

RADIO-TV MIRROR

EMBER



Frank Parker - Fascinating Bachelor

SPECIAL
20th
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



Kate Smith



Ozzie and Harriet Nelson



Art Linkletter

25¢

Prell SHAMPOO

LEAVES HAIR

'Radiantly Alive'



Created by Procter & Gamble

. . . SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNGER LOOKING!



Try thrilling Prell just once and you'll fall in love forever! That's because Prell does such wondrous things for your hair . . . leaves it angel-soft and smooth as satin . . . gleaming with a young-looking, exquisite radiance you never knew it had! Yes, radiance comparison tests prove Prell leaves your hair gloriously, "radiantly alive"—more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo! You'll love Prell's emerald-clear form, too—it's wonderfully different! So easy to use—no spill, drip, or bottle to break. So economical—no waste. So handy at home or traveling. Try marvelous Prell *this very night*—you'll love it!

BEAUTY MIRACLE FOR YOUNGER-LOOKING HAIR!

It destroys enzymes that cause tooth decay and bad breath—

NEW WHITE IPANA[®] WITH WD-9

*...and you get 25¢
for trying your first tube!*



New protection against tooth decay and mouth odor—Ipana with enzyme-destroying WD-9!

We're so sure you'll like it better than any other tooth paste, this quarter is yours for trying it.

Every single brushing helps stop tooth decay! Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!

Here's the new miracle for your mouth—WD-9 in new white Ipana. Brushing regularly after meals with new Ipana containing WD-9 actually removes acid-producing bacterial enzymes which cause tooth decay and bad breath.

That's why we're making this cash offer—to get you to try new Ipana for 30 days and see for yourself.

You'll find, for instance, that a single brushing with new Ipana stops most unpleasant mouth odor for as long as 9 hours. Even after smoking... and eating anything except foods like onions and garlic.

And good news for your gums! Brush-

ing teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

What's more, Ipana also brings you a refreshing new minty flavor preferred by thousands of men, women and children in actual taste tests.

So take us up on this try-it-yourself offer. Buy new white Ipana with WD-9... get 25¢ cash in the bargain. Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

ACCEPT THIS SPECIAL OFFER -TODAY!

1. Buy a giant (47¢) or economy-size (63¢) tube of new Ipana at any drug counter. 2. Mail the empty carton with your name and address to:

Ipana, Dept. U-113F,
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New York 17, N. Y.

Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1953. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this cash offer now. (Offer good in continental U.S.A. and Canada only.)



NEW WHITE IPANA
Contains Enzyme-Destroying WD-9*

*Ipana's special type of Sodium Lauryl Sulfate

Product of Bristol-Myers



Student nurses are needed...
Inquire at your hospital

R
M

Betty's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water... that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain Wrapper). Write Dept. B-113, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Betty's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group



A pain
 in somebody's neck
 or...
a throb
 in somebody's heart?

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Nobody—not even your best friend—will tell you, when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And, when you do offend . . . good-bye romance!

Isn't it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath instantly, and keeps it fresh and sweet and agreeable usually for hours on end?

**Four Times Better than
 Tooth Paste in Clinical Tests**

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.

**No Chlorophyll Kills Odor
 Bacteria Like This Instantly**

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter*

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*The most widely used
 Antiseptic in the world*

Every week
 2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
 See your paper for times and stations



. . . and for COLDS and SORE THROAT due to colds . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

The same germ-killing action that makes Listerine Antiseptic the extra-careful precaution against halitosis, makes Listerine a night and morning "must" during the cold and sore throat season!



**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. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

RADIO-TV MIRROR'S

*Coming
Next Month With*



MARION MARLOWE

A complete life story on America's most fascinating songstress

DON McNEILL

The master of ceremonies of the Breakfast Club tells the things he believes

YOUNG DR. MALONE

Dr. Jerry Malone faces human problems not often within a physician's province

GORDON MacRAE

Sheila, Gordon's lovely wife, tells the story of a marriage which is as beautiful as one of Gordon's songs

MA PERKINS

Don't miss Ma Perkins' autographed color picture in this issue

Plus many, many more new stories and pictures on your favorites!

December

RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine

on sale November 11

MAGIC
SARAN HAIR
CAN BE
WASHED
COMBED
CURLED
WAVED



BIG
as a baby

"Betsy Bright Eyes"

NOW!
DIRECT FROM
FACTORY-TO-YOU
20 INCH MYSTIC SKIN DOLL

at this Unbelievable
Low Price...

REGULAR \$9.95 VALUE

\$4.95

Look at these Features:

UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC HEAD. Same type of head used on dolls costing \$25.00 and more.

EXCLUSIVE. "Betsy Bright Eyes" is 20 inches tall. She has rosy cheeks, cute open mouth showing pearly white teeth, and real eyelashes over beautiful blue eyes. Arms, legs and head are movable so she can sit up and assume many life-like poses . . . even call her mommy.

SARAN MAGIC BRAIDS. Her soft shimmering hair is miracle Saran—may be set in any style.

SHE SLEEPS, SHE SITS, SHE CRIES.

SOFT SKIN FEELS REAL! Mystic Skin Latex arms and legs filled with miracle foam rubber—soft to touch and easy to clean with a damp cloth.

DRESSMAKER WARDROBE. She is all dressed up in lace-trimmed flared 2-tone pink and blue ninon dress, cotton slip, rubber panties, white socks and simulated leather shoes.

AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE! So perfectly molded her arms and legs are enchantingly dimpled.

She's like a REAL baby—she's a real bargain!



Easy to Set
Hair in
any Style



MAIL
COUPON
TODAY

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Niresk Industries, Inc. Dept. FD-4
4757 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Rush amazing "Betsy Bright Eyes" doll with Saran hair and Mystic Skin, Curlers and Hair Style Baaklet at \$4.95 plus C.O.D. postage. Full purchase price refunded if not 100% satisfied.

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....Stote.....

- Send COD plus postage
- Send heart-shaped gold finish locket necklace to fit doll or little girl, only 50c extra.
- To save postage I enclose \$4.95—ship prepaid. \$5.45—include neckloce.



Wacky Fred Forgetting, assisted by "Sam" Bohrman, is apt to do anything, at any time and any place.

"FEARLESS," FROlickING FUNSTER

THERE'S been some mighty strange things going on around the studios of KHJ-Don Lee in Hollywood lately. Each weekday, as the clock nears 2:30 P.M., engineers frantically begin removing all delicate equipment, the maintenance staff battens down everything breakable, and ushers warn all pretty girls not to linger in the vicinity of Studio 10. For there, anything can happen—and usually does—as "Fearless" Fred Forgetting lets loose with his dynamite-packed disc-jockey show that brings listeners a carload of good music and a bag full of gags that would make even a wooden Indian laugh.

Believe it or not, Fred Forgetting, who is responsible—and irresponsible—for the *Fearless Follies* show, is actually a quiet, mild-mannered fellow off-mike. He began his cheering-up campaign as an Army sergeant serving with Armed Forces Radio Service's Far East Network in Tokyo. Working under that burdensome title, Fred beamed his "Follies" to the men in the front lines. The G.I.'s loved the way he gagged-up the all-too-grim situation, and they specially went for the products he plugged: "Fearless Fox Holes," "Fearless 'K' Rations," etc. Consequently, Fred's program was soon number one on the "bayonet network."

Then, when Fred was discharged earlier this year, he brought his wife, Mary Alice, and his four children back to California. Next, he rounded up an old Army buddy, Stan Bohrman, and proceeded to convince KHJ's executives that they couldn't do without a daily hour and fifteen minutes of *The Fearless Follies*. And how happy are the station masters now when they see the mountains of mail these funny men draw.

While he's broadcasting, Fred is a combination pixie and tornado. Occasionally, he'll buttonhole some unsuspecting visitor to play a part in the "Fearless Drama of the Day." One time, armed with over 100 feet of microphone cable, Fred fol-

lowed a pretty model down the hall, trying to talk her into buying him a cup of coffee. The interview came to a quick end, however, when he saw her boy friend—a football player—waiting in the lobby. "You should have seen 'Sam' reeling in the microphone cord," Fred quipped. "He looked like a yo-yo on the rebound."

So goes the frolicking *Fearless Follies* and the never-ending business of "living it up." Working at home, where his wife acts as chief critic, Fred turns out three- to four-thousand-word gagful scripts each day—in between tending his four lively youngsters and raising orchids, his one big hobby. No doubt, Hollywood listeners would like to say to him: "Orchids to you, Fearless Fred!"



Research work: Fred, Stan and Madeline Holt at their "gag file."



Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenue" 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."

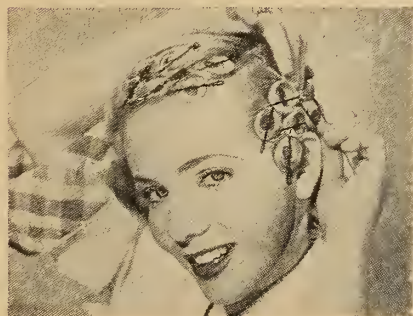
NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

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. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

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.



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



Marie Wilson's opposing Durante for president of National Dunking Association.

●
By
JILL
WARREN



Danny Thomas displays wounds he received when "Laddie," dog in his TV series, bit him. Really!

WHAT'S NEW FROM



Dave Garroway of NBC's *Today* won't be doing *Garroway At Large*, but he can still play darn good golf with bandleader Sammy Kaye.

GEORGE JESSEL SALUTES is the name of a brand-new radio show on ABC Wednesday nights. It's an hour-long program, complete with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, guest stars, and Jessel as the head man in his familiar role as toastmaster. The show will be broadcast from actual banquets of national organizations, such as the Elks, Kiwanis, Lions, etc. . . . CBS-TV has a new half-hour dramatic series beginning Sunday night, October 11. It is called *The Man Behind the Badge* and is based on authentic case histories taken from the files of prison wardens, probation and parole officers, postal and sheriff's offices, and similar sources. No one star will be seen regularly, but the cast will



Youthful Guy Madison appears with his fans at club rally to celebrate the opening of "The Charge at Feather River" (a Warner Bros. picture) in Dallas, Texas. He's adored by youngsters.

COAST TO COAST

consist of well-known actors from television and the legitimate theatre. . . . After an absence of about two years, *Leave It To The Girls* is back on television again, this time over ABC, on Saturday nights. . . . CBS-TV came through with a daytime television show for Bob Crosby. He's seen Monday through Friday afternoons, with fifteen minutes of music, comedy and a bit of audience participation. The Modernaires vocal group, the Crosby band, the Bobcats and guest stars are also on the show. . . . *Celebrity Table* is the name of a new radio program now being heard on ABC. This program, an hour long, will originate in Chicago, Hollywood, New York, and possibly Florida. The network (Continued on page 10)



Dennis James and his pretty wife Marjorie at N.Y. International Airport. His *Chance Of A Lifetime* went off the air for a while.

What's New from Coast to Coast



My Favorite Husband (?): Joan Caulfield has a TV spat with "hubby" Barry Nelson.

plans this as an interview show using popular personalities who are appearing about the country, and a different set of big names will be heard every week. . . . Another new radio show on ABC is *Hollywood Love Story*, a fifteen-minute dramatic program—sort of a daytime serial at night—with a continuous story line. Lots of your favorite radio actors and actresses will be heard on this show. . . .

Peter Potter's Juke Box Jury has been one of the most popular TV shows in Hollywood, and now it's on the regular Sunday-night ABC network schedule. This is a panel program on which celebrities discuss advance releases of recordings in the popular music field. . . . Another *Jury*—the *Juvenile* one—moves from NBC to CBS as of Sunday afternoon, October 11. . . . *Garroway At Large*, which was all set to return to NBC-TV, won't after all. Pontiac was to sponsor the program, but NBC was unable to come up with any open time spot except Monday nights, and Mr. Pontiac refused to put his show on opposite *I Love Lucy* and buck that terrific rating. . . . Another situation-comedy series has been added to CBS-TV's Friday-night schedule. It's *Topper*, based on the popular Thorne Smith stories, and it stars Leo G. Carroll, with Anne Jeffreys, Robert Sterling, and Lee Patrick in featured roles.

This 'n' That:

Eileen Parker, the new singing gal on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, got her chance to audition for the show when former B. C. vocalist Clark Dennis wired McNeill and recommended her for the job. Peggy Taylor, whom Eileen replaced, left the program to go to Europe on a long vacation, and then she plans to return to New York City to make a career for herself as a soloist.

When Danny Thomas filmed his October 6 television show, he had an amusing scene with the family dog, Laddie. But what the viewers didn't see was a scene (it landed on the cutting room floor) in

which Laddie actually bit Thomas. Fortunately, it turned out to be only a surface wound. Inasmuch as Laddie is set to be in the script for quite a while, Thomas has had a heart-to-heart talk with the dog (and his trainer) to be sure the canine doesn't "overact" any more.

A little bird around the CBS studios in New York has been whispering that Robert Q. Lewis is cooking up a new show for himself and that his feminine musical support will be the Chordettes, the very popular vocal quartet who formerly were members of the Arthur Godfrey organization. Incidentally, Robert Q. has been dating Elizabeth Montgomery, Robert Montgomery's attractive actress-daughter.

Bob Hope has a fifty-two-week contract for his new NBC Radio show on Friday nights. And this season marks the comedian's sixteenth on the air.

The influence and popularity of NBC-TV's *Ding Dong School* is reaching out to other fields. Rand McNally is publishing Dr. Frances Horwich's book for adults, *Ding Dong School Book*, and, in addition, is also putting out six of her books for children. Also, RCA Victor has recently released five "Ding Dong School" records.

When National Donut Week is celebrated this month, the National Donut Association will welcome Marie Wilson, Jimmy Durante, Red Skelton, Groucho Marx, Sid Caesar, Abbott and Costello, and Donald O'Connor into their dunking society, which now numbers twelve million members. What a lot of donuts!

Hoagy Carmichael has signed Ricky Vera, the ten-year-old Mexican-American lad who appeared with him on *Saturday Night Revue* during the summer, to a five-year personal contract. Hoagy feels the boy has a terrific future in show business, and he plans to help him toward a vocal career.

Lynn Thatcher, thirteen-year-old radio and TV actress, recently featured on *Let's Pretend*, was awarded the first Nila Mack Scholarship at the Professional Children's School. This is the scholarship set up in

memory of the late "Fairy Godmother of Radio."

Bill Henry, the Mutual Network's popular newscaster, recently celebrated his thirtieth anniversary as a radio newsman. Among the many congratulatory messages he received from all over the world was one from Vice-President Richard Nixon, which read, "There is not a newspaperman in Washington who is more highly respected, both among his colleagues and among those whom he covers, than Bill Henry. I have followed him from the time when he used to write one of the best sports columns in the country. Whatever he does, whether it be radio, television or newspaper writing, Bill has always been tops in every respect."

Congratulations, also, to NBC on their recent eighth anniversary of their news-film coverage from all over the world.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. E. P., Montclair, New Jersey: You are right, Vera Vague is married, but her married name is Mrs. Norman Morrell. Her daughter, Joan, who is a student at the University of California, is Vera's child by a former marriage to the late radio actor, Barton Yarborough. . . . Mr. J. F. C., Lorain, Ohio: How old is Kukla? His creator, Burr Tillstrom, says that he really doesn't know. "Kukla has no age—or, if he has, he won't tell it, like most actors." Actually, however, Burr and Kukla began their association about eighteen years ago, long before their popular television show came to be. . . . Miss K. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: No, singer Don Cornell and his wife didn't have a baby of their own, but they are making plans to adopt one. . . . Mr. and Mrs. M. R., San Diego, California: You may find all the information you wanted on Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz in the new TV-RADIO ANNUAL, on sale at newsstands now. . . . Mr. P. O'N., Springfield, Massachusetts: No, the McGuire's are not triplets, nor are two of them twins. And they are
(Continued on page 25)



Dry skin: "My skin used to be dry and rough, but Noxzema helped it look much smoother and fresher," says Phyllis Walker of Charleston, W. Va. "I 'cream-wash' twice a day and use Noxzema as my night cream, too!"



Blemishes*: "Noxzema's routine is so refreshing," says June Conroy of Jacksonville, Fla. "I'm overjoyed at the way Noxzema brightens my skin and helps keep it free of blemishes*!"



Fresher, lovelier, brighter looking skin when you really wash away dirt and stale make-up with Noxzema Skin Cream and water.

Look lovelier in 10 days

with **DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL** or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps keep it that way, too!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you *keep* it that way!

Results are thrilling

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. For this famous *medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that lifeless *half-clean* look of so many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to help your skin look fresher, smoother, prettier? Then, tonight start this Doctor's Home Facial:



1. Cleanse by washing your face with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. Noxzema is *greaseless*, actually washes off with water. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear. How fresh skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream: Smooth on Noxzema to help your skin look softer, lovelier. Pat a bit

extra over any blemishes* to help heal them — fast! Noxzema supplies a protective film of oil-and-moisture that helps *keep* your skin looking fresh and lovely.

3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again. Then apply soothing, *greaseless* Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. Noxzema helps protect your skin all day long!

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems to have lovelier looking complexions. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! *externally-caused
LOOK LOVELIER OFFER: Big 85¢ jar of Noxzema only 59¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters. Limited time only!

New Designs for Living



662



**IRON-ON DESIGNS
IN BRIGHT COLORS**



780



7026



662 Newest, prettiest accessory! Pansies, buds, leaves—for corsages, for matching earrings—made from discarded nylon hose. Cost almost nothing to make. 25¢

780 Bright yellow, green, blue flowers to iron on your kitchen and guest linens—no embroidery; washable. Transfer motifs for 6 baskets (2¾ x 4 to 4½ x 9¾ inches), 8 flower sprays (1½ x 1¾ to 1 x 3). 25¢

7026 Decorate your kitchen accessories with these color-bright designs in red, yellow and green. No embroidery. Iron on. Transfer of 18 motifs—eight averaging 3½ x 4 inches; eight chicks, 1 x 1¼ inches. 25¢

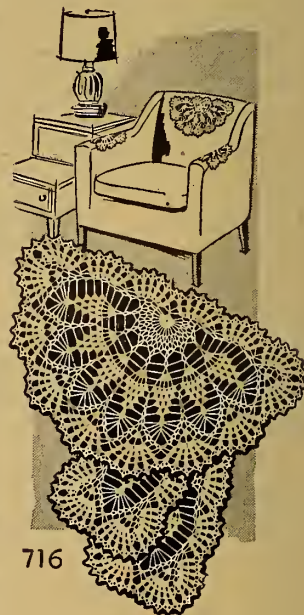
524 Gayest, prettiest, most unusual potholders! Fun to make! Easy! Use scraps, rickrack, binding and embroidery thread. Transfer motifs for seven potholders. 25¢

716 An 11-by-18-inch chairback in a pretty combination of stitches is the perfect pattern for large chairs or sofa—scallops add a dainty touch. Matching doily included. Use No. 30 cotton. Crochet directions. 25¢

7311 One-a-day motifs are easy to embroider on kitchen towels. Fun to do, fun to display. Seven different transfers for a full week, each about 5 x 7 inches. 25¢



524



716



7311

Send *twenty-five cents* (in coin) for each pattern to:

RADIO-TV MIRROR, Needlecraft Service

P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET OR BOX NO.....

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

(Add *five cents* for each pattern for first-class mailing.)

An additional *twenty cents* will bring you the Needlecraft Catalogue, with free patterns printed right in the book.

Don't be SKINNY

Amazing New Easy Way Quickly Puts Pounds
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Not a Medicine! Not Merely Vitamins!
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If you are skinny, thin and underweight mail the coupon for this latest discovery of modern medical science. It's called WATE-ON and anyone in normal health may quickly gain 5 lbs. in one week; 10 pounds, 20 pounds and more so fast it's amazing! This isn't candy, it's not a fishy oil. Instead WATE-ON is a new and different formula that's pleasant to take after meals and is loaded with concentrated calories so prepared as to be far easier to be used by the system in building wonderful body weight. Cheeks fill out, neck and bustline gain, arms, legs, thighs, ankles . . . skinny underweight figures fill out all over the body into graceful curves that draw admiring glances. WATE-ON, too, gives quick energy and often causes a marked increase in appetite. And you can test WATE-ON yourself simply by taking the first step and mail the coupon now.

Easy Weight Gains of 5 Pounds in 7 Days Reported

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Your recommendation and approval is invited. Write for professional samples.

More Than Many a Meal in Daily Dose

Each daily dosage is as rich in calories as many a skinny person's regular meal. Mail the coupon.

For Men, Women, Boys, Girls and Convalescents

WATE-ON is entirely safe, contains no drugs, no stimulants, nothing but a brand new concentrated food formula that's EXTRA RICH in easier to assimilate calories. Mail the coupon.

EAT WEIGHT MAINTAINING MEALS and Take WATE-ON

While WATE-ON often increases the appetite its main function is to provide supplement meals with a source of concentrated, high potency calories far easier for the body to use in putting on weight. Mail the coupon.

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Mail the ON APPROVAL coupon below to send for your generous size bottle of new WATE-ON. On arrival pay \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage on the guarantee if the first bottle doesn't increase your weight to your satisfaction all you need do to get your money back is return the empty bottle. Now today . . . mail the coupon. Youngsters, get mother or dad to order for you.

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Send one bottle WATE-ON. I'll pay \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage or arrival on guarantee I must be satisfied with first bottle or money back when I return the empty bottle. (Cash orders mailed postage prepaid.)

() Put X here if you want 2 bottles for \$5.50.

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R
M



Gosh, Jean, you sure are popular since you put on those extra pounds!



Harry Wismer beams as Walter Winchell presents trophy to Frank Stranahan, winner of Damon Runyon golf tournament.

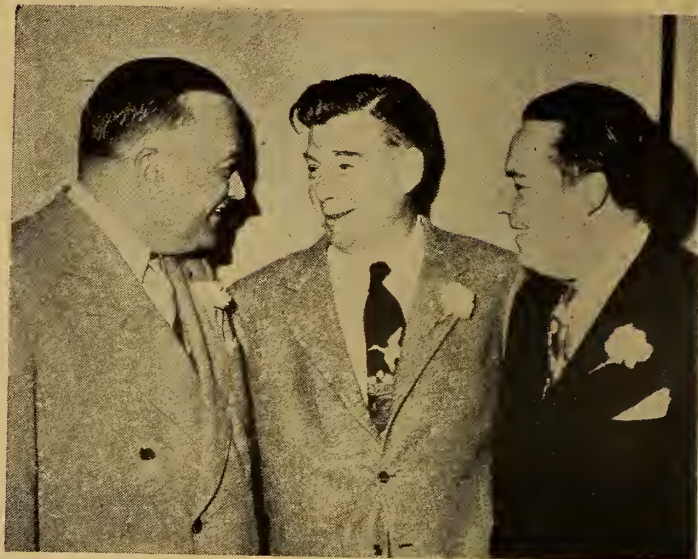
MAN ABOUT SPORTS

FOR NIGH on to twenty years, radio and TV audiences all over the country have been faithfully following Harry Wismer and his vivid play-by-play broadcasts throughout the sports world. Now they have the added pleasure of hearing him five times a week on Mutual's *Wonderful City*, the program which proves New York is a city with a heart. Harry also has a nightly radio and TV sports show. And he still has time to broadcast some of the major sporting events of the year!

The beginning of this hectic but happy career occurred in 1934, while Harry was at Michigan State. Then he was Sports Editor of the *Michigan State News*, and later Sports Director of the Michigan State station, WKAR. Next, he went on to Station WJR in Detroit—even when he had to commute, via hitchhiking, 150 miles a day—and eventually became executive vice-president and general manager of that station, as well as of WGAR in Cleveland, and KMPC in Los Angeles. Most recently, he has been Sports Director for the American Broadcasting Company, covering 200,000 miles a year with his special-assignment broadcasts, from the Sugar Bowl classics to the National Lawn Tennis Association matches.

Harry has a wonderful philosophy about sports: "I believe that proper presentation of all types of sporting events will materially influence the thinking of the youth of America, to show them the value of playgrounds, the value of sportsmanship, the real democratic attitude that will make them true Americans." And, since charity usually begins at home, Harry has supported this philosophy and furthered his enthusiasm for sports with his children, Henry, 12, and Wendy, 8. He spends as much time as he can with them and Mrs. Wismer on their 100-acre farm in Ypsilanti, Michigan. He has hopes that Henry—who can swim five miles at a time now—might someday be on an Olympic team. Still on the sports side, Harry's own favorite form of relaxation is golf.

How he manages to do so much—and so well—no one dares ask. But everyone is just too happy that this personable, all-around guy can give them so much time!



Larry Fisher, of Fisher Body works, and Arthur Godfrey are on hand to help celebrate Harry's birthday in Detroit.



Harry, Stan Musial, Alvin Handmacher, Bob Hope and Del Webb help out at the Cerebral Palsy golf tournament.

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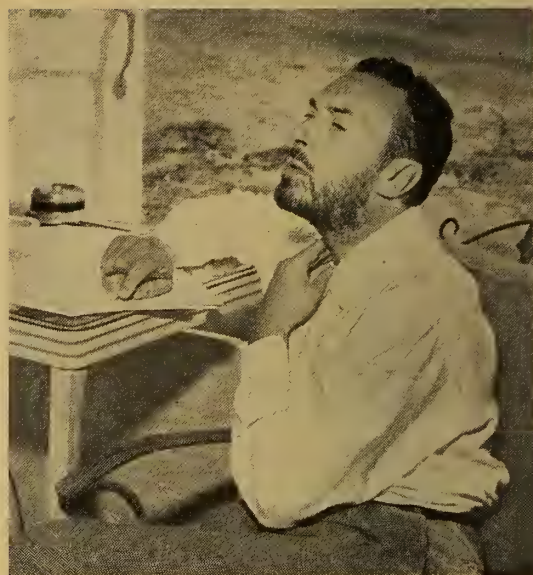
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R
M



William Spier's a man of many hobbies—including music, magic—all dominated by dramatic scripts he edits and produces on CBS-TV.

The Man behind Medallion Theatre



WILLIAM SPIER, in real life, lives behind a beard—in make-believe life, he's lived behind some mighty great productions. Remember "Sorry, Wrong Number," with Agnes Moorehead? This was just one play in his *Suspense* series, which had listeners glued to their radio sets. Before that, he was creating the documentary flavor which gave *March Of Time* its top ratings. And then there was *Adventures Of Sam Spade*, which made a man you know as Howard Duff one of the Hollywood glamour personalities. Now there is *Medallion Theatre* for the Chrysler Corporation. Its first production starred Henry Fonda in "The Decision of Arrowsmith," a right fine dramatic production last July 11. This fall, Bill Spier is continuing the production of fine TV drama for *Medallion Theatre* on Saturday nights at 10 P.M. over CBS. . . . Bill has been a music critic, pianist, composer, writer, film director, advertising executive, talent scout and director-producer in both radio and television. He is a member of the Society of

American Magicians (he can pull rabbits out of hats, honest!) and is married to actress June Havoc. Until recently, they lived in Malibu, California, but right now they're making their residence in New York City. . . . He was born in New York City, attended public schools in and around the Fordham district and, at seventeen, became a music critic for *Musical America*. He was with them five years, having become chief critic and associate editor. He spent the next twelve years with an advertising agency, then on to CBS, where he produced the famous *Columbia Workshop*. Now, *Medallion Theatre*. . . . Bill's a bit of a slave-driver. He works his actors and actresses in rehearsal right up to the moment they go on the show. He likes to keep them keyed up for the actual performance—and it doesn't give any of them time to think about how frightening the eye of a camera can be. . . . Bill Spier is truly a man of magic—be it sleight-of-hand for his own amusement, or radio-TV productions for the entertainment of millions.

Medallion Theatre, produced by William Spier, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EST, for Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



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

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.

Sandpaper Hands feel *Caressable* in 10 Seconds!



Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

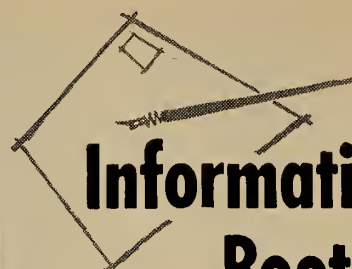
**NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type Lipstick!**



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



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Information Booth

Geographical Gene

Dear Editor:

Please give me information about Gene Autry, his wife, and where he lives.

Miss M. A. V., Calhoun City, Miss.

Gene Autry was born in Tioga, Texas. His wife, Ina, was born in Oklahoma. They met in Springfield, Missouri, were married in Chicago, Illinois, and now live on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, California. As you can see, Gene's a much-traveled man. He has to be, what with all his activities—six pictures and at least a dozen records each year, aside from radio, TV, rodeo and personal appearances all over the country—not to mention his three years in the Air Force and Air Transport Command, during World War II, when he flew just about everywhere our troops were stationed in the Pacific and Far East! He still likes to fly his own plane and averages about as many hours in the air as any commercial pilot.

A Question of Family

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if Fred Van Deventer and Florence Rinard are really husband and wife? And if Johnny McPhee is their son? They are all on the popular quiz show, Twenty Questions.

F. F., Lexington, Mass.

(Continued on page 27)



Gene Autry

"HITS for the Missus"



... courtesy of Ric Thomas, whose eye is on the housewife

WHenever you want to chase away those mid-morning blues, or make a bright day brighter, grab yourself a cup of coffee and tune in to Ric Thomas's *Hits For The Missus* over Station KLIQ from 9 A.M. to noon. For this energetic young man is guaranteed to bring music, fun, and prizes your way daily. And, in case you sleep late, you can catch him again from 4:00 to 6:00 P.M. on his *Ric Thomas Show*.



Ric shares his enthusiasm with KLIQ listeners five hours a day.

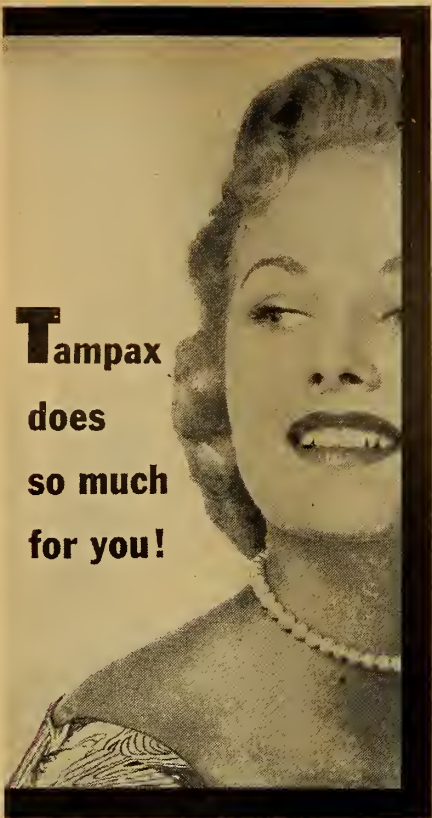
It all started a little over a year ago, when Ric made Mr. Greeley's "Go West, young man" a fact and left behind Pennsylvania and eleven years' experience in radio and TV. Apparently, he believed in taking the long way around, for three years in the U.S. Air Force took him to China, Burma, and India. But now that he's reached Portland, listeners and friends hope to keep him there.

There's mighty good reason for Ric's popularity at KLIQ, for he constantly keeps in mind the idea of entertaining his listeners. His morning show, *Hits For The Missus*, is aimed right at the housewives, and Ric has a lot of fun with the ladies, "slurping" coffee, singing to record backgrounds, and playing lots of smooth pop music. High spots on his show are such features as "Coffee Slurpin' Time" and "Music to Beat Your Husband By."

In spite of his five hours of broadcasting each day, this enthusiastic fellow ably performs additional duties as Program Manager of KLIQ. This *only* involves supervising station programming, traffic and personnel.

Yes, Ric practically eats and sleeps radio these days, and, what's more, he loves it. However, he does manage, in his few spare moments, to squeeze in some golf, listen to his favorites, Debussy and Rimsky-Korsakov, and read any book that, he says, "is considered 'good'." Still a bachelor at twenty-eight, Ric readily admits he's a ham and an extrovert and therefore prefers his dates to be warm, feminine and "unphony." A mighty fine catch for some lucky girl would this fellow be—if he ever gets "unbusy" enough to be available!

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so much
for you!



We might have said: "Tampax is sanitary protection the wearer can't even feel."

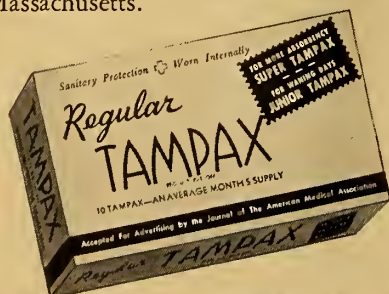
We could have said: "Tampax avoids embarrassing odor."

We thought of saying: "Tampax is so easy to dispose of."

But Tampax does so much for you that it's difficult to single out any one advantage. We want you to learn about Tampax, know about Tampax, try Tampax—because we honestly believe it makes "those days of the month" much easier for women.

Tampax is worn internally. It's not only invisible, but actually unfelt, once it's in place. No more bulky external pads—no more belts, no more pins. You can even wear Tampax while you're taking your shower or tub.

