresses real feminine, I guess that's why I like girls that way," Joey says.

"Personality is the thing, though—if that's no good, it's no sense. A certain goodness about a girl," Joey adds, thoughtfully, "is what I like best of all, I guess. And of course every kid, when he goes to the movies and sees Elizabeth Taylor, hopes that he'll get a wife like that.

"Now that's what I want," the kids say, 'a girl like that.' That's all they want?" Joey inquires of outer space.

Joey thinks that when he is of marrying age he would like to marry an actress. "Someone who understands my business," he says, "so that we can both go home and talk the same language. To speak the language would be, I should think, the most important way to make a happy marriage. But until I'm of marrying age I want to date and be friends with all kinds of girls, just as in my work I—well, I like anything I can get work at—the theatre, the movies, television."

And there you have him—Joey, the boy, who lives at home on New York's East Side, devoted to Mom and Dad; grateful, too: "When I wanted to be an actor at the age of eleven, Dad helped make it possible for me to become one." Joey, the actor, who makes use of every experience, never regrets an experience, even a hurtful one, because somehow he knows that only by experience can you learn to interpret life as truly, as deeply as—in his teens—Joey interprets it on radio and television, on stage and screen.

Meta's Guiding Light

(Continued from page 63)

both . . . the one named Ellen Demming Thompson—Mrs. Hal Thompson—who lives and laughs with her in their own charming home . . . and the one called Meta Bauer Roberts—Mrs. Joe Roberts—who lives in that big cabinet in the corner of the Thompson living room.

Ellen Demming herself feels as if she had lived on a television screen for a good portion of her life, because she was in TV in the early experimental days (on Station WRGB) in Schenectady, New York, the town in which she was born and brought up.

Meta Roberts, in *The Guiding Light*, is the first continuing dramatic role she has ever played. Ellen admires the woman she portrays, grows more interested in her every day. She thinks the cast and all who work with her are tops.

"Although most of them were already on the program when I joined it, they never treated me as a newcomer," she says. "They made me one of them, right from the beginning. Ted Corday, the director, was wonderful—kind and patient. What extraordinary patience that man has with everyone! The producer, David Lesan, couldn't be finer to work with. And the cast—well, they're all just swell. That goes for the crew, too. You never saw a nicer set of people."

Ellen is a fairly tall girl—five feet seven—with a good figure and a tiny waist. Her brown hair is touched with gold lights, her hazel eyes are set wide apart and have a soft and velvety quality, like her voice. That distinctive, low-pitched voice, now so familiar to listeners, is her natural one,

except that the microphone seems to emphasize its throatiness and the soft drawl. Many persons ask her what part of the South she hails from, and they can hardly believe she's an up-state New Yorker and that it's her husband, Hal, who hails from Georgia.

Hal was an actor when he and Ellen met, as co-stars in the Green Hills summer theatre at Reading, Pennsylvania. It was Ellen's fourth season of summer stock, most of it on the New England coast, and Hal's first. "Claudia" was the play that brought them together, and they've been very fond of the girl in the title ever since. The year was 1946. Hal had come out of the Army, which he entered from college and in which he served five years. Theatre interested him, and he did some night-club emceeing, then took the acting job as a means of learning what went on behind the scenes of show business.

Ellen, of course, had been a professional actress since those early television days. She had gone to Stephens College, in Missouri, to continue her study under the famous actress, Maude Adams, who was then the head of the drama department there. She had served a summer apprenticeship at the Mohawk Drama Festival during Charles Coburn's last season there. And she had a season with the Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre, a touring group of talented young actors which was led by Mrs. Major. "I was twenty the summer I was with Mrs. Major and it was a thrilling year. She made me company manager—which amazed me—and which meant I did a little of everything, from managing the company and acting to

hoisting scenery and driving the truck."

Both Miss Adams and Mrs. Major had wanted her to change her name from Ellen Weber (she had already dropped her first name, Betty, and was using only her middle name, Ellen). Demming was her great-grandmother's name and both women thought it would look better on a theatre program.

Ellen's name takes on special interest because of something that happened right after Hal met her and began to think seriously of marriage—which seems to have been not later than five minutes after they were introduced! Almost immediately, he began to speak of her a great deal to his family, and his mother asked if Ellen Demming was a stage name or her real one, "I had to admit that I didn't know," Hal says, and he laughs as he remembers his own confusion. "I could only say, 'Well, that's her name, the only one I know.' It had happened so fast to both of us. Ellen assumed I knew all about her, I guess, and I knew that what I already knew was enough to make me know that she was the only girl for me."

It had happened fast. In six weeks, Ellen and Hal were formally engaged. Then they begged off for the rest of the stock-company season so they could meet each other's families and plan a wedding in New York, where they were married on September 14, 1946.

