

RADIO-TV MIRROR

JANUARY

N. Y. radio, TV listings

WARREN HULL—
STRIKE IT RICH



New Stories
McGUIRE SISTERS
WHEEL OF FORTUNE



PEGGY McCAY
Her Love of Life



JOE MANTELL
The Real Cass Toderò



PHYLIS AVERY
Meet Mrs. McNutley

New! a shampoo that

Silkens your hair!

4 HERE
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Sheer heaven . . . the way your hair will shine . . .
so silky soft, so silky smooth, so silky bright . . . with
new Drene. Breath-taking . . . that shimmering silkiness!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new
formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like
lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic,
the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright
as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!



Lathers like lightning —

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.



This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!...

**No Tooth Paste—Regular, Ammoniated or Chlorophyll
Can Give You Listerine's Lasting Protection**

4 TIMES BETTER
THAN REGULAR
4 TIMES BETTER
THAN AMMONIATED
4 TIMES BETTER
THAN CHLOROPHYLL

Listerine Clinically Proved 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste. In clinical tests, Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

That's important for you to remember before you go any place where you might offend. Your own doctor or dentist will tell you that the *best* way to stop bad breath is to *get at bacteria, the major cause of bad breath.*

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria—by millions. That means Listerine stops bad breath *instantly!*—and usually for hours on end.

Listerine does for you what no tooth paste can do. No tooth paste is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

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—before you go
out on a date



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"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations

The most widely used
antiseptic in the world



... 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!

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PERIODIC PAIN

Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Sue now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know," explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-14, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

GLAD SUE FOUND OUT ABOUT MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

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Cover portrait of Warren Hull by Camera Associates

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Offices: 321 North Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. Harold A. Wise, Chairman of the Board; Irving S. Manheimer, President; Fred R. Sammis, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$3.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions and Canada \$5.00 per year for all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old, as well as your new address. Write to Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS: All manuscripts will be carefully considered,

but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
 Re-entered as Second Class Matter, Oct. 5, 1951, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1953 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co.
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Glamorous motion picture star says: "Playtex is a real all-occasion girdle—ideal for work or play."

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Lovely *White Magic* is a smooth latex sheath, with cloud-soft fabric lining. It washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry!

Be sure to see it at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

WHAT'S NEW



Topper: Really-weds Robert Sterling and Anne Jeffreys are "cast to type" as TV-weds.



"Famous Husbands" Edward Arnold and Tom Harmon greet famous Mrs. Charles Black (Shirley Temple).

• By JILL WARREN



Our Famous Husbands: At TV premiere—Mrs. Tom Harmon, Mrs. Art Linkletter, Mrs. Edward Arnold, Sheila MacRae (with hubby, Gordon).

ONE OF THE saddest events in all show business occurred last month when Arthur Godfrey, who was characterized by Julius La Rosa as, "He's been like a father to me," dismissed Julius, of whom he had once said, "He's like a son to me." Here, bared in all its ugliness, were behind-the-scenes workings in show business—perhaps events, more than persons, are to blame for the break-up of one of the finest relationships that had existed between two persons in show business. . . . Arthur Godfrey, some three years ago, heard Julius sing while Julius was still in the Navy. When Julius finished his stint, Godfrey made him into a "Little Godfrey," gave him singing, dancing, skating lessons, took him to Florida with him, handled his business affairs, counseled him in problems that were personal, as well as business problems. In turn, Julius worked hard to perfect himself, tried to make himself into the entertainer that Godfrey wanted him to be. . . . Meanwhile, Julius and Godfrey's orchestra leader, Archie Bleyer, formed their own record company (after they had been turned down by the major companies) and Julius found himself with two hit records on his hands. As a result, literally hundreds of requests poured in for Julius,

from COAST to COAST

The inside story on Julius La Rosa . . .

a million new shows for TV . . .

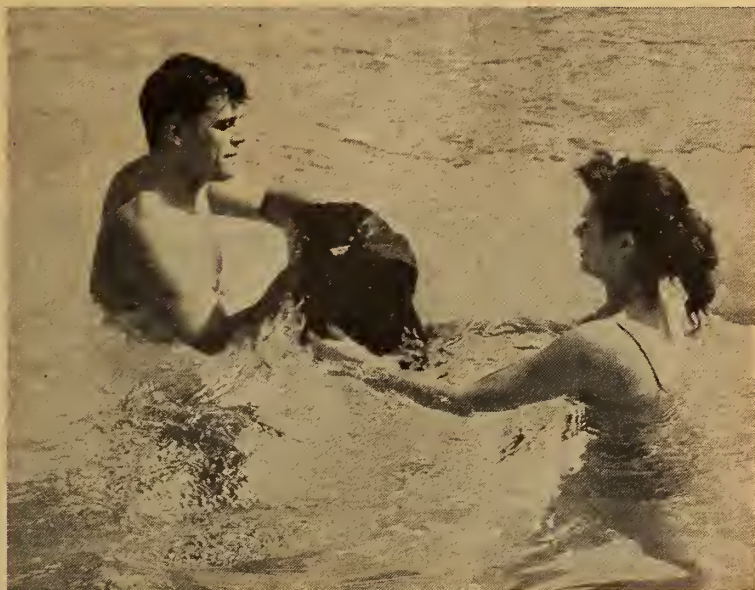
what's happened to your old-time favorites!