And how refreshingly different it will be to have sanitary protection that's so small you can actually carry a month's supply in your purse. Do try Tampax! It's available at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



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DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY To a stranger, Littleton might seem a quiet, commonplace town. The man and woman walking down the street, the teenager heading downtown in the family car, the "For Sale" sign on a neglected gatepost, would look like the most ordinary, everyday events. But, to Aunt Jenny, each one of them is the key to a story—stories that might be hidden behind the quiet doors of any town across the USA. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Broadway star Larry Noble suspects that there is something unsavory about Lucius Brooks, but is unable to convince his wife, Mary, that her friendship with Brooks is dangerous. The arrival of a mysterious woman in Rosehaven brings an unexpected threat to Mary, who has innocently become a pawn in Brooks' confidence game. How much does the vengeful actress, Dolores Martinez, know about the strange woman? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE BENNETTS Wayne Bennett would describe himself as the most unsensational of men, with his successful legal practice, his happy home life, and his secure place in the community. But lately Wayne's legal activities have tested his capacity for friendship, his reaction to personal danger, and his estimate of himself. Both he and his family are wondering a bit nervously what his next case will bring. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY The Dennis family is increasingly involved in the trouble confronting Three Rivers, as Grayling, Patsy and Babby, in their separate ways, form friendships and develop ideas that to some extent conflict with those of their father, the Reverend Richard Dennis. Is Babby too young to understand Roy Wilmot's true character? Is Patsy mistaken in Alan Butler? What will Grayling learn about the recent murder? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Julie Palmer and her husband, Dr. Dan, learn how small-town public opinion operates when

they champion the young ex-convict, Richard Johnson. Firm in their belief that Richard means to go straight, Julie and Dr. Dan find themselves in an awkward position as his old associates make it hard for Richard to stick by his word. But neither Julie nor Dan likes being pushed around, by the right people or the wrong ones. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART Torn between the conflicting ideals of her worldly mother and her idealistic father, who have long been separated, Julie Fielding finally decides to break her engagement to wealthy Harry Phillips, knowing she has her father's support. How much does the young scientist, Peter Davis, figure in Julie's decision? Will she find her half-formed hope for the future blocked by a charming girl called Georgie? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Whether he wants to or not, a newsman specializing in crime stories is going to find himself getting ideas about solving the crimes he's supposed to be merely reporting—at least he is, if he's as bright as David Farrell. With the help of his wife, Sally, David has applied his sharp eyes and wits to good purpose in saving many a handy suspect from paying for a crime he did not commit—and in running the real villain to ground. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT What happens when a man like Bill Bauer—with talent, a fine young family, and every reason to look ahead to a happy future—starts to drink? Bill's sister Meta and his father stand by aghast as Bill appears determined to run his life down into the ground. Meanwhile, Meta helplessly sees another problem taking shape as her stepdaughter Kathy continues to be blind to what is happening to her marriage. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HAWKINS FALLS Running a small-town newspaper, Lona Drewer keeps a sympathetic, intelligent finger on the pulse of the town she loves. After the death of her husband Nat, she found solace and

help in her work, and it has come to be vital to her whole way of life. Should her marriage to Dr. Corey be allowed to change this? Or is it the marriage itself that Lona isn't too sure about? M-F, 11 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE How does a woman become reconciled to the inevitable loss of the man she loves? Reed Nixon's death sentence, pronounced by an eminent physician, hangs over him and Julie like a lowering black cloud. Can any moments of happiness be wrung from the time remaining to them? Is there a way to prepare the heart and soul for such a dreadful trial? Julie discovers new truths about herself and life during her darkest days. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson's friend, Leonard Drake, undergoes a shock when his daughter—of whose existence Bill was ignorant—leaves her husband and comes to live with the father to whom she is virtually a stranger. How does Leonard react when he realizes that Gale came to him, not with love in her heart, but blackmail? How will Bill go about helping Leonard without ruining his daughter? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi is often so deeply involved in the dramatic developments in her friends' lives that she makes light of her own problems. But now Chichi faces a crucial time in her life, a decision so important that it can be the making or breaking of her happiness. And she realizes the full truth of one of Papa David's remarks—that there is no such thing as perfect happiness. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Unable to help restore Lorenzo's memory, Belle concentrates on her work with producer Verne Massey, wondering if she can really substitute a career for the happiness she and Lorenzo once knew. Lorenzo, unable to recall anything about his marriage to Belle, sees only that this woman who claims to be his wife is apparently very fond of Verne, and cannot understand why she will not set him free to marry Gail Maddox. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE Young Vanessa has few illusions about her sister Meg, but loyalty is a reflex with Van—in spite of all she knows about Meg's deviousness, she still hopes to keep Meg from being her own worst enemy. However, when Van finally learns the truth about the money missing from the travel agency, and realizes to what lengths Meg may go to win Matt, she stops to take stock—with serious results. M-F, 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS From an entirely unexpected quarter, the threat of disgrace and unhappiness comes to Ma's family, as Willy is suspected of theft by his employers, the Hoffmans. Thus Willy's glamorous new job at the Hoffmans' hotel comes under examination for the first time, and Tom is free to express the peculiar ideas he has long entertained, in silence, about the Hoffmans. Is this another case

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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 doily beauty care with eight hours' sleep . . . and start each new day with a thorough beauty-cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

More later, *Candy*.

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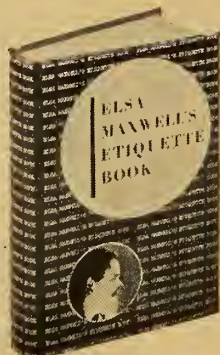
Here in clear, straightforward language, are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

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In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. Here is everything you need to know about invitations, gifts, the wedding dress, the attendants, the reception, etc. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this up-to-date book need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

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DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 21)

of an ill wind blowing some good? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY In spite of Sunday's long friendship with Dr. Julian Abbott and his wife Charlotte, Sunday is surprised to learn that there is much about Julian that she does not know. When his niece Connie arrives in Fairbrooke, Sunday invites her frequently to Black Swan Hall, unaware that this friendship may soon give her cause for bitter regret. Just what is behind Connie's visit, and what is Julian's secret? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Simple, honest courage has just seen Linda Young through a heartbreaking experience, and has gained for her and Pepper the permanent legalized possession of their adopted son. Can Pepper's sister Peggy face her own marital problem with some of the same directness and courage shown by Linda? As Mother Young knows, a parent can only guide her children, and hope for the best. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON Pursuit of an arch-criminal is not lawyer Perry Mason's primary concern, though he finds that the protection of his own client involves him in the most desperate chase of his career. As a lawyer, Perry's chief interest lies in bringing his case to a successful conclusion. Is his case air-tight, or will he have to resort to some legal sleight-of-hand to achieve justice? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS There are many important people around Governor Miles Nelson who wish heartily that his wife, Carolyn, would content herself with purely wifely duties, and leave the affairs of state to those with axes to grind. But it is precisely those axes that Carolyn's acute mind perceives, perhaps more clearly than Miles is capable of doing. Will her enemies succeed in ruining her marriage just when Miles needs her most? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE ROAD OF LIFE The close relationship between Dr. Jim Brent and his foster son, John, is shaken for the first time when their Aunt Reggie tries to take control of both their lives. Jim and his new wife Jocelyn, too mature and perceptive to be deceived by Aunt Reggie's disarming helpfulness, are aware that she craves power, but John really believes Aunt Reggie's advice is sound. Will she ruin his career and his marriage? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The tragic turn of events at Eagle's Nest has justified all Helen Trent's instinctive distrust of her association with Kelsey

Spencer, but has left her more uncertain than ever before about her own future. Her friendship with Gil Whitney cannot assume the significance both she and Gil would like it to have, since he is still married to the possessive Cynthia Swanson. Must Helen make her own happiness? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Can a whole town really be convinced by a lie? As Bill Roberts' paper approaches the climax of its campaign to expose the gambling racket, Edgar Duffy's efforts to prevent Bill from learning the truth become frantic. The frame-up which he arranges is particularly cruel in the way it takes advantage of the big mistake Bill once made. How can Rosemary help Bill through this dangerous crisis? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW With her daughter finally restored to her, and her Motor Haven showing some hope of success, widowed Joanne Barron feels she should be looking ahead to a brighter future. She is very much annoyed with herself when she finally admits her mixed feelings toward her partner, Arthur Tate. Has love any place in her life? Particularly a love she believes is completely one-sided? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Small-town gossip can be the most ruinous thing in the world, and Terry Burton has a hard time with it as the aftermath of the Dickston Music Festival and her association with famous Darryl Masterson, the conductor. Stan, of course, never for one moment loses his complete faith in Terry's good sense. But what question lingers at the back of his mind as he recalls how brilliantly Terry handled the Festival? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella Dallas has always found her greatest comfort in the knowledge that her beloved daughter Laurel has made a safe and happy marriage. But Laurel's mother-in-law, the autocratic Mrs. Grosvenor, once again finds a way to disrupt the contentment Laurel and Dick would otherwise enjoy. Can Stella manage to keep Mrs. Grosvenor's bungling from doing any permanent damage? And will Mrs. Grosvenor ever forgive her? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nora believes she has made real progress in her efforts to help young Grace Sargent, when she persuades the girl's divorced parents to cooperate in an attempt to reestablish Grace in a decent, orderly way of life. But neither Robert, Vivian nor Nora herself realizes the full extent of Grace's danger, for it is not until another narcotics theft occurs at Page Memorial Hospital that Nora suspects Grace may be involved. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN In a crowded, impersonal city, lonesome boy meeting lonesome girl is often the beginning of something important to both of them. But, when lovely model "Boko" Thurmond meets the young writer who lives in the same rooming house, the path of her romance is not nearly so simple. If it were not for the three foundation stones on which she has built her faith and her life, Boko might come close to losing hope. M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

WENDY WARREN Pat Sullivan, the young actress in whom Wendy's husband Mark has so much faith, makes the serious mistake of subordinating love and friendship and honesty to the pursuit of her career. Wendy has an uneasy feeling that Pat is not only less talented than Mark insists but also a hardened little opportunist, but she knows that Mark will have to discover this for himself. What will this do to Mark's new play? M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Can Clair O'Brien's sinister influence affect the lives of Joan and Harry Davis, even after Clair is no longer living? Joan, fighting to throw off an almost superstitious dread of Clair's evil power, has cause to wonder if there is some explanation for Clair's disappearance less simple than the one which everyone now believes. Is Joan on the brink of a discovery that may change her future? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Sandy Carter's first marriage ended in the tragic death of her husband in Korea—and her own bitter realization that they had been much too young to make a go of it, anyway. She feels that her second marriage will be a certain success, for the brief first experience taught her many important things. But her mother wonders if Sandy knows quite as much as she thinks. Does anyone ever know that much about marriage? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Like all new babies, Mary Horton's infant has an important impact on several lives. To her father, Dr. Paul Browne, it brings new excitement about the future. Dr. Jerry Malone and his mother are hopeful that the birth of her daughter will help Mary herself to organize her ideas about what she wants to do with her life. But what will the baby mean to the dissolving marriage of Mary and Ernest Horton? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN There have been many obstacles in the way of Ellen Brown's marriage to Dr. Anthony Loring, but Ellen finally agrees to marry Anthony at once in the hope that they can face these obstacles more successfully if they are together. She knows there is trouble ahead, however, when Anthony's sister Victoria introduces a young, beautiful girl into Simpsonville society. Is Anthony's interest in the newcomer merely politeness? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

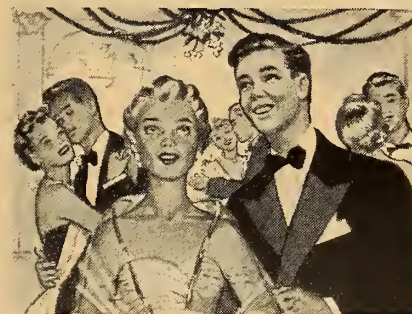


Are you in the know?

What solves your family gift problem?

- Charge 'em to Dad I.O.U.'s

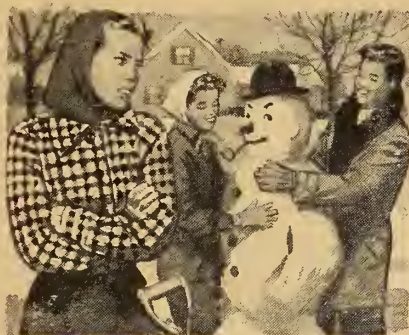
You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write I.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily—for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And Sis? She'll prefer the *present* to future service; get something glamorous, "grown-up." But one day you *can* do her a service—by helping her to get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: *Kotex*. Those *flat, pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!



For mistletoe bait, why not try—

- Formal flattery Gooless lipstick

You, too, can be a Lorelei in your holiday formal—even if you're built on the lean and hollow side. A gently draped bodice, a gossamer stole, can make a dream dress perfect for you. So too, a girl's *calendar* needs should be exactly suited to her. That's why *Kotex* gives you a choice of 3 *absorbencies*. Try 'em! There's Regular, Junior, Super.



Want to winterize your chassis?

- Add anti-freeze Change oil

Snow weather sets your teeth a-chattering? Heed both hints above. Keep your radiator (circulation) "het up" with such "anti-freeze" as outdoor sports, wholesome meals, ample H₂O and juices. And chap-proof your pelt; change to richer beauty creams. On "those" days, you'll radiate *poise* with the comfort *Kotex* gives: softness (*holds its shape!*), plus extra *protection* to thaw all chilling doubts.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

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

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 dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . for a change!



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Join the thousands of folks all over the country who have solved their money problems by borrowing from American Loan Plan—one of America's oldest and largest loan companies. It makes no difference where you live—you can get the cash you need, for any purpose, easily and quickly. You pay only for the time you actually use the money—easy monthly installments tailored to fit your future income. If you need CASH NOW, mail the coupon below today—we'll rush a FREE LOAN APPLICATION to you by return mail (in a plain envelope, of course).

BORROW \$50 TO \$500
From the Privacy of Your Home

No one will ever know of your application for a loan. All details are strictly confidential—between you and us. Your family, neighbors, employer, or friends will never know you have applied for a loan unless you tell them. Our reputation of nearly 50 years of confidential service is your guarantee of complete confidence.

GET CASH FOR ANY PURPOSE

Get the cash you need for any purpose — trips to see relatives or friends, pay off bills, buy furniture, repair your home, medical bills, schooling for your children —

the money you need is waiting for you. It's up to you! Men and women with steady income eligible, anywhere in U.S. Mail the coupon today!

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After you receive your loan, if you decide, for any reason, that it is not needed, you may return the money within 10 days and there will be no charge to you whatsoever.

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MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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Application Blank
SENT FREE
in Plain Envelope
(NO OBLIGATION)

Please rush full details plus free loan application in plain envelope. I understand there is no obligation.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....
OCCUPATION.....AGE.....
Husband or
Wife's OCCUPATION.....

New Patterns for You

9296 Smart coat dress to make in any fabric. New flared skirt, smart off-center buttoning. Misses' sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢



9318 Complete maternity wardrobe in one pattern. Mix-and-match dressy and casual fabrics for smart variety. Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4¾ yards 39-inch fabric, ¾ yard contrast. 35¢

4829 Festive apron, pretty in any fabric, with scallops and embroidery. Small, 14-16; medium, 18-20; large, 40-42. Small size: Bib apron takes 1⅞ yards 35-inch fabric; half apron, 1⅜ yards. 35¢

9318



9296



4829

Send *thirty-five cents* (in coin) for each pattern to:

RADIO-TV MIRROR, Pattern Department,
P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET OR BOX NO.....

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

(Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.)

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 10)

really sisters. Their ages are: Christine, 25, Dorothy, 23, and Phyllis, 22. . . . Miss A. Y., Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Johnny Desmond is on a two-month leave of absence from the *Breakfast Club* program, so he can make personal appearances. He is due back on the show October 23. . . . Miss J. F., San Antonio, Texas: Yes, John Daly is married, and has been for many years. I'm afraid you have your Dalys mixed up. Incidentally, John recently signed a long-term contract with the American Broadcasting Company as a vice-president in charge of news. He will continue to be the emcee on *What's My Line?* however. . . . To all of the readers who wrote about Frank Dane, who played Knap Drewer on the *Hawkins Falls* show: Frank is no longer on the program because the part of Drewer is no longer in the script. Knap chartered a private plane to fly from London to the Isle of Man, in the story, and was killed when the plane crashed into the Irish Sea. . . .

Whatever Happened To . . . ?

John Beal, the movie actor, who used to appear on the *Freedom Rings* TV show? Since leaving this show, John hasn't been on any regular program, but has been seen from time to time as a guest star on some of the television dramatic shows.

Dorothy Claire, the songstress, who was on with Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney last season? Dorothy has temporarily deserted video for vaudeville, and recently completed an eight-week engagement at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.

Harold Peary, who was the original *Great Gildersleeve*? Peary has not been heard on radio for ages, and inquiries into his present whereabouts or activity have brought forth no concrete information on him. So, Gildy—wherever you are—please drop us a line and give us the word so your many fans will be satisfied.

Margaret Lipper, radio actress formerly heard on *Big Sister, Young Dr. Malone, Portia Faces Life*, and many other daytime shows? Margaret has returned to her home town of Rochester, New York, and is heard on station WHAM-TV there.

Thanks to those of you who wrote in with information on Clayton Moore, formerly of *The Lone Ranger*. We've had so many letters asking about Moore, and still haven't been able to contact him directly. However, one reader from Cambria Heights, New York, writes that he recently appeared on the *Hopalong Cassidy* and *Wild Bill Hickock* shows. And another reader from Louisville, Kentucky, reports he is living in Tarzana, California. One of these days, we may yet find the missing Mr. Moore.

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 E. 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.)

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Off-Guard Candid of Your Favorite Movie Stars

★ All the selective skill of our ace cameramen went into the making of these startling, 4 x 5, quality glossy prints.



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JEFF HUNTER

DORIS DAY



ROBERT WAGNER

★ New poses and names are constantly added. Keep your collection up to date by ordering from the convenient list below.

Circle the numbers of your choices and mail with coupon today. Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for \$1; 6 for 50c.

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| 1. Lana Turner | 53. Richard Widmark | 108. Vera-Ellen | 149. Rusty Tamblyn |
| 2. Betty Grable | 54. Mona Freeman | 109. Dean Martin | 150. Jeff Hunter |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 55. Wanda Hendrix | 110. Jerry Lewis | 151. Marisa Pavon |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 56. Perry Como | 111. Howard Keel | 152. Marge and Gower Champion |
| 8. Rita Hayworth | 57. Bill Holden | 112. Susan Hayward | 153. Fernando Lamas |
| 9. Esther Williams | 60. Bill Williams | 115. Betty Hutton | 154. Arthur Franz |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 63. Barbara Lawrence | 116. Coleen Gray | 155. Johnny Stewart |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 65. Jane Powell | 120. Arlene Dahl | 156. Oskar Werner |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 66. Gordon MacRae | 121. Tony Curtis | 157. Keith Andes |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 67. Ann Blyth | 123. Tim Holt | 158. Michael Moore |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 68. Jeanne Crain | 127. Piper Laurie | 159. Gene Barry |
| 21. Bob Mitchum | 69. Jane Russell | 128. Debbie Reynolds | 160. John Forsyth |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 74. John Wayne | 129. Penny Edwards | 161. Lori Nelson |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 75. Yvonne de Carlo | 131. Jerome Courtland | 162. Ursula Thiess |
| 24. Shirley Temple | 78. Audie Murphy | 134. Gene Nelson | 163. Elaine Stewart |
| 25. Dale Evans | 79. Dan Dailey | 135. Jeff Chandler | 164. Hildegard Neff |
| 26. June Haver | 84. Janet Leigh | 136. Rock Hudson | 165. Dawn Addams |
| 27. June Allyson | 86. Farley Granger | 137. Stewart Granger | 166. Zsa Zsa Gabor |
| 29. Ronald Reagan | 88. Tony Martin | 138. John Barrymore, Jr. | 167. Barbara Ruick |
| 30. Dana Andrews | 91. John Derek | 139. Debra Paget | 168. Joan Taylor |
| 31. Glenn Ford | 92. Guy Madison | 140. Dale Robertson | 169. Helene Stanley |
| 33. Gene Autry | 93. Ricardo Montalban | 141. Marilyn Monroe | 170. Beverly Michaels |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 94. Mario Lanza | 142. Leslie Caron | 171. Joan Rice |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 95. Joan Evans | 143. Pier Angeli | 172. Robert Horton |
| 36. Monte Hale | 103. Scott Brady | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 173. Dean Miller |
| 46. Kathryn Grayson | 104. Bill Lawrence | 145. Marlon Brando | 174. Rita Gam |
| 48. Gene Kelly | 105. Vic Damone | 146. Aldo Ray | 175. Charlton Heston |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 106. Shelley Winters | 147. Tab Hunter | 176. Steve Cochran |
| 51. Doris Day | 107. Richard Todd | 148. Robert Wagner | |

WORLD WIDE, Dept. WG-1153
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

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

Name.....
(Please Print)

Street.....

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

Mmm, Good!

Four magic ingredients make Chef Milani Hollywood's favorite



The Chef keeps Waves happy during a recruiting drive.



Tasty tidbits—regular fare for pianist Ted Fio Rito.



ACCORDING to Chef Milani, whose genial, gusty good nature is available for viewing daily from 1:00 to 2:00 P.M. on Station KTTV, his appearance on Station KOMO twenty-five years ago marked the beginning of radio cookery. Since then, he hasn't been off the air more than three days at a time!

In spite of his vast experience as a chef, Mr. Milani didn't begin his professional life in that field. When he was fourteen, the Chef "moved" from his home town of Naples, Italy, to Chicago. There he worked for a jeweler—until he got his first pay check. Then, when he saw how tiny it was, he flung the check back at his employer, vowed he would rather wash dishes than toil for such a menial wage, and walked out.

True to his vow, he next landed in the Palmer House—washing dishes. But seven years and a few dreams later, at only twenty-one, he was the proud owner of three restaurants. However, this dynamic fellow needed more of a challenge, so off he went, first unsuccessfully to Hollywood, then successfully to Seattle. But again dissatisfaction crept into his system, and he hit the road—this time conducting cooking schools across the country. It was at this point that a flour mill executive asked the Chef to appear at KOMO in Seattle. Thus began an exciting, ever-different career for the vibrant, always-happy Chef.

Now, in Hollywood, the Chef is a "character" in his own right and the confidant and friend of top radio, TV and movie stars. Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, and many others frequently mention the Chef on their shows. There are four magic ingredients that make him and his recipes so successful: love, sentiment, philosophy, and an appreciation of beauty—things you'd least expect to find in a kitchen. But Chef Milani uses them often and well with sincerity and originality. All of which makes him one of the most "delicious" entertainers to please the tastes of viewers.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 18)

Fred and Florence are truly Mr. and Mrs., and their own son, Bobby, was once a regular panelist on the show. When Bobby went South to attend Duke University, his place was taken by his good friend, Johnny McPhee—who was a student at Princeton, right handy to the Van Deventers' home and program.

Young Pal Joey

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me where I can get a picture of Joey Walsh and also where I can send fan mail to him?

L. B., Jackson, Mich.

You're not alone in wanting this talented teen-aged actor's address—seems as though almost everyone who read our Joey Walsh story in the August issue has written in to find out how they can get in touch with him personally! Here's the official reply: Write Joey Walsh in care of his manager, John Ross, 323 West 74th Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Larry Storch

Dear Editor:

Is it true that Larry Storch has a brother also in show business who uses another name? Can you please supply information concerning this wonderfully talented newcomer?

A. S., Battle Creek, Michigan

Larry Storch was born in the Bronx, New York, January 8, 1923 and always wanted to be a comedian or a baseball player. One fate-inspired day, Larry was offered a catcher's job on the Giant farm team and an opportunity to join a traveling road show as its comedian. He was seventeen and he took the traveling job. He's played with USO units, was four and a half years in the Navy, played Ciro's nightclub in Hollywood, and the Copa in New York. His stint with *Cavalcade Of Stars* made him a TV star. His brother is named Jay Lawrence. His real name is Storch.

Fan Club Information

Dear Editor:

May I please join a Julius La Rosa Fan Club? He is my favorite singer.

M. T., Los Angeles, Calif.

Joan Kennedy of 3 Everett Avenue, Dorchester 25, Mass., has written us that she is starting a Julius La Rosa fan club. You may enter into correspondence directly with her, or get in touch with Julius La Rosa, c/o Arthur Godfrey office, CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Don Hastings

Dear Editor:

Please let our town know all there is to know about Don Hastings, who plays in the

Donna Reed starring in "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"

A Columbia Picture



DONNA REED says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Donna Reed—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



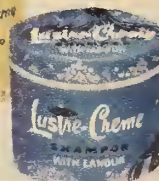
Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans; leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It does not dry or dull your hair!



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.



NOW in new
LOTION FORM
or famous
CREAM FORM!



Pour it on . . . or cream it on!
. . . Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to \$2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to \$1.

R
M

Information

(Continued from page 27)

Video Ranger—we're all curious about him.
R. T., Stet, Missouri

We can't tell you *all*—that would take volumes. But here is a thumb-nail sketch. Don is 18, and has been acting since the age of six when he first sang and acted on a children's show for radio called *Coast To Coast On A Bus*. At seven he joined the national company of "Life With Father" and from there went into the New York company of "I Remember Mama." Don lives with his parents in St. Albans, Queens, New York, goes "steady with a girl" and drives a very earthy Plymouth back and forth to work.

Liberace

Dear Editor:

Will you please give me information on that talented pianist Liberace?

R. B., Darien, Conn.

All the information we can give you on this popular young man will be published in a future issue of the magazine. His very own mother has promised to "tell all" on Liberace.

Frankie's Back

Dear Editor:

I would like to know what ever happened to Tom Corbett, Space Cadet.

Miss M. J., Alexandria, Va.

Tom Corbett, *Space Cadet* returned to the airwaves just recently and can now be seen over WABD and other stations of the Du Mont Television Network every other week. The program, of course, still stars Frankie Thomas, who's been a headliner on Broadway, in movies, on radio and in TV, for most of his twenty-three young years.



You're looking at the most popular bra in America!

IT'S EXQUISITE FORM STYLE 505—*The miracle bra with double-uplift control*—the secret of its fabulous success. Stitched under the cup . . . reinforced under the cup, for the most beautiful uplift that

stays on the up-and-up. See for yourself how this fabulous bra shapes you to an exquisite figure . . . how it holds you, molds you gently, firmly, comfortably. Ask for style 505 at your favorite store—today!

A, B, C and D cups in fine broadcloth, acetate satin and nylon taffeta.
Bandeau styles: \$1.50 and \$2.00
Long line styles: \$2.50 and \$3.00

Exquisite Form
BRASSIERES

The Bra that's a beauty treatment



Frankie Thomas

R
M

Booth

Zabach

Dear Editor:

Where can I send for a photo of Florian Zabach?

B. M. J., Ivoryton, Conn.

Write to Ken. R. Williams, 124 West 55th Street, New York City. He'll help you.

Matrimonial Mixup

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me if Randy and Bess, on The Big Payoff, are husband and wife?

Mrs. A. T. H., Indianapolis, Ind.

The queries keep coming in: "Are Bess Myerson and Randy Merriman married?" And the answer is: "Yes—but not to each other!" In private life, Randy's happily wed to Evelyn Kuehn, with whom he sang in a quintet which broke up when they were married in 1934. They have a college-age daughter named Sue and two younger sons, Michael and Tom. Bess married Allen Wayne, then an Army captain, just a year after she won the title, Miss America of 1945. Their little girl, Barbara Carol, was born on a New Year's Eve—December 31, 1947.

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.



Bess Myerson



Enriches your hair with beauty

... instead of drying it

TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN *is the reason*

Gives hair twice the twinkle. Leaves it so manageable your comb is a magic wand! Even in hard water, gets hair so clean you can feel the difference—soft and sweet as love's first kiss. Come on, give your hair a fresh start in life... with the shampoo that gives you twice as much lanolin as any other leading brand. Try it today.

Helene Curtis creme shampoo

also NEW LANOLIN LOTION SHAMPOO



lotion from 29¢
creme from 49¢

R
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THERE'S
COLD

CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



HER
PETAL-SOFT
SKIN GOES
STRAIGHT TO
HIS HEART!

**Pamper your beauty with new Camay!
Wonderful for complexion and bath!**

Here's wonderful news about complexion care! Now Camay contains fine cold cream. And Camay *alone* among leading beauty soaps brings you this luxury ingredient.

More delightful than ever before! Whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay leaves it feeling exquisitely cleansed, wonderfully fresh. And Camay with cold cream brings new luxury to your Beauty Bath, too!

You still get everything that's always made Camay a treasure . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that velvety Camay lather, famous Camay mildness, and delicate fragrance yours only in Camay.

LOOK FOR NEW CAMAY IN THE SAME FAMILIAR WRAPPER.
It's at your store *now*—at no extra cost.
And there's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Frank Parker—Fascinating Bachelor

He once turned
his back on stardom,
then charmed Lady
Luck into giving
him a second chance

By MARTIN COHEN

FRANK PARKER, one of the Little Godfreys, has lived. Hollywood couldn't improve on the Parker story. In thirty-three years of show business, Frank has known silk and sack-cloth, the dazzling heights of stardom and the dull wasteland of despair—all climaxed by a mighty comeback in a business where he landed, in the first place, by sheer accident.

It was a case of mistaken identity, and it occurred in August of 1921. Frank describes himself as a fresh, cocky youngster in those days. In his impatience for quick success, he had quit high school. That first year he had worked as an apprentice roofer, a commercial artist, and a delivery man. When August came, he was jobless again.

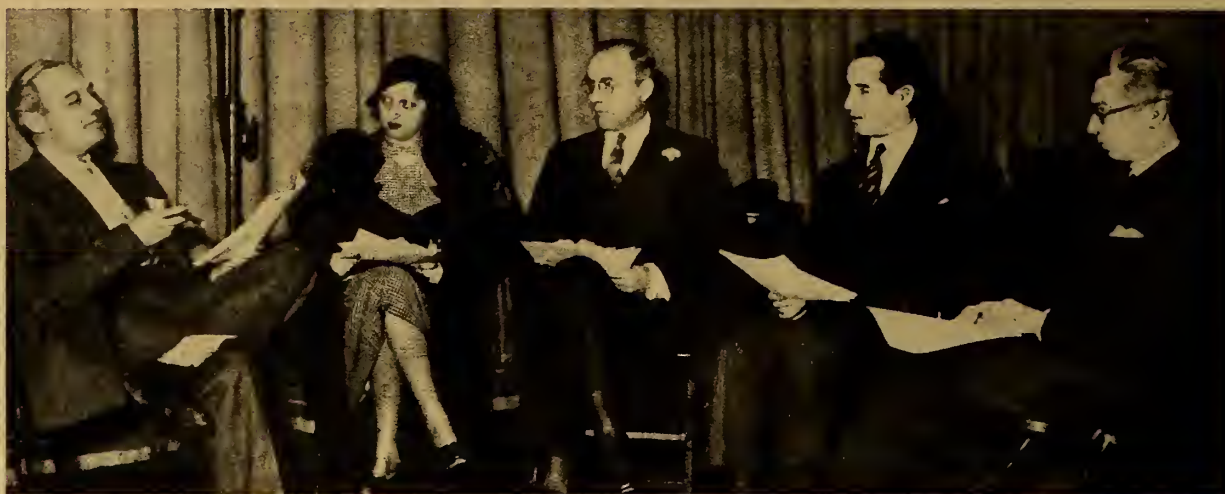
One day, he was killing time with a friend who was looking for a vaudeville job. They stopped in a casting office, but

FRANK PARKER and
MARION MARLOWE

20th ANNIVERSARY STAR

See Next Page

Frank Parker—Fascinating Bachelor



All lined up to rehearse for a Chevrolet program, twenty years ago: Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Alois Havrilla, Frank Parker and Frank Black. Benny was then comparatively new to radio, Parker a long-time star.



In those days, he was one of America's best-dressed men, had everything from polo helmets to top hats. Then he was also a headliner in movies (above, with Tamara, in "Sweet Surrender") and on Broadway (below, in "Follow the Girls").



the agent was out. They were about to leave, when a man burst through the door and gave Frank a big hello.

"Where have you been?" he asked Frank. "I've been looking all over for you."

Frank was speechless. He'd never seen the man before.

"Meet me at two this afternoon at the George M. Cohan Theatre," the man shouted and rushed on.

Frank, bewildered, turned to his friend. "Who was that?"

"He's the casting agent I came to see."

"Let's get out of here," Frank said. "The guy's crazy."

Frank had no more thought of acting than of flying a plane non-stop around the world. But, around two o'clock that afternoon, he drifted toward the theatre. He stood in the alley, just outside the stage door, staring curiously at the dance chorus in rehearsal. If it hadn't



Today, Parker's wardrobe is simple—except for trick costumes he wears in skits with Godfrey. Inside, however, he's still the same headliner who wasn't too proud to say a special "thank you" to a certain redhead with a local program.

been a warm day and the stage door hadn't been open, Frank Parker would never have gotten any closer to show business. But the casting agent saw him again.

"Well, there you are," the man cried. "Let's go in!"

He led Frank to the director and said, "This is the boy I've been telling you about."

"Let's hear him sing."

Frank sang.

The director asked, "Can he dance?"

Frank did a waltz clog.

"He'll do," the director said.

Teen-aged Frank learned that he had been hired as a chorus boy in a George M. Cohan musical, "Little Nellie Kelly." The show had been in rehearsal for five weeks and would leave for out-of-town tryouts that same weekend.

Frank went home. His mother, who had been secretly giving him a dollar a day while he was job-hunting, asked, "Did you find work today, son?"

Frank grinned and said, "Yes. I'm an actor."

His mother and sisters grinned, for Frank was a tease.

"And I'm getting fifty-five dollars a week," he added.

They began laughing and they (Continued on page 94)

Frank Parker sings on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, on CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M.—on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11:30 A.M.—for Mutual of Omaha, Kleenex, Snow Crop, Esquire Boot Polish, Star-Kist, Toni, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, and Chesterfield Cigarettes; *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Toni, Pillsbury, and Chesterfield; *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Fiberglas. (All times EST).