It was a lovely wedding, and everything went beautifully, except that they had no apartment. It was the time of the most acute housing shortage, and they had to settle for a heatless, cold-water flat in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City. They shared a bathroom with other tenants. Hal's first birthday present to his bride was a portable canvas bathtub.

Fortunately, by the time Erica was born, the Thompsons had settled down in the charming apartment in which they presently live, in one of New York's big garden developments, where there is a playground, and a sandbox for Erica to dig in, a pool for splashing about on hot days, and lots of grass and trees.

Perhaps because they waited so long for it, their present home has a rather special feeling of comfortable living, of quiet and of peace. The living-room walls are a soft shade of deep green, restful and cool. Ellen designed the stunning high cabinet and shelves which dominate one wall, and Hal made it to her specifications, with the help of their friend Peter Birch, painting the wood to match the wall. A deep sofa, in gold-colored fabric, faces the television set, on which stands a glazed jardiniere with big white leaves forming a huge bouquet against the background of green wall. There are comfortable chairs and convenient tables. The rugs are beige cotton pile. Lamps and ornaments make the room look lived-in and add bright color notes here and there. The adjoining dining portion forms an L to the living room and is furnished with dark green wrought-iron table and chairs.

Their home is a restful background for two busy grownups and one extremely busy little girl who has to keep up with all her picture books, besides taking care of her extensive family of dolls, and still find time for all her little playmates. Part of Erica's summer is being spent on a farm—where her cousins on her daddy's side live—and there will be a visit to Ellen's family in Schenectady.

"If I didn't have such a fine maid, who loves Erica, I couldn't possibly leave her as I do for rehearsals and broadcasts," Ellen explains, looking serious. "But I do think that it's a good idea for every wife and mother to have some outside interests. I just happened to be an actress who wanted to continue my work, but if I

weren't doing that I would try to find something else which would be stimulating and bring me home to my family with more to give than when I left. It wouldn't have to be paid work. It could be community work, following a hobby, or promoting a cause that does good."

Actually, Erica gets little chance to miss her mother, because there are so many hours when they can be together. Ellen's are mid-day programs and she is home quite early. She and Hal have most of their evenings free, except when she does something special, like a dramatic television show at night.

She was doing an ingenue role on the Robert Montgomery program when she got her chance to play Meta Roberts—and almost missed it. Jan Miner had recommended Ellen to both the producer and the director of The Guiding Light, but it was generally felt that Ellen looked too young for the part. "I don't know whether any of the powers-that-be on Guiding Light saw me that Monday night doing an ingenue role on the Montgomery television show, but I hoped they wouldn't. I was supposed to look young and I had worn my hair down, very girlishly. It was the day after that telecast that I was supposed to read for the role of Meta.

"What a transformation I tried to make! I slicked my hair up, under my most sophisticated hat, and chose a tailored suit, and did a complete turnabout from the ingenues I'd been playing. I got the part."

"Each day I feel closer to Meta. I think that now I look more mature when I'm playing her, because I think of her as an emotionally mature woman, secure in her overcoming of many difficulties. I admire her, knowing that another woman less strong than she might have grown more frivolous and unstable during the period when she was going through such grave ordeals. I have been proud of the poise she has gained, and of her ability now to help others who are confused and unhappy. Like her step-daughter, Kathy, for instance, for whom she has such tenderness and compassion."

How interesting and real Meta is to other women, as well as to Ellen, is frequently demonstrated by incidents like a recent one. Ellen was shopping at her neighborhood grocery and a woman recognized her. "You're Meta," she said. "On Guiding Light." Her face brightened. "It's wonderful to bump into you today of all days, because I had to miss the program and I have wondered what happened."

Ellen filled in the day's events, and that led to a discussion of Kathy and her problems. "You know," the woman told Ellen, "I have a mixed-up daughter myself, so much like Kathy, and it helps me greatly to see how you help Kathy. It makes me understand my own child better, and I am really grateful to you."

Hal Thompson is apt to smile a little indulgently at the diversity of names by which his wife has been known. He puts it this way: "When the telephone rings, and I answer it, and it's for my wife, I can always tell from exactly which part of her life the caller comes. If a voice asks for Betty, then I know it's someone from home, or at least from her early days in Schenectady. If someone asks for Ellen, then the call is from the theatre or New York portion of her life. And if they say, 'Mr. Demming (instead of Mr. Thompson!),' may I speak to your wife?"—well, then I know it's probably someone from radio or TV."

As the husband of Betty Weber—Ellen Demming—Meta Roberts, he's more than satisfied. Erica may have two wonderful mothers. Hal Thompson has three wonderful wives, and he loves them all.