I Married Joan: Beverly Wills and her mom, Joan Davis, play-act as "sisters."

asking for personal appearances which would give him more money than he could ever have dreamed of making from his appearances on the Godfrey show. Julius is twenty-three, with his whole life before him, and each week he found himself not being able to take advantage of the fact that his voice was in demand to the tune of a lot of money. The General Management Corporation, a talent agency, guaranteed that Julius could make \$100,000 his first year—perhaps more. . . . The "family unit" idea, in which Arthur Godfrey protects the members of his troupe from internal jealousies, does not allow him to tolerate the hiring of personal press agents, or personal business agents, by any of his "Little Godfreys." And when Godfrey publicly fired Julius, it was like a father chastising his son—having no more to do with him, but wishing him all the luck in the world as he goes out on his own. . . . Now that the smoke has cleared away, Julius has been given his own thrice-weekly radio show on CBS, and has been making his way well with numerous personal appearances.

CBS finally got their long-awaited *Life With Father* series under way, and it will be a regular Sunday-night feature.
(Continued on page 7)



Poignant flashbacks: Arthur Godfrey was like a father to singing discovery Julius La Rosa—and Lu Ann Simms was like a sister—in days when Julius was a "Little Godfrey."

The Whiz at WHAM



Ralph Collier makes some last-minute script changes before interviewing outstanding guests such as Dagmar.

THE NAME Ralph Collier is practically synonymous with WHAM radio and television in Rochester and for good reason. Each broadcasting day is punctuated with a grand variety of top-flight shows, thanks to the sparkling talents of this personable emcee-announcer-disc jockey. Just to mention a few—on WHAM-TV, there's *Midday Midway*, *Collier's Cafe*, and *Cinderella Weekend*, and, hopping over to WHAM-FM, you'll hear *On Stage* and *Merry-Go-Round*. Fortunately for his many fans, this exhaustive schedule doesn't seem to bother Ralph (though he does insist upon a month's vacation each year so that he and his very pretty wife Donna can get off to some faraway rest spot). Perhaps it's because Ralph has long had his feet firmly planted in radio and TV.

Ralph first became interested in radio while at Columbia and New York Universities. His family wanted him to go into something more "professional" such as medicine

or law, but Ralph could not be dissuaded. In the early days of New York TV, he was piling up acting and directing experience when the war broke out. The Office of War Information then grabbed him for propaganda broadcasts to Germany and Austria. Next, the Army took him into their psychological warfare division.

Ralph's career really began rolling after the war: news-casting and announcing in New York; publicity work for the Savings Bond Series with top bands such as Guy Lombardo, Harry James and Sammy Kaye. Next, and best: Rochester, shows unlimited, and popularity galore.

When and if he gets a spare moment, Ralph likes to play tennis, cook, or just relax with Donna and their two over-active boxers. His latest ambition is to buy an old Rolls-Royce—about 1929 vintage—and fix it up. No one knows how he'll find time to do it, but everyone's sure it will be one more job superbly done by the whiz at WHAM.



Ralph and his pretty wife Donna prepare to take Amos, one of their two boxers, for an outing.

WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 5)

ture on the network. The new half-hour comedy, based on the delightful Clarence Day stories, co-stars Leon Ames and Lurene Tuttle as "Father" and "Mother."

Good news for opera lovers—the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts are resuming again over ABC Radio, to be heard each Saturday afternoon for the duration of the current season. Milton Cross returns to his familiar microphone post as narrator.

The Yuletide holidays are practically upon us, and the network program departments have been busy beavers planning their Christmas shows. On Sunday, December 20, NBC-TV is again presenting its hour production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors."

CBS has two big television shows planned for Christmas Day. The first, *Big Top*, is mainly for the kiddies and will come your way in the afternoon. They've lined up some of the greatest circus acts in the country for their special hour.

The second show on Santa Day is the *Longine's Christmas Festival*, also an hour long, featuring the Symphonette and the Choraliers. Eugene Lowell will conduct.

ABC also has a TV Christmas extravaganza cooking which will be a variety show, and they're lining up every name entertainer who can appear. John Daly has been pencilled in as the emcee.

And last, but not least, on Sunday night, December 27, comes Bing Crosby in his first television show. For that one night only, Bing is taking over Fred Waring's time with a half-hour program. And it will be on film, the way Crosby has always insisted he'd do television. If everyone concerned is pleased with the finished result, the Groaner may consent to a few more video offerings during the season.

Sometime early in January, the Philadelphia Orchestra will begin a weekly series of concerts on CBS Radio. The program will be an hour long, with Eugene Ormandy as conductor. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony will continue to be heard as usual on Sundays.

This 'n' That:

Movie actor Gerald Mohr, recently seen in such films as "Detective Story," "The Ring," and "Invasion U.S.A.," has been signed to a five-year contract to play the title role on *Mike Malloy*, the mystery-thriller series heard Monday through Friday over ABC Radio. Mohr replaces Steve Brodie, who was forced to give up the role because of his heavy picture schedule.

Patricia Benoit, who plays the school nurse, Nancy Remington, on *Mr. Peepers*, is a recent bride. She took the big leap, after a three-month courtship, with Parton Swift, Jr., who is with *Family Circle Magazine*. Incidentally, their romance began when Swift saw Pat's picture in *RADIO-TV MIRROR*, liked what he saw and, through a mutual friend, arranged an introduction.