Surprise! Birthday camera for a deserving husband.

By PEGGY TOMLINSON

ANY FAMILY who's been through it knows that there's never a dull moment with two normally healthy and active teen-age boys around. But most of us can only imagine the chronic state of chaos which exists in such a family as the Ozzie Nelsons, in which "the boys"—David, now a tall and handsome sixteen, and Ricky, thirteen and devilish—are not only around, but an important part of the act.

They will play themselves in forty TV films this year, and in forty radio broadcasts of *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*. This impressive work schedule they will have to squeeze into a full school (Continued on page 97)

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, Friday nights, at 9 P.M. on ABC Radio—at 8 P.M. on ABC-TV. Both EST, under alternate sponsorship of the Hotpoint Co. and Listerine.

Conference: The Nelson men discuss further operations on David's pride-and-joy—a vintage '41 Ford.



Love that OZ and HARRIET!



Above—Ricky at left, David next. Opposite page —Ricky at right; David between Ozzie and Harriet.

*Everything good that can happen
takes place in the Nelson
household—and with good reason*

20th ANNIVERSARY STARS





Young as he is, Dick can look back on some difficult days getting "established" in New York

You've got

*Dick York of This Is
Nora Drake was almost a
"has-been" at the age of 20*

By JANE KING



Nowadays, he's "arrived." In fact, he's so busy that such moments as these are doubly precious . . . strolling with his sweetheart-wife, Joey . . . playing with their daughter, Kim.

to keep trying—



Reunion in Chicago: Dick spins a typical yarn for his mother, kid sister Vicki Ann, and wife Joey (née Joan Alt).

IN 1950, Richard York came East, to the big city. He'd been acting in Chicago for ten years, since he was a little kid, but he might as well have hailed from Podunk, with the grass still in his ears. In New York, they don't care about out-of-town credits; half the time, they think you made 'em up.

Dick moved into a YMCA, then batted around for six months.

"You audition for anybody and everybody that'll hear you, and every day is a little worse, until you get discour-

aged and almost sick—" Dick can still remember.

Now, in 1953, he's arrived; he's prominent in daytime dramas, such as *This Is Nora Drake* and *Rosemary*, he's opening soon in a Broadway play—but, while he loves his work, you can't sell him the phony idea of its glamour. To Dick it's a serious business, even when you're successful. "You do your show, take your check—and go home and wait for the phone to ring. And always you keep on trying—"

He's got two words of advice (*Continued on page 90*)

Dick York plays Russ McClure, in *This Is Nora Drake*, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Toni Co. (M,W,F) and Seeman Bros. (T,Th). Also heard as Lonny in *Rosemary*, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Ivory Snow.

KATE SMITH SAYS:

“Thanks for Listenin’!”



20th ANNIVERSARY STAR



*The Kate of today
remains humble, a woman
with warmth in her
heart as well
as in her songs*

By **FRANCES KISH**

THERE HAVE BEEN songs and laughter—many, many songs, sung straight from the heart. There have been untold kindnesses and loyalties. There has been success, financial and artistic. There has been drama—and there has been much plain, everyday contentment in living. All of these the ingredients of the fabulous story of Kathryn Elizabeth Smith, known to the world simply as Kate Smith.

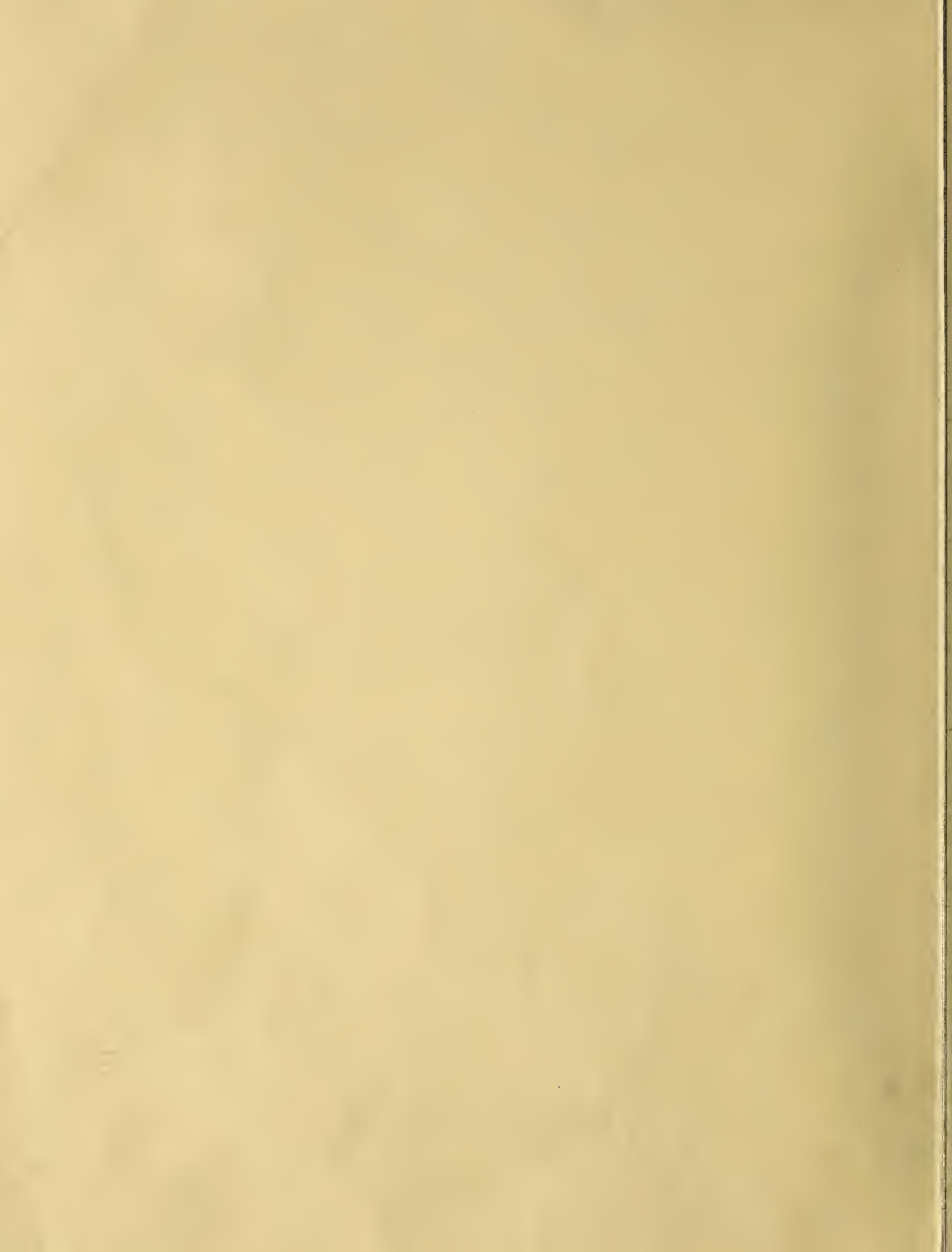
Twenty years ago, in this magazine, Kate wrote a part of that story for our readers. In it, she revealed some things about herself and the way she felt about what she wanted to do with her life. Many times since then, **RADIO-TV MIRROR** has published other stories about her, always on the same theme of achievement and continued simplicity, of triumphs and humility.

The Kate Smith of today can remember being introduced to the visiting King George and Queen Elizabeth of England by the then President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, with the phrase, "This is Kate Smith. This is America." And she can be equally proud and happy to remember the countless boys in servicemen's camps and veterans' hospitals to whom she needed no introduction except her hearty "Hello, everybody," and her rich, fine voice.

She can remember the four tiny orphans she "adopted" one day when she spent her birthday at an orphanage singing for the children, providing them

Kate Smith and Ted Collins entertain at an old-fashioned barbecue. Kathy and Susie Stein watch Aunt Kate while Dorothy Day helps. Kate's sister, Helen Stein, serves Kate's neighbor, Hughie.

See Next Page →



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KATE SMITH SAYS:
"Thanks for Listenin'!"



Flowers belong in Kate's design for living.

Today, she plays croquet for fun—not in that teen-age spirit which distinguished an early game of handball.



with an ice-cream-and-cake birthday treat instead of having a party for herself. (RTVM got hold of that story, too, and published it, although Kate Smith and Ted Collins, her guardian-angel manager, would never have publicized this kindness. We told this story of the two little boys and two girls who tugged so tightly at her heartstrings that she began at once to contribute to their upkeep at the orphanage and to visit them with toys and candy and souvenirs of all the trips she made. And we told how her funds for these children made it possible for the home to care for four other children in their stead.)

The Kate Smith of today can look back upon her beginnings as a singer . . . first as a sensitive but poised teenager in the city of Washington, where she grew up and where she had planned to become a nurse and actually started her training . . . later, in musical comedy on the New York stage, where Ted Collins found her at seventeen in a singing-dancing comedy (*Continued on page 100*)

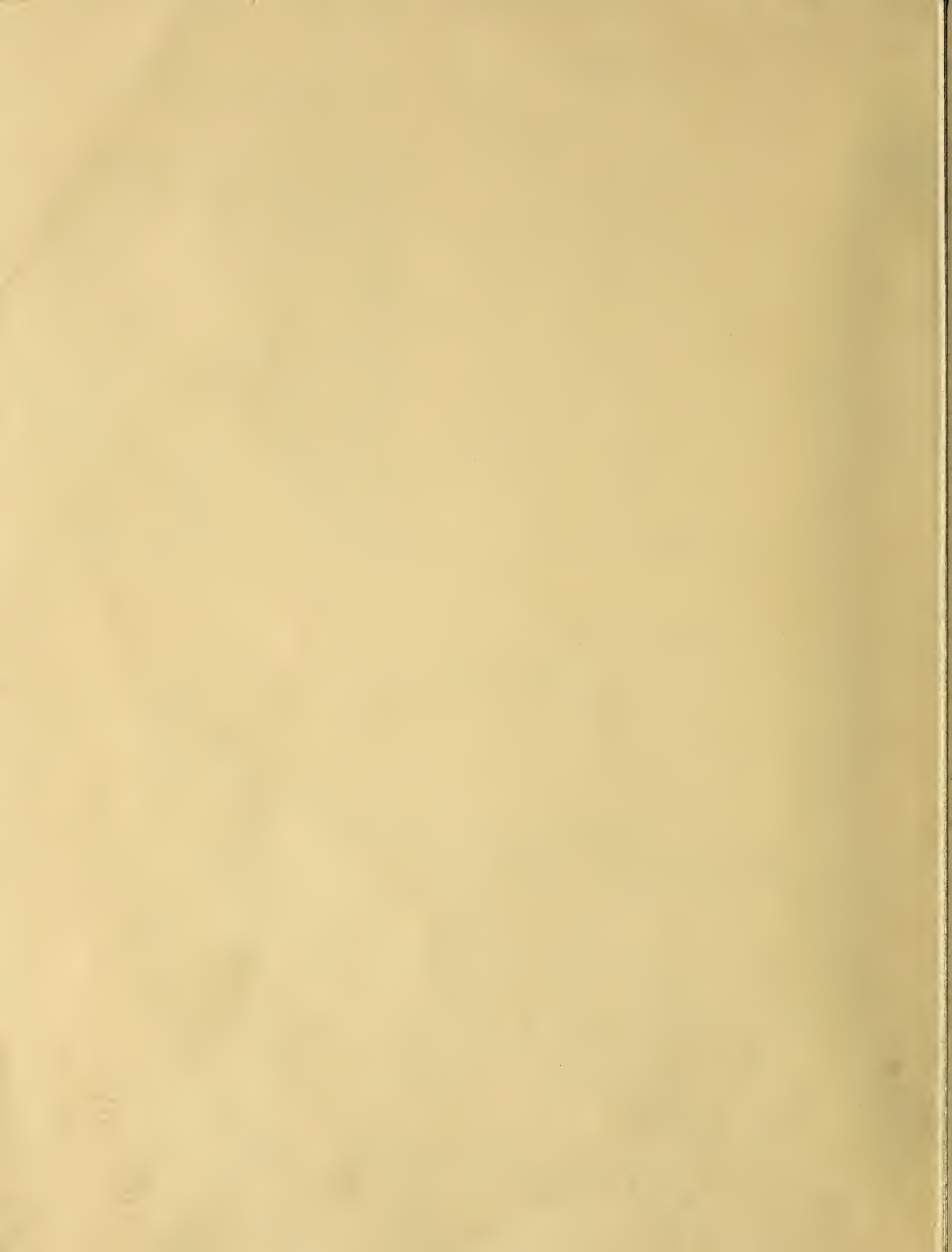
The Kate Smith Hour, featuring Kate's songs and Ted Collins' "Cracker Barrel," seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 3-4 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



Kate loves driving her car through country roads, speedboating on the lake with youngsters.

A "find" of Kate's antique hunting. On the beam are priceless plates—on settee, 16-year-old Freckles.





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FATHER and SON, INC.



*Every day's a House Party, with
a teenager like Jack in our home!*



I love having children on my show (perhaps because I have five of my own at home).

By ART LINKLETTER

WHAT would you say or do, as a parent, if your oldest teen-age child walked up to you slam-bang one day and said: "Dad, I'm almost sixteen; do you think I'm old enough to start necking?" . . . or, "Hey, Pop, do you think it's okay for me to start smoking?" . . . or

(casual-like), "By the way, Dad, I'll need an extra \$4.50 over my allowance this week for a big date—okay?" The problems which children encounter at different ages (infancy, childhood and teen-age) are much alike; but the teenagers seem to have a rare brand (*Continued on page 96*)

Art Linkletter's House Party, M-F, CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M.—CBS Radio, 3:15—for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Kellogg Co., Green Giant. *People Are Funny*, CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Mars Candy. All EST.

Jack thinks I'm his "banker"—but some of our business transactions have me wondering.



Wrestling with a son more than six feet tall is something—but it never settles our problems.



FRENCH T

TWO GOLDEN-BROWN
EGG-DIPPED SLICES
WITH SYRUP

SERVED IN ONE

Chocolate Sundae



Roy looked as if Janet had actually struck him. Someone had to help!

I played "Fairy



*They were so young,
so eager . . .*

*I couldn't help but
wonder what*

*Wendy Warren would
have done for them*

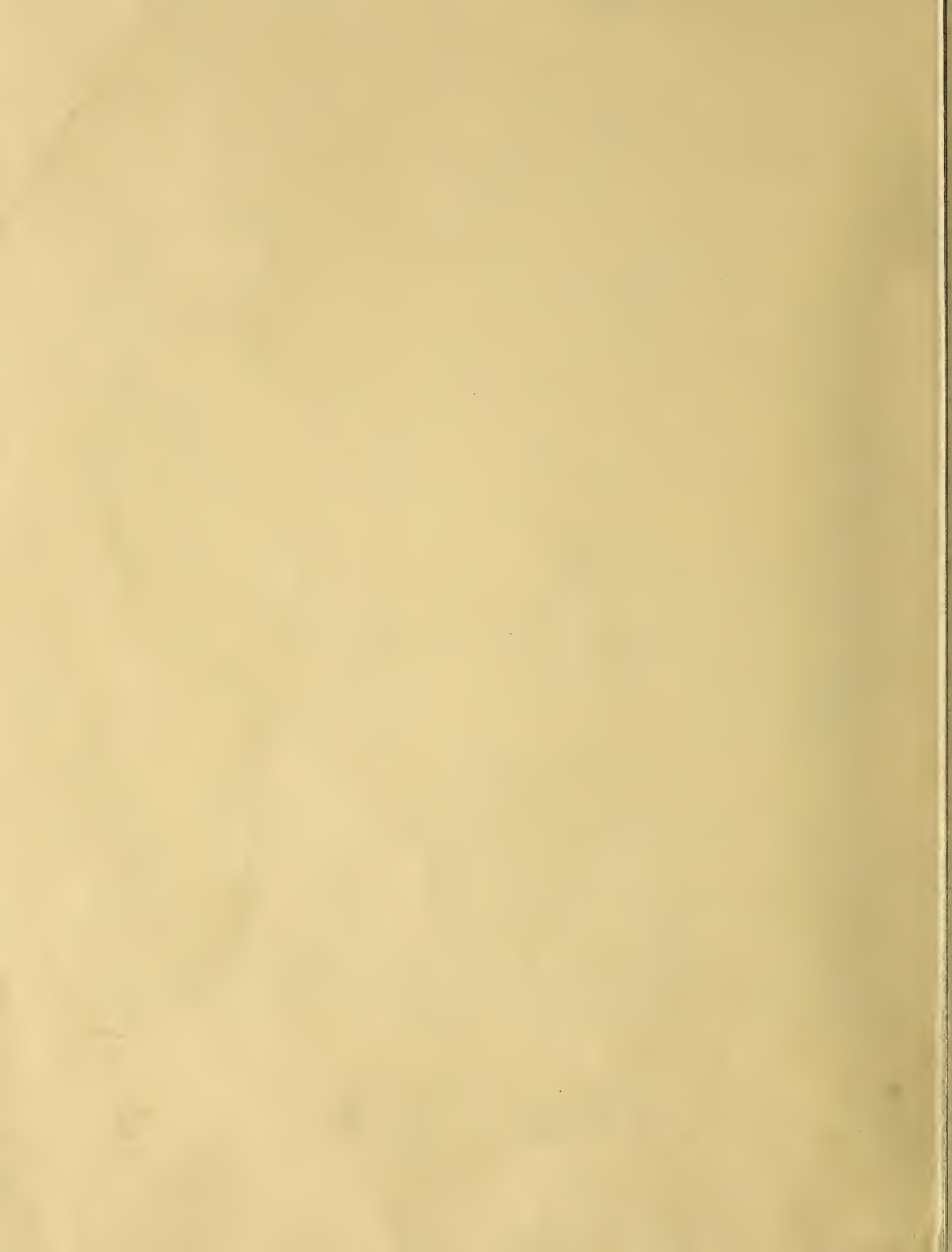
By FLORENCE FREEMAN

WENDY WARREN, as you know, is a reporter. And, since I've been playing the part of Wendy for quite a while now, I suppose I've developed my "nose for news" from this role with which I'm so intimately involved. However, even as Florence Freeman, wife, mother and contented suburban homemaker, I've always had a fairly sharp eye for the human drama around me. That doesn't mean I can do very much about the things I see—as Wendy sometimes can. Normally, one can't do more than observe, and sigh or smile, and pass along. Which is what makes the story of Roy and Janet Brady stand out so sharply in my memory. For that was a time when, like a good reporter, I suddenly saw the relationship between two entirely unconnected stories . . . and was able to do something about one of them almost as efficiently as Wendy herself might have done it.

I'd been (Continued on page 91)

Wendy Warren And The News is heard M-F, CBS Radio, 12 noon EST, for Maxwell House Coffee and Post 40% Bran Flakes. Star Florence Freeman is seen at far left.

Godmother" to Love





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so eager . . .
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Roy looked as if Janet had actually struck him. Someone had to help!

I played "Fairy Godmother" to Love



Peg's typewriter is one of the few modern touches at "Witchstone," her lovely home which dates back to 1728.



Here's the perfect husband, says Peg: His name is Odd, his disposition's even—and he's handy around the house.



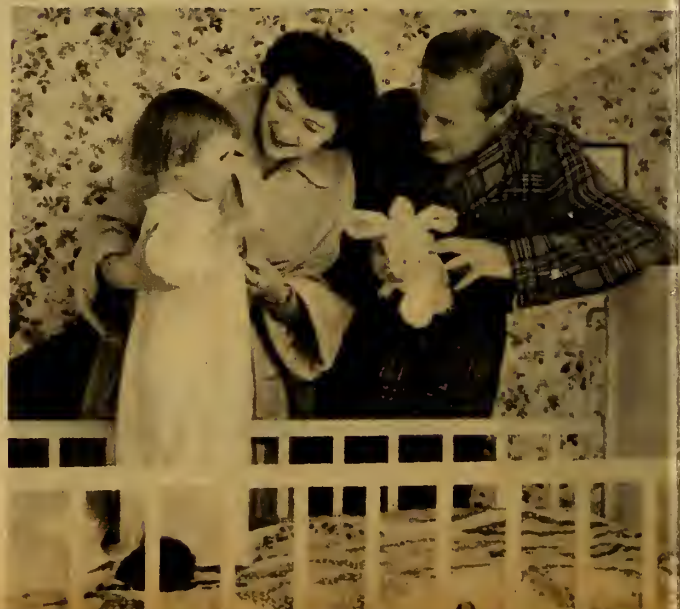
ETHEL'S "Family Obligation"

By MADGE HOLDEN

THE FACT that Washington did or did not sleep at 'Witchstone,' points out Peg Lynch, originator, writer and star of the popular NBC-TV series, *Ethel And Albert*, "had nothing whatsoever to do with our buying it. No, it was simply that two years ago, when we were house hunting, my husband, Odd, and I were merely looking for a place that looked like home—and when we found 'Witchstone' it looked like home. That is, it looked like home to me. At first glance, it looked to Odd just like an old red house with a peculiar ski-jump type of roof . . . surrounded with an acre of rocky ground that would present terrific landscaping problems, to say nothing of mowing problems. In fact, I'm (Continued on page 98)

Ethel And Albert, NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., EST, for the Sunbeam Corp., makers of electrical appliances.

Both heart and home bless these three with a sense of "one-ness": Peg, Odd, and their daughter, Elise Astrid.





Peg Lynch of Ethel And Albert happily admits: "Home is how you look at it."

*Jayne and Audrey Meadows
are mad, gay girls who succeed
by trying anything—once*



Their sound-alike voices fool many a hopeful caller.

TWO WACKY DARLINGS!

By CHRIS KANE



Many dates for both—nothing serious for either.

TO BEGIN WITH, nobody believes a word either of them says. The rumor goes that they rent their mother from a casting agency, that they sit up nights thinking of stories with which to outrage, startle and amaze people, that one of 'em lies and the other swears to it. Jayne and Audrey just don't care. They know things happen to them that don't happen to other people ("Normal people," Jayne says pityingly).

Take the case of the dog-man. Or the man-dog. Or whatever he was. Once, several years ago, Jayne was sitting on the subway. It was late at night; she was the only person in her car except for a man 'way down at the other end. Suddenly her ears were assaulted by barking sounds. (Continued on page 83)

Jayne Meadows on *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., for Cavalier Cigarettes. Audrey Meadows—*Jackie Gleason Show*, CBS-TV, Sat., 8 P.M., for Sheaffer Pen Co., Nescafe Instant Coffee, Schick Electric Shavers; *Pll Buy That*, CBS-TV, T, Th, 2 P.M. (first 15 min. for Air-Wick, Nylast). All EST.

There's always chaos in the Meadows household—luckily, there's also Tessie to straighten up and iron things out! (To avoid further confusion, that's Audrey in the light blouse, Jayne in the dark one, in all these candid glimpses.)





STARDUST

Fickle fans? Forgotten headliners? These were the stars in our first issues —this is how it was with them, two decades ago . . .



ALICE FAYE and RUDY VALLEE

They were a listenable twosome, and Rudy's show was tops. But Alice hadn't yet reached stardom—or met Phil Harris.

BING CROSBY

Lullabying their first-born, Bing and the late Dixie Lee couldn't foresee that Gary would someday sing for his dad!



MAYBE you've forgotten. Maybe you're too young. You won't believe it, but if you were to tune your radio back twenty years—the first year RADIO MIRROR was published—you'd hear Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor and Kate Smith. Honest, we're not kidding. There was Phil Harris, too, and Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Walter Winchell, *Amos 'n' Andy*, and *The Goldbergs*. Did time stand still? Are you feeling younger by the word? Just to be mean and shatter the illusion of eternal youth, let's go into a little more detail.

The hit songs were "The Old Spinning Wheel" and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" Does that take you back? Hoover had been defeated and F.D.R. was in. Right after you turned the cover of the first RADIO MIRROR, there was a full page ad of a skinny woman and a busty woman announcing: "Skinny, Scrawny Folks Add Alluring Pounds." Yes, women were trying to put it on rather than take it off—and that was a long time ago.

Things have changed and things have happened—like jet planes and the UN and Marilyn Monroe and king-sized cigarettes. But many of the great stars of twenty years ago are still with us—people don't change, not much. Stars are born and stars are made—made of a homey wisdom, innate humor, talent and colorful idiosyncrasies that they never lose.

Whom do you think a critic was describing in RM twenty years ago:

Continued ➔

OF TWENTY YEARS



JACK BENNY

He didn't think any comedian could last in radio.



BURNS and ALLEN

Air success made their dearest dream come true.

JANE FROMAN

She showed her courage, even in those early days.



BING CROSBY

Women admired his voice—and so did our editor.



STARDUST OF TWENTY YEARS



JANE FROMAN

Toast of Broadway—in "Ziegfeld Follies of 1933."



FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA

An intimate candid from one of our very first issues.



BURNS and ALLEN

Teamwork blew a "horn of plenty."

BENNY and LIVINGSTONE

No "toupee" for Jack (just a hat).

"He will meander into the studio in his vague way and his gosh-awful clothes to rehearse just for the timing of it. But you can't get him within one-eighth of the stew over it that he gets into over his golf game." And Harry Lillis Crosby is the same today.

Then, Bing was just beginning his fabulous career, a little doubtful about the whole thing, for his real ambition was to write the Great American Novel. Even then he was known for his wild apparel, but the world hadn't gotten used to his shirts or his name. In England, they called him Byng Crosby; in Milwaukee, it was Max Crosberger; in Minnesota, Bim Corsland; and in the Bronx, Bang Crosby.

He had the women gaga, cuddled around their radios every Monday night, and the RM editor referred to him as the best voice on the air. But there was a storm being raised about this, for our editor added—"contrary to what others may think."

Der Bingle, father of all crooners, had a wee son named

EDDIE CANTOR

As though Eddie and Ida had to count—it's always been five daughters!





DON McNEILL

Breakfast Club began in '33, too.



HARRIET HILLIARD

Engaged by Ozzie Nelson—to sing.



MILTON BERLE

Defending his gags, then as now.

Gary but admitted he didn't trust himself to sing to the baby. About fifteen years later, Gary reversed the procedure and crooned to his father on records that were best-sellers.

And in the early RM was the answer to the puzzle of the key-jangling, happy-go-lucky balladeer who became world-famous in spite of his indifference to success. The Crosby philosophy had been handed from father to son.

"Never try to move Heaven and earth for anything, Bing," his father had said, "or, when you get it, you will be sorry. The things that come naturally are the best, if you make the best of them."

The man who discovered Bing working in a coffee-and-doughnut vaudeville team was the King of Jazz himself, Paul "Pops" Whiteman. As today, when Pops is star-making, he makes no mistakes. Twenty years ago, Pops was the biggest man in show business, musically and (Continued on page 77)



WALTER WINCHELL

Big news names—Baer and Dempsey.

AMOS and ANDY

Congress listened to Freeman Gasden and Charles Correll.



KATE SMITH

Unbeatable combination: Kate and manager Ted Collins.



NO MR. SCHNOOK IS



He may be the two-headed kid on Benny's program, but he's plenty bright at home

DENNIS DAY!

By PAULINE SWANSON

ON JACK BENNY'S radio show, he's a "schnook." Listeners know Dennis Day as "that two-headed kid" who cuts Jack's grass, does his laundry, and throws in a song or two—all for a squeezed-out quarter—a stumble-bumpkin who submits meekly to the merciless domination of a gravel-voiced lady wrestler of a mother.

Starring in his own Friday-night RCA Victor Show, on TV, he is more recognizably human, still a bachelor in Hollywood, still naïve, still stumbling himself into jams with only the best intentions—but *not* two-headed ("That's a little hard to visualize," Dennis says), *not* nineteen and/or mother-ridden, and still funny but *not* farcical.

But even in his TV impersonation—which has evolved slowly over two seasons from the original Benny character—Dennis Day, as his followers know him, is a far cry from Eugene Denis McNulty in person. As far a cry as from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde.

Now that the next (Continued on page 76)

Dennis Day is heard on *The Jack Benny Program*, CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, for Lucky Strike Cigarettes. He stars in *The RCA Victor Show*, as seen on NBC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST.



Baby Margaret is Peggy's and Dennis's first girl-child. Her brothers are Patrick, 5, Eugene Denis, Jr., 4, and Michael, 3.



Clever Dennis teaches his boys to mend the fence—then locks the gate to keep them away from the pool while Daddy takes a nap!





Once a Quiz Kid, Vanessa's now a "bidder" on *I'll Buy That* (emcee Mike Wallace is standing beside her).



an exciting girl named Brown

*Vanessa was a "brain" who
grew up to be a beauty*

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

THE OTHER FORENOON, a young man brought a homing pigeon to the CBS Television studios in New York and offered to sell it to Vanessa Brown. Vanessa is the ex-Quiz Kid who is now a tremendously popular young star of movies, stage ("The Seven Year Itch"), radio, and TV (*I'll Buy That*).

The TV show mentioned is going great guns because it has one of the cutest gimmicks anyone ever thought of to keep it fresh and lively. People bring real gone—or "most"—gadgets to the studio and try to sell them to a panel consisting of Vanessa, Hans Conried, Albert Morehead, Audrey Meadows and, occasionally, Robin Chandler.

Of course, the panel is supposed to guess, from the questions they ask, what the object is. If you're the audience, you can't go wrong, because they'll buy your offering, anyway—but you get more money if you stump the panel.

And the experts do get stumped. They got thoroughly stumped (*Continued on page 87*)

Vanessa Brown is one of the regular panelists on *I'll Buy That*, over CBS-TV, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 2 P.M. EST. First 15 minutes are sponsored by Air-Wick and Nylast.



East meets West: Dr. Robert Franklyn "commutes" from California to New York to see his lovely wife—Vanessa.



BACKSTAGE WIFE



MARY NOBLE is learning what many responsible citizens before her have found out—that the end does not necessarily justify the means. Mary, completely in love with her actor-husband Larry Noble, made up her mind some time ago that she would somehow or other earn the money to buy out Roy Shephard, who is backing Larry's current play. On the one hand, she believes this is absolutely necessary to her happiness because Roy's daughter Elise has shown that she is madly in love with Larry, and Mary is intent on saving her marriage. On the other hand, Roy, a shipping magnate, is completely annoying about re-writing the play, having more of a hand in its production. This, Mary could stand . . . if her womanly intuition had not warned her it

See Next Page →

1. Mary Noble can see nothing wrong with the stacks which Lucius Brooks wants her aid in selling. For a small commission, she agrees to help.

2. William, Lucius's manservant, does not approve of Lucius becoming involved with wealthy widow Catherine Carlisle. Lucius still proposes marriage!

59

Mary Noble knows a woman's despair: Can she keep her husband's love, save her marriage from the scheming of a younger woman?



BACKSTAGE WIFE



3. Roy Shephard (seated) is determined his daughter will stay in Larry's play. He refuses to listen to Tom Bryson, the author.



4. Mary is hopeful that the Bakers will find Lucius's stocks a good investment as she delivers them to her next-door neighbor.

would be better for all concerned if Elise were removed from her understudy role before her girlish attempts to attract Larry succeeded. . . . At this point of decision, Lucius Brooks had entered Mary's life and persuaded her to sponsor him with her wealthy acquaintances—in return for a commission on the stock which they would sell as a result. Larry instinctively dislikes Lucius, but Mary tosses aside Larry's convictions because she is so intent on doing the one concrete thing she can think of to save her marriage. Events move swiftly, when the play's tryouts are held in New Haven . . . and, instead of Mary drawing happiness closer to her, things take dark turns indeed. While Mary has been busy gathering commissions, her very good friend—and Larry's, too—Catherine Carlisle, a wealthy widow of whom they are both very fond, has invested in Lucius's stocks and has also fallen in love with him. Meanwhile, Dolores Martinez, a seemingly serene actress in Larry's company, who hates Larry for cutting down the size of her role, is working hand in glove with Lucius in his scheme to get investors for his shady (to say the least) stock deal. Mary thinks Dolores is one of her best friends and her ally. . . . Lucius, charming and suave, is riding the crest of his wave when he receives a telephone call from Rosehaven, Long Island. William, his servant and henchman, tells Lucius that a mysterious man has called and made inquiries about the "stockbroker." The man refused to leave his name, although he seemed very interested in finding out all about Lucius. Lucius makes up his mind to leave and hurriedly departs for Rosehaven,

5. Lucius has an ally in Dolores Martinez, who hates Larry but whom Mary believes is her friend. Many of Mary's heartaches are due to Dolores.