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Eddie Fisher's Life Story

(Continued from page 47)

picture on the fronts of the trolley cars all over Philadelphia. Once again, Eddie and Joey took stock. They were making ten dollars a week, apiece, by then.

"Your picture," said Joey, "is all over the trolley cars. Right?"

"Right."

"It's got lipstick all over it, right?"

"Right."

"So you're popular, you should get more money."

(Eddie's appeal was more romantic than Joey's. Joey was—and is—a fine comic; he got the laughs, while Eddie reaped the sighs.)

"You should get even more money than I should get," Eddie said loyally. They Alphonse-and-Gaston-ed themselves back into the big shot's office, and emerged with eighteen dollars a week apiece.

Upon which they shook hands solemnly. Men of distinction, captains of industry, empire builders, financial wizards. Wasn't a girl in town they couldn't take for an ice-cream soda. It was good to be alive.

The bond between these two is deep, and they don't go around talking of how they feel, but you sense it. When Eddie came to the Paramount this past spring, Joey was on the bill—his first Broadway appearance. When Eddie's got a sore muscle, Joey's there, massaging it. When Joey has a disappointment, Eddie bleeds.

Back in those Philadelphia days, before either boy hit the big time, life was a lot more easygoing. They remember Sunday afternoons, going to the ball game, with Eddie's father, and second-guessing the managers all the way home afterward, and the big Sunday meal, and the fine Sunday laziness.

But, at seventeen, Eddie came to New York. A song-plugger, visiting Philadelphia, had suggested Eddie to a bandleader named Buddy Morrow. Morrow listened, liked, hired. From Morrow, Eddie went to Charlie Ventura's band. Neither job lasted long. The experience was undoubtedly good for him, but Eddie didn't like singing with bands. "You had to sing what they wanted how they wanted it."

He was in the big city now, though, and he wanted to stay. So why not aim for a top spot? he asked himself. He'd audition for the Copacabana.

The year was 1947, the man at the head of the Copa was Monte Proser. There's been some publicity to the effect that Eddie sang four notes, Proser beamed, held up his hand, and cried, "Sign here." Actually—"I sang six songs, and Proser said there was some kind of a law that I had to be eighteen before I could work there, so I went to work at Grossinger's."

Grossinger's is a famous resort hotel in the Catskill Mountains, and it was there that Eddie first met a man named Milton Blackstone, who is in charge of public relations for the place (and who now is also Eddie's manager).

The minute he turned eighteen, Eddie marched himself back to the Copa, and joined the show there.

The engagement at the Copa gave him some of his sweetest memories. Once he followed a whole bunch of stars, on a special celebrity night, and he was scared stiff to come out. Yet, when he started singing, the whole place got still, you couldn't even hear the ice clinking in the glasses. And, when it was over, there was Frank Sinatra, the idol of Eddie's childhood, winking, and doing a mock swoon and crying, "Oooh, Eddie—"

And once his mother and father got in from Philadelphia to see him—"and they

actually sat at a table with Dick Powell and June Allyson—"

In 1949, Eddie spent a morning talking to Bob Weitman, then manager of the Paramount Theatre. "It was always my ambition to sing at the Paramount," he said. "I'd work for you for nothing."

He very nearly did. Weitman hired him at seventy-five dollars a week to sing, during intermissions. An organ would play, and Eddie'd sing two numbers with it.

Labor Day, 1949, he was back at Grossinger's, and there was a benefit program, with Eddie Cantor headlining. Cantor heard young Eddie sing one song, announced to the audience, "This boy goes with me on my tour," told Eddie, "Go home and pack," and they were off—to Omaha, Louisville, all over the country.

Cantor was with Eddie when he made his first Victor record. Eddie finished his song, the red recording light went off, and the whole orchestra got up and clapped. They were seasoned musicians, they'd heard lots of vocalists, they weren't easily thrilled, but they stood there applauding, and Eddie Fisher stood there wanting to cry, and Eddie Cantor stood there muttering, "I haven't seen anything like it in twenty years."

New Year's Eve of 1950, Bill Miller, who owns the Riviera, a night club right across the George Washington Bridge in Jersey, was having a private party. He wanted a singer, and asked if Eddie'd oblige. Eddie went to Milton Blackstone. "Yes?"

"Yes," Blackstone said. "You never can tell what a little thing like that will lead to."

For several months, that "little thing" led to nothing. Eddie did spot appearances around town. Then Fran Warren, who was supposed to open at the Riviera, got sick. Bill Miller, remembering Eddie, called Blackstone. "Can Eddie go on in twenty-four hours?"

"Yes," said Blackstone.

"No," said Eddie.