Remember the old *Dr. I.Q.* program on radio? The show has returned as a television feature over ABC.

So sad about the sudden death of comedian Willie Shore in an automobile accident in Illinois. He had been signed to appear on Eddie Cantor's *Colgate Comedy Hour* and was to have been given a TV build-up on his own show.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, violating one of its own strict rules with its stars, has granted Vic Damone his television rights, and Vic couldn't be happier. He is permitted to appear as a guest on any live TV shows, but must not do a regular series or anything on film.

(Continued on page 13)

Good News For FATTIES

New ideas about the best way to reduce are making present-day diets obsolete



One out of every four Americans is overweight. Could this one be you?



D. C. Munro, M.D.

Science constantly marches on. Each day new developments are being advanced so that we might all live happier and longer lives. Old ideas and theories must give way to the new. In the field of nutrition, Dr. Munro of Utica, N. Y., has good news for fat people. In his book, just published, he reveals how to reduce weight *only* at the expense of deposited fats and water—not at the expense of vital tissues.

Many of the so-called Miracle Diets and Wonder Diets reduce weight all right, but most of the weight is lost from vital tissues, rather than from the fat deposits in the body. This kind of weight loss explains so many cases of weakness, anemia, and other infections following a course of reducing diets.

No Arithmetic Needed

When you follow Dr. Munro's very simple Slenderizing Diet you need not be a mathematician. You won't have to add calories. Instead, you will find in this book menus for all your meals for an entire month. These menus will direct you to eat one egg or two chops, or so many ounces of meat, etc. Simple, isn't it?

No Rabbit Food Diet

Make no mistake about Dr. Munro's Slenderizing Diet—it contains no rabbit food, such as carrots or salads. But it does con-

tain such foods as eggs, oysters, steaks, fat (yes, fat), as well as desserts, such as baked custards, mocha pudding, Spanish cream, and vanilla ice-cream. Naturally, you must prepare these dishes according to the instructions contained in the doctor's book *Slenderizing for New Beauty*.

"Many times I have had the experience of witnessing the increasing beauty in people on this diet. Some women who appeared elderly or middle aged, after a few months on the diet effected an amazing change. They appeared a generation younger in beauty and they regained the old appeal. You will not only look younger, but you will be younger physically and older mentally."
Daniel C. Munro, M.D.

Dr. Munro's book will be of no interest to the health "faddist." It is written for intelligent men and women who want to reduce fatty deposits and not vital tissue.

The price of this splendid new book is only \$2.50. If you are overweight you owe it to yourself to obtain a copy of this remarkable book—*immediately*.

At all bookstores, or MAIL COUPON TODAY

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205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me postpaid, a copy of SLENDERIZING FOR NEW BEAUTY. I enclose \$2.50.

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WHAT'S SPINNING

By CHUCK NORMAN

FOR YEARS it's been difficult to distinguish the wax racket from the radio biz, because they scratched each other's backs, and they both had the same itch to grow big together. Now television has moved in, and everybody is in the act, because TV producers have decided that no music can be played without there's a Shakespearean production going on in the background. In spite of it all, the record firms, singers, and bands are still calling the signals, with those miserable creatures, the disc jockeys, riding herd on the sidelines, pausing occasionally to wonder if anybody's listening.

No one knows for sure. That's what makes it so interesting.

What to do until the bills come—If you're looking for a few places to place some Christmas bucks, I know where you can convert them into hours of loveliness. I've had a few such hours myself, soaking in the stuff that Oscar Peterson and Mercury records have bestowed upon a hungry audience.

The gifted Negro pianist, with the subtle aid of his two sidemen, bassist Ray Brown and guitarist Barney Kessel, has taken the works of four of our greatest popular composers, Ellington, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, and Gershwin, and wrapped them up with loving care to form the crispest and most delicate package of solidity in recent years.

The only "impressions" of these composers' tunes that Peterson has to offer are on the records. He has taken each one and done it just as each composer would have done it if he had been as good a pianist as Oscar. (With apologies to the Duke, who has too many laurels to want to pluck more

from Oscar Peterson's bouquet.)

There is no boogie-woogie as distilled by Liberace, no screaming Kentonizing of the classics—nothing but the best of the best, done by the best . . . Oscar Peterson.

Tell 'em about me—That's what he told me in a hastily scrawled letter recently. In our youth we unknowingly shared a home town and a few dreams—and his were big . . . big enough to carry him to Hollywood and into the home of one of the biggest, where he spent his days and nights composing music for a very special movie . . . a dream come true for the boy—shattered when the movie came out with composing honors credited to someone else. But that's the way it is when the movie is "Limelight" and the "someone else" is Charlie Chaplin. But it gave him a push, and with another one from his wife he penned a song, "Fly, Little Bird," his last hope before he has to go back into the saloons and tinkle his stuff on battered uprights. . . . So maybe you can help write the end to this story. A guy named Ray Rasch has taken care of the plot up to now.

Ragpicker extraordinaire—A few weeks ago, I had a chance to mix it up with Pee Wee Hunt when his Dixielanders swung into my village, riding high on the splash from his hit, "Oh!"