6. Catherine Carlisle is radiantly happy as she's escorted past Mary's and Larry's table on the arm of her fiance, Lucius. Larry disapproves heartily and blames Mary for maneuvering the match.

leaving Catherine upset. At this point, Larry suddenly becomes aware of the situation between Catherine and Lucius—he discovers she has not only involved her heart but has also invested heavily. There is one person to blame in this whole situation . . . his wife Mary, who has insisted on having Lucius around! Instead of the situation clearing for Mary, she and Larry have an unhappy scene which drives the two further apart. When Catherine Carlisle and Mary leave to drive back home to Rosehaven, the last glimpse Mary has of her beloved husband is enough to make any wife furious—Elise Shephard is standing next to Larry in front of the theatre, clinging to him as if life were not worth living without him. . . . In Rosehaven, Lucius has decided he must act quickly. He wants Catherine to invest still more money in his stocks, and gives her the final persuasion—he proposes marriage. Catherine, radiantly happy for the first time in years, agrees to marriage, agrees to invest her money—agrees to everything. Lucius doesn't know it, but he has

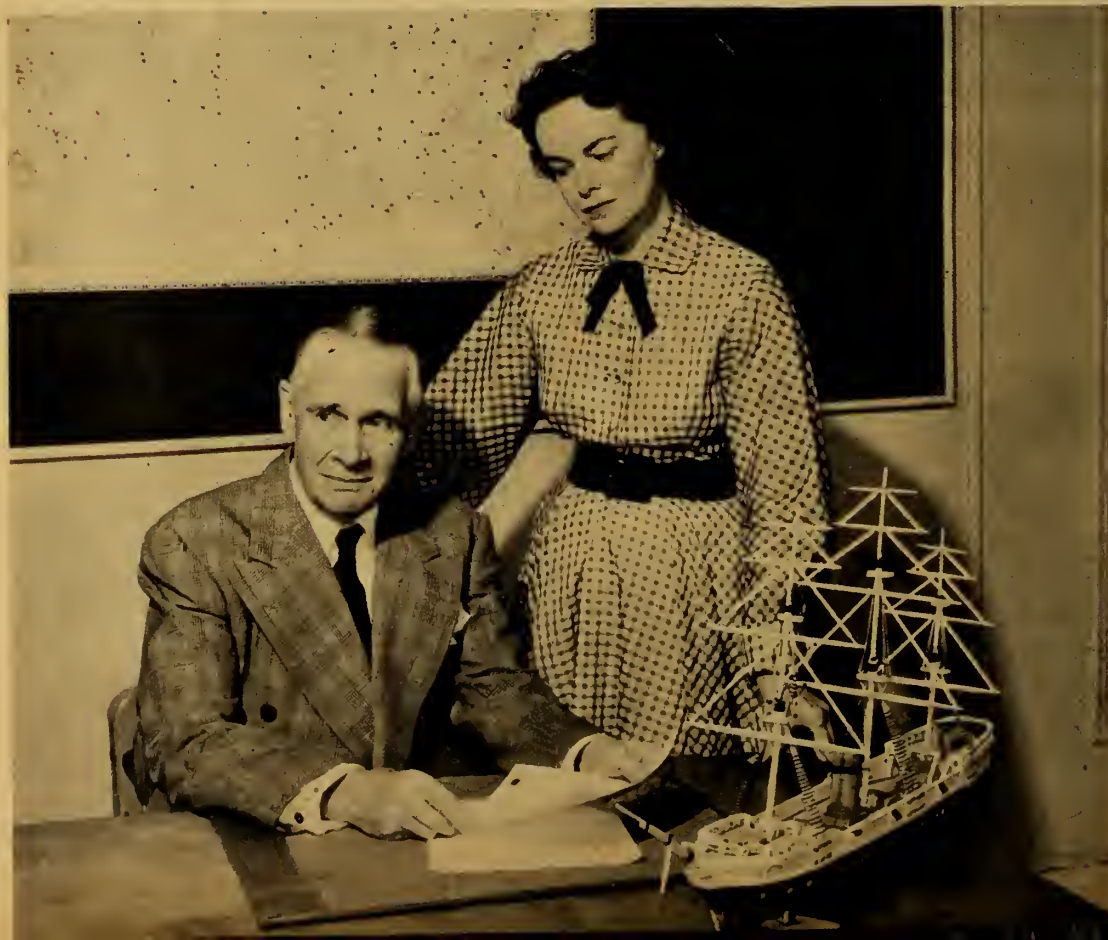
firmly set his foot on a path which is sure to lead him to trouble, and more trouble. For, in trying to clean up his fortunes rapidly by getting Catherine to marry him, Lucius is playing with fire. . . . Doubly ironic, in this situation, is the fact—which Lucius soon discovers—that the mysterious man who caused him to speed up his attempt at a stock killing, is none other than Walter Baker, Mary's neighbor. Walter's wife had been nagging him to buy stock from Lucius and, innocently enough, Walter had gone to Lucius' home, met his man servant William, and merely forgotten to leave his name. Mary is reluctant to let Walter invest his meager savings, but Lucius is not one to pass up a dollar. Torn between relief and amusement at William's super-caution, which led him to these desperate lengths, Lucius reconciles himself that all will come out well for him in the end. He gives Mary the stock to deliver to Walter Baker and is ready to forget the incident. . . . Meanwhile, Mary makes a killing in the stock market—with the money from the

See Next Page →

BACKSTAGE WIFE

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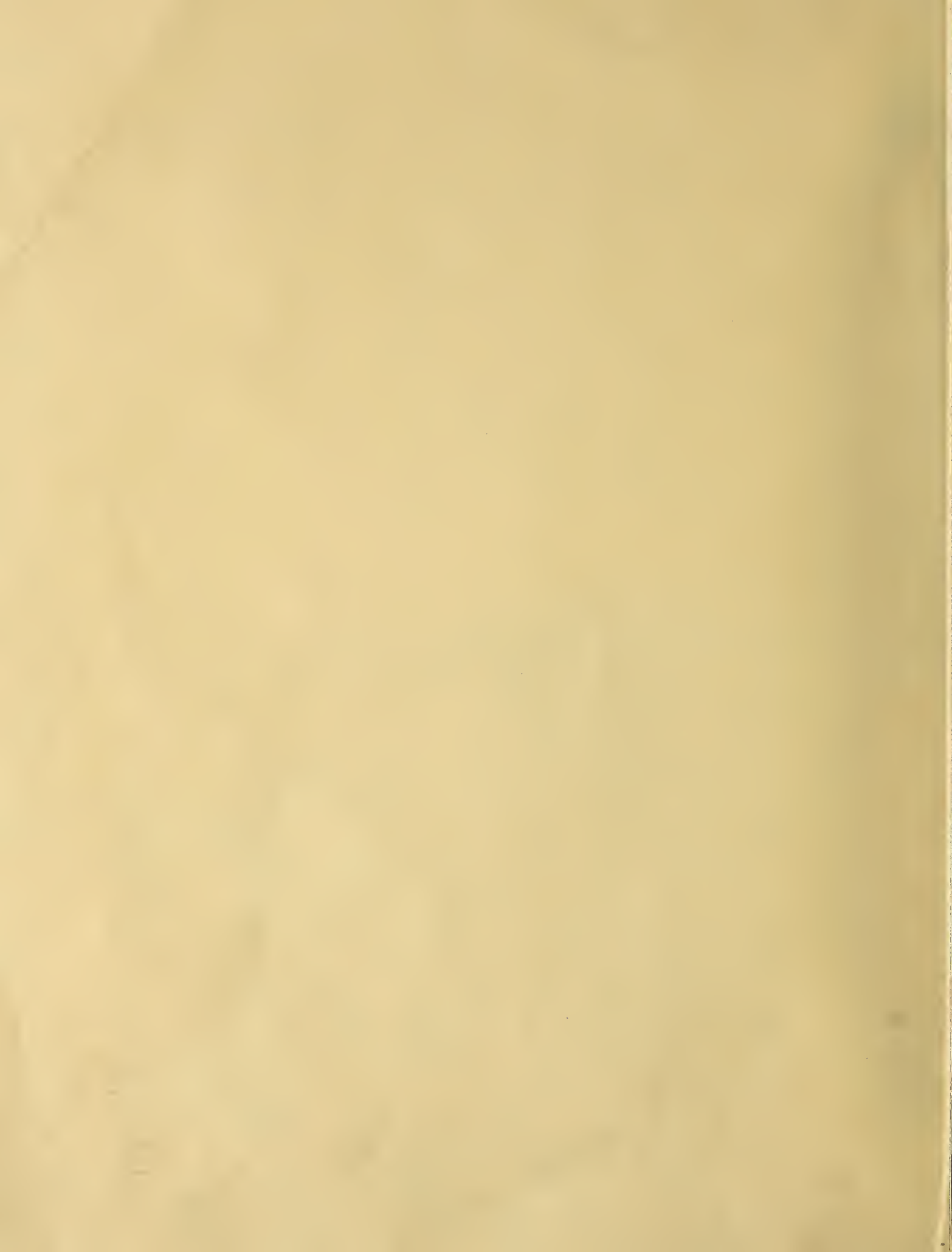
8. Elise watches enviously as Larry lights Dolores' cigarette backstage. Will Elise be successful in breaking up Larry's marriage to Mary? And Dolores—will her scheme for revenge work?

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Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Mary Noble.....	Claire Niesen
Larry Noble.....	James Meighan
Lucius Brooks.....	Horace Braham
Elise Shephard.....	Andrea Wallace
Roy Shephard.....	Arthur Maitland
Walter Baker.....	Bernard Burke
Florence Baker.....	Elizabeth Council
Tom Bryson.....	C. S. Webster
Catherine Carlisle.....	Katherine Anderson
Dolores Martinez.....	Sarah Burton
William.....	Arnold Robertson

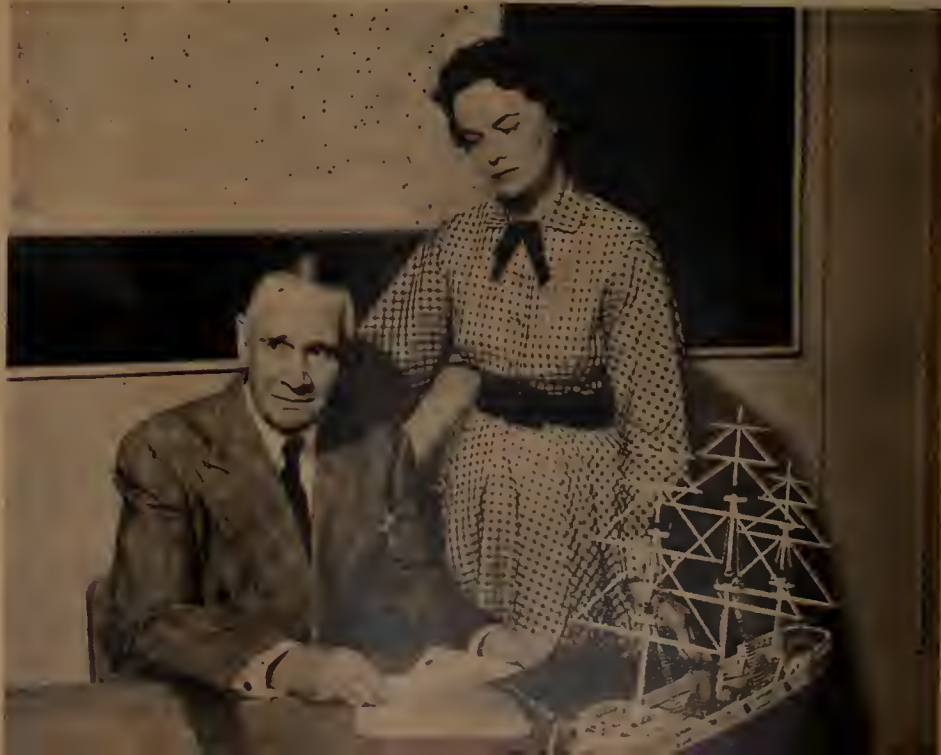
Backstage Wife is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 4 P.M. EST. It is sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer.



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William.....	Arnold Robertson

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Evah's last birthday party



For Evah, there had to be enough gifts for a life-span of birthdays—and there were. Walt Framer, producer of *Strike It Rich*, shows her that there's even a gentle little pony!

Stairway of stars: Warren, Bozo the Clown, Nancy Steele, Iris Lynn, Connie Mavis, Hollis Burke, Jan August, Robin Morgan, Walt Framer. At right, Evah's mother holds a doll as Gloria DeHaven helps Evah open other gifts.



Strike It Rich
provides the birthday
for a lifetime which
is all too short



Operation Santa Claus gets off to a good start: Gloria DeHaven, Warren Hull and Bozo the Clown.

By GREGORY MERWIN

A CANCER-STRICKEN little girl, Evah Conley, had a million-dollar birthday party when Warren Hull and producer Walt Framer, of *Strike It Rich*, took upon themselves the heart-rending task of bringing a full measure of happiness into the last weeks of her life. It wasn't Evah's real birthday, but another little girl made it official by lending hers to the six-year-old.

Televiewers throughout the country will remember the appearance of Mrs. Gladys Conley on a Wednesday-night *Strike It Rich*. To Warren Hull

fell the difficult job of interviewing Mrs. Conley, an attractive young mother.

Warren, numb with emotion himself, put his questions gently. He learned, along with the nationwide audience, that Evah had been desperately ill for a year . . . that the malignant growth had spread to many of the girl's vital (*Continued on page 101*)

Strike It Rich, emceed by Warren Hull, is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M.—Wed., 9 P.M.—and heard on NBC Radio, M-F at 11 A.M. All EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive.

“When I grow up”





Now that she's sixteen, Natalie loves her new lipstick . . . the phone . . . and her pets (that's "Gregory Peckwood" perched at left).

Natalie Wood at sixteen is the Pride of Her Family and a typical teenager, to boot

By POLLY TOWNSEND

YOU WOULDN'T THINK a girl who had been a featured motion picture actress since she was seven . . . and a star in films since she was ten . . . and who, at sixteen, had just signed up for a big TV series . . . would give more than a passing thought to the future.

But, like every other teenager in the world, Natalie Wood—blonde, brown-eyed, angel-faced star of TV's new *Pride Of The Family* series—expends a goodly portion of her considerable energies in dreaming of the golden, far-off age "when I grow up."

The really important things in life must wait for that lovely "everything goes" period, she thinks (and tries valiantly, but vainly, to convince her listeners) . . . things like wearing makeup and grownup clothes, playing big, dramatic parts and "being a big, dramatic actress," and thinking—seriously thinking—about Romance.

In the meantime, at (Continued on page 95)

Pride Of The Family, on ABC-TV, Fri., 9 P.M. EST, for Dial Soap, Dial Shampoo, Ipana Toothpaste and Bufferin.



She adores disc-spinning sessions with such friends as Mary, Mary Ann and Olive . . . and her kid sister—though Lana, at seven, is much more interested in doing sums than dreaming of "dates."





Maria with Murray Matheson in "I Am Jonathan Scrivener."

MARIA RIVA, daughter of Marlene Dietrich, is a CBS-TV star in her own right. Maria came to this country from Berlin when she was six (she was born December 13, 1924) and received her elementary education from private tutors. At fifteen, she entered the Max Reinhardt Academy to study acting. Following her graduation, Maria remained at the academy as a teacher of acting and directing. She directed some fifteen plays, acted in some forty-three during those years. She transferred her teaching talents to the Geller Workshop (she's one of its founders) in Los Angeles, then decided to come to New York—where, during the war years, she played in a Broadway production with Tallulah Bankhead. Later she joined the USO to entertain the soldiers in Germany and Italy in the play, "The Front Page." Shortly after the war, she entered television and became one of the first to be signed by any major network as an exclusive star. Maria is married to William Riva and has two sons—John Michael, five, and John Peter, three.



BETTY FURNESS is the lady who gives the Westinghouse commercials on *Studio One*. Betty started out professionally as a motion picture actress—made some thirty-five pictures in all. Today, she is one of the best-known TV commercial announcers.

who's who

STUDIO ONE.



Felicia with James Daly in "Along Came a Spider."

FELICIA MONTEALEGRE is the classically beautiful girl who frequently plays on *Studio One* and who, in real life, is the wife of the young conductor-composer Léonard Bernstein. Felicia made her professional stage debut in her native Santiago, Chile. When she came to America, she was determined to succeed on the New York stage and enrolled in the New School, where she studied everything pertaining to the theatre. Her first stage appearance was at the Provincetown Playhouse in "Five Years Pass." From little-theatre work, she gradually made her way to the famed Broadway theatrical section and played in "Swan Song." These days it is but a step from the theatre to television and, once she was spotted by NBC television producer Worthington Miner as a likely prospect for the TV cameras, Felicia began working for all the major dramatic productions. Besides *Studio One*, she's been in *Ford Theatre*, *Philco Playhouse* and *Suspense* productions. Believing in making good use of her "leisure time," she also plays in summer stock, where she has gained tremendous amounts of dramatic experience.

in TELEVISION

a gathering place of local charm and talent



Richard with June Dayton in "They Came to Baghdad."

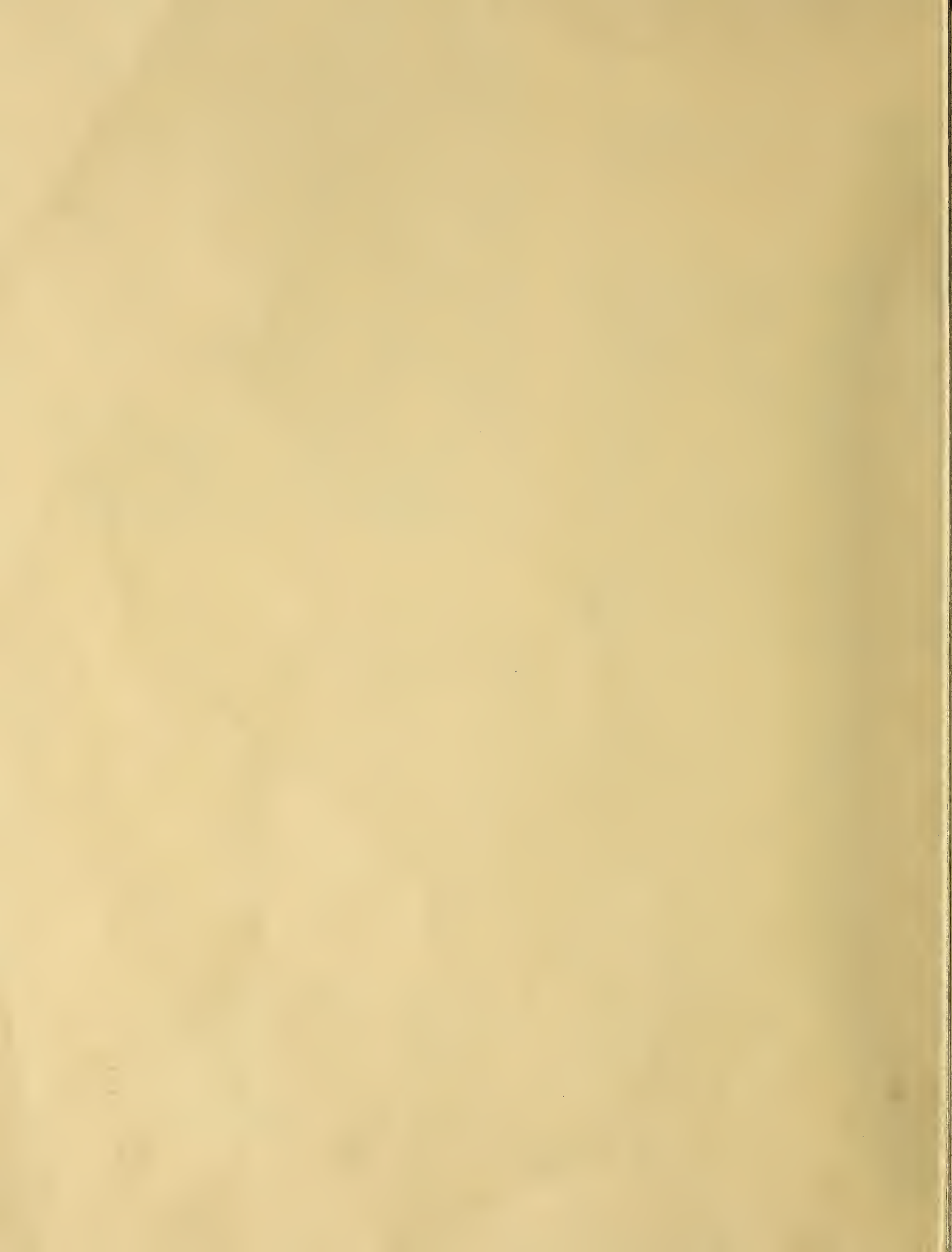
RICHARD KILEY, handsome dark-haired young star of many a TV drama, was born in Chicago and, while still attending Loyola University, made up his mind to be an actor. He won a scholarship to the Barnum Dramatic School in the Windy City and, to support himself during those days, auditioned for and played a number of roles in daytime dramas. In 1943 he joined the Navy, became an aerial gunnery instructor—an occupation which lasted a full three years. After the war, he was in the national company of "A Streetcar Named Desire." Meanwhile, he met a charming girl and married her. Today, he has two sons and a daughter. He first attracted attention on TV when he starred in the title role of "The Champion," for the *Robert Montgomery Show*, June 5, 1950. Since then, he's played on almost every major dramatic show. In between times, Richard appears in summer stock, makes motion pictures (he's been in "The Mob," "Eight Iron Men" and "The Sniper"), does Broadway shows. One of his best *Studio One* plays was "Flowers From a Stranger."



Fletcher Markle congratulates John for his fine acting.

JOHN FORSYTHE is the handsome young man who always gets the girl, be it on *Studio One*, *Danger*, or *Suspense*. Born in Pennsgrove, N. J., January 29, 1918, John didn't mean to get into the theatre at all—he thought that was "sissy stuff." At college, he went in for sports (basketball and baseball were his specialties) and, after college, was a public-address announcer for the Brooklyn Dodgers. He liked this work and thought radio was his field. He was right. He did a series of daytime dramas and then toured the country with a children's theatre. When he returned, he looked for work on Broadway, got it in a series of plays. He entered the Army Air Force and, during the war, met and married Julie Warren, former musical-comedy actress. After discharge, he went into TV, then played the lead in "Mr. Roberts" when Henry Fonda left the Broadway run of that play. He sails a seventeen-foot Comet, paints in oils, and loves teaching anything and everything to his son Dall, 9, and his daughter Page, 2. His ambition is to direct and produce plays and let others act in them.

Studio One is seen on CBS-TV. Mon., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation.





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This has been a Sterling year: First, in June, Jack's marriage to Barbara (his once-upon-a-time secretary).

It couldn't happen to



Second Sterling event, in August: Jack's new show, *Make Up Your Mind*, with panelists and guest psychologists.

*Luck's been a lady to
Jack Sterling—and everything's
going to be all right*

By GLADYS HALL

HE WAS a three months' bridegroom, the day I talked with Jack Sterling in his smart modern office—complete with pictures of the bride—at CBS in New York.

"Everything nice that can happen to a person has happened to me," Jack was saying. "Barbara. Our marriage last June. My new panel show, *Make Up Your Mind*—which, since it made its network debut over CBS Radio on Monday morning, August 17, is now, I hope a going concern."

And everything nice (Continued on page 103)

Jack emcees *Make Up Your Mind*, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M., for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cup Cakes, and is ring-master of *Sealtest Big Top*, CBS-TV, Sat., 12 noon. *Jack Sterling Show*, on WCBS, Mon. through Sat., 5:30 A.M. All EST.



At home: Jack's proud of his cooking skill.

Honeymoon: Barbara dodged horses in Bermuda!



a nicer guy!

When a Girl Marries

How much should a woman risk to save her happiness?

JOAN DAVIS could hardly believe her eyes as she and Harry and the rest of the courtroom audience looked at Clair O'Brien. There were the brief moments of her entrance—dramatic, intense, electrified moments—and then suddenly Clair slumped to the floor in a dead faint. Joan thought back over the past action-packed year and sighed heavily . . . Clair had always signified trouble for Joan and, now that they all knew the reason for it, Clair was once again refusing to help herself and would probably cause them all still more anguish! There had been the trouble that Joan had gone through with her mother when her mother was hinting heavily that Harry and Clair, his secretary, were having an affair. Harry, innocent, faithful husband who had stood by so staunchly all through Joan's disappearance in France, would have been horrified to know the extent to which Joan's heart had been torn by her mother's constant accusations. Then had come the assault by Clair on Harry's heart when she had

thought the news of Joan's death in France was true. And last—and perhaps the most devastating damage of all—had been Clair's disappearance, which had placed an innocent woman in the position of defending herself from a murder charge! Surely, Clair must be made to see that her actions were not those of a woman in full possession of her faculties, not the actions of an emotionally or physically well person. . . . With her quick mind, Joan Davis realized all these things, and yet her heart hesitated. Clair's instability stemmed from a brain tumor, and as long as the pressure persisted she would remain this unpredictable, unhappy woman, grasping at things which were beyond reach, behaving badly under any kind of emotional strain. Once the pressure was removed, Clair's chances of blossoming into a wonderful woman were almost unsurpassed—for basically Clair had talent, ability to use her brain, everything a career woman could want. But, of course, there was the danger. In anything so

When A Girl Marries, ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST; written by LeRoy Bailey; sponsored M, W and F by Durkee Famous Foods.

Looking at Clair, watching her own husband's solicitude, Joan wondered what the final decision would be.



When a Girl Marries



Come what may, Joan thought, it's good to have the comfort of Harry's arms.

delicate as the balance of the mind, there was always danger . . . and Joan was filled with self-doubt as she thought of urging Clair to make a decision which placed her in the shadow of death. Joan knew, too, that in her heart she hoped Clair would have the operation because she was confident that even Clair's attentions to Harry would cease, once she looked upon her infatuation in the cold light of sanity and the rather sizable fact that Harry was a married man. "Can any human being ever tell another what is good for him?" Joan thought desperately. "Am I right, is Harry right, in urging Clair to take this major step—perhaps to change her personality for life, perhaps even endanger her very existence?" Joan was lucky, for she didn't have to voice these thoughts aloud to Harry. He seemed to understand her suffering since Clair had come back into her life. There was comfort in the way he held her in his arms, comfort in his deep, reassuring voice when he spoke of even the most casual things in their life. . . . It was wonderful to have the love of a man like Harry! Joan smiled to herself when she thought of all the objections her mother had made about Harry—he wasn't good enough for her, he would never be on the same social level, he just wasn't the type of man for *her* daughter. Perhaps all these things had been superficially true, Joan thought, but Harry's strength, his good character, his gentleness, his understanding, were the things that Joan had married him for—things which he now gave freely when she needed them most. Only time would be able to answer the question of Clair . . . what Clair's final decision would be must come later and, in the meantime, all Joan could do was grasp and hold tight the faith which she had in the old axiom that this trouble, too, would pass away and the future would resolve the problems one way or another.

Pictured here, as heard on the air in their original roles, are:

Joan Davis Mary Jane Highy
Harry Davis John Raby
Clair O'Brien Anzie Strickland



This is the exceptionally beautiful ring—a brilliant-cut diamond—that Marion Benton Thomas of Ocala, Florida, has worn since May



She's Engaged to Harrison Givens, Jr. of New York. Now, by letter and phone, they are excitedly making last minute plans for their wedding in Florida, and for their home in New York. Marion, who is an accomplished pianist, is going to continue her studies for the concert stage after she marries.

She's Lovely—with the shining dark hair, the clear, fine complexion that give her the coveted description—"a true southern belle."

She uses Pond's—"I discovered that nothing makes my skin as thoroughly deep-down clean as a good *creaming* every night," Marion says. "Pond's Cold Cream does *wonderful* things for my skin!"

Marion, like so many girls today, began using Pond's Cold Cream in college

"Clearer, finer— that's how your skin can look — almost overnight!" *Marion says*

The real cause of dull, "pore-y" skin is hidden dirt. Dirt that goes deep into your pore-openings, *hardens*—encouraging blackheads, large pores.

Pond's Cold Cream is unusually effective at clearing off deeper dirt that less efficient cleansings just skim over.

This famous cream is specifically designed to soften and *lift out* the destructive dirt that sticks in pore openings. Each Pond's Cold Creaming cleanses

deep-down . . . makes your skin look fresher, smoother, finer in texture.

Quick, easy, sure beauty care

1. *Every night*—circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream *up* and *out* from throat to forehead. This circle-cleansing releases embedded dirt. It stimulates lazy circulation. Tissue off *well*. 2. Now, "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off *lightly*—leaving invisible traces of the cream to soften and protect your skin.



The cause of coarsened, drab, pore-dotted skin is very apt to be unsuspected embedded dirt



Pond's Cold Cream softens and *floats out* embedded dirt—leaves skin clearer right away

"Don't forget—a Pond's Cold Creaming every night!" Marion says. Get Pond's Cold Cream today in the *large* jar. It's nicer to dip into, and compared with the smaller jars, you will average *a third more* cream for your money!

No Mr. Schnook Is Dennis Day

(Continued from page 55)

younger brother, Dr. James Vincent McNulty, is wed to actress Ann Blyth, there are no bachelors left in the vast McNulty clan.

Patrick and Mary McNulty raised five boys—of whom Eugene Denis was the second—and one daughter, and have seen all married. Their brood of seventeen grandchildren—“When the family gets together, there’s a lotta squallin’,” is the way Dennis puts it—is, they hope, only the beginning.

Dennis himself has been happily married for more than five years to the former Peggy Almqvist, is the father of four children, Patrick, five, Eugene Denis, Jr. four, Michael, three, and Mary Margaret, just a year old.

“We finally got our girl,” Dennis sighs, relieved, but with no indication that his and Peggy’s determined contribution to the expansion of the McNulty dynasty is at an end.

The family lives in a big (necessarily), mellowed, New Englishish white frame house, with green shutters and green gardens to match, where Peggy (no nurses for the McNultys) cares personally for her wiggling brood, runs the household with the help of one servant. Dennis is slightly aggrieved that his high-pressure work schedule cheats him out of the garden chores, which he loves. They employ a professional gardener. But, on Dennis’ rare days off and during his brief summer respite from the radio-TV-picture grind, Dennis putters blissfully around the place, spray-painting the garden furniture, repairing the diving board in the swimming pool, cutting back the tangle of vines on the back hillside which are “awfully pretty” but also awfully poison-ivyish.

The pool is intricately fenced off from the other grounds against the danger of wandering small fry, a precaution which is increasingly unnecessary.

Three-year-old Michael already swims and dives like an Olympic hopeful, and Patrick, though still in the dog-paddle stage, remains efficiently afloat. Even Mickey, the cocker spaniel, is an enthusiastic swimmer. And Mary Margaret looks on enviously, trying hard to grow up fast, so she can get in the swim, too. Denis, the only one of the children with any apprehension about the pool, is—curiously enough—the only “water bug” in the family. He has a phobia for turning on hoses and sprinklers, with the result that the gardens have been flooded once or twice and the faucet keys are now on hooks high and out of reach, for keeps.

Most of the McNultys’ friends know of young Denis’ fixation—including new Auntie Ann, whom the whole clan visited soon after the Jim McNultys returned from their honeymoon.

The grownups were having tea inside, the children romping in the garden, when Dennis heard a familiar sound.

“Denny’s turned your sprinkler on,” he told his hostess.

“He couldn’t,” said Ann. “I hid all the keys.”

“He’s found ’em,” his father replied confidently. It was true. The back yard was awash.

Family gatherings of this kind are characteristic of the McNultys’ social life. The clan is an extremely harmonious group, and they like to get together, although on holiday occasions like Thanksgiving and Christmas, when it’s a whole-family affair, even the elder McNultys’ enormous dining-room table, working two shifts—children first, grownups later, in peace—is strained when all the kith and

kin gather ’round to celebrate the season. Mother McNulty is never happier than when she has her whole brood within turkey-passing distance. Incidentally, for the record, no lady wrestler is she.

Followers of Dennis’ TV shows know her for what she is, a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced Irish-born lady. She made three appearances on her son’s program last season. First, with her husband on the eve of their departure for a visit to their native Ireland; again, on Mother’s Day, this time alone; finally, with father Patrick McNulty, Ann Blyth and brother Jim on the eve of the James McNultys’ wedding.

TV viewers are growing practically as fond of Mother McNulty as her family and friends. Radio fans, however, still write to ask if Dennis’ “mother” on the Benny show is really his mother, and Mary McNulty’s cronies still kid her unmercifully about it. She takes it in stride, having had all these years to get used to it, and Dennis actually is pleased. He is flattered that he and Verna Felton, his radio “mother,” have been able to make their wildly conceived characters that believable.

With his work, which he loves, and his family and his home, which he loves even more, Dennis has very little time for making the society columns. He and Peggy do their entertaining at home, go out chiefly only to the homes of the family and close friends. It is a rare occasion indeed when a news photographer can get a snap of the attractive young couple in any of the night spots. Sometimes it happens. When relatives from the East come to town—as hordes of them do, most recently for the Blyth-McNulty wedding—Dennis conceals his antipathy for night life long enough “to show them the places we never go to.” But, even for the visiting firemen, Dennis is happier to be hospitable on his home grounds. On the afternoon after Brother Jim’s wedding, for instance, some twenty-five of the out-of-town guests “dropped in” at the Days’ Mandeville Canyon house. While the unexpected but very welcome throng cooled off in the pool, Peggy whipped together a buffet supper which would have done credit to a caterer.

Dennis’ family and friends are not the only people who have access to his strictly limited free time. He is extremely active in the affairs of Corpus Christi Catholic parish; he has even gone so far as to attend a couple of parents’ meetings at the nursery school attended by the two older boys.

The character of substantial citizen is not, however, quite complete. As Dennis will tell you, he is “the only Irishman not in politics.” And he has no ambitions in that direction. He found out during his World War II naval officers’ training that there are three danger areas to avoid. “A naval officer,” he found out, “never discusses religion, politics—or women.”

Probably in no area of his life does the real Dennis Day veer farther from his patsy (or “schnook”) characterization than in his business affairs. The dumb kid who cuts Jack Benny’s grass for a quarter is really pretend. Dennis’ business and financial sagacity are legendary in Hollywood—more legendary, perhaps, than that of the “parsimonious” Mr. Benny himself.

Soon after he clicked on the Benny show—he was still in his early twenties—he purchased (“sentimentally,” he says) three apartment houses in the Bronx section of New York where he was raised. They’ve been a gold mine. When he got his own radio show, soon after his discharge from the Navy, he invested some of the extra money in a chain of restau-

rants, which is prospering. His real triumph, though, came with his decision to form his own company to produce his own TV shows. Professionals who had “had it” warned him against it. It might look like a good deal, they said, but all the profits would evaporate in the necessary expenses. “Remember,” they said, “you’ll have to hire writers, a director, actors. You’ll need a rehearsal hall, scenic studios, prop rooms, offices . . . and, even if you could rent space in one of the studios for all that, the gravy would all go down the drain for transportation, lugging all the stuff to El Capitan Theatre (where the show goes on each Friday) and then lugging it all back again.”