"Eddie," said Blackstone, "this is the chance of a lifetime."

"I'm not ready," Eddie said. "I haven't even got a tuxedo." He grinned at his manager. "And, besides, I'm scared to death."

They brought him a tuxedo, rehearsed him for an hour, gave him a mighty shove, and Eddie Fisher, knees knocking, went out on the floor at the Riviera and killed the people. Next day, he was a star.

His more recent story's better known. Two years in the Army, singing for troops in Europe and Korea, singing to aid the recruiting program, the blood plasma program, the defense bond program, singing to raise money to fight cancer and polio and muscular dystrophy, breaking attendance records everywhere he went.

A letter from Special Services Headquarters reported that Eddie was "a credit to the U. S. Army . . . his untiring efforts in entertaining the combat forces were appreciated and lauded by all who came in contact with him."

Eddie himself said, "I feel only humility for honors I've received—the fighting men deserve them more—"

The humility is real, not assumed. Out of the Army now, on top of the world, freshly through with his triumph at the Paramount, followed by another triumph at England's Palladium, with brand-new shows for Coca-Cola on both television and radio, his records selling furiously ("Any Time" has passed the million mark), Eddie's still so far from big-headed that it's almost hard to figure.

Backstage at the Paramount, the phone

rang constantly. Eddie was doing six shows a day, yet if the caller happened to be a kid from a hospital—or anyone he felt needed cheering up—not Joey, not George Bennett, his public relations manager, not the United States Marines, could keep Eddie from grabbing the phone.

"If you don't rest between shows you won't have any throat left," the doctor said. Eddie went right on talking.

One of the fans who got up to Eddie's dressing-room at the Paramount was a little English girl. His Palladium opening was set for May 11, and the little girl was planning to be home in London on the thirteenth.

"Will you come to the show there?" Eddie asked her.

"I wrote to my mother," she said. "And my sister and my aunt. They can't get tickets; the Palladium's sold out both weeks."

"Call me up when I get there," Eddie said. "I'll take care of it."

"You can't," said the little girl. "The place is sold out."

"Yes, I can," Eddie said. "You call me."

The little girl's eyes widened. "Who do you know?"

Another example of Eddie's and his fans' interlocking loyalty was displayed one rainy Saturday afternoon while he was still at the Paramount. That day, Eddie and George Bennett had their first and only verbal tussle.

The way it began, bobby-soxers were lined up in the street under Eddie's dressing-room window. The rain and the wind blew around them; the cold was the kind that gets into your bones, for all that it was spring in New York. The kids were calling for Eddie, and Eddie got nervous. "They're liable to catch cold," he said.

"What can you do?" said George.

Eddie opened the window, leaned out, argued with the kids for ten minutes. "Please go home," he yelled down. "You're going to catch cold."

George yanked him in. "What about you? Because your legs are inside, you can't get a sniffle in your head?"

"Listen," said Eddie, "if they think enough of me to stand out there, I'm going to take care of them."

There's a room called the rehearsal hall up one flight from the dressing-rooms, and in two minutes Eddie was on the phone to the Paramount's manager. He had the rehearsal hall cleared, and then he had every kid in the street brought up.

The backstage elevator at the Paramount's built to hold eight people. Performers, musicians, agents, everybody has to use it, so there's enough traffic on it without any added strain.

Which didn't bother Eddie. Eight at a time the kids were ferried up and guided into the rehearsal hall, and Eddie, still in his bathrobe, talked to them. "If you'll wait till I finish the next show, I'll be back, answer any questions, autograph your books—"

Seven o'clock that night, his head started swimming. George got the doctor, the doctor shot Eddie full of penicillin and Vitamin C, and while he—Eddie—was lying there sneezing, George asked, "You sure there's nothing you want to jump up and do for anybody this minute?"

His boy laughed. But, if he'd had it to do over again, he'd have done it over again.

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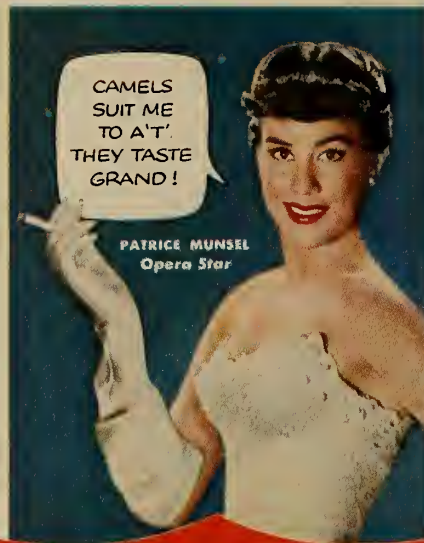
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