I was surprised to hear that, in spite of the other established stars recording for Capitol—Nat "King" Cole, Ray Anthony, and Les Paul, to mention a few—Pee Wee's "12th Street Rag" of a few years back is, to date, the wax-house's biggest seller.

I was also glad to see that the

Huntsmen were able to handle the dancing crowd along with the aficionado, much in the style of the old Crosby band. For aging two-beaters who dig the bunch, they're like an echo of the past but the reverberations are anything but hollow.

Tea and trumpets—Maybe it all happened here, but Londontown heard about it many years ago, thanks to a fellow who has had the job of being England's Duke Ellington, Glen Gray, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and Stan Kenton for twenty years or so.

Ted Heath has spent many years learning to swing in the natural style of American musicians, but he gets an "A" for the course this season, for he's put together the best of America and molded it into an original offering that would pass a security check anywhere apple pie is eaten and the Dodgers are booed.

Last spring, Ted Heath's band was taped at a jazz concert in London's Palladium and the results as displayed in London Records' new album prove that lend-lease did some good. It's the purest jazz of any of Heath's things that I've spun . . . and I think it'll spin the same web for you.

Eartha is earthy—Eartha Kitt came back home recently, and nobody said "So what?" as they might have a few years ago when she became a voluntary expatriate. Europe and the Near East opened their ears to hear, and Miss Kitt picked up a few languages herself. Aside from having a continental style and a body by Fisher, Eartha doesn't hide all of her innuendos under a barrel of Berlitz. Though she can toss it around in French, Turkish, and Spanish (to say nothing of Swahili), she lets a little pool-hall English slip through just to show you why she's been banned in so many places she's become the "God's Little Acre" of the music world. But RCA is Victor again with their album issuing of Eartha Kitt's best including "I Wanna Be Evil," "C'est Si Bon," and a very sterile "Avril au Portugal," which means heavy heartbeats in any language.

Lates on the greats—Sylvano Mangano, the Italian actress, recently received a gold record for the millionth purveyance of her grooving of "Anna." My West Coast tipster and hipster informs me that Syl didn't even make the record and that a gal named Flo Sanders is getting much less gold for her three-minute effort.

It is not true that Ezio Pinza is really Sylvano Mangano's father, and that his vocals are really dubbed by Bobby Breen. But is true that such well-known stars such as Jean Peters, Vera-Ellen, Ava Gardner, and Rita Hayworth "have help" on their records and soundtracks.

See you later. . . .



Perry Como and June Valli chat with author Chuck Norman, WIL's top disc jockey in St. Louis, about the latest and most popular record releases.

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF

that brings new hope to millions for

Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol*! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities — for a full year — proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

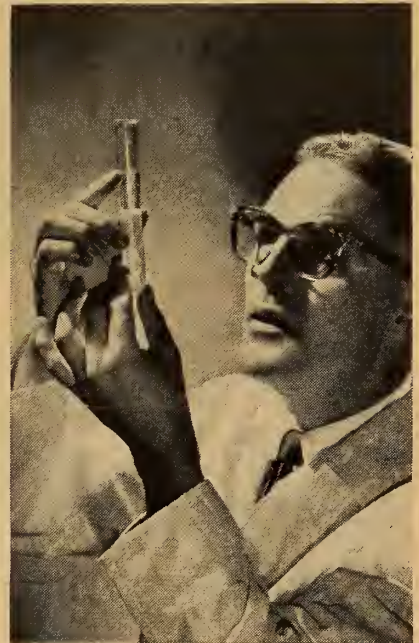
Now you can get New Colgate Dental Cream—the *only* toothpaste with clinical proof of *long-lasting* protection against decay-causing enzymes! The only toothpaste in the world with amazing new miracle ingredient, Gardol!

LABORATORY EXAMINATIONS of hundreds of people have proved that New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol acts *immediately* to prevent the formation of tooth-decay enzymes—gives you the *most complete long-lasting protection* against tooth decay ever reported. Because Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day, just ordinary daily use—morning and night—guards against

tooth decay *every minute* of the day and night!

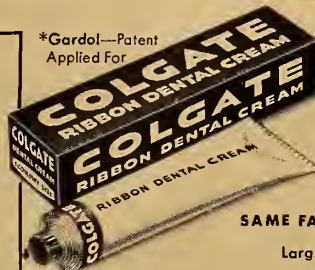
CLINICAL TESTS on hundreds of people were conducted for a full year under the supervision of some of the country's leading dental authorities. Results showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before! And similar clinical tests are continuing—to *further* verify these amazing results!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! Millions, who use New Colgate Dental Cream *regularly* and *exclusively*, can now look forward to a *lifetime* of freedom from tooth decay!



A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

*Gardol—Patent Applied For



No Other Toothpaste
Offers Proof
of Such Results!

SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE! SAME LOW PRICES!

Large Size 27¢

Giant Size 47¢

Economy Size 63¢

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

FOR LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

the MAGNIFICENT McCRARYS



Broadcasting from their home on Long Island, Tex and Jinx chat about everything from personalities to politics.

A WELL-KNOWN New York newspaperman recently said in his column: "We got up accidentally at eight-thirty this morning and turned on the radio to fall asleep again. But we couldn't—'cause we'd tuned in on Tex and Jinx and their showmanship-shape patter makes you think instead of blink. Best ad for early rising we've stumbled across yet. . . ."