They couldn’t scare Dennis Day. He bought a building right around the corner from El Capitan (costly, since this is in the high-realty-value center of Hollywood), converted the front half into three modern store rooms. The stores, now rented and thriving, are paying off the investment in the building, and behind them—humming with activity—are Dennis’ free rehearsal halls, scenic studios, prop rooms and offices.

Next year, he plans to lick the transportation hurdle—by buying his own fleet of trucks.

That’s the “two-headed kid” from the Benny show.

Dennis himself is inclined to pooh-pooh his business successes. “Remember,” he says, “I was a chump in oil.” He did invest in a series of four “dry holes,” along with other oil-hopeful actors, but friends who have watched his progress over the years declare this venture simply accentuates the positive results of all his other projects.

All sorts of hurdles, which prove too much for his competitors, melt before Dennis’ determination. Bonzo, the famous chimp, gave several top actors a rough time last season. On Dennis’ show, she was sweet and tractable—even though her trainer did have to coax her down from a 400-foot elevation in the flies five minutes before curtain time.

“She liked me,” Dennis admits, “probably because chimps are like children, and I get along with children.”

For whatever reason, Dennis can get along with chimps. But no chimp, child, or chump is he. His financial statements prove that. So does the healthy 31.6 rating his program stacked up last season. Next year, when he hopes to do his show on film (“Less pressure, better product”), he is confident that he will improve on that.

The Dr. Jekyll in Dennis Day, it would seem, has the upper hand over his Mr. Schnook.

But Mr. Schnook survives. Nobody quite believes that it is all an act. Even Jack Benny. At the fashionable Blyth-McNulty wedding reception, Jack took one look at Dennis in the receiving line, noted the morning coat and striped trousers Dennis had worn for his role as his brother’s best man—and, as Dennis describes it, “fell down laughing.”

“Oh, no,” Jack cried, “the two-headed kid—in that get-up!”

Actually, Dennis looked handsome and dignified, as befitted the serious occasion. But he understood Jack’s incredulity.

“Felt a little silly myself,” he admitted later. Fortunately, he has run out of bachelor brothers, for—take his word for it—he “will never get into one of those dang monkey suits again” in his life.

But wouldn’t it be a shame to have such finery collecting dust and moth-holes in the closet?

He doesn’t have to worry about that, Dennis explains. It turns out he rented it.

Stardust of Twenty Years

(Continued from page 53)

physically. The physical avoidpoups, a mere 303 pounds, didn't bother Pops—but it did bother titian-tressed beauty Margaret Livingston.

Margaret was a popular, sought-after actress, and Pops had the temerity to court her. With all four chins jiggling, he asked her to marry and give up her career.

Pops was a wonderful man, good-natured, a brilliant musician and, underneath it all, a handsome man. Margaret said, in effect, "It's only a question of what you love better, food or me?"

Pops did the impossible. He lost 150 pounds and won the fair lady's hand.

Jane Froman was another of White-man's finds. Today, Jane dazzles you on television with her charm and beauty, but in those days it was different. She was shy, painfully shy. Pops got Jane her first radio broadcast and, noting the beauty that matched her voice, suggested she make personal appearances.

Jane wouldn't do it. She would sing, but not in front of people or a camera. She would sing to a microphone, but she wouldn't read lines. She refused to show up at a studio when her part called for her to read a script. And then a New York columnist heard of it and wrote, "Poor Jane Froman—her unfortunate drawback, her terrible handicap, will ruin her career."

Jane read the paper and got furious. She drove to the studio, stammered out her demand for the scripts and proceeded to read her lines perfectly.

This early act of courage comes as no surprise now. Almost everyone knows of her bravery after the plane crash that nearly took her life. Jane underwent

twenty operations—and five years in a hospital bed—to get back on her feet. And, when someone remarked she couldn't do a video show with her new handicap, a leg in braces—well, you know the answer. Just turn on your TV set.

There was another show in those days so popular and so loved that the House of Representatives once adjourned so the congressmen wouldn't miss it. A U. S. Senator even ran for re-election and won by styling himself as "The Kingfish." That show, of course, was and is *Amos 'n' Andy*.

Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) was forty-three then, and Charles J. Correll (Andy) was thirty-three. Their show today is one of radio's classics and TV's delights. The reason is simple.

Their secretary told of how the men worked. Whether a script took an hour or a day to put together, she could overhear them sweating out loud. Then, as now, they lived the trials and tribulations of every character in the plot. Many times, in the outer office, she actually believed *Madame Queen and Lightnin'* and the others were real people in the room. *Amos 'n' Andy* has never been less than a show based on honesty.

Comedy was just coming into its own twenty years ago, making a real dent in the many hours of broadcast music. If Jack Benny were really thirty-nine, he would have been nineteen then. But he was somewhat older—he already had years of experience in vaudeville. After his first radio broadcast, a one-shot with Ed Sullivan, he said, "A comedian can't go on week after week. There aren't that many jokes."

But Jack did, and today he's an institution. Then, as today, he was one of

the most generous men in the business, contrary to his comedy routines. He gave credit for his rising popularity to his writer, and his writer was the highest-paid in the business. While other male components of a husband-wife team put their hard-working wives on allowances, Jack gave Mary Livingstone an outright salary.

Mary and Jack had been married six years, and Mary had one fear. She was afraid Jack would be picked up for kidnapping. He was always stopping on the streets to play with a child or buy candy for a gang. The Bennys couldn't have children and they wanted to adopt one, but their life in vaudeville was insecure. When Jack got his first contract for a whole year on radio, Mary went to Chicago and adopted a little girl. That was in 1935. Joan is a lovely brunette of nineteen today.

Mary's close friend, Gracie Allen, was on that trip, too. Georgie had wanted a boy but, naturally, Gracie won. And was Gracie any different in those days? Judge for yourself. In explaining how to keep a husband happy, she recommended surprises, like her surprise layer cake. She mixed the batter blindfolded and, when Georgie cut into the cake, he would be surprised to find cuff links and old razor blades that had been missing for days. She told of keeping Georgie interested by hiding the telephone so that when it rang they could play hot and cold together. But this was for laughs. The Burns-Allen marriage is an enduring one, and their acceptance of family responsibility came out after their adoption of Sandra. They immediately set up a half-million dollar trust fund for Sandra and the second child they were to adopt. They started it

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November

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November

True Story

Magazine

At Newsstands Everywhere

off with \$35,000 and, since their success has continued for the past two decades, it's a sure bet the fund has grown to full size.

You can't talk about children without thinking of the man who starred in Sunday's choice hour. At 8:00 P.M., the entire country chanted, "We want Cantor. We want Cantor."

Eddie, although one of the big names, would cut out any big yak in his script if it offended an occupational or minority group. But he never had any qualms about kidding himself.

"Mention the name of any girl," he said, "and there's a Cantor to fit it."

Now a grandfather several times over, Eddie hung a placard over his wife's bed when she was lying in for their fifth child. The card read simply, "Boy Wanted." Of course, their fifth and last child was another girl.

Family was everything to Eddie. One of their daughters was born in New York while Eddie was working in Chicago. Eddie was near-frantic to see the baby. Ida, understanding this, hopped a train and took the baby to him.

Eddie was always telling stories about his kids. There was the time Janet had been scolded and crawled under a bed. She wouldn't come out. Eddie came home and crawled under with her. Janet asked, "Is Mama after you, too?"

Listeners hardly stirred from their sets after the Cantor show, for shortly afterward were heard the dynamic newscasts of Walter Winchell. And WW whizzed, wowed and whammed them in those days, too. The Broadway columnist was scooping and predicting with the same fervor and accuracy as he does today. He was the first to announce the approaching birth of the Lindberghs' ill-fated child, and later came up with regular scoops during the pursuit of the kidnapper. And then, as now, Walter was just as pre-occupied with charitable drives as he was with Broadway gossip.

One of the choice bits of conjecture in those days that no one, including Winchell, passed up was the Ozzie Nelson—Harriet Hilliard romance. The very first issue of RM said, "It's just a matter of time before Harriet and Ozzie make a Mister-Missus tie-up." It turned out to be a matter of weeks, months—a couple of years.

Ozzie was the sweetheart of thousands of girls, and Harriet the dream girl of the boys. Ozzie led a popular dance orchestra and Harriet was the vocalist. When they sang love songs, the throb was there and they cast long, ardent glances at each other.

"We're not getting married," Harriet insisted. "This is a lot of nonsense."

But Harriet turned down an offer from the "Ziegfeld Follies" just to remain with the band.

"It's a lot of silly talk about our getting married," Ozzie said. "I'm just her bandleader."

And, every few months, RM asked: Will they or won't they? The romantic pair insisted they wouldn't. And finally—when everyone was beginning to believe them—they did.

"A romantic proposal?" Harriet grimaced at the time. "We were dead on our feet after a one-night stand, and Ozzie said, 'I think I've got enough money now. Let's get married.'"

Today, they and their teen-aged children put on one of the greatest family shows in radio and TV.

There was another girl singer, as glamorous but not as famous as Harriet, in those days. She sang with the "Vagabond Lover"—Rudy Vallee, natch—and the gorgeous blonde was Alice Faye. She hadn't met her husband Phil Harris yet, but he was apparently quite a dreamboat himself.

One of the feature stories in the first issue of RM was about the "wavy-haired maestro with the faraway blue eyes, cleft chin and the come-hither voice." To boot, Phil was billed as "The Darling of the Debbies."

He and Alice were to travel alternate routes to stardom before they married in 1941, but their marriage has resulted in greater popularity than ever and two lovely daughters.

It's downright amazing, finding our stars of today in the chronicles of yesteryears. There's an RM picture of Milton Berle in boxing trunks, and the picture is captioned: "Berle defends his gags"—and he's still defending them. (He co-starred with Harry Richman on Sunday evenings.) The Fred Waring aggregation was just as big in size and popularity on those Sundays. Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* was coming out of Chicago. Fred Allen was laughing up the airwaves and even then had that crinkly twitch of flesh below his eyes—he led a quiet life with his wife, Portland Hoffa, just as he does now, and had a passion for derbies.

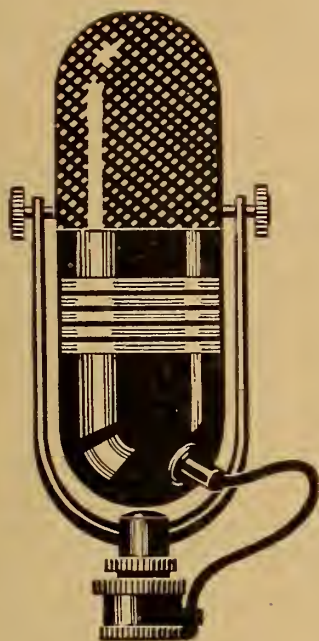
There were quite a few others around, too: Drew Pearson, Al Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Walter O'Keefe, Morton Downey, Lanny Ross and Lowell Thomas. A dazzling brunette named Dorothy Lamour sang three times a week out of Chicago—but she, of course, only makes guest appearances now with Bob Hope. (Hope? He was a member of a morning party, called *The Atlantic Gang*.)

And, when you see the names of all those giants of radio and video in old copies of RADIO MIRROR, you begin to doubt whether twenty years have passed. Just about the only big name missing is Godfrey's. Well, there's no one bigger today than Arthur. That brings it home. Maybe twenty years have really passed.



The Jordans as Fibber McGee and Molly—20 years ago.

Sunday



Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Pacific Standard Time.

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	U.N. Is My Beat Keester AF Base Chorus	Back To God	Light And Life Hour	8:35 Invitation To Learning
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Sammy Kaye Eternal Light	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	College Choir Message Of Israel	Latin American Story Howard K. Smith Bill Costello, News
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Mind Your Manners University Of Chicago Round Table	News Sunday Favorites Lutheran Hour	News Gloria Parker National Vespers	Adventures In Science UN On Record Christy Fox Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	The Catholic Hour Music For Relaxation Elmo Roper	Frank & Ernest Featured Artists Across The Blue Pacific	Marines In Review Time Capsule	String Serenade N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	Critic At Large Youth Brings You Music	News Bill Cunningham	Christian In Action	
12:30 12:45	Trans-Atlantic Briefing	BBC Bandstand	Dr. Oral Roberts	
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		Guy Lombardo Andre Kostelanetz 1:55 News	Revival Hour	The World Today, Don Hollenbeck Symphonette
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45		The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Voice Of Prophecy Greatest Story Ever Told	Music Shirley Thomas
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Bob Considine Meet The Veep Music By Mantovani	Nick Carter Squad Room 3:55 Cecil Brown	Billy Graham Herald Of Truth	Syncopation Piece
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Where In The World	News, Van Deventer Music	Church In The Home Wings Of Healing	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ed Haaker Top Story	Reviewing Stand Sunday Symphony	American Music Hall	Bing Crosby Newsroom: Sunday Desk

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Six Shooter	News Pentagon Report Music	Walter Winchell Taylor Grant, News Call Me Freedom	Hallmark Playhouse Escape
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jason & The Golden Fleece	Little Symphonies Down You Go 7:55 News	Chet Huntley Paulene Carter This Week Around The World	Gene Autry Show The Whistler
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	John Kirby & Co. Standard Hour	Twenty Questions Sounding Board	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey What's The Name Of That Song?	Our Miss Brooks My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Standard Hour (cont.) Meet The Press	News Dance Orchestra Chicago Theatre	UN Dramatic Show Science Editor Alistair Cooke	The World Dances Jack Benny
10:00 10:15 10:30	News Captain's Table Statler Hotel Orchestra	Music	Paul Harvey George Sokolsky News 10:35 Dance Orchestra	

Monday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Bible Institute	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
9:00 9:15		Record Rhapsody Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Thy Neighbor's Voice Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Modern Romances Paging The Judge	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News Cedric Foster Hughes Reel United Nations	Paul Harvey Sam Hayes Art & Dotty Todd	Local Program Hilltop House Art Linkletter
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman in My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serenade Ted Malone Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News	Betty Crocker 2:05 Jack's Place	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00	Welcome Travelers			Ruth Ashton, News 3:05 Robert Q. Lewis 3:10 Story's Back- yard Off Ballance
3:15 3:30 3:45	Ev'ry Day Dial Dave Garroway		Jack Owens 3:55 Betty Crocker	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Sports Daily 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Big Jon And Sparkie Elmer Davis	Philip Norman Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Voice Of Firestone	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Fleetwood Lawton Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today Frank Goss

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Music From London	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	John Vandercook Bill Stern Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner	Lux Theatre
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Fibber McGee & Molly Henry Cassidy, News 7:35 Stars From Paris	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Lone Ranger 7:25 News Henry J. Taylor News	Walk A Mile Godfrey's Talent Scouts
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World Railroad Hour	Let George Do It Under Arrest	Bob Edge Sammy Kaye Hollywood Love Story Mike Malloy	Suspense Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Surprise Serenade	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. Reporters' Roundup 9:55 Titus Moody	Celebrity Table	Boulah Junior Miss Philip Norman
10:00	News	Baukhage Talking	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 ABC Late News Ebony & Ivory Valentino Sport Roundup	
10:15 10:30 10:45	Tiffany Club Time Music, Biltmore Hotel	Frank Edwards Eddie Fisher Inside Russia		

Tuesday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Haven Of Rest	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind
9:00 9:15		Record Rhapsody Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Thy Neighbor's Voice Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Modern Romances Paging The Judge	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

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12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News Cedric Foster Hughes Reel United Nations	Paul Harvey Sam Hayes Art & Dotty Todd	Local Program Hilltop House Art Linkletter
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serenade Ted Malone Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News	Beth Holland 2:05 Jack's Place	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00	Welcome Travelers			Ruth Ashton, News 3:05 Robert Q. Lewis 3:10 Story's Backyard Off Ballance
3:30 3:45	Ev'ry Day Dial Dave Garroway		Jack Owens Beth Holland	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Sports Daily 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Big Jon And Sparkie Elmer Davis	Philip Norman Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Elmer Peterson	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Fleetwood Lawton Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today Frank Goss

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program Cousin Willie	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	John Vandercook Bill Stern Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner	Johnny Dollar Mr. & Mrs. North
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Henry Cassidy, News 7:35 Stan Kenton Concert	That Hammer Guy Music Hall	Starr Of Space 7:25 News Report To The People News	People Are Funny Hollywood Music Hall
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World Eddie Fisher	High Adventure Count Of Monte Cristo	3-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Love Story Mike Malloy	Louella Parsons Dance Band Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet Barrie Craig	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. The Search That Never Ends 9:55 Titus Moody	Town Meeting Christian Science Monitor	Boulah Choraliers Hear The Stars
10:00	News	Baukhage Talking	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 ABC Late News Starlight Roof Valentino Sport Roundup	
10:15 10:30 10:45	Tiffany Club Time Biltmore Orch.	Frank Edwards Crowell's Nest		

Wednesday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Bible Institute	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
9:00 9:15		Record Rhapsody Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Thy Neighbor's Voice Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
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5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Elmer Peterson	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today Frank Goss

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Walk A Mile	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 8:55 Bill Henry	John Vandercook Bill Stern Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner	On Stage Guy Lombardo
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Scarlet Pimpernel Walk A Mile	Family Theatre 7:25 P.M. News Cisco Kid	Lone Ranger 7:25 News Ebony & Ivory News	Dr. Christian Crime Classics
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World The Great Gildersleeve	Treasury Varieties Answers For Americans	3-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Love Story Mike Malloy	FBI In Peace And War Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life Big Story	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. It's Murder 9:55 Titus Moody	George Jessel Show	Beulah Junior Miss Philip Norman
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	News Henry Cassidy, News Hotel Biltmore Orchestra	Baukhage Talking Frank Edwards Crowell's Nest	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 Late News Starlight Roof Valentino Sport Report	

Thursday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Haven Of Rest Record Rhapsody	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
9:00 9:15		Tommy Dorsey Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Garden Guide Thy Neighbor's Voice Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Modern Romances Paging The Judge	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News Cedric Foster Hughes Reel United Nations	Paul Harvey Sam Hayes Art & Dotty Todd	Local Program Hilltop House Art Linkletter
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serenade Ted Malone Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News	Beth Holland Jack's Place	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Ev'ry Day Dial Dave Garroway		Jack Owens 3:55 Beth Holland	Ruth Ashton, News 3:05 Robert Q. Lewis 3:10 Story's Backyard Off Balance
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Sports Daily 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Big Jon And Sparkie Elmer Davis	Philip Norman Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Elmer Peterson	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Fleetwood Lawton Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Eddie Cantor	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	John Vandercook Bill Stern Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner	Meet Mr. McNutley, with Ray Milland Time For Love, with Marlene Dietrich
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Truth Or Consequences	Deadline Enchanted Hour	Starr Of Space 7:25 News Ebony & Ivory News	The American Way— Horace Heidt Rogers Of The Gazette
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World Roy Rogers	Rod And Gun Club Crime Fighters	3-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Love Story Mike Malloy	Meet Millie Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15	Father Knows Best	News Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Horatio Hornblower, with Michael Redgrave Heritage	Beulah Chorahiers
9:30 9:45	Jane Pickens	Music Hall 9:55 Titus Moody		Hear The Stars
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	News Henry Cassidy, News Hotel Biltmore Orch.	Baukhage Talking Frank Edwards Eddie Fisher Crowell's Nest	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 Late News Starlight Roof Valentino Sport Report	

Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Rod & Gun Club	Breakfast Club	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
9:00 9:15		Tommy Dorsey Capitol Commentary 9:20 Guest Time Morning Melodies	Ronnie Kemper Chet Huntley	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
9:30 9:45			Double Or Nothing 9:55 Turn To A Friend	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Thy Neighbor's Voice Strike It Rich	News Tello Test Music	10:25 Jack Berch My True Story 10:55 Whispering Streets	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Guiding Light
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob Hope It Pays To Be Married Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Sam Hayes Queen For A Day	When A Girl Marries Modern Romances Paging The Judge	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Nora Drake Brighter Day

Afternoon Programs

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1:00 1:15 1:50 1:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Jack Kirkwood Lucky U Ranch	Campfire Serendae Ted Malone Mary Margaret McBride	Arthur Godfrey Time
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	News Music News	Betty Crocker 2:05 Jack's Place	Curt Massey Walter O'Keefe
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Ev'ry Day Dial Dave Garroway		Jack Ownes 3:55 Betty Crocker	Ruth Ashton, News 3:05 Robert Q. Lewis 3:10 Story's Backyard Off Balance
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Sports Daily 4:55 News, Art Baker	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Frank Hemingway Curt Massey Time Sam Hayes	Big Jon And Sparkie Elmer Davis	Philip Norman Sunshine Sue Wendell Noble George Fisher 4:55 City Editor
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Elmer Peterson	B-Bar-B Ranch Wonderful City 5:55 Cecil Brown	Fleetwood Lawton Virgil Pinkley Chet Huntley Bob Garred	Edward R. Murrow Tom Harmon World Today News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45		Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Behind The Story Sam Hayes 6:55 Bill Henry	John Vandercook Bill Stern Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner	Broadway Is My Beat 21st Precinct
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Henry Cassidy, News 7:35 Radio City Pre- views Pro & Con	Official Detective Cisco Kid	Cavalcade Of Sports	Stagestruck
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	One Man's Family News Of The World Eddie Fieher Dinah Shore	John Steele, Adventurer Music Hall	3-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Love Story Mike Malloy	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show	News Fulton Lewis, Jr. Great Day Show 9:55 Titus Moody	Ozzie & Harriet Corliss Archer	Bulah Junior Miss Philip Norman
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Neue Tiffany Club Time Biltmore Orchestra	Baukhage Talking Frank Edwards Crowell's Nest	Edwin C. Hill 10:05 ABC Late News Starlight Roof Frank & Jackson Sport Report	Local Program

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Archie Andrews	Haven Of Rest	No School Today	Give And Take
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Howdy Doody	Strictly Dixie 9:25 News Music	Space Patrol	Theatre Of Today Stars Over Holly- wood
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Woman In Love Breakfast In Holly- wood	News Music American South	All League Clubhouse American Farmer	Fun For All City Hospital
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Mary Lee Taylor National Farm And Home Hour		Game Of The Week	Music With The Girls Meet The Missus

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Music	News Record Merry-go- round		News Garden Guide Galen Drake Garden Gate
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Football	News 1:05 Record Merry- go-round	Martha Lou Harp Show Concert Band	This Is Los Angeles Philip Norman
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Football (cont.)	Football	West Coast Football	Football
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Football (Cont.) NBC Symphony	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	NBC Symphony (cont.) NBC Lecture Hall	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)	Football (Cont.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45		Rukeyser Reports Al Helfer, Sports Music	Ballad Time Disaster Strikes News	News Tom Harmon News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45		Hawaii Calls Latin Rhythms	Musical Tintypes Labor-Management Show	Gangbusters Gunsmoke
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Tex Williams Show Pee Wee King	Take A Number True Or False	Treasury Show Army Show	Country Style
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Eddy Arnold Show Town Hall Party	Chamber Music Lombardo Land	The Lone Ranger 8:25 News Dance Party	Jimmy Wakely Show Dude Martin Show
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Town Hall Party (cont.) Spade Cooley Show	News Dance Orch. Monica Whelan Dance Orch.	Dance Party (Cont.)	Hollywood Caravan
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Saturday Night Reporter Stattler Hotel Orch. Music, Hotel Biltmore	Cecil Brown, News 10:05 New England Barn Dance Virginia Barn Dance	Dance Party (Cont.) Palmer House Orch.	Ten O'Clock Wire

Two Wacky Darlings

(Continued from page 48)

She looked around for a dog. No dog. Naturally, she said to herself. They don't allow dogs in the subway. The barking went on. Well, they've allowed this dog, she thought nervously, and began to search for signs. The barking grew more fierce. Slowly, terribly, Jayne began to realize that the guy down at the other end was the cocker spaniel. She was telling herself it took all kinds, as she got out of the train. The barker followed, arf-ing softly. He barked all the way up the steps, and Jayne fled into a taxi, a trifle unhinged.

Even Audrey had trouble swallowing that story. Until two years later. Two years later, she, Audrey, was standing on a corner, waiting for a bus, when she heard a bark. She looked down. Where was the dog? She looked up, straight into the face of a man. He was barking.

That night, she recited her experience to Jayne and a bunch of friends, including comedian Phil Foster. "I didn't know what he was trying to say," Audrey complained.

"That's easy," said Foster. "He was just asking, 'How's your sister?'"

Their life is all like that, according to the Meadows sisters. They don't know what to blame it on. Maybe being born in China. Their father, the Reverend Francis Cotter, was a missionary, and when he finally brought his children home to the United States, they—the children—were already unique.

Picture two small girls—one, Jayne, even had slant eyes—speaking only Chinese, and living in Connecticut among kids who were "Orphan Annie" fans and saved the box tops from dry cereals.

Jayne figures the reason she and Audrey

ended up on the stage was that, once they'd had a taste of being the center of attraction, it was too sweet to give up.

Audrey was two years younger, so Jayne embarked on her theatrical career first.

It was an accident.

There was a stock company functioning nearby, and somebody in the Cotters' town was giving a big party for the members thereof. Jayne's brother Edward not only had an invitation, he also grandly offered to take sister Jayne.

She was a ham, anyway. "I loved anything that was the opposite of the minister's daughter," she says. She got herself up for the party in artificial finger-nails, black-red lipstick, and the darkest pancake makeup she could find in the five-and-ten. Only on the face. The neck was still snow-white, but who noticed your neck? She screwed on long amber earrings she'd dug out at a rummage sale in the church ("When they had a rummage sale, Audrey and I really rummaged—") and then she presented herself to brother Edward. "We're going early. Not only that, I'm staying till the last guest leaves—"

That he's a kind man, she has no doubt. He never even laughed.

They arrived at the party—it was held out on a wide green lawn—and Jayne spied a chaise longue. She made a wild dash for it, the long earrings tickling her neck as she ran. She never stirred off the chaise for the duration of the afternoon, and in her heart she was Cleopatra.

The director of the stock company showed up, took one look, said to the host, "Who's the little girl playing The Actress?"

Then he marched over and offered her

a part. As an extra. "A young Italian mother." She swelled under his warming words. Here was a man who could sense the seething power in a girl—nay, a woman.

She got to the first rehearsal, only to discover that every one of her friends was also playing a young Italian mother in the new play. What could she do? Be younger, and more Italian?

In the end, the play's run over, she was kept on in the company. There was a drive in her that the other girls didn't have; there was a power of imagination, an instinct for theatre. She was young, gauche, a little ridiculous, but you could tell.

A lady in town who had a florist's shop used to drive to New York every morning with a load of manure, and Jayne and Audrey'd hitch a ride down with her, determined to make rounds of agents' offices. (Audrey could only tag along in the summer; she was still in school.) They'd air themselves out before they approached anybody, but aroma wasn't the only problem. The truth of the matter was that they didn't know anything about getting in the theatre.

Even after Jayne was on Broadway ("through a fluke," she says), she wasn't what's referred to as "hep."

She'd met a girl in the Rehearsal Club (New York residence for struggling actresses) who'd introduced her to an agent who'd introduced her to Guthrie McClintic who'd hired her without a reading. So there she was, in "Spring Again," when Audrey finished school and came to New York, too.

"You just have to stay with me," Jayne said, "so we have to get you a job."

(Continued on page 86)

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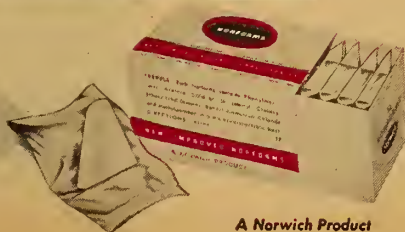
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ROBERT Q. LEWIS — TUESDAY

star on ABC Television?



WALTER WINCHELL — SUNDAY



OZZIE AND HARRIET — FRIDAY



BRANDON DeWILDE — MONDAY



MARY HARTLINE — SUNDAY



PETER POTTER — SUNDAY



STU ERWIN — FRIDAY

(Continued from page 83)

"Hmm," said Audrey.

"You can sing," Jayne said. (Audrey'd studied for opera, and her teacher had once rented Carnegie Hall for a recital by his pupils, so she'd actually debuted at Carnegie at the age of sixteen!)

In school, because Audrey was tall and thin, she'd always sung boys' parts, and now, naively, Audrey embarked on a career of New York auditioning. She'd go to a chorus call, announce that she was about to do a song from "The Pirates of Penzance," and then tear into a male part!

Jayne would go with her, sit down in front and try to think good thoughts, but it looked hopeless. Audrey was awful.

One time Audrey got cold feet, insisted Jayne get up and sing with her, and the upshot of that was even more horrendous



Even as children, Jayne and Audrey could go into an act for the camera.

than usual. More practiced job-seekers came with accompanists. Not Audrey. She stood Jayne on the stage, went over, hit a note on the piano, got her pitch, hummed it all the way back to Jayne's side, and then, together, they burst into a frightening rendition of "Farewell, Wesleyan-a," one of their brothers' college songs.

"If they'd had jobs for two idiots, we'd have got them—"

But *despair* these girls didn't know about. Business was bad? Then it could only get better. And they were right. Jayne got a bid to Hollywood. Swell, but what about Audrey, she wanted to know. Her agent, who occasionally felt he was handling Siamese twins, mentioned a USO company of "Mexican Hayride"—"Audrey'd be cute in it."

Audrey, by now determined to be cute in something, anything, went home and took the problem up with her mother. Mrs. Cotter's a tiny, wispy lady who talks in a kind of song, like Josephine Hull. She's never had a drink, smoked a cigarette, or used cosmetics. (New York friends of the girls, meeting her, really *were* convinced she'd been hired for the occasion!) Gentle and unworldly though she is, Mrs. Cotter can still rise to an occasion! She made Audrey's "Mexican Hayride" audition dress. It was black satin, and there never was a dress cut so low, or fitted so tight. Mike Todd, the "Mexican Hayride" producer, looked at Audrey enthusiastically throughout her audition. Whether he listened to her has never been ascertained. She got the part.

She also got yellow fever while overseas, and came home a wraith. She went to California to stay with Jayne while she regained strength.

It was good she was fond of Jayne, because Jayne's got ideas about medical science that could drive strong men crazy.

She's a faddist. If you've got a pain, she lets you in on whatever's curing *her* pains these days. She's been through self-hypnosis, yoga, and, in California, something called Radionics.

Despite Jayne's curious medical experiments, Audrey recuperated, though her siege was a long one. On the West Coast, she met Arthur Schwartz, auditioned for him because she was anxious now to go back to work, and she wondered if there might be anything for her in Schwartz's "Inside U.S.A.," which was about to come to Broadway.

Schwartz liked Audrey. "I don't want to say to go to New York," he said. "But go to New York."

She went to New York, wound up not in "Inside U.S.A." but in the road company of "High Button Shoes" and, when she got back from that, Phil Silvers put her on his TV show, and she's been going strong ever since.

When Bob and Ray were interested in her for TV, they demanded to know if she could play the harp. "Yes," she said. How about the violin? "Fluently." She couldn't play either one, but she wasn't about to worry. "No matter what you ask Audrey, she says—'yes,'" her sister reports wonderingly. "Some day, she'll find herself in a cage with nothing but a chair between her and three lions—"

Jayne herself got into television by accident. She came East to do some publicity for "David and Bathsheba," in which she played David's first wife, and, offered work in New York, simply stayed.

Jayne and Audrey don't feel in competition with each other, because their fortes are very different (despite the fact that they both appear on TV panel shows).

Audrey's really in love with comedy; she's completely relaxed as long as her tongue's in her cheek. She handles the young wife assignment on the *Jackie Gleason Show* with one hand tied behind her, usually waiting till dress rehearsal to learn the lines. The Bob and Ray chore's a ball, too. Once, doing a satire on lady beauty experts and TV commercials, she smeared half a pot of lampblack on her face, then asked her audience sweetly,

"Notice the difference?"

Jayne, on the other hand, can tear a passion to tatters with the most emotional actresses around; she's a good dramatic type, and glad of it.

As they've never competed for a role, so the sisters have never competed for a man. They don't like the same types at all, and that is simply that. Audrey insists that Jayne is child-like, and lives in a world of imagination . . . while she, Audrey, is shrewd and realistic. Audrey never cries . . . Jayne weeps at sad stories, or if someone looks cross-eyed at her. "I know he doesn't like me," she'll insist.

On the other hand, "child-like" Jayne isn't the one who bought a Polaroid camera and had her sister photograph her in every possible costume so she'd know which one would look best when she left for Europe. And "child-like" Jayne didn't line up seventeen friends to wave her an adoring farewell, either. No, that was little Audrey, off on her six-week vacation. She took it very big.

A friend would call. Jayne would hear Audrey on the wire. "Oh, yes, darling, going to Europe tomorrow. Well, my first trip as an *adult*, dear—"

Jayne's lived in Paris; she's lived abroad a good deal during the past few years, having been married to a producer-director named Milton Krims who prefers life on the Continent. The marriage is finished, all but technically, though Jayne can't say enough good things about Krims. He's a lot older, but "kind, charming, intelligent—"

"I'm the marrying kind," Jayne admits. She meets a man and, if she likes him, she's mentally married him, had three kids, and picked out their colleges before the evening's over.

Audrey's not only never been married, she's never been engaged. She's never even *thought* of being engaged. Romantic Jayne, stars in her eyes, seeing Audrey to the plane, whispered, "Maybe you'll meet someone—"

"Are you out of your mind?" said Audrey. "I've got a career, a lot of laughs, money to pick up and go where I please—no man could possibly give me anything."

But a lot of men are sure to try, you have the feeling.

The Meadows girls are fun to run after, even if you don't catch 'em. . . .



Their lovely mother and their father, the Reverend Francis Cotter, were doing missionary work in China when Jayne and Audrey were born.

Vanessa Brown

(Continued from page 57)

when somebody brought in an 8-ball from a billiard parlor, for instance, and they didn't come anywhere near identifying a full set of burglar tools.

(All right, how did a legitimate-type little woman, with an innocent face and a soft voice, glom onto a set of burglar tools? Answer: She and her husband woke up one night, scared away a burglar, and found he'd left the tools on the floor beneath a jimmied window. Okay?)

But the panel has managed to beat the question on such items as a sour pickle, a foghorn, an unpaid gas bill, a toupee, and a folding bed—of which more later.

At the moment, we have to get back to that homing pigeon and Vanessa Brown, who is the enchanting point of this entire story. Vanessa contacted the owner of the pigeon after the show and said, "Look, we'll pay you for the pigeon, but you mustn't give him up."

"Why not?" asked the man. "Well, you just don't sell a pet like that! Especially a homing pigeon. I mean, what has a homing pigeon got except a home? And, if you sell him, how will he ever know again where to go, or where his home really is?"

"Look, Miss Brown," the man said, "this homing pigeon is not of the home-loving type. In fact, he only comes home to rest up. He's a bad homing pigeon—and I'm selling him, and you're welcome to him."

This is probably the first time in fifteen years that Vanessa Brown could think of nothing to say.

Vanessa is her own creation. She didn't just happen. With the exception of the help of nature and God in giving her beauty and a fine mind, she has turned out the warm, lovely, occasionally sophisticated, sympathetic, often sentimental, gay and charming—and, when need be, down-to-earth—artist that she is today at twenty-two.

Since her work-life is hardly distinguishable from her private life most of the time, it's hard to pick out a certain personality and say, "Now this is the real Vanessa Brown. She is really the girl next door . . . or she is really a completely worldly, sophisticated woman . . . or she is really a quiet wife and companion to her husband . . . or she is really a capricious, delightful girl playing games with her brains and talent."

The truth is, Vanessa is all of these things, when she chooses to be. It depends on what is required of her at the moment.

The other day I saw a Vanessa Brown on television who struck me as being a very smart girl indeed, witty and friendly and just what any boy would like his girl next door to be like.

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woman who speaks French and German and Italian as well as she does English, who talked knowingly of modern architecture, symphony orchestras, music, books, fashion, and art. Her husband—Dr. Robert Franklyn, plastic surgeon—joined us and she instantly stopped being anything except his wife, the sort of wife an eminent surgeon should have beside him in a restaurant.

And the next evening I went to the Fulton Theatre and saw a Vanessa Brown who was giddy and rather naive and not the brightest little thing in the world, but certainly one of the funniest girls I've ever seen in the American theatre.

As Vanessa explained it to me, "People always ask what I was doing all those years when I wasn't working, and there's no answer because I was always working. I started when I was so young. It was just one thing after another, radio and tours and movies and so on. Only it wasn't *work*, in the sense most people use the word. It was my whole life, and it was fun, and I loved it all, and always will. For instance, you might think it would get to be a drudgery, saying the same lines in a play, every night, but it isn't—every evening, you try to make it a little different, a little better, and that's an absorbing game. And the TV show is such fun, you never know what's going to turn up or what people are going to do or say. I'm fascinated every waking moment."

She certainly has a use for every waking moment, with the TV show every morning at eleven and the play every night at eight-thirty, not to mention matinees, guest appearances, interviews and sittings, wardrobe fittings, and heaven knows what else.

At present, Vanessa has two homes. One of them—while she lives in New York, plays in "The Seven Year Itch," and does her TV show—is an apartment in a Central Park South hotel. The bedroom is air-conditioned, the living room has a superb view over the Park, and it is furnished like any smart hotel suite in New York. It is comfortable and undistinguished—and, since she spends little time in it, she couldn't care less.

But in Holmby Hills, toward Santa Monica from Hollywood, there is a modern house she and Dr. Franklyn built together—and that is another matter. This is what she refers to when she speaks of "home." This is the house where her beautiful German shepherd, of the sable nose and ears and the eager tail, waits for her. The pool zigzags happily in front of the den, and the steps leading to the den proceed through walls of glass into the living room, which is on two levels. And

everywhere the house seems to grow from the earth, in wood and stone, and great areas of glass defy the weather, yet bring the garden into the house.

Here, under the green cement floors, coils of radiant heating keep the interior warm on the coldest nights, and music plays softly through the rooms.

It is small wonder that the Franklyns seldom leave this bit of paradise, except occasionally to pile into their light blue Cadillac convertible and drive the beautiful Coast route to Carmel and San Francisco. But all that is for Vanessa when she is not the co-star of a hit Broadway play that looks as if it will run forever.

Just now, she necessarily stays in New York at the hotel, and Dr. Franklyn—who practices in New York as well as California—flies to join her for one week out of each month. Vanessa is giving up a lot to do "Seven Year Itch," but it is worth it. Worth it many times over, because it has done incredible things for her career.

In order to understand just how much, you must take a look at what Vanessa's life and work were like before this succulent plum fell into her lap. Only thirteen years ago, Vanessa was a little girl named Smylla Brind who had been born in Vienna and trotted all over Europe by her parents (both Ph.D.'s). Her father is a linguist and writer, her mother a psychologist, and Vanessa's I. Q. is a whopping 169, so nobody was greatly surprised that she turned out as she did.

When Dr. Brind, after taking a sharp look at the activities of Hitler, hastily packed up and brought his family to America, Vanessa was cast in a role in "Watch on the Rhine." Then she appeared on a radio show called *Children Are People*, made her television debut a year later, and finally emerged on the *Quiz Kids* show, as bright and sassy as you please.

That's the thing to remember, because for a long time she thought she would never live it down. She did a lot of other things before she turned up as the toast of Broadway last year in "Itch," but it would take half the pages of this magazine to list them all, and for our purposes most are ancient history. She was signed by David O. Selznick, later went to Twentieth Century-Fox, and made a lot of pictures. She was in "The Bad and the Beautiful," "The Heiress," "The Fighter," and practically walked away with "The Late George Apley." And you were forever hearing her and seeing her on radio and television. She was in *Philco Playhouse* and *Lux Video Theatre* and *Lights Out* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*, plus dozens more.

And, all the time, she was trying desper-

ately to get the public to recognize the fact that a Quiz Kid can develop a figure and a lovely face and sex appeal, and not go on forever being a monstrous apparition of brains and baby cuteness.

She was already married when the opportunity came to prove her point, once and for all. Dr. Franklyn read the scripts that were offered her, and chose "The Seven Year Itch" because he thought it wouldn't run very long and thus the period of their separation would be relatively short.

Vanessa is still laughing about that one. . . .

The "Itch" gave Vanessa exactly the role she was looking for. The girl in this play was never any Quiz Kid. The critics, while unanimously raving about Vanessa's performance, variously compared her freshness and charm with those of daisies and wild violets. Surely the character had that, and a good thing, too, because the giddy creature ends up by having an anything-but-innocent go-round with her neighbor, a married man whose wife is away in the country.

Dr. Franklyn accepts this sort of thing with a sort of horrified amusement—horrified because he is an eminent surgeon, and eminent surgeons do not generally get publicity—and amusement because who could get cross with a girl like Vanessa, over a role in a play, particularly when you're lucky enough to be married to her?

They first met in Hollywood four years ago, when Dr. Franklyn was brought to her parents' home by a mutual friend. Dr. Franklyn got into a heated discussion with Vanessa's mother over whether or not plastic surgeons give patients enough psychological build-up before operating, and Vanessa simply left the house, remarking that she had an engagement. How this sort of introduction should inevitably lead to their marriage a year later is Vanessa's secret.

It's plain enough to see why Dr. Franklyn fell in love with Vanessa, and after you have met him it becomes obvious why a girl like Vanessa would want and need such a man for a husband. He is a few years older than she is—naturally, since, at nineteen, a precocious girl like Vanessa would have been bored to death with most boys her own age. His work fascinates her, and he is himself a vital man, strong enough to complement her own personality without dominating or subduing it. They respect each other in all things, aside from being deeply in love, and it is upon such foundations that a sound marriage is built.

Vanessa herself knows her mind and sets out with utmost determination to get what she goes after. So does her husband. They once discovered a certain green stone which they felt was perfect for use in their house, for fireplace and other construction. No other stone would do. Upon inquiry, they learned it came from a quarry in Arizona and that they couldn't buy any because the quarry had shut down. No business. The stone was too expensive.

"I've got to have that stone," Vanessa said, and her husband nodded.

"We'll get it," he said grimly, "if I have to buy the quarry." He didn't have to buy it, but he did have to take an expensive ninety-nine-year lease on it. At least, it can be said that they possess the fireplace they want, and one superfluous quarry.

On the evening when Dr. Franklyn joined Vanessa and me at Sardi's, she was wearing an exquisite leather coat, the leather itself so fine that it looked and felt like silk. She was as enchanted with it as she would have been with a diamond

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bracelet—Dr. Franklyn had brought it from the Coast that morning for their third (leather) anniversary. He has an eye for the kind of clothes he wants his wife to wear. When they met, her tastes inclined to sweaters and skirts. Now Oleg Cassini does her wardrobe and she looks it—he has given her, in the matter of dress, a kind of simple, young elegance that becomes her new slimness and the special radiance she has lately developed.

Sometimes, when a person is as many-faceted and diverse as Vanessa, it is better to sum her up by turning the gem in a strong light and letting facets sparkle (or not) just as they happen to catch the reflection. Such facets as:

Vanessa wears size 7A shoes, a size too large because she's too busy to bother with having her feet hurt . . .

She cannot cook, not because she couldn't learn, but because she can't see any point in it when you can eat at the best restaurants in the world. At home in Hollywood, she has a cleaning woman in once a week. Her modern house is easy to keep in order the rest of the time . . .

During the two years that she was touring with two plays, she was understudy much of the time and used the time to advantage. The first year she learned how to know intimately every city she visited: She just set out in her too-large shoes, and walked. The second year she got culture, and learned everything she could about all the great symphony orchestras . . .

When she was getting her degree at U.C.L.A., she worked on the college paper and reviewed movies. Occasionally, as Smylla Brind, she reviewed the performance of an actress named Vanessa Brown. Once she panned the performance, and once she said Miss Brown showed bright promise . . .

She calls her husband several times a day (once, when he looked over the long-distance phone bill, he phoned his broker and bought stock in the telephone company), but when he wants to ring her he just dials the number of Sardi's. She uses it as a home-from-home, business office and general rendezvous, and he thinks she ought to pay the restaurant rent . . .

In her TV show, *I'll Buy That*, she is a trifle too soft-hearted for her own good. Sometimes, she wishes the panel would flunk out when she is told how hard people have worked to dig up an unusual object—such as the folding bed that several people had spent two days trying to find in stores all over town . . .

George Jean Nathan, who usually likes so few plays and people, remarked that she has "just the right air of innocent sophistication and the talent to depict it with beautiful naturalness," and gave her his award as the best actress of the year. Television critics, you who read this magazine and watch the screens, have unanimously agreed with him so far as her new TV show is concerned . . .

She has written and sold three short stories and completed a play called "Europa and the Bull," but she also studies ballet, voice (she'll probably be a soprano), and a half-dozen other things that most people would consider a full-time job. . . .

This is not all there is about Vanessa Brown—not by about two thousand closely written pages and three bulging albums of press and magazine clippings. But, at least, when you watch her on *I'll Buy That*, you should know a little better the sort of girl she really is. If she keeps on the way she's going, you'll be reading about her for the next twenty years, and who could doubt for a minute that Vanessa will supply more than enough stories to go around?



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You've Got to Keep Trying—

(Continued from page 37)

for all young hopefuls who want to come to New York and make fortunes in radio. "Stay home" are the words. Unless you know somebody, or have money. Knowing somebody and having money, you may still break your heart.

To him, a job's a job, and the best thing is finishing up, and going home at night to "a wife who loves you, a beautiful baby, a couple of rooms you can call your own."

With most of his rough times, professionally and personally, behind him, Dick's learning to relax a little. If somebody doesn't hire him today, he no longer takes it personally, or feels his work is bad.

It's taken him a long time to get to this stage, because—aside from talent—he has none of the usual equipment you expect in an actor. In a world where it's okay to slit your competitor's throat (just so you don't get blood on the rug), he's an anachronism. He has old-fashioned ideas of honor. In a world where guys let their hair grow long and wavy, and call everybody "darling," and make entrances (even at the orange juice stand), you wonder what this boy's doing. He has a gentleness that seems bred in the bone, he speaks softly to waitresses, he helps women across streets, his hair's crew-cut, his humor's slightly cynical. He's an old twenty-five, having been a performer for fifteen years.

Dick York was born September 4, 1928, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. When he was five, the family moved to Chicago. Dick went to St. Mary of the Lake grammar school, and, at the age of nine, started working with the Jack and Jill Players. His first role was a fish, in "Water Babies."

Bernard and Betty York, watching their butterball of a little boy (he weighed about a hundred-forty-five pounds then), may have had no idea that the whole thing wasn't just fun and games to Dick . . . but Dick knew. From the moment that he first walked—or, rather, swam—onstage, his fate was decided. He was an actor.

He went to De Paul Academy, and later studied drama at De Paul University, but he was working in radio all during his school days. He and a boy named Art Young were the two most used juvenile actors in Chicago, and one director out there kept getting them mixed up. He insisted on calling them Art York and Dick Young.

Art and Dick would meet in the hall of a radio station and compare notes. "I was on a show for So-and-So the other night," Art would say, "and I'm sure he meant you. It was comedy, not my kind of thing—"

Or Dick, who did mostly funny roles, would arrive for rehearsal and find he had a straight part. "Are you sure I was supposed to be here?" he'd ask the director. A doubtful look would cross the man's face. "Oh, ah, yeah, you're doing fine—"

In 1944, Dick got his first big break. He starred in a radio series called *That Brewster Boy*. Two years later, the show was finished.

"I was supposed to be on my way," Dick said to his parents, discouraged. "So now where am I?"

"Washed up," said his mother. "With your gray hair and wrinkles, you'll never get another chance—"

He was grinning sheepishly when the phone rang. A man on the other end was offering him the role of Billy on the *Jack Armstrong* show. "Well, I was thinking of going to New York," Dick said grandly. "Well, just until you go," said the man.

Six years later, Dick was still playing Billy. Right up until *Jack Armstrong* went off the air. Dick recalls a fluff he made on

one show that had co-workers, engineers and listening audience convulsed with helpless laughter. The line he was supposed to read went, "We'd better get Jack out of there; he'll be eaten by the alligators." It came out, "We'd better get Jack out of there; he's eating all the alligators."

Which reminds Dick of the time he bought his mother a bird that probably could have eaten alligators. He saw a parakeet in a store window, and it was a handsome creature, but when he got it home, it started acting ornery. "We'll mate her," Mrs. York said. "Maybe that'll improve her disposition."

They got a male parakeet, put him in the cage with La Belle Dame, and she nearly murdered him. Pulled out all his tail feathers, and howled with glee. She attacked several other potential mates until she finally got one she could halfway tolerate. Safely mated, she proceeded to lay an egg, but then wouldn't sit on it. She made the male bird do that! The Yorks were confounded. "If we take the male out, she'll feel more motherly toward the egg—"

The male was removed from the cage, whereupon the female, a murderess to the end, calmly ate the egg.

The Yorks traded her in, not long afterward. There was no romance in her soul.

And, speaking of romance, let's get back to our boy.

Dick had started, while still in high school, going with a girl named Joan Alt. She was an actress, too. He met her on the *Jack Armstrong* show, when she came in to do the commercial. "She was so good, I decided to buy the product—"

They'd talk about getting married, eyes full of dreams, and the moon coming up over Lake Michigan, and the world their oyster.

Then *Jack Armstrong* folded. And suddenly there simply wasn't any work for Dick in Chicago.

"I guess New York is the place," he said to Joan.

She looked at him. "Something will come up—"

"No," he said, "Joey, I have to go after it."

In the end, they agreed that he'd go first, get set in a job, send for her.

At which point the nightmare began for Dick. The Y, and the endless auditioning, and at the end of six months nothing but a one-shot appearance on *Helen Trent*, delivering a telegram, or some such thing—he doesn't really remember. He only got that because Ernie Ricca, a good friend, was directing it. Dick figures he never would have broken into New York radio at all if Ernie hadn't personally taken him around, kind of getting him started. "And I'd been in radio ten years, working steadily," he says, wonder in his voice.

Those were the scared days, the sick days. A few jobs started coming in, after the *Helen Trent* bit broke the ice, but Dick still wasn't really making time. One year of his being in New York, and Joan's being in Chicago, and he said the heck with it. He called her. "Come here," he said. "And we'll take our chances. I want to get married—"

They'd been waiting for four years; it seemed long enough.

Joan came East, they straightened out various complications, and on November 17, 1951, they were married.

Their first apartment was a surprise for Joan. Dick had taken a place on 51st Street and Second Avenue; he'd painted it, furnished it, got it all ready. But he'd told Joan he couldn't find a thing; they were going to have to stay with friends in

New Jersey. That's what he told her.

If she was disappointed, she didn't show it. She'd have stayed with friends on the moon, if he'd asked her to.

The wedding over, he said he had a little present. Some friends had loaned them an apartment in New York as a sort of honeymoon place, for two weeks. He took her home. And after she'd inspected every stick in the establishment, and said she was crazy about it, he told her it was hers.

So she sat down and bawled for an hour. "You're not supposed to cry," he said. "Shut up," said his wife, sniffing happily.

That was a Sunday. On Monday, he had to report for work, and he's scarcely stopped working since. Currently, he's Russ McClure, the young romantic who is the boy friend of Grace Sargent on *This Is Nora Drake*, and he's been a no-good car thief on *Rosemary*.

Dick and Joan have an eight-month-old daughter named Kimberly Ann, whom they recently took back to Chicago to visit both their families. Dick's only sister, Vicki Ann, is nine years old, and the baby's only aunt, so she, Vicki Ann, took the visit very big. Carried the baby around, called on all the neighbors, discussed care and feeding with anyone who'd listen.

Dick, looking at Vicki Ann, who's also an actress (she's done bits on the Roy Rogers and Don McNeill shows), got a funny feeling—as though, in her, he saw himself again. Vicki'd start playing music on the phonograph, and it was the same old stuff he used to play when he was nine. John McCormack, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." The Shannon Four . . . Vicki's five feet tall already, and weighs ninety pounds, and people come along, say, "My, how you've grown, you're so plump and cute," and she withers. "She doesn't want to be plump and cute," Dick says, remembering his own problems with roundness. "She doesn't want to be the biggest girl in her class. It's funny how you always want to be right in the middle—"

Kimberly Ann ("I don't know where Joey got the name," says Joey's husband) has brown eyes, and looks like both parents. This is partly because her parents closely resemble each other, though Joan has blue eyes, Dick has brown.

The young Yorks live in Kew Gardens now, and Joan's chief problem is how she's ever going to see Dick, once "Tea and Sympathy" opens. "Tea and Sympathy" is the Broadway show he's to be featured in, and he got his part in a roundabout way. He'd played an insane banjo player in a *Michael Shayne* show—the *Michael Shayne* writer was excited by what Dick had done with the part—and, when "Tea and Sympathy" was casting, he, the writer, sent Dick to an agent who could send him to Elia Kazan, who was directing the play. Kazan hired Dick.

"It's not the part in the play," Dick tells you hastily. "A boy named Kerr, who was voted the best young actor of the year for his work in 'Bernadine,' is the star—"

Dick thinks it will be good for him to work in the theatre. But—"It's a real blast for Joey," he goes on. "I'll be gone from ten in the morning till one the next morning every day—"

A friend, watching him grab lunch at about four o'clock one afternoon, in between his radio hours and a "Tea and Sympathy" rehearsal, asked if the pace weren't killing.

Dick stirred his coffee, shrugged. "Work's work," he said. "You gotta take it while it's there. After all, you've got to keep trying."

"Fairy Godmother"

(Continued from page 45)

in the habit of dropping into Roy Brady's sandwich shop whenever an errand in town took me near it, and I'd known Roy from the time he was just a big, gangling boy, trying not to get in his father's way, to the exciting days when he decided to take over the place when his parents retired. I'd been one of the "regulars" who had been privileged to see the cherished snapshot of Janet when it first took its place in his wallet. And when I met her, shortly after their marriage, I was satisfied by the glow in her dark eyes as they rested on Roy. There wasn't quite the same dazed adoration that shone when he looked at her, but there was enough to make one feel warm and happy over joy ahead for two people really in love.

Janet was more than just a pretty, loving wife, too. After a few weeks, she started helping out at the cash register in the sandwich shop, making it unnecessary for Roy to pay part-time help during his busy hours. "It's just wonderful to be able to help," she told me earnestly. "This way I feel like Roy's partner, not just his home-maker."

"But homemaking's fun, too," I said, smiling. "I know I wouldn't enjoy my radio work half so much if it meant I had to give up any part of my family life."

"But it's different for you, Miss Warren—I mean Miss Freeman." Janet giggled at her slip of the tongue. "If I had a home like yours, beautiful and perfect, Roy couldn't get me out of it with a derrick. The way our place is, I'm glad of a chance to get out of it!" Her eyes clouded, and she sighed. "Oh, well, it's not forever."

Roy, drawing a cup of coffee near us, glanced over and grinned. "Don't be too sure of that, honey. By the time I get this place the way I want it, we may be too old and doddering to go out looking for another apartment—much less a house."

They looked at each other for a moment, and it should have been a warm, affectionate look. But an uneasy feeling remained with me as I left. Janet's eyes had wavered too soon. Instinctively I knew that this matter of the apartment had come up before . . . and that, to Janet, it was no smiling matter.

I had never been in the Brady apartment, but I knew it was the top floor of a two-family brick house in a worn-out section of our town, and I'd been in enough places of the kind to know why Janet felt hopeless about it. Roy's family had lived there for many years, till they moved to Florida, and it was so low-priced that in these days of booming rents I could understand why Roy and Janet just had to stay on till they stumbled over something else they could afford. Roy had once mentioned looking at the new garden apartments going up across town—and their prices. "We just can't consider it now, not with all the improvements I've got to put into the restaurant. I just hope Jan won't be too uncomfortable—or too impatient," he'd said wistfully.

I hoped so, too. But I know what it can do to the most light-hearted of brides to feel that her home is a place to be ashamed of. There are some places so old that all the flowered chintz in the world can't mask their dreariness. And, when you're young and very inexperienced, you can stop laughing, sometimes, just at the wrong time. Something that might be taken in stride by a couple who had really settled down to each other could so easily leap into unforeseen, unmanageable importance. Magnified out of all proportion, twisted into significance it simply doesn't warrant. . . .

Coming back from a broadcast on the four-forty-eight, one Friday, I was surprised to bump into Janet. Her small, elfin

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face, under a citified little hat, was pale and preoccupied. She didn't turn from watching the tunnel walls slip past the train window until I said, "Hi, Janet. Been shopping in the city?"

"Window shopping, Miss Freeman." Her smile was forced. "I did go in to look at a table, but Roy . . . well, I guess he's right. It doesn't really pay to try to fix up our place. It's just money thrown away—and Roy needs every cent for the luncheonette right now."

She kept twisting and turning a small pad in her hands, and I noticed that every item on the list she'd written there was crossed off. For something to say, I remarked, "Your list looks very efficient."

"I guess it does—everything crossed off because I didn't buy it, not because I did. It's astonishing the number of things you can do without." All at once, as if she just couldn't hold them back any longer, two fat tears spilled down over her cheeks. She bent her head quickly, rubbing at them like a child.

"Janet, I'm sorry," I said uncomfortably. "Is something wrong, dear? Can you tell me about it?"

She bit her shaking lips hard. "You'll think I'm a complete drip, but—oh, honestly, Miss Freeman, I'm so miserable! It's not the apartment. Don't think I'm so spoiled and selfish that I'm having a fit because I can't have everything on a silver platter right now, right after we've just gotten started! I don't mind the dreary tiny rooms or the cracked linoleum or all the rest. I know it won't be like this always."

I patted her hand. "What is it then, Janet?"

"It's Roy!" she burst out. "It's the way he doesn't seem to see how dismal the place is! If I felt he agreed with me, if he hated it, too, and couldn't wait to get out of it, I wouldn't mind it nearly as much! But we're so different, Miss Freeman—we don't feel alike about it at all!" She hesitated, and her eyes grew wide and tragic with the shattering importance of what she was about to confide. "We're not really compatible at all," she whispered. "I just don't know what to do!"

To my credit, I didn't laugh, although for a dangerous second I wanted to. She couldn't be serious, I thought, and then swiftly reminded myself that she certainly

could. Janet couldn't be any more than nineteen; Roy, I knew, was twenty-three. At those ages, you could be serious about the darnedest things.

As the train rattled along, Janet told me little by little the things that were bothering her. There was quite a list, for such a short marriage . . . the way Roy shrugged off the first burnt roast—not blaming her, she was careful to explain, and realizing it was the fault of the stove—but refusing to see what a tragedy it was to have to work with such a monster. The way he'd frowned unhappily over the new bedroom draperies she'd worked so hard to make up. "It's true they didn't really shut out the view of that brick wall next door. They didn't do a thing for that room. Nothing could! But shouldn't he have given me credit for trying, instead of just mourning over the ten dollars I spent for material!" she said, in a passionate climax, "He doesn't try! I didn't know Roy was a man who would just give up, the kind who shrugs and says it can't be helped!"

Poor Roy—he had probably had those ten dollars earmarked for new sugar bowls for the luncheonette! I wondered briefly if I ought to try explaining to her that, because Roy didn't complain about what he couldn't alter, it didn't mean he was completely satisfied with the way they lived. And I wondered, too, if I ought to warn her that it seemed to me she was taking this far too seriously. I wanted to say, "Ride with it, Janet. Don't build it up into something it isn't." But I didn't. Partly because, though my daughters are much younger than Janet, I know what happens when you tell them they're taking themselves too seriously.

It was on my very next visit to the sandwich shop that her swollen eyes and Roy's grim young face told me the trouble hadn't blown over. There was only one other customer—I'd come in very late—and, as soon as he'd left, Roy leaned over the counter, his face turned away from Janet down at the other end, and asked me hesitantly if I wouldn't please try to talk to her. "I wouldn't have the nerve to drag you into this if she hadn't told me about meeting you on the train the other day," he said. "I guess she told you a lot of things she doesn't tell me, Miss Freeman. Things just aren't good. You know, she keeps listening

to that program you're on, Wendy Warren—the days she's not down here, she tunes you in all the time—and she keeps saying that maybe it's better for people to recognize when they've married the wrong guy, instead of trying to make a go of something that won't work." He rubbed dejectedly with his napkin at the shining counter. "That girl on your program . . . is she in trouble?"

"Well," I said cautiously, "Wendy has a brilliant, temperamental writer for a husband. It makes a special kind of problem."

Roy shook his head. "It all adds up to—when you've got marriage, you've got a problem, period. But I sure don't know what to do with mine. What would you do with a gal who woke up crying at night and wouldn't tell you what was wrong? Gosh, if it was the apartment, I'd move heaven and earth to get her out of it! But she keeps saying it isn't. She talks about how it's more *fundamental*, and how maybe we're incompatible because I don't get hysterical every time a roach crawls out of the darn baseboard. It's an old house—you can't keep the roaches out of that old plumbing! Just because I don't have a fit every time I see one, does it mean I'm insensitive or something? I've got plenty of other things on my mind!"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Janet half-rising, her face flaming with anger. "You ought to be ashamed, Roy Brady! Bothering Miss Freeman with our troubles—honestly, I just—"

"Who bothered her first, I'd like to know?" Roy, driven beyond restraint, faced his wife belligerently.

"That's not the point," Janet retorted.

"The point is that there's a whole different approach to life between you and me, that's all, and this apartment thing is only one part of it!" Her hands clasped and unclasped. "You lie down under things and let them jump on you—and, if I try to do something about them, you think I'm a complainer! You know something, Roy Brady? If we weren't fighting over that apartment, we'd be fighting over something else! We're just not right for each other!"

Roy looked at her as though she really had struck him, and under cover of the arrival of a new customer I slipped hurriedly out. If the quarrel between the young Bradys was really serious, I told myself, I couldn't possibly mix into it . . . but I couldn't put them out of my mind. I kept thinking how easily it could be smoothed over—in spite of Janet and her "fundamentals." If only some fairy godmother would give them a fresh, new apartment, at a price they could pay. She'd stop looking for trouble, which was just what she was doing now, because she was unwilling to admit even to herself that she could be so disturbed by a trivial detail like the place in which they lived.

It was the oddest sensation to wake in the middle of one night and realize that the "fairy godmother" might be myself! For I had suddenly remembered Jed Mantell.

Jed Mantell was a building contractor who owned the biggest chunk of the new garden development outside our town. He was something else as well—a middle-aged bachelor with a crotchety reputation and a peevish manner that made him much disliked. Only my husband knew why I always remarked, "Oh . . . perhaps he's not as unpleasant as he tries to appear," whenever Jed Mantell's name came up. For only my husband knew about the discovery I'd made one day, quite a while ago, when, hurrying across Grand Central Terminal on my way to a rehearsal, I'd fairly crashed into Jed with his hat in his hand, staring down into the eyes of a pretty, middle-aged woman who was looking back up at him with a wistful, affectionate smile. Just as I reached them he bent and kissed her,



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and she turned and disappeared into the crowd, and Jed looked up and saw my stunned eyes taking it all in. Even then, of course, we might simply have exchanged a stiff hello in passing. But I'd caught Jed in a sad, nostalgic mood, longing—most unlike him!—for someone to talk to. He found a cab, joined me in it on my way up to CBS, and on the way told me about Emma Riddell, the girl who twenty years ago had married another man because Jed didn't feel he was making quite enough to support her. "I never got over the loss of her," he said wearily. Then, smiling, he added, "But I wonder what her husband would think if he knew she phoned me every time she came into New York! I guess Emma hasn't quite forgotten me, either. Seems as if that feller was right who said youth was wasted on the young! Kids can sure mess up their lives."

Even armed with that memory, I wasn't quite sure how I'd go about carrying out the plan that sprang full-formed into my mind that night. Making an appointment with Jed was the easiest part of it. When I finally sat in the expensive leather visitor's chair, looking at his lined, long-chinned face and his gimlet-sharp gray eyes, I had a slight sinking sensation. But two memories rallied me—one, the bewildered shock on Roy Brady's face as he had heard Janet say, "We're not right for each other!" And the second—Jed himself, and his bitter "Kids can sure mess up their lives." Taking a deep breath, I plunged.

There was only a moment of tension. A moment of uncertainty, as I talked, during which his poker face showed absolutely nothing. Then, magically, I knew it was going to be all right. There really were two sides to Jed Mantell, and the side I'd counted on reaching—the Jed who had kissed a middle-aged woman gently and tenderly, as though she were still the girl he'd said goodbye to twenty years before, the Jed who understood the full bitterness of a mistake made in youth that could never be unmade—that Jed began to emerge right under my eyes as I told him about the young Bradys. I made my story brief, and I hardly had to put my request into words. When I'd finished, Jed nodded at me, and said, "You're a remarkable person, Miss Freeman. I'm glad I've never had to do business with you—you see and understand entirely too much. Send your friend along. I'll take care of it."

As easily as that, it was settled. I could hardly wait until I dropped in at the luncheonette the next day, and said casually to Janet, "Roy once mentioned that

you two had looked for an apartment out at the new garden development. Do you still think you'd like living there?"

"At those prices?" Janet laughed shortly. "I don't believe in fairy tales, Miss Freeman."

Trying not to look smug, I told her that I'd heard a rumor that a couple of those apartments were renting at something less than the regular price. Something about them made them less desirable, I said; I didn't really know the whole story . . . but, just for the fun of it, why didn't she go along to this office—I gave her Jed's name and address—and see what happened? I made it so casual that I'm sure Janet took the slip of paper and thanked me out of sheer politeness, perhaps not even intending to follow it up. After all, nobody *does* believe in fairy tales!

Thinking it over afterwards, I've wondered if I took rather a risk over Janet and Roy. It just might have been true that they were "not right for each other," that Janet wasn't really miserable over the place they lived in, but over some irreconcilable difference in their whole approach to life. In that case, all my neat little plan would have been useless, and I would have made a complete fool of myself in Jed Mantell's eyes, as well. But—well, I took the risk, and I wasn't wrong. Not if little Roy Junior is any insurance against a broken marriage. We dropped in just the other night to pay a baby visit to Roy Junior and his bursting-with-pride parents. They've got that apartment fixed up like a magazine ad. It's taken them over a year, because it had to be done slowly and economically. But, as Janet said, getting the place at the rent they're paying—just five dollars more a month than their old place was costing—they would have been happy to furnish it with orange crates if they'd had to. "It's funny," she said to me the other night, "we've asked the neighbors, in a tactful way, and darned if we've ever found just what there is about this apartment that makes it cost less than the others. Mr. Mantell—that nice man you sent me to—he said they just couldn't get rid of it. Well—who looks a gift horse in the mouth?"

Roy's hand was on her shoulder, and she put her own over it as she spoke. There's nothing wrong with that marriage. All Janet needed was a home she could be proud and happy with, and all she needed to get it was . . . well, a little fairy-godmothering. I wondered, as we drove away, if there would be someone to do the fairy-godmothering for me, some day, if ever I needed it . . . ?