Truer words have never been spoken about NBC's stellar husband and wife team, who for seven years have been changing the sleeping—and thinking—habits of scores of listeners. From 8:30 to 9:30 each morning, the incomparable McCrarys present a bright, fast-moving, and consistently adult program. Then, from 1:45 to 2:30 P.M., Jinx has her daily show, *Jinx's Diary*, on WNBT. Sundays, they get together again on NBC's *Weekend*. Highlighting each show is an interview with a well-

known personality, and the McCrary guest list includes people from all walks of life. Recently, their reportorial roster was enlarged to include President Eisenhower, as—each Sunday at 3:15 P.M. on NBC-TV—they present *The President's Week*. Tex and Jinx offer an intimate glimpse into the busy week of the Chief Executive and his wife through the use of film, live coverage and interviews. Designed to give the pros and cons of the President's life, the show reflects the ingenuity and charm that have made the McCrarys so appealing.

A peek into the past of these two reveals a background every bit as fascinating as those of the personalities they interview.

Tex was born in Calvert, Texas, forty-three years ago. After graduating from Exeter Academy and Yale University, he joined forces with the *New York World-Telegram*. Trans-

ferring to the *New York Daily Mirror*, he worked his way up to editor. Combining his writing and announcing talents in 1941, Tex acted as commentator, writer and director for a series of Pathe newsreels until the war broke out. Then he became a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force and saw action during the blitz in England as a photo officer and as a paratrooper in France. Later, he headed public relations for the B-29 operations in the Pacific and took the first group of correspondents into atom-bombed Hiroshima.

While in Europe, Tex met Jinx Falkenburg, who was on tour with the USO, and began an international courtship that stretched from London to Cairo. Finally, back in New York in 1945, they were wed.

By that time, Jinx Falkenburg was already very well-known to Americans. Born in Barcelona, Spain, in 1919, where her father, an electrical



Jinx interviews James C. Hagerty, President Eisenhower's press secretary, in preparation for *The President's Week*.

Few of the outstanding guests they interview have led lives more interesting than Tex and Jinx



Mother was a champion and son Kevin is fast learning how to follow in her footsteps.

engineer, was stationed, Jinx spent most of her childhood in Brazil and Chile, where she achieved fame as a swimmer and tennis player. When the Falkenburgs moved to California, Jinx made a name for herself in movies and as a cover girl.

A year after Tex and Jinx were married, the two outstanding individuals teamed up for their first show, *Hi, Jinx*. The rest is history.

It's obvious that, today, the McCrarys are busier than the proverbial bee, but still they insist upon spending a good part of their time with their two sons, Paddy, 7, and Kevin, 5. And how lucky the boys are to have Jinx supervise their swimming and tennis!

Perhaps, in time, the McCrarys' exhaustive schedule will prove to be too much for them. Meanwhile, audiences across the land are enjoying and valuing their continually magnificent performances.



Dad and Mother enjoy the antics of Kevin and Paddy as they take over the back-seat driving in the family's English roadster.

New Designs for Living



IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS
IN YELLOW, BLUE, PINK.



7155



7129



7129 Crochet this set in a jiffy. Cap and mittens are easy to do in heavy knitting worsted. Directions for sizes 4 to 10 included in pattern. 25¢

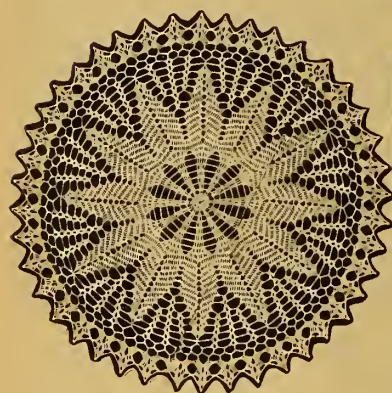
7155 No embroidery, just iron-on these lovely old-fashioned girls in sunny yellow, sky blue and peach. Washable. Transfer of eight motifs: two girls 4½ x 10 inches; two girls 4½ x 5 inches; four sprays 4½ x 2¼ inches. 25¢

7308 Top your tables with modern-design doilies of graceful leaves. Large doily is 19 inches in No. 30 cotton. Small is 13 inches. Complete, easy-to-follow directions. 25¢

7151 Iron-on fruits and vegetables in red, yellow and green to beautify your linens. No embroidery necessary. Washable, too! Transfer of 16 motifs: eight about 3 x 4 inches; eight about 1½ x 2 inches. 25¢

7323 So easy, even a beginner can make this rug. Single crochet in two sizes, 30 x 36, or 30 x 50 inches. Use rug cotton. Directions. 25¢

603 Beautify your bedroom linens and guest towels with this garden of flowers. Easy to embroider, and so pretty. Transfer of 6 motifs about 4 x 13 inches. Directions. 25¢



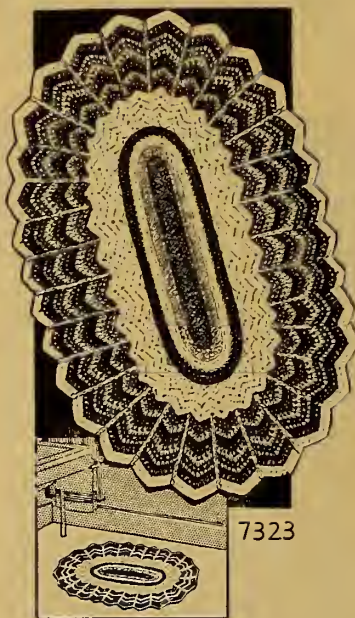
7308



IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS
IN RED, YELLOW, GREEN.