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Frank Parker—Fascinating Bachelor

(Continued from page 33)

didn't stop until Saturday, when Frank packed his bag. They didn't believe it until then. After all, Frank himself could hardly believe it.

No one in his family had ever been remotely connected with the stage. Frank's parents, Italian immigrants, had brought from their native land a keen appreciation of fine music but not even semi-professional singing experience. Frank's father, three years after he was in the United States, had passed a civil service exam and was employed by Federal Customs.

They lived in a tenement section in west Manhattan, and the neighborhood was rough. Just a few blocks away was a wealthy residential section. Frank remembers he used to look with envy on the rich boys with their gleaming bicycles, when he and his gang were lucky to afford the luxury of a ball to play "catch."

"I was aware from the beginning that there was a better life," Frank recalls, "but I knew that I would have to make it for myself."

It was in school that Frank got his early voice training, and he hated it. Singing in the choir was compulsory and Frank tried anything, even singing flat, to get out of the chore, because his buddies thought it was sissified. Frank had never taken a dancing lesson, but the waltz clog was popular at the time and he had learned it at home. Such limited preparation accounts for his passing the audition. Forever after, he was thankful for that case of mistaken identity. As he notes, he might have gone the hard-boiled way of some of his youthful friends and wound up in trouble with the law.

Frank's attitude began changing almost immediately in his new work as an "actor." In the beginning, he figured that, since he had given the impression that he was a veteran of the theatre, there was no reason why he should correct the impression.

He kept his eyes open when the troupe went to Boston, and followed the other chorus boys to the stage, the dressing room and wardrobe. For the dress rehearsal, he had to apply make-up for the first time in his life. He went about it with false assurance, imitating the others.

When the director saw him on stage, he shouted, "Parker, what are you supposed to be?"

Frank looked horrible. And then he confessed he'd never been in a show before. And he learned, too, that the director had realized it shortly after he was hired.

"You can't be a phony," Frank says. "That was the first and best lesson I learned. You fool no one but yourself."

With that lesson, the crust cracked, and Frank found he got along very well with people by being himself.

From that first show, Frank went into another Broadway musical, the "Greenwich Village Follies." One night the juvenile was sick and Frank got to sing solo. The management took notice and, in a new edition of the show, Frank had a singing part of his own. The Parker star kept soaring then, and in succeeding years he made his mark in such musicals as "No, No, Nanette" and "Follow The Girls." But he got his first job in radio—again by accident—in 1928.

A new musical had turned out to be a flop, and Frank was sitting in his dressing room with the pink-slip blues when a friend came in.

"I'm taking you to a radio audition," he told Frank.

Frank shrugged, but the friend was insistent.

They got to the audition late, and then

Frank discovered he was expected to have his own music. Gambling, he picked up the top score on the piano and sang a number he'd never seen before. He was hired for a guest spot on *The Eveready Hour*.

"You'll get fifty dollars for one song," he was told.

Frank muttered to himself, "How long has this been going on?"

The one song led to a permanent spot on the show, and that was the last time Frank appeared at any audition unprepared. From then on, his motto was: "Be ready!"

In short time, Frank was in radio's big time. For six years, he sang with the *A. & P. Gypsies*. He was in the *Cities Service Show* with Jessica Dragonette, the *Will Rogers Show*, the *Gentleman Jim Corbett Show*—when the studio orchestra included such youngsters as Tom and Jimmy Dorsey and Artie Shaw. Frank also starred in the *G. E. Show*, the *Fleischman Hour* and the *Maxwell House Show*. Frank was the undisputed King of Sing.

He was training hard, too, taking two-hour vocal lessons every day and even sandwiching a trip to Italy, between commitments, for an intensive three-month study of voice.

But, in 1933, things were changing in radio. Music was giving way to comedy—to Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen, and other great clowns. That year, Frank joined the *Jack Benny Show*.

Frank established with Jack the comedy patter between the comedian and his singers. Frank didn't play the "mother's boy," as Dennis Day does today. Frank's give-and-take was similar to the part later played by Phil Harris.

The Benny-Parker combination was a big hit. Frank found Jack to be generous and good to work with. However, Jack went out to the Coast for a couple of months with the cast and decided to stay on. Frank had contracts to fill back in New York and returned, leaving the show permanently.

Up to World War II, Frank continued on top flight shows: he starred on the *Chesterfield Hour* with Andre Kostelanetz, on the Louella Parsons show, and for three years worked with Burns and Allen. He made movies and sang in opera and headlined in night clubs.

"I lived for the day in those years," he says. "I didn't stint on anything."

As a kid, he'd been lucky to have two suits, one for work and the other for church. As the reigning romantic tenor, he dressed to the hilt and was a regular nominee for the title of best-dressed man. For street hockey, he substituted polo and owned his own horses. He had a luxurious summer home with an archery range, tennis courts, and three boats. He led a gay life and was a foot-loose-and-free spender.

Came World War II, and he went into the merchant marine. He came out to do the Libby-Owens radio show with Eleanor Steber. In 1944, he went into business for himself, opening a radio transcription office and buying into a Florida night club. In 1948, both businesses collapsed and Frank was practically penniless.

"I had made the complete cycle, but I was a lot wiser and a lot more understanding," Frank says. And he never lost his most valuable asset, his great voice. He was ready to start all over again.

Frank was well-liked and had made good friends. Many men he had once befriended were now executives in radio and television. He went to each of them individually and told his story. They were very nice but said, in effect, "Frank, we haven't heard you sing in years and can't do anything for you."

In desperation, he went to Arthur Godfrey. He told Arthur the same story, and Arthur said, "I want you to be on the next Wednesday-night show."

Frank recalls, "Arthur didn't even ask me to audition."

Godfrey and Parker were not total strangers. They had first met in 1936. Frank was then singing the lead in a light-opera company which played Washington, D. C., for one night. Frank found the theatre filled to capacity, with people at the box office clamoring for the privilege of standing.

"You can thank Godfrey for this," Frank was told.

He learned that Godfrey was a radio announcer with a two-hour morning show over a local station. For a week, Godfrey had been plugging Frank and the opera.

Frank—and this is one of his qualities that endears him to everyone—made it his business to express his gratitude. He spent the night in Washington and, at six the next morning, was at the radio station to thank Arthur in person. Thereafter, whenever their paths crossed, they visited one another.

"Arthur was suprised when I told him how desperately I needed work," Frank reminisces. "He thought I was retired and living comfortably."

Frank sang on the telecast of *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*. He was magnificent, and the cast and studio audience responded with spontaneous enthusiasm.

"I was overjoyed that night," Frank says. "But, you know, I think Arthur was even happier."

Godfrey asked him to come back the following week and the week after. Frank began singing the duets with Marion Marlowe which have since become the high point of the broadcasts. Now, in Frank's own words, he has a contract that is "one of the best I've ever had."

The Frank Parker of today is different from the star of the Thirties. Today, he lives in a modest bachelor apartment. He has no summer home, no polo ponies, no boats, and only a modest wardrobe. Yesterday, a show meant stepping to a microphone after a short rehearsal, singing for a few minutes, and picking up his check on the way out to a night club. Today, his work is more confining than a factory job. He is up at seven o'clock, five days a week, for the Godfrey morning broadcasts. He goes to the office for a couple of hours, and at two-thirty reports for video rehearsals. On weekends, he usually makes guest appearances out of town. After such exhausting days, he's content to rest and relax at home.

But there are some things about Frank Parker that have never changed. Frank has never been big-headed or stuffy. Frank has never been too big to show his gratitude. Frank has never given less than his best on any show.

Today, he is more popular and better known than ever. That is the Frank Parker story, with its happy ending. And it's the kind of a story that will go on "happily ever after."

Red Letter Date:

December issue of

RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale November 11

“When I Grow Up”

(Continued from page 67)

each birthday milestone, there are—thanks to her understanding mother (and best pal), Maria Wood—minor compensations.

At sixteen, for instance, three earlier taboos were removed. She could have coffee (diluted, but still coffee), lipstick, and her first taste of champagne.

The champagne was a let-down. “Nothing happened,” Natalie complains. “Maybe I didn’t have enough.”

“A few sips, only,” her mother puts in quickly.

“They drank it,” Natalie retorts, “and it was *my* champagne.”

But the lipstick was a kick. She had yearned for it so long, and watched the make-up men glorifying the grownup stars with such unabashed jealousy, that it seemed too good to be true. The whole birthday was too good to be true: A surprise party arranged by her Van Nuys High School friends, with a cake which she was too excited to eat, and presents.

And a ring, from her best boy friend, Jim Williams, like herself a junior at Van Nuys High. The ring is a ruby, her birthstone, set in a plain gold band. “Nothing serious,” Natalie assures you, indicating that she wears it on her *right* hand. Anything serious must wait for growing up.

But Jim is sweet—the sweetest.

He’s from Texas—and thinks she should be, with the big brown eyes and yellow hair—and his father owns a dairy.

“I never used to drink milk,” Natalie says blandly. “Now I order three quarts of Green Pastures milk every day. Mother is so pleased.”

Jim isn’t her only boy friend, though pretty regularly around when she double-dates with her schoolgirl chums. She also sees actor Tom Irish occasionally: “He takes me to premieres and things like that.”

Her dates are strictly teen-age stuff . . . “Miniature golf, and shows, bowling—now and then, on ‘late nights,’ an evening of dancing at the Palladium” . . . and they are strictly under parental control. Wherever she is, Natalie calls home every hour on the hour to report. Otherwise, “Mother would get to worrying.”

This system of checking-in came about as a result of Natalie’s very first date—the milestone which marked Birthday No. 15. Her escort for the evening, Brett Brethouwer, was “an older man,” a college pre-med student. They were to go miniature-golfing, be home by ten-thirty.

“But,” as Natalie explained, “when we were through golfing, it seemed like a good idea to go to a show, and after the show it seemed like a good idea to stop by a pizza place for some food, and it got to be one-thirty.”

They arrived home to find the house ablaze with lights, the neighbors—in nightgowns and robes—gathered around comforting the frantic Woods, and Father Nicholas Wood just about to call the police.

“So now I call home,” Natalie says.

In *Pride Of The Family*, Natalie is a level-headed teenager who manages to keep a slightly screwball father, Paul Hartman, on the beam. In actuality, the roles are rather in the reverse, although Natalie has made an uncommonly successful adjustment in blending her dual roles of professional actress and typical high-schooler.

When she works, she is tutored on the set—the law requires a four-hour working day, plus four hours of supervised education, for professional minors. Her tutors get assignments from her regular teachers at V.N.H.S. and keep her up with

her class. Between pictures (her current TV films were all shot during the summer vacation), she goes to school like any other sixteen-year-old, recites in class along with the others—though usually being picked first to declaim Shakespeare, in deference to her theatrical experience.

Her friends are not too impressed with her eminence and are only occasionally embarrassed—like the time at the Palladium, when she was surrounded by servicemen wanting her autograph and got hopelessly separated from her escort.

Her teachers say she is a good student and extremely unself-conscious. Mrs. Munsch, her English class instructor, chose a Memorial Day play written by Natalie and wire-recorded by the class for submission in a contest—and it won first prize! Natalie herself was more impressed when an article she wrote for *Seventeen*—for, she thought, “just the publicity”—was rewarded by a check.

“They paid for it,” gasps the wide-eyed girl, who has been getting paid, and handsomely, for more than half of her life.

The Wood family is brimming over with talent, to hear Natalie tell it. Her older sister studied opera and “would have been great,” except that she fell in love and got married and had two boys.

Her “baby” sister, Lana, who is seven, Natalie thinks will be an artist. “She’s always drawing.” Lana’s drawing started at the close of a long siege in bed after she was thrown by Natalie’s horse, “Powder,” and emerged with two serious skull fractures.

“I loved Powder,” Natalie says, “more than almost anything. Why, we moved out into the country just so I could have a horse. The day Daddy brought him home I cried and cried, I was so happy. But I cried harder when Lana was hurt. Of course, Powder had to go.”

There are no horses now—and won’t be until Lana, too, “grows up”—at the Woods’ one-acre Northridge ranch, but Natalie and Lana have other companions: Two dogs—Cricket, “a white and tan mutt” adopted from the Humane Society (since then, Natalie’s favorite charity), and Asta, a big German shepherd—plus one cockateel, five parakeets, and two finches.

If that group doesn’t make for enough confusion, there are always the friends. Natalie’s girl friends rotate at staying overnight; teen-age rapture anywhere, it seems. At the Woods’ ranch, when Natalie is not working, there are sometimes overnight guests as often as four times a week.

The living room is always full of a gang of girls and boys watching TV or dancing to records and munching—the munching (and other teenagers who envy Natalie’s perfectly distributed ninety-five pounds may take a hint from this) *not* on fattening tidbits, but on Natalie’s favorite fodder, uncooked green peas, carrot sticks and celery, with special low-calorie ginger ale.

Natalie has only a few friends in the professional world, Pier Angeli for one. She has worked with nearly all the big stars in the movie business—Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Margaret Sullivan, Jane Wyman, Irene Dunne, Bette Davis (with Bette, she appeared in “The Star”). Now she knows, as friends, all the stars she used to dress up and pretend to be, in the play-acting days back in Santa Rosa, California—“and they’re all just lovely, and so friendly and helpful, but they’re older, you know, and have other interests.”

Interests which do not, apparently, run to Green Pastures milk and bowling and miniature golf.

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(Continued from page 43)

of their own.

I should know . . . I have five children, two of them in the teen-age bracket.

Jack, my eldest, who will soon be sixteen, can scout around and come up with sixty different problems in as many minutes. Fortunately, my wife Lois and I have hit upon one form of action which keeps many of these problems at bay. That is, "setting a good example."

This works like a bent kitchen can-opener; by that, I mean "setting a good example" sometimes works and sometimes it doesn't! For general problems—like teaching responsibility, cooperativeness and agreeableness, and respect for others—it works fine, probably because these are personal characteristics which are built up over a long period of time. Setting a good example, therefore, has to be a continuous affair.

It works well with some of the *specific* problems of teenagers, too. Take smoking, for example. Neither Lois nor I smoke. But teenagers travel in crowds and want to do the things the crowd does. We've told Jack that to be one of the crowd is not always a distinction. Since Jack's interested in athletics, I hoped to make my point regarding smoking on this level. In his own words, he'd said, "You're forty!" I thought that, if I beat him at one of his own games, he'd be convinced that smoking was not for him.

With the problem of smoking in mind, I made a date to meet him at the gym one afternoon of the next week for a father-son game of handball. I was going to show him what clean living would do—even for an old man of forty.

"Are you sure you're up to it?" he said, when we got on the court.

"Keep your eye on the ball," I said, "and just count the score." It shouldn't take long to demonstrate my point. I figured to beat him three quick games out of five.

Jack didn't know how to play handball. I found that out. But six feet, one-and-a-half inches of athletic prowess—at sixteen years—learns fast. The first game was mine, 21-love. The second game was mine, but it was 21-8; he was learning *very* fast. I won the third game 21-19. Playing the three games was making me tired. Tired? I was dead! Fortunately for me, Jack's mother had taught him diplomacy.

"You know," he said, without breathing hard, "you play a pretty good game of handball. But it's getting late and I have to go out and run ten laps around the track. Coach says I gotta stay in shape for next season."

On his way through the door he tossed one last remark over his shoulder. "I never intended to start smoking, anyhow. Cuts into your wind, y'know. See you."

However, setting a good example with some of the other specific problems of teenagers—like *money*, driving a car, a steady girl, *money*, necking, late hours, and *money*—is not so simple. We've found that the magic age of sixteen gives birth to these problems (and a covey of others) all at once.

I should have known that young Jack was a man to watch right from the start. I remember one day when he was about five and I saw him out in the front yard. He was crouched in an orange crate beside the hedge, just inside the gate. He had his head poked out and, every time a stranger came by, he'd jump out and say something.

The stranger's reaction was always a wide-eyed "Oh!" Then followed a performance I couldn't quite make out. There

was a brief conversation and, about half the time, Jack would scurry back behind the hedge to his orange crate, wait a few seconds, and then scurry out again. In the meantime, the stranger would examine the house and yard with a critical eye.

When Jack reappeared there would be some kind of exchange, the stranger would smile, pat him on the head, say something, and trot on.

I was fascinated by these goings-on, so I went out the back door and, Indian-style, crept up on my young son from behind the hedge. I only had to wait a few seconds before a housewife came by on her way to market. The program began when Jack jumped out in front of her.

"I'll bet you didn't know I'm Art Linkletter's son," said Jack.

Surprised by this sudden attack from the gate, the lady said, "Oh, you are!" That accounted for the round-eyed look I'd seen from the window.

"Here's a picture of my dad," said Jack, "you can have one for five cents. I can get it 'audigraphed' for a dime."

"My," said the stranger, "what industry!" And she looked up at the house, probably in search for the parent of this enterprising roadside bandit. That look explained the close scrutiny of the grounds by the passers-by. With no rescuing parent in sight, she fished in her purse for the ransom (Jack was blocking the sidewalk) and said, "All right, Mr. Linkletter, I'll take the 'audigraphed' copy."

With these words, Jack scurried back behind the hedge, pulled a publicity picture out of a pile of duplicates, scratched a few illegible lines on it, waited a few seconds, and then ran out again. With the transaction completed, the lady patted young Jack on the head, muttering, "What a wonderful businessman you're going to be," and trotted down the street.

When she was well down the block, I proceeded to break up Jack's little badger game! When one of our children steps out of the bounds, we believe in discipline. The greatest secret about having well-behaved six- to sixteen-year-old children is to let them know you mean business when they are six months old. We feel the correction or reward should come *now*, and not "when your daddy comes home" or "next weekend." We don't believe in being unfair, but we do believe in being firm.

Jack's badger game apparently had been going on for some time. He had a box full of nickels and dimes. We had a long and serious discussion, then and there, about the fact that there are no special privileges which go with being a celebrity's son. It doesn't make any difference what you do for a living, each job has an integrity of its own. He had no reason to capitalize on mine.

As for money, he was wealthier now than he'd ever been. But we had to show him what honest effort was. I impressed him with the fact that a "gentleman" didn't take advantage of the special situation that a free supply of pictures gave him. And that's what he had—a monopoly and a free supply of pictures.

Household chores became honest effort for Jack from that day forward. When the other children were old enough, they shared in the work, too. However, times have changed—suddenly. Now that Jack is a junior in high school, the chores don't pay off as fast as he'd like to pay out. He's resorted to making loans with interest, borrowing against his capital (his USC pennants, basketball), and plain sharp dealing. The lady was right. He's

become a good businessman.

Last week, for example, he needed \$4.50 for a high school dance. He had permission to go, providing he did all his chores and caught up on his math. He did all this in haste, collected his allowance (\$1.50), and then tried to promote the remaining three dollars.

"How about borrowing from my savings?"

"Not a very bright idea," I said. "Do you think so . . . ?"

"No, I guess not very. Well, how about some extra chores around the house?"

"That's good. We'll look around between now and the weekend." But nothing turned up. I saw him getting desperate, and on Friday he said:

"Could I borrow from a bank—they make *personal* loans, don't they?"

"Yes—if you've got collateral. If you think you can get it, go ahead."

Saturday night came, and Jack was dressed to go. Two of his friends arrived at about eight o'clock, stirring up a commotion with other children in the living room. With this circus going on, I shouldn't be blamed for what happened.

"What time am I supposed to be in?" said Jack, knowing full well that the hour hadn't changed.

"Twelve," I said.

"Well, Nick brought over the tickets. They're three bucks. Mom gave me this twenty because all my chore money is in the savings. She said you should get the change. How much is three from twenty?"

"Seventeen," I said, wondering how he had finished his math. I should have known better.

"Okay, I owe you seventeen bucks. We'll count it out." He started with a five-dollar bill and some loose singles that he got from Nick. "Five," he said, "right?" . . . then, with the ones, " . . . and one are six, seven, eight, nine. What time did you say I should be in?"

"Twelve," I said again.

"Okay, twelve it is," he continued to count at machine-gun speed, "thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen and one are seventeen. There it is seventeen bucks' change. We'll see you . . . !" and he and the gang were out the door.

It took me a few minutes to realize I had been taken. That circus commotion had been planned—by a good entertainer.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, I learned that I was not out the three dollars. I found, though, that I was the bank. That followed. To his line of reasoning, I was the bank . . . *his* bank. Since I had even given him permission to make a personal loan the day before—providing there was collateral—he had made one. Nothing had been said about the *method*. That was *his* idea. He said this last with a smile.

I had only one question: Where was the collateral?

He was the collateral, he said.

I agreed with him. To me, Jack is worth a million bucks and more. You can't put a price on the kind of relationship we have in our family—and that goes for all the kids, not Jack alone.

Jack, like the rest of the children, I think, is headed in the right direction. His respect for the rights of others, his acceptance of responsibilities, and his common-sense approach to the problem of life, all indicate that he's a pretty good guy. We'd like to think that some of this is because his parents have tried to set a good example.

As for that three dollars, it was one of the most secure personal loans *this* bank has ever made.

Love That Oz And Harriet!

(Continued from page 34)

calendar and an anything but quiet social life.

"It makes for problems," Harriet Nelson will tell you with more pride than resignation. "Right now, we're shooting around the Hollywood High School football schedule." After that will follow basketball, baseball, track. . . .

David, "a four-season man," has played quarterback on the Hollywood High "B" football team for the past two seasons; in this, his senior year, he has reached the sufficient age, weight (160 pounds) and height qualifications to make him eligible for varsity. With only a half-inch to go, he also is moving in on a fifty-dollar prize promised him when he matches his father's five feet, ten inches of height.

Their four-year success as performers has had remarkably little effect on the personalities of "the boys." They like their jobs, and are pleased when their friends see or hear them and break out with a compliment—but would be horrified at the possibility that acting for a living might set them apart from "the other guys."

"Watch it . . . you're acting like a child actor" is the one rebuff at the grownups' disposal, Harriet says, which "will really bring them down to size."

The deep-set urge to be "one of the guys"—normal teen-age motivation everywhere—has been a valuable stabilizer for these two. So has belonging to a family which—no matter how high the ratings or how inflating the press notices—keeps a minimum of air cushion between the feet and the ground.

Their handsome but homey Cape Cod Colonial house in the Hollywood Hills, within ten minutes of the radio and TV studios where they work, is a mixed-up kind of Grand Central Station, where a half-dozen writers can be working with Oz in the study, agency big shots from the East having tea with Harriet in the living room, yet half of Hollywood High School and Ricky's pals from Bancroft Junior High disporting themselves noisily in the pool . . . as though Pop were off at the store and Mom worried about nothing more crucial than the apple pie for supper.

Ozzie has learned to work against a backdrop of teen-age sound effects which would deafen an ordinary man. Imagine figuring out cost sheets to an obligato of hot jazz records accompanied by Ricky on his trap drums . . . or going over the new script while David and pals tussle gruntingly over a football in the garden just outside the window.

There are quieter moments, when David may be back at the garage taking apart and re-assembling his prized 1941 Ford—reward for reaching the advanced age of

sixteen. The Ford's own advanced age is well concealed beneath a coat of fire-engine red paint and every chromium gadget available in the local auto supply store. David's allowance is about the same as his classmates' (the boys' earned income is invested for their future education), but the demands on his pocket change are still limited. Girls are still something in David's life to be dealt with en masse—at his school clubs' Friday-night dances, for instance. But "no steady deal" as yet, and the Ford gets the A treatment.

Ricky's money goes for records (his father supplies his instruments—drums, clarinet, and saxophone, so far), and occasionally, when he is feeling sentimental, he'll shell out for a new collar for his devoted pal, Sox, an "alley dog" given to Rick by a neighborhood friend and named for the objects he takes special delight in destroying. Ricky had to put up a real fight to keep Sox . . . not because of the hound's chewing proclivities, or because he is noted for wallowing first in mud puddles and then on Harriet's white pile rugs . . . but because the whole family was so broken up a year ago—when Sox's predecessor, Nick, died of food poisoning—that Ozzie vowed their house should forever after be dog-less. Once allowed to stay, however, Sox promptly became one of the family. Probably, as Harriet says, "We'll end up by writing him into the script."

From August, when their TV filming starts, through June, when their radio program winds up for the season, everything that happens around the house ends up in the script. All those shows eat up a mighty pile of material.

Last year, the Nelsons' debut season on television, the grind also—to hear Harriet tell it—"ate the people."

The grownups, at least, were so exhausted at season's end that they canceled their tentative plans for a prolonged vacation in Europe and limped off to lie in the sun and—after a few days of complete coma—to swim a bit at their holiday cottage at Hermosa Beach. During their vacation, seeing people other than their fellow workers for the first time in months, they began to find out what happens when you make yourselves intimately at home in millions of living rooms every week.

One weekday morning soon after they holed up at Hermosa, Harriet answered a ring at the back door, bright and early, to find three small fry of assorted ages—all unknown to the Nelsons—wondering: "Can Ozzie come out and play?"

At a dude ranch where they went for a week, Edgar Bergen's daughter, Candy—whom they'd never met—greeted them: "Hi, Oz! Hi, Harriet! How are the boys?"

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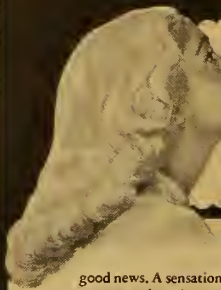
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"I do it myself," Harriet says. "Bumped into Jack Webb at the antique shop at the Farmers' Market the other day and automatically said, 'Hi, Jack.' 'Hi, Harriet,' he said, laughing."

Harriet blushed furiously and said, "I'm sorry, I don't know you, do I?" But Jack, who understands these things, was gallant. "I know you," he said.

The Nelsons take it completely in stride, nowadays, when strange children curl up in Ozzie's lap and strange grownups ask Harriet where she gets her hair done.

"It's wonderful," she says. "They feel they're really your friends. They call you by your first name, they ask you for recipes, and tell you about their operations."

Ozzie has been deeply impressed by the impact of television, and has developed a proper respect for the audience which—unlike any other audience in show business industry—pays you the terrific compliment of inviting you "right into their homes, to meet the whole family, even the little tiny ones."

He is determined to do nothing to abuse that trust, and to give his television audience everything he can in top-value entertainment.

"We're really in business this year," he says, and can prove it. They've leased two enormous film sets at a rental studio, built the entire two-story Nelson house, complete with garage and garden, a complete small-town street with interchangeable store fronts, and houses in the neighborhood. They've signed to long-term contracts a full movie-trained crew, including Academy Award-winning cameraman Bill

Mellor . . . Jerry Wilson, formerly David Selznick's personal film cutter and one of the top film editors in the business . . . plus a score of experienced technicians.

They will make one half-hour film a week for forty weeks, and "have fun doing it."

"With this set-up, it will be a breeze," Harriet says. "Why, Oz hired four men to replace me . . . last year, besides playing my part, I was the set decorator, wardrobe mistress, makeup expert, and assistant prop man. This year, all I have to do is act. This year, we'll be up to that trip to Europe."

Although last season was their first in television, the show was an immediate hit with the public (and they have yet to get a bad review). They averaged over a thousand letters a week from fans, and were the top-rated show on the entire ABC network, even though they were pitted against tough competition.

"This year, I hope we can do an even better job, because we now have our own company and a year of valuable experience behind us," Ozzie says confidently.

"Not only that," adds Harriet, "we have it carefully organized so we won't knock ourselves out quite so much doing it."

"It's gotta be good," says Oz thoughtfully, "because the competition gets tougher all the time and audiences are getting more selective. That's the reason we're going to work harder and harder to make each show better than the last one."

So Ozzie had better get his lap ready to welcome a lot of new young fans who just can't help lovin' that "Oz" and "Harriet."

Ethel's "Family Obligation"

(Continued from page 46)

not sure Odd ever really saw the house for what it really was until after he moved in—he was so engrossed with the rocks . . . which I never really saw until after I had stumbled over the first dozen."

Be that as it may, it is now quite safe to say that both Peg and her husband are blissfully happy with their new-old home . . . one of the few houses of Early Eighteenth Century vintage in that neighborhood in which Washington never slept . . . to which, as far as anybody can make out, he never even came to tea.

In very much the same way "Ethel" would maneuver a guest around her home, Peg enthusiastically conducts her own grand tour—starting in the most logical spot, the front door, which she pats fondly and beams, "I always wanted a house with a Dutch door . . . it was one of the things that sold me on the house even before I saw the inside."

Once inside that Dutch door, two centuries suddenly evaporate and you realize what Washington missed. A center fireplace—three sides of which are open, and usable—is the focal point and acts as the divider between the living room, dining room and den. This is the first floor of the original building; the floors, walls and most of the black walnut beams are those which were installed by some craftsman back in 1728. "The house is listed as having been built in the early 1730's," Peg explains, "but when we were repairing the fireplace we uncovered a cornerstone marked '1728.' Not that, at this stage, a few years make any difference . . . except that I get a bang out of thinking we're probably the only people in the last hundred years or so to know the exact year the house was built."

To the left of the fireplace is the cozy living room. "Moving from a small New York apartment to an eight-room house presents

quite a problem in furnishings—particularly when your apartment was quite modern, and your new home quite Early American. There was nothing to do but start from scratch. In the interest of not putting us in debt for the rest of our natural lives, we bought reproductions rather than authentic Early American furniture. In fact, there are only one or two really authentic pieces in the entire house. Some day, I hope to have more, but right now I'm quite content to be furnished without being broke. I think you'll find the only thing in this section of the house that is out-of-character—besides electricity and children's up-to-date toys—is the TV set. Under the circumstances, I think the original owners, the Ferrises, will forgive the intrusion of science."

To the right of the living room, and in front of the fireplace, is the dining room with its rag rugs, ladder-back chairs and oval dining table. Built into one wall is a lovely china cabinet filled with blue and white English woodland-scene china. Blue and white drapes at the French doors (leading to a rear porch) and blue and white plates arranged on the stark white walls add color to the room. In another wall is a Dutch-door glass cabinet and bar. "This was the original staircase to the second floor. When the wing was added, this sharp and steep staircase was shut off and a less precipitous one put in off the rear of the living room. Odd turned the old stairwell into the cabinet and installed soft indirect lighting in both the glass and china cabinets. We think the lighting in two otherwise fairly dark corners is quite effective.

"And don't you just love the black antiqued wrought-iron door hinges against the white walls and woodwork throughout the house? Odd did that, too.

"Believe it or not, I didn't really marry

Odd because he was so handy around the house . . . in fact, I didn't know about these talents of his until we moved out here. The apartment we had in Gramercy Park gave him very little opportunity to display his hammer-and-chisel dexterity. And the fact that he's a mechanical and chemical engineer doesn't necessarily guarantee that he's a whiz with a bucket of white paint. Certainly, the one potted geranium which bedecked our New York flat never aroused any suspicions as to the very active green thumb he possesses—although I suppose I should have guessed it, since Odd Ronning was born and raised in Norway . . . and, as everybody knows, Norwegians as a whole love the great outdoors and everything connected with it. Now that the inside of the house is finished, just let the sun even pretend to shine and Odd is outside like a flash working on the lawn, preparing new flower or vegetable gardens, trimming trees . . . doing just about anything required to keep an acre of ground looking well-manicured.

"Besides that, he's got the disposition of an angel—is a wonderful influence on me when I get tense over some show problem. Television presents many problems for *Ethel And Albert* that were never in evidence when the program was on radio. Try as I do to keep my business problems separate from our family life, every once in a while I get tied up in a mental knot, and it takes Odd's even disposition and common sense to straighten me out. To think I almost missed the boat with Odd—actually did miss the boat—well, there I go into another knot!"

And miss Odd's boat is exactly what Peg did. You see, Odd and Peggy are third cousins who had never met until 1946, when Odd came to the United States to take some additional engineering courses at Syracuse University. Norwegian relatives had written Peg, telling her on what boat—and when—Odd would arrive. But, somewhere along the line, information went awry and, when Peg arrived at the pier, the boat had long since docked and dispersed all passengers. So, it wasn't until the next school vacation period that Odd put in an appearance at a family dinner. In the course of the next few years, a family obligation turned from friendship to love and, on August 12, 1948, they were married at the famous Little Church Around The Corner in New York.

"The combination of my radio commitments and the fact that Odd had to return to Norway to fulfill some personal obligations," continues Peggy, "postponed our honeymoon until the following summer, when we went to Norway—by way of London and Brussels—to visit our mutual rela-

tives, none of whom I knew. It was a trip I shall never forget! It was food I shall never forget! People always ask me about Norwegian food . . . that is, what the average Norwegian family eats. Having spent a full summer in Norway, I still can't answer that question. No matter where we went, there seemed to be multitudes of the Ronning clan with but one thought in mind . . . feed the couple.

"But, all joking aside, the trip and the people were wonderful. And, if I never have any other *Ethel And Albert* fans—heaven forbid—I have a solid block in Norway. Naturally, they can't see or hear the show. But, at their request, when the show returned to the air, I sent them a couple of scripts—now I have to send them all. Which pleases me, because it indicates that I'm accomplishing what I set out to do . . . write a show that had universal appeal . . . real meaning, regardless of nationality or walk-of-life."

It is in the peace and quiet of "Witchstone"—a name derived from the flat stone covering over the chimney, which was supposed to keep witches away—that Peggy writes her *Ethel And Albert* scripts . . . reading the final drafts to Odd for his opinions and suggestions. "On the second floor of the original house," continues Peg, "are two bedrooms and a bath and—tucked away in the wing which was added somewhere along the line—is a little L-shaped room which I use as my study and writing room. What a blessed relief it is to be able to work at home and yet not feel I'm disturbing the family! In a three-room apartment in New York, this was quite a trick—especially after June 18, 1951, when Elise Astrid joined the family. It was at this point that Odd and I seriously set about finding the home we had always talked about . . . the home that would fulfill our needs and provide the proper setting for the raising of our daughter. The comparative safety of the country is a great comfort to a mother who cannot always be home to watch over her child. I say 'comparative safety,' because occasionally it seems to be a toss-up. For instance, is a skinned knee from a city street really any worse than a swollen eyelid from a country spider? Well, at least there's no traffic problem!