7151



7323



603

Send *twenty-five cents* (in coin) for each pattern to: RADIO-TV MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N.Y. 11, N.Y. Add *five cents* for each pattern for first-class mailing.

YOUR NAME.....
STREET OR BOX NO.....
CITY OR TOWN.....STATE.....

Send an additional *twenty cents* for Needlecraft Catalog.

WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 7)

Mulling the Mail:

Miss P. G., Newark, New Jersey, and others who wrote about Freddie Stewart: When you saw Freddie on television, you saw him in some old movies made several years ago in Hollywood. Recently, he has been devoting most of his time to night-club work and just finished an engagement at the Celebrity Club in New York City. . . . Mr. J. L. M., Redlands, California: Cathy Lewis left *My Friend Irma* this season because she didn't want to become permanently "typed" and also because she wanted more time in order to accept different free-lance parts. Her successor, Mary Shipp, who actually is a blonde, had to darken her hair to brunette for the role. Yes, Mary's been in radio for years—she played *Henry Aldrich's* sister and was also the schoolteacher on *Life With Luigi*, both on radio and TV. . . . Mrs. O. P. N., Albuquerque, New Mexico: Les Paul was in a very serious automobile accident a few years ago and did suffer bad injuries to his arm, but in time he recovered sufficiently to play the fine brand of guitar he has been playing on his hit records. . . . Mrs. L. H., St. Cloud, Florida: Alice Frost and Joseph Curtin weren't "taken off" the *Mr. And Mrs. North* program. Neither of them was able to move to the Coast when the show was transferred to Hollywood, so the producers had to make a cast change. . . . Mrs. B.A.B., San Antonio, Texas: Since her television show went off the air, Martha Stewart has been appearing in supper clubs and recently worked in Las Vegas on the same bill with her ex-husband, comedian-singer Joe E. Lewis.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Felix Knight, former Metropolitan Opera singer who also was heard on many radio programs? At the present time, Felix is rehearsing in a quartet which they hope to present as a revived "Yacht Club Boys"—the group who were very well known in the café circuit several years ago.

Connee Boswell, the veteran songstress of radio, records and theatres? Connee has been working right along, though she hasn't made too many air or TV appearances lately. However, a few weeks ago she did pinch-hit for Joan Edwards on Joan's disc-jockey program over WCBS in New York while Joan took a vacation.

Well, finally we located the mysterious Clayton Moore, whom so many readers have asked about and written about. His wife informs me, from Tarzana, California, that Clayton has been concentrating on making Western movies since he left the *Lone Ranger* program about two years ago. "Montana Territory," "Son of Geronimo," "Canadian Mounted Police" and "Robin Hood of the Jungle" are some of his films now being shown around the country on television. Clayton wishes me to thank his many fans who have been so loyal and so interested in his career.

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.



If a friend's ex-steady wants to date you—

- Grab the guy Get the facts Be sly

Secretly, you've been green-eyed about him—tho' as Sally's beau he was "mustn't touch." But they've broken up; and now you hear the "all clear" (you t-h-e-e-n-k). Listen again. Get the facts—from *Sally*. Is she still torching for him? Then he's still off-limits, unless you'd like being the town's meanest moll! You're all clear, confidence-wise, when you rout certain days' discomfort with Kotex. For softness unlimited, Kotex holds its shape.



Who rates best with Brain Boy

- A Charleston whiz Paper doll
 Giggler

He's the intellectual type—and you're smitten, but chatter-shy. Don't fret. Days before your date, start scanning the newspapers; get a line on world topics to show you're alert, save the conversation from bogging down. But on calendar days, you need never get a line—the telltale kind. Trust those flat, pressed ends of Kotex. And this napkin gives extra protection.

Are you in the know?



Is she getting first aid for—

- Skiers' backache School-girl slump

Before those shoulders droop again, here's a posture plan you can really stick to! Put a strip of adhesive tape across your shoulders: good reminder to keep 'em on the square. And next time you need sanitary protection, remind yourself to try all 3 absorbencies of Kotex. There's one just for you . . . Regular, Junior or Super.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

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

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

- Ask Sis See a librarian Read "V.P.Y."

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don't's a girl should know. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1214, Chicago 54, Ill.





DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY Some of Aunt Jenny's neighbors have lived in Littleton since they were born. Some have moved in from farms; some have gone off to big cities. Most of them think of themselves as ordinary folk, unaware that in their loves and hates, their problems and joys lies the stuff of which drama is made. It is these hidden stories Aunt Jenny tells in her dramatizations of the lives of her Littleton neighbors. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE In her desperate anxiety to save her marriage, Mary Noble becomes so embroiled in Lucius Brooks' oil stock swindle that the hypocritical Dolores Martinez finds it easy to make her the center of a devastating scandal. Mary manages to prove her innocence, but what will happen as predatory Elise Shephard takes full advantage of the situation to promote her own standing with Mary's actor husband, Larry? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE BENNETTS His young friend Bert Wells is becoming an increasingly awkward thorn in the side of lawyer Wayne Bennett. At thirty-five, Bert seems unable to adjust to responsibility, and Wayne resents having to point out Bert's blunders almost as much as Bert resents listening. For Ellie's sake, both Wayne and Nancy would like to see the marriage succeed—or is Ellie herself beginning to get ideas about that? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Older people often puzzle over why—and how—those who are young and in love can put so many obstacles into their own paths. But Patsy Dennis is more fortunate than most girls. Whether or not the future holds what she hopes it does for her and Alan Butler, she will always be able to turn to her father, the Reverend Richard Dennis, for help in understanding and facing it. Can she make Babby see it the same way? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART Julie Fielding's mother is almost hysterically determined to break off the romance between her daughter and Peter Davis, and Julie herself is as determined to live her own life. Is this a real case of mother knowing best? Peter himself has explained how much of his past must remain a mystery. Is Julie getting in over her head? And what of red-headed Georgie, who knows she must forget Peter—but can't? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Far-

rell's passion for justice could have been a handicap for a reporter who is only supposed to report. But David turned it into an asset by becoming a crime reporter—a reporter whose reputation as a detective often gets him entrees other reporters cannot achieve. Risky as his work often is, David wouldn't exchange one innocent victim freed, one criminal exposed, for the most glamorous armchair job in the world. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT With love and happiness right in her hands, young Kathy Grant seems on the verge of throwing them away as she continues blind to the misery of her young doctor husband. How long can Dick wait for Kathy's confession about their child—the truth he already knows? How far will Janet Johnson go in her efforts to cash in on Kathy's failure? And what happens as Bill and Bertha approach a crisis in their marriage? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS; 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HAWKINS FALLS Running a paper, even a small-town paper, is quite enough to fill a woman's life. Dr. Floyd Corey would like to offer Lona Drewer a different kind of life, as his wife, but even Floyd has now become wary as Lona seems incapable of making the decision to marry him. Although he is sure of their mutual affection, Floyd is reluctant to press for an answer. It might be a mistake—but is he making a bigger one? M-F, 11 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE As head matron of the orphanage, Hilltop House, Julie has found the Klabber family troublesome in more than one way. But when young Len Klabber enters so importantly into the life of teen-age Babs, Julie has a personality problem with Conrad that she isn't quite sure how to solve. Can her beloved charges successfully divert Julie from the tragedy that darkens her own life? Will they make it full and rewarding enough? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL As Bill Davidson struggles to block young Phyllis Hunter's desperate plan to discard her husband, Rex, in order to free herself for marriage to Cornelius Townsend, Bill finds he has endangered the happiness of his own daughter, Nancy. For, in her frustration, Phyllis turns vengefully against Nancy and her husband, Kerry Donovan. Will Bill find himself unable to protect those he loves from the vicious, unstable Phyllis? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Papa David has a hard time remembering to call Chichi by her married name—and no wonder, it's so new! It's what he has always wanted for Chichi, a vigorous young man who can keep her in line and command both her head and her sometimes too-soft heart. But Papa David is too wise to believe that there is nothing but happiness ahead. The question is, how will Chichi react to the trials of her new life? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo, confused by his inability to recall his past life married to Belle, has begun to pay frequent visits to the theatre where Belle is rehearsing in Verne Massey's new play. Is he at last dimly remembering their former happiness? What will happen as Gail Maddox, fearful of losing Lorenzo on the very verge of marriage, takes determined and desperate measures to keep him and Belle separated? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

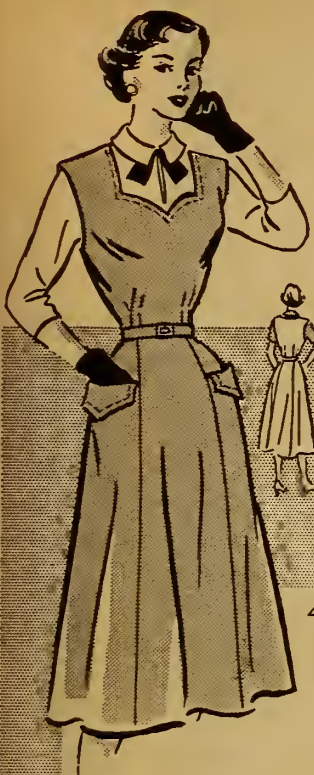
LOVE OF LIFE Both Vanessa Dale and her sister, Meg Harper, return to their home town unhappily aware that they do not come as conquering heroes. But Van, stimulated by family necessity, goes out and gets a job. Meg, bitterly regretting her lost wealth, has her usual trouble adjusting. What happens, as they find that Barrowsville is not quite the simple, innocent town they thought they knew so well? M-F, 12:15 P.M., EST, CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ma's adopted son Joe hasn't demanded happiness, but in his quiet way he has earned it in the shape of a wonderful wife and a nice steady place in Rushville Center life. But the accident to his boss Alf Pierce throws Joe into a dilemma and shows up perhaps the one weakness Ma suspects—his lack of confidence. Just how will Billy Pierce and Joe affect one another's lives? And what of Fay and Tom in New York? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Brian Durant, mentally disturbed, finds in Sunday a resemblance to a girl he believes killed herself because of him, and the strange coincidence causes an alarming upheaval in the lives of Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope. How is Brian's wife Connie involved, and what happens as Charlotte Abbott, troublemaking wife of Henry's friend, Dr. Julian Abbott,