"One other thing that I wanted in my home was a modern, roomy kitchen—one that was as far away from an apartment kitchenette as a bed of geraniums is from a potted plant. Once again, 'Witchstone' answered my prayer—the kitchen is a dream. In fact, it's a sore temptation when I know I should be pounding a typewriter. It's roomy, light and airy, and has a stove that defies error. It's such a cheery room that I don't even mind dish-washing. To boot, it's right off the screened-in back porch where we all live during the summer months, and when I'm in the kitchen I can still take part in what's going on with the rest of the family. You know, I've often thought that the reason so many women resent their kitchens is because the kitchens are usually tucked away in a remote corner far from the center of family activity. Not so in my house. The kitchen is located in such a way that the only room you can't see from it is the first-floor bedroom.

"In fact, one of the most charming features of the house is that, no matter where you are on the first floor of the original structure, you're really always in the same room . . . the chimney merely acting as a divider without actually closing off the rooms. In some subtle way, it makes for a feeling of oneness—of always being together. And perhaps, without realizing it, that's why I thought 'Witchstone' looked like home.

"But then, home is how you look at it, isn't it?"

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Kate Smith Says: "Thanks For Listenin'!"

(Continued from page 40)

role in "Flying High," introduced himself as a recording-company executive—and told her she was wasting her time as the butt of the comedian's jokes about her size, when it was her glorious voice that people would really care about. Time and Ted have proved this to be right. But, when they shook hands on an agreement that he was to manage her professional life, an agreement that has stood for twenty-two years and is still going strong, she could only hope that he was right. And she can remember how his directness and sincerity impressed her then.

The Kate of today can remember dozens of causes for which she has brought in millions of dollars, many of which she continues to serve. Patriotic causes of all kinds during war years, fund-raising drives to battle disease and disaster which do not respect place or period.

She can remember all her wonderful years in radio, beginning in the early 1930's, first as a singer whose introductory number, "When the Moon Comes over the Mountain," became her well-known trademark all over the country. (Later, she launched Irving Berlin's "God Bless America" on its sensational success and it, too, will always remain identified with her.) As she branched out, under Ted's guidance and with Ted as co-commentator, she contributed her own commentary and philosophy to her radio broadcasts, but always her singing dominated everything else. With the advent of television, she became the singer-mistress-of-ceremonies on the handsomely produced daily *Kate Smith Hour*, on which some of the greatest names in entertainment, in government, science and the arts, have made appearances—these latter usually on Ted's "Cracker Barrel" portion of the program.

"I am thrilled by Ted's Cracker Barrel discussions," Kate recently said of them, "because his guests come from all walks of life, and it is exciting and enlightening to hear them talk so informally about the great things they believe in and are working for. For instance, Ted has talked with Federal narcotics agents who have told of their unceasing war on illicit narcotic traffic, which is imperiling so many of our young folks. In the same week, we may be inviting a candidate for important office, a senator sponsoring a bill which will affect the lives of every person listening to us, a writer whose latest book is causing unusual comment. Nominees for the Presidency of the United States have come on the show to discuss issues with Ted, completely unrehearsed. I consider it a liberal education for myself, and our listeners and viewers have shared in my appreciation of it."

It is somehow characteristic of the Kate Smith of today that, while she recognizes the need for more and more light on current affairs, the portion of the program she really enjoys the most is still the singing part—especially the informal "Singing Sessions." Perhaps it's because she knows that music is the language of the heart, and that the simple songs appeal to everyone. Perhaps it's because these sessions provide an opportunity to sing to one unseen viewer who has requested a certain number. "I definitely do feel a closer contact with my audiences during these sessions," she explains it. "I feel I may be giving a little special something to the one who asked for the song, and, beyond, to the many others who will also enjoy it. Also, it gives me the chance to introduce members of my organization who would not ordinarily be seen, but to whom we

owe so much, and I thoroughly enjoy this."

The Kate of today can remember something, with a laugh in her voice as she tells it, about one of Ted's first admonitions to her when they began their work together. "I hope you don't smoke, or swear, or drink," he said solemnly to the seventeen-year-old Kate, and grinned at the way she pulled herself up rigidly to deny it, going on to say, "because you're not the type, Kathryn Smith."

"In time, he found out my real vice," she says now. "My liking for chocolate frappes and sundaes and things like that—and I guess I'm not the type for that, either!"

But the Kate of today is no more concerned with the fact that she is larger than average than she was at the beginning of her career, when only the fact that some others found it amusing made her briefly unhappy. By now, she has learned that Ted was right, and that her voice is the important thing. Somehow or other, she wouldn't be Kate Smith if that big voice didn't come from a big, hearty woman, and she seems to understand that.

The Kate of today still dislikes big parties, certainly the kind where people go to be seen and not because of any special friendship for their hosts. She still shies away from fanfare or frills, and, on the infrequent times when her schedule permits her to go to the theatre or movies in winter, she slips in quietly and leaves just as quietly. Up at her summer place on an island in Lake Placid, New York, she tries to catch up on some of the movies she has missed, for there the folks all know her and take her for granted as one of them, and there is no fuss about her appearance on local streets or in the shops.

This past summer she had exceptionally fine antique "hunting," probably her favorite sport—next to swimming and speed-boating and whipping her car along country roads. Also, this year Lake Placid had its first Antiques Show and Sale, and nearby Saranac Lake held its Third Annual Antiques Show, both of them field days for antique-mad Kate. It's well known, however, that this is a girl who knows her thumb-print cranberry glass and her authentically wormholed furniture and all the rest of it and has great respect for the traditions behind them.

"To my way of thinking, I did unearth a few items this year that I will treasure. One outstanding find, which an authority has said is a museum piece, is a large, English salt-glaze syrup jug, its background a rich fuchsia color, with a white and gold bas-relief. The code medallion on the base says it was made on January 25, 1862, by William Brownfield, and the pewter top, with ivory thumb-button, is stamped Atkin Brothers, Sheffield." Some of Kate's viewers and our readers will know how important a find this was for someone whose heart is wrapped up in discovering these rare old pieces.

Contrasted with her love for these old things, a love she's always had, is her delight in all sorts of new cooking and kitchen gadgets and the most modern pots and pans, mixed in with the wonderful old cooking utensils. This past summer, she did even more preserving and canning than usual, because the harvests were lavish, and came back to town with the back of the station wagon loaded with cartons of home-grown vegetables and fruits to last through the winter. Her great regret was that her gladioluses and irises couldn't last to be shown to her viewers, because this year she grew prize-winning varieties.

For the Kate of today still likes to share her enjoyment of life with her audiences, and they in turn show an interest in everything she does. Her fan mail is about double what it was when she appeared only on radio. It averages between sixty and seventy thousand pieces a month, and covers comments on her hair, her clothes, everything that goes on during the shows, and her songs, of course, in particular.

Viewers ask her why she wears long sleeves, even in formal clothes, and she tells them it's because she thinks they are more flattering to a woman her size. They comment on the way she uses trimmings on dresses, which are otherwise plain in color and simple in line, so that they look youthful. "Many large women have told me they thought they had to wear absolutely untrimmed things, until they realized I had found the skillful use of trimmings was a help," she says. "They suggest sometimes that I shorten my dresses, but I tell them that the longer line is better for my height. I did take a suggestion last winter about my hair, however, and had it cut two inches shorter. But, whether or not I agree with the writer, I love to get these letters—about me personally, and about the program. It shows an interest that I deeply appreciate, and as long as I have a professional life on the air I shall value the audiences' comments. It is they who buy the products of our sponsors, thereby keeping us on, and I am eternally grateful to them."

The Kate of today remains humble, and open to suggestions and to criticism, if she thinks it is just. She remembers how, back in the days when she was playing at the New York Palace Theatre (where, incidentally, she established a long-distance

record of fourteen consecutive weeks of performances without missing one), she used to play handball next door, in between shows, with one of the little girl dancers in the show. The girl was a whiz at the game, but Kate herself has always been fine at practically every sport, and she disliked not being "best" at anything. So, one day, she determined to win at handball, and insisted that the other girl play until she won, almost making her late for her makeup and curtain call. Ted Collins scolded Kate roundly at the time.

"Kathryn," he said, "it's time for you to grow up. You're still a little show-off at heart when it comes to sports."

"I knew he was right," Kate admitted. "Just as he has been right many times since. I think it was probably the last time I ever really showed-off like that, however."

When the Kate of today is asked what the deepest satisfactions are that have come to her in the twenty years RTVM has been writing about her, and what she has now learned from life, her answer is as great as her heart:

"I feel that what we call success can never be measured by one great big achievement, or by the amount of money earned. For me, it is measured by the little things—the regard of simple, everyday folks, the kindness of strangers in every walk of life. I never think about what the future may hold. I am just thankful for the present. Content to work, to spread some happiness if I may, but always trying to be my best self. Always grateful to those around me. Never forgetting to say, in all humility and sincerity, "Thanks for listenin'!"

Evah's Last Birthday Party

(Continued from page 65)

organs . . . that there was absolutely no hope for recovery.

"We haven't told Evah that she is dying," Mrs. Conley said. "We let her do whatever she wishes. Although she is now too weak to play much."

Gladys Conley and her husband were trying to make Evah's days as full and happy as possible, but had found it hard going, for medical and hospital bills were piling up. Evah's desire now was to have a seaside vacation. Mrs. Conley added, "And she's always wanted a bicycle, but she'll never be strong enough again to ride it."

The plight of the Conleys had been brought to Warren's attention by a neighbor, Mrs. Richard White, the same woman whose niece was to lend Evah her birthday. Mrs. White had written Warren, describing the Conleys and their tragedy. She accurately described them as an average American family in an average town.

Hyattsville, Maryland, lies in the shadows of the giant cities of Washington, D. C., and Baltimore. The Conley home is on a hillside street. The house is of modest size, built of red bricks, with a neat slope of grass in the front and back. Here quietly lived the Conley family, father and mother, six-year-old Evah and her little brother Giliam.

Woody and Gladys Conley were married in 1945. Woody had come out of World War II with a disability and taken his new bride from Virginia to Maryland. He was a carpenter by trade and found himself a job in a government plant, where he is now head of the construction shop.

The Conleys moved into their red brick house seven years ago and were warmly received by neighbors. Woody—full name

Woodrow Wilson Conley—was found to be a soft-spoken, serious young man. Mrs. Conley was the kind of woman who won the respect and good will of all other women on the block. She was a good housekeeper, good mother, and always bright and cheerful.

It was in the first year the Conleys lived in the new block that Evah was born. She was a pretty blonde baby with blue eyes. Woody thought she resembled his mother.

She grew into a sweet and polite little girl. The neighbors' doors were always open to the child. She would frequently go visiting with her dolls and sit in a kitchen while cookies were baked. Little Evah loved to sing and gave full payment in music for her sweets.

But, as you can see, there was nothing unusual about Evah or the Conley family as a whole. Woody went to work early, then returned in the evening to a dinner prepared by Gladys and an hour or two of play with his children. Some evenings, he built slides or swings for his youngsters—as Evah would brag, "Daddy can do or fix anything."

When the children were in bed, neighbors would come over to sit in the backyard to chat and, sometimes, to grill frankfurters. Sundays, the Conleys went to the Baptist Church. Until a year ago, the Conleys were just another average family and Evah was a chubby, healthy girl.

It was a year ago that Gladys Conley, while bathing her daughter, felt a lump in Evah's arm. The mother was no alarmist, but the lump was odd—not a bruise, but a strange, cucumber-shaped thing under Evah's skin. The next day she took Evah to the doctor.

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The doctor suggested an operation to diagnose the growth. Before the week was out, the Conleys were told Evah had cancer.

"I know it's true," Gladys told her neighbor. "I know doctors don't joke about such things, but I can't believe it. I just can't believe it."

Anyone watching Evah teach her dolls to play a toy piano would have thought the doctor mad. Evah was a picture of good health and happiness.

Woody and Gladys were stunned. From that day on, they were to face the most trying times of their lives. At once they were confronted with the first of many difficult decisions. To check the growth of the cancer, the doctor could use X-rays or amputate Evah's arm. He couldn't promise success either way, but Gladys had to decide which it would be. She decided against the amputation.

Realistically, Gladys reasoned that amputation would mar what little happiness and normalcy was left in Evah's life. Never could she explain such a drastic operation to a child, and Evah's whole days would be nightmares.

It was at this time that the neighborhood began to realize the character of the Conleys. It would not have been surprising if Woody and Gladys had become hysterical. But they kept their equilibrium, although their anguish and suffering were evident in the new lines at the corners of their mouths and the sleeplessness that shadowed their eyes.

Just once, Gladys said to Mrs. White, "It's God's way, but we can't understand why it must be Evah."

And the child was just as amazingly courageous as her parents. Never whimpering, Evah underwent six operations and countless X-ray treatments that left her scarred and uncomfortable. The disease took its gradual effect and she became sallow and spindly.

The Conleys followed every course medical science offered, they prayed to God and, beyond that, determined to make Evah's life as full as each day permitted. But they were handicapped. After medical bills, there was little left for toys and pleasures for Evah. And then, in the latter part of June, came the murderously hot weather that strikes the Eastern seaboard. Meanwhile, the cancer had spread.

"If you hadn't seen her in six months," Mrs. White said, "you wouldn't recognize her. She was down to twenty-six pounds."

Evah wanted a seaside vacation. Of course, many little girls want one, too, but have a lifetime ahead of them. And then Mrs. White wrote Warren Hull.

Writing Warren was no accident, for *Strike It Rich* is one of the favorite shows in her neighborhood. Even little Evah was a regular viewer. Like so many adults, she would sit by the receiver prompting contestants as well as Warren.

Mrs. White's letter caught the eyes of the judges. Walt Frammer contacted Mrs. Conley and arranged for her to fly up for the Wednesday-night show. That night, Mrs. Conley answered all questions correctly and earned five hundred dollars.

She said then, "Evah has wanted so many things we couldn't afford. It'll be different now."

The Heartline began ringing, too. A hotel owner offered the Conleys a free month at any one of his resorts, with nurses in attendance. It was then that Walt Frammer and Warren were struck with a thought—since Evah was not expected to live to her next birthday, why not move the date up immediately and give her a gala party?

A week later, on a sunny morning in July, a million dollars' worth of talent from radio, video and Hollywood made its way to La Guardia Airport in New York. There were actress Gloria DeHaven, pianist Jan August, little Robin Morgan (who

plays Dagmar on TV's *Mama*), Bozo the Clown, Metropolitan Opera singers, and a host of other entertainers. One man at the airport with a real heartache was Warren Hull. It was he who had helped plan the party, and he couldn't go. He was emceeding not only *Strike It Rich* but *The Big Payoff*, too, with three programs that day.

Warren told Walt, "Give the little girl a big hug and kiss for me."

It was a bittersweet journey to Hyattsville. Robin Morgan, only a few years older than the sick girl, said, "You know, I love Evah without even seeing her. I know the doctors must be wrong."

No one contradicted Robin and explained the harsh truth.

Gloria DeHaven was solemn and thoughtful throughout the trip. She has children of her own, aged five and seven. No one could better understand the tragedy than another mother.

Jan August said, "I hope we can dissolve some of the fear and bring a bit of joy and light into the Conleys' lives."

But no one was prepared for Evah's actual condition. Her skin and eyes had yellowed with jaundice, her body was just skin and bones. And yet here, everyone knew, was beauty, the kind that touches children alone, in life or near death.

Evah had been up since sunrise, excited and pleased about the party. But the doctors asked that the entertainers put on their show quickly, for Evah couldn't take too much excitement. Then Woody carried Evah outdoors.

Wearing only pajama bottoms in the midday heat, she lay on a blanket under the shade of a tree. The entertainers gathered around a piano moved into the back yard.

There were gay songs and tricks from the clown. There was a scrumptious birthday cake with a little girl-doll on the top wearing a huge hoop skirt that was all confection. There were toys enough to make Santa's eyes pop: records and a phonograph, candy and games, dolls and cowboy suits, a beagle dog and a bicycle. No child ever had a birthday party with so many toys and stars before. But, after all, this was to be a lot of birthdays rolled into one.

Everyone took comfort from the doctor's explanation that Evah had as yet suffered no pain. Each of the stars took pride in the youngster's generosity when her mother unwrapped one gift and found a watch.

"I just bought her one of these the other day," Mrs. Conley said.

Evah immediately asked, "Who shall we give this one to?"

Then the doctor said Evah had had enough and was to be taken into the house. About half an hour later, the stars filed through her bedroom to wish her goodbye. She was tired, dazed by it all, but very happy. After all, Evah was the only one, so they all thought, who didn't know this was her last birthday.

Robin Morgan told Evah she would like to show her around the television studios sometime, and Gloria DeHaven said she must come and play with her children whenever she visited New York. Walt Frammer was the last to go in, and he said, "For Warren's sake and my own, I hope you will always think of this as one of your happiest birthdays."

"Thank you," she said, and smiled. Then she added, "But, you know, I'm not having any more."

It was a somber, serious lot of stars who returned to New York. All had been impressed by the bearing of Evah and her mother. And, when Warren mulled it over, he said, "We thought we were giving Evah something wonderful, but I think she gave us a lesson in courage that we'll never forget."

It Couldn't Happen to a Nicer Guy!

(Continued from page 71)

should happen to Jack Sterling, this man with the easy-going manner, the humor, the warm personality, who, five years ago, succeeded Arthur Godfrey on his early-morning disk jockey show—and greater challenge has no trouper met than this!

For the man who succeeded the one, the only, the irreplaceable Godfrey—and made the listeners like it—proved his nettle then and there, beyond question or quibble, on the airways.

But not without butterflies. . .

"Oh, golly," quavered six-foot, 190-pound, brown-eyed bridegroom Sterling, "I never had so many butterflies in my life as on that lethal dawning of November 5, 1948, when I made my New York debut on the 5:30 to 7:45 morning spot vacated by the great Godfrey. So many butterflies, and such dizzy ones that I got two sponsors mixed up! Nobody got mad at me, everybody got a laugh . . . and I got more butterflies and a deeper realization that to follow Arthur Godfrey at any time is difficult—but to follow him on the time that had been his for seven years, this was begging for it!

"Tough spot? You bet. And, just because it was so tough, I will never forget how wonderful all the New York listeners were to me in the first ulcer-making weeks after I got on the show. They wrote me a flood of letters. They sent me telegrams. They telephoned. They said things like 'You were less nervous on the show this morning' . . . things that showed a genuine interest in and a real awareness of the honest pitch I was making. Things that made me, the newcomer from Chicago, feel right at home in New York and, pretty soon, right at home on the air that had been," Jack laughed, "Arthur's air! For that reception, the warmth of it, I was, I am and always will be both grateful and humble.

"It would have been a tougher situation if Arthur had just arbitrarily given up the show. But Arthur was going on to bigger and better things, which meant that his fans would be seeing and hearing him more often and the wrench was not one of parting. On the contrary. Furthermore, Arthur went all out for me before he left the early-morning show. There were announcements all through the day, with Arthur saying: 'Nice fellow going to take over; you'll like him.' Things like that.

"In the beginning I tried, consciously tried," Jack said, "not to emulate Arthur. There are certain tones in our voices which are similar. Certain words and phrases come out, as we speak them, the same way. But, although I felt that the better part of valor was to be as unlike Arthur as it is possible for one man to be from another, there were, on this score, differences of opinion. For the first three weeks or so after I took over, I'd have a meeting, after every show, with the Powers-That-Be. During these meetings, one member of the Higher Echelon would say, 'You sounded too much like Godfrey this morning.' Another would say, 'You didn't sound enough like him.' I was rapidly on my way to becoming a pretty confused character when, one night, some old pals of mine from the Midwest blew in and I played host-about-town. I didn't get to bed until 2:30 A.M.—and at 5:30 A.M., when the show went on, was so tired I couldn't play it any way but naturally. From then on," Jack laughed, using his thumb and forefinger to make the V-for-victory sign, "okay!"

Since the Jack Sterling Show goes on the air at 5:30 A.M. (5:30 to 7:45 A.M., Monday through Saturday), Jack must arise at four. In order to make sure that

he doesn't oversleep, he has six alarm clocks in his apartment. They go off at five-minute intervals—so that, if he ignores the brassy throat of one, five others follow through to hound him from his bed.

"I once asked Godfrey whether you ever get used to it," Jack laughed, "if you ever get used to rising before the birds . . . which means that you must also go to bed before them—around 8 or 9 P.M.

"No," was Arthur's clipped reply, "after fifteen or twenty years of it, I can tell you that you never do!"

On Saturday mornings, immediately after his early-morning show, Jack travels to Philadelphia (but no longer alone—his bride, he said, with the recurrent smile, now drives down with him) for *Sealtest Big Top*, the CBS-TV circus program on which (resplendent in red coat, complete with black-spangled lapels, long trousers, silk hat, jeweled whip) he is a dashing ringmaster. And now he has the five-a-week, 11:30-to-11:45 A.M. *Make Up Your Mind*, the CBS Radio panel show on which virtuoso Sterling is the urbane emcee. Urbane, but also a little nervous. . .

"Never get over being a little nervous," Jack said, "especially when starting something new. Most especially on *Make Up Your Mind*, for you always hope you'll get that network radio show, and when you do . . ." the six-foot Sterling crossed his fingers, shivered. . .

Why Jack Sterling, of all people, should be nervous—why he should have been nervous in the very first place—is a problem the panelists on *Make Up Your Mind* should one day attempt to solve. The visiting psychologist, at the program's end, should analyze Jack as he does other guests. For our Mr. Sterling, a newcomer to New York when he first succeeded Godfrey, is no newcomer to show business.

Born, according to his own account, on June 24, 1915, in Ma Brown's Theatrical Boarding House in Baltimore, Maryland, he was on the road trouping with his parents, Jack Sexton and Edna Cable, and sister Betty, some three or four weeks after he bowed in at Ma Brown's. At the age of two, he made his theatrical debut as Little Willie in "East Lynne." At the age of seven, he was in Hollywood, playing on the same vaudeville bill as his parents, but in an act of his own. A minstrel act.

"I did a single on the bill," Jack recalled, "in blackface make-up. I opened with a comedy song. This was followed by a political stump speech, a take-off. I closed with a fast tap dance. I thought I was a star.

"One night, director Tod Browning came backstage, told my folks he thought he could use me in a picture he was about to make, and asked them to leave me in Hollywood. But Mother didn't want to leave me. We were a traveling family and we traveled, she said, together. The part Tod Browning had in mind for me was the part Jackie Coogan played so unforgettably with Charlie Chaplin in 'The Kid.'

"I often think," Jack smiled, "how different my life might have been if Mother had left me in Hollywood. Makes you realize how potent is one little word, one small yes or no. . .

"I wasn't a star, however," he grinned again, "nor even that common denominator in the theatre, a 'child prodigy.' But—brought up, from my first breath, in a theatrical atmosphere—I learned early to know my way around a line, a gag, a song. My dad had a male quartet, the Garden City Four. Soon after he organized it, it was booked with a musical show which



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went on the road and played—among many towns, large and small—the relatively small town of Hornelsville, New York. In Hornelsville, a girl by the name of Edna Cable, who was working at the time in a five-and-dime store, joined the show as a chorus girl—and joined my father, soon after, as his wife.

"Later, my folks had their own stock company, and during the summer months my sister and I joined them and worked with them, wherever they were playing. We were schooled by private tutors and in public schools. We once spent two years in Ripon, Wisconsin, boarded with a family there, while the folks were on the road, and went to school. The longest stretch," he added, "we'd ever done in any one school."

When Jack was fifteen, he struck out on his own. He felt he'd had a world of stage experience. And so, for a fact, he had. But he didn't look it. Although six feet tall then, he was skinny, all elbows and knees, a typical "beardless boy"—and the moustache he wears today is a throwback to the one he grew (not without sweat and some tears) when, as a teen-aged actor, he was trying to make himself look older. "I wear it now because I'm used to it."

At seventeen, he was juvenile lead (thanks in part, perhaps, to the five-o'clock shadow on the upper lip) with the John D. Winner Stock Company, which played many small cities and towns—including Ripon, Wisconsin! He became a leading man with other road shows such as, for instance, the George Robeson Players. With one stock company, he not only played leads, he also sold candy, sang between acts and played in the orchestra.

Versatility radio and TV maestro Sterling still has with him. The talent speaks, over the networks, for itself.

His biggest character lead, during those stock company days, was the one made famous by Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'".

Then came the depression, and Jack, like just about every other man—Jack of those lean days, did odd jobs. . . .

"Sold silk stockings, for one thing," Jack told me. "It was a summer vacation and I was in Janesville, Wisconsin. I worked the small towns out of Janesville. I also worked all the angles. One of them, the sharpest, was to hang a stocking over the top of the front door—providing, of course, you'd got your foot in the front door!—fasten it securely, then try to chin yourself with it. This proved, of course—and I may modestly say, I often proved—how strong it was! Another blow in the face of sales-resistance—you always carried a nail file with you and, under the popeyed stare of the prospective customer, pulled it, by the point, the length of the stocking. This, too, I used, not unsuccessfully, until I met my come-uppance in the person of a customer who, in her zeal to show the neighbor woman what a bargain she'd got in half-a-dozen pairs of indestructible hose, used a paring knife—not at an angle—and cut the whole six pairs right through!

"I seem to remember that she sued the company, and I," Jack laughed, "wound up in vaudeville on the West Coast. I guess I did what was needed," he made a funny face, "to kill vaudeville forever. After that, I was a night-club emcee. I never have figured it out, but somehow I landed in Peoria, Illinois. An announcer friend of mine at WMBD there asked me to be a guest on his show. Little did I guess that I was to be, on radio, a long-staying house guest! I was paid seven-fifty for the guest spot. And was called back for more roles on dramatic and variety programs. Then came a break which was to be, in the light of later developments, The Break: I went to WTAD in Quincy, Illinois, as assistant manager and program director. This did it

I liked it. Liked radio. And decided to make it my career.

"From Quincy, I went to KNOX in St. Louis as producer, director, and emcee for some of their top shows, including *Quiz Of Two Cities*, *Open House*, *The Land We Live In*, *Saturday At The Chase and Quiz Club*.

"In November, 1947, I was called to WBBM, Chicago, as production director. When WCBS was searching for a man to take Godfrey's place, WBBM's Director Sexton was asked to submit audition records of his station's top local talent, including one of his own. It hadn't occurred to me to audition. I never thought of myself as a candidate, largely because I'd decided to stay on in the executive phase of radio. But, when WCBS Radio asked me to, I cut a record. And now," Jack smiled again, that happy smile, "I'm here.

"It was after I came to New York, by the way, that I changed my name from Sexton to Sterling. Or, rather, we changed it, CBS and I. For the reason that CBS wanted a new name, which would be jointly owned by them and by me—thus making sure I was not going to turn up," Jack winked, "on NBC! I've always been grateful, by the way, that I didn't have to change the initials on my luggage, fountain pen, et cetera.

"It sounds very simple, come to think of it, to say: 'I cut a record and now I'm here.' It wasn't that simple. Ten hard years of radio experience went into that one record and—although, when I cut it, I didn't expect to hear of it again—I'm glad the WCBS executives liked it. Glad because, if I had had this chance and failed, I think I would have been content as an executive, would have said, 'An exec is your role, old boy, carry on!' I'm pretty sure I would never have been really happy, or quite settled in, if I hadn't had the chance. I know I could never be completely happy away from show business. I was raised in it. I know nothing else. Whether or not grease-paint is in my blood, who knows? But I kind of like to put it on," Jack grinned, "and very much like an audience, seen or unseen. So I'm glad I had the chance and didn't fail.

"Glad, too," because—although it's not easy, as I've pointed out, to follow in the footsteps of a man of Godfrey's stature—it's been great experience. Glad because I'm happy to be in New York. Glad most of all because, if I had not come to New York, I might never have met Barbara. . . .

"Barbara," said Barbara's bridegroom, "was my secretary for a short time here at CBS. After working for me about two months, she came to me one day and told me her family was moving to Washington, D. C. Since she would eventually be joining them there, she felt that, before I got used to her, which would make a change difficult, I should get someone in her place. 'In the meantime,' she said, 'I may be able to fill in for someone else here at CBS, someone who has two secretaries, perhaps, and so will not be inconvenienced when I leave.'

"I thought this was so nice of her, so honest and thoughtful and decent, I took her out to lunch. And that," Jack said, a glint in his dark eyes, "is when the romance began!

"Hadn't I ever noticed her before? Oh, sure, I had. Of course I had. She's a very pretty girl, very pretty, so pretty she couldn't escape notice. But, beyond the appreciation any man accords a charming-looking, well-bred young girl, I hadn't gone—until we sat across a table from one another at Giovanni's! This was shortly after Christmas, 1951, and we were married, a little more than a year later, in June.

"During that year we dated pretty 'steady.' Barbara went to work, pending her

parents' move to Washington, for Margaret Arlen, who was using two secretaries at the time. Since Margaret is also here, in the CBS building, Barbara and I went out to lunch together a couple of times a week. In the evenings, we usually went to the theatre. We both love the theatre, especially musicals, and I think we must have seen, in the space of a few months, all the musicals on Broadway. Although she'd been living in East Orange, New Jersey, and worked in New York, Barbara had never been to the Copa, or the Latin Quarter, or any of the gilded night spots, and I took her—got a kick out of taking her—to most of them.

"I'm very fond of horses, and one night, after the theatre, thought it would be romantic to drive around Central Park in one of the old, nostalgic hansom cabs. When we came back from the drive, Barbara's eyes, I noticed, were filled with tears. Touched, I asked the reason. Guess," Jack laughed aloud, "what the reason was! Not sentiment. Not nostalgia. Not moonlight and magic—she is allergic to horses! On our honeymoon in Bermuda, we skipped the horse-drawn carriages!

"Why Barbara?" Jack repeated the question, "Why, of all the pretty girls I've met, and meet daily, was Barbara the one? Well, for one thing she is, let me repeat, a very pretty girl. Also, she is one of the most even-tempered, best-dispositioned young women I have ever known in my life . . . and this is, let me say, a potent factor in a woman's appeal to a man.

"She is also—as I suspected before we were married, and know now—a competent and, at the same time, casual housekeeper. And an excellent hostess. People like her immediately, and she, as immediately, likes people. Whether or not she's an artist in the kitchen, I don't know. Only room in a family for one cook, and I," Jack chuckled, "am it! Cooking is my hobby. I've a great collection of cookbooks—German, Italian, Swedish, Chinese, Filipino—cookbooks of all countries. Have the real copper cooking utensils and the wooden spoons and, certainly, a liberal spice shelf. I do my own marketing . . . I like to do authentic Chinese cooking, in preparation for which I go right down to Chinatown, to the Wing Fat Company, where I have some very good friends who see to it that I get the authentic ingredients.

"Come to dinner some night," Jack said, with the slant eyes, "and we'll start out with appetizers of Chinese barbecued spareribs, served with mustard and a sweet-and-sour sauce. The spareribs will be followed by a Wan Ton soup. And then—oh, shrimp, probably, with lobster sauce. After the shrimp, beef with Chinese vege-

tables. And, for the sweet, almond cookies and Chinese tea.

"As a cook, however, I change pace with every meal. Last weekend, at Spring Lake, New Jersey—where Barbara and I were staying with her family, who have a summer home there—I did stuffed pork chops, sage dressing, a red wine sauce . . . and, speaking of Spring Lake, it was in Spring Lake," Jack said, "that Barbara and I were married.

"We said our vows in St. Catherine's Chapel, back of the Hotel Monmouth, which faces the open sea. A full formal wedding, with Barbara in white satin, old lace veil, orange blossoms—she just looked like a little doll!—and I in the traditional striped trousers and cutaway, but looking unlike the traditional bridegroom . . . for I wasn't pale, wasn't nervous—just proud, just happy. A full battery of photographers from the *New York Times* and other papers were on hand, and there were pictures and descriptions and announcements. After the wedding, a reception at Spring Lake's Homestead Country Club, with some four hundred guests. After the reception, we drove to New York, spent the night at the Hotel Pierre, and flew, the next day, to Bermuda, where we stayed at the Princess Hotel, played golf, swam, drove (not behind horses) and felt like heaven on earth!

"The night before we were married, my associates at CBS and a few of my other friends in town gave me a bachelor dinner—aboard," Jack laughed, "a tugboat. In the Hudson River. We chugged up the Hudson, back to Coney Island, had an evening repete with piano player aboard, good food and much hilarity.

"The boys at CBS, the boys I work with on the shows, gave us a Bell and Howell movie camera as a wedding gift. There were many wedding gifts, all fabulous, but none more so than the camera from the crew I work with—and who work, what is more," Jack laughed, "with me! But I think our best wedding present was the new network show which was 'delivered' to me just six weeks after I'd said 'I do.'

"As a final fillip to this felicitous state of affairs, we've found an apartment on East 54th Street, which means I can just roll out of bed"—at 4 A.M., what else would the poor guy do but roll?"—and into the studio here on East 52nd. The decorators are in the place now—by the way, it has a big kitchen—Barbara is running around for them and with them . . . and, by the time these words are being read, we'll have left the Westchester-Biltmore, where we spent the summer months, and will be," Jack said, his voice deepening, "at home.

"As you can see, everything nice that can happen has happened to me!"



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