(Continued on page 92)

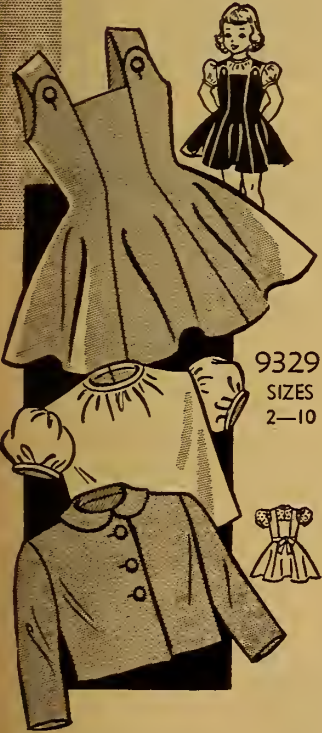
New Patterns for You



4589
SIZES
12-20
30-42



4877
SIZES
14½-24½



9329
SIZES
2-10

4589 Jumper and blouse to wear together or with your other separates. Misses' sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size-16 jumper takes 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, 1⅝ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

4877 Separates wardrobe designed to flatter the shorter-waisted, fuller figure. Blouse, weskit and skirt—all easy to sew. Half-sizes 14½ to 24½. Size-16½ weskit and skirt take 2⅝ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse takes 1¾ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

9329 Jiffy-sew jumper, blouse and bolero jacket. Children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size-6 jumper takes 1⅜ yards 35-inch fabric; jacket, 1⅜ yards; blouse, ⅞ yard. 35¢

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.

"TOO HOT TO LAST?"

Rita and Dick, Ava and Frankie, Lana and Lex—Hedda Hopper asks, Are these romances too hot to last? Read her inside answers in . . .

JANUARY
PHOTOPLAY
Magazine
At Newsstands Now

"I WAS ON THE SPOT WITH MARILYN MONROE"

PHOTOPLAY



Don't miss

"ON THE SPOT WITH MARILYN"

A famous photographer takes his camera into the Canadian wilds with Marilyn Monroe!

"THIS IS THE TRUTH"

One of Hollywood's top writers gives the real lowdown behind hot rumors about Liz Taylor and others!

These and dozens of other exciting stories and beautiful color photos in . . .

PHOTOPLAY
America's Largest-Selling
Movie Magazine



BUSIEST MAN IN BOSTON

From dawn to dusk, Ray Dorey brightens the way for New England listeners

RAY DOREY is one radio personality (of very few, no doubt) who can't get started early enough on his daily rounds at WHDH. Promptly at six each morning, his record of "Big, Wide, Wonderful World" begins Ray's *Music Shop*, and he stays around till 9:00 A.M., making the morning pleasant. Then, at 1:35 P.M., Ray returns with his musical helpmates, organist Ken Wilson and pianist Bill Green, to solve listeners' mystery tune questions on *Stumpus*. Again at 7:00 P.M., he's on hand with more music and delightful chatter.

To get the true picture of this busy Bostonian, you have to look back a few years. Ray started singing with Lou Doucette's band when it was a unit of the Rudy Vallee organization. While with them, he won a competition for vocalists and a trip around the world. At this point, however, the long arm of the law tapped Ray and forced him to quit the band and pass up the world tour. Reason: Ray was only twelve years old!

After finishing high school in Augusta, Maine, Ray took a whirl at college life, but gave it up in favor of a disc-jockey job in his home town of Burlington, Vermont. It was there that he met and married his wife, Lorraine. Ray remembers that she gave him the world's

coolest reception. Nevertheless, in three weeks they were going steady; six months later, they were married.

Marriage proved to be the big thing in Ray's life. The responsibility of having a wife started him up the ladder of success, the first stop being Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he sang and spun tunes at a local station. Ray's fine voice and delivery caused quite a stir among Pittsfield listeners, which inspired him to send a sample of his vocalizing to New York. Less than a week later, he became featured vocalist with Benny Goodman's orchestra. But then fate stepped in, and Ray's association with the Goodman band was cut short by World War II and the inevitable draft call. It wasn't until after the war that he started to record, hitting a peak with his version of "Mam'selle."

In September of 1949, Ray found a new home. He joined Station WHDH in the 7:00-8:00 P.M. strip, and has since broadened his activities to include appearances throughout the day. So it is, nowadays, that New England listeners enjoy a pleasant variety of music, helpful information and general cheerfulness, courtesy of Ray Dorey, who in exchange for all his fine entertainment humbly says, "Remembrance is all we ask."

PRELL

leaves hair

*Radiantly
Alive!*



... SOFT,
SMOOTH,
YOUNGER LOOKING!

Yes, **Prell Shampoo** actually leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo—*comparison tests prove it!* Your hair simply sparkles after Prell—it looks *younger*, lovelier, more 'Radiantly Alive!' And just *touch* your hair after you've used Prell. See how much softer and *smoother* it is—so much "silkier"—yet it has plenty of "body." You'll be thrilled *using* Prell, too . . . its beautiful emerald-clear form is much more exciting than liquids or creams. Prell is so economical—no waste—and it's so handy at home or traveling. Try it *tonight!*



INFORMATION

Handsome Singer

Dear Editor:

Would you tell me something about handsome Russell Arms, the wonderful singer on Your Hit Parade?

E. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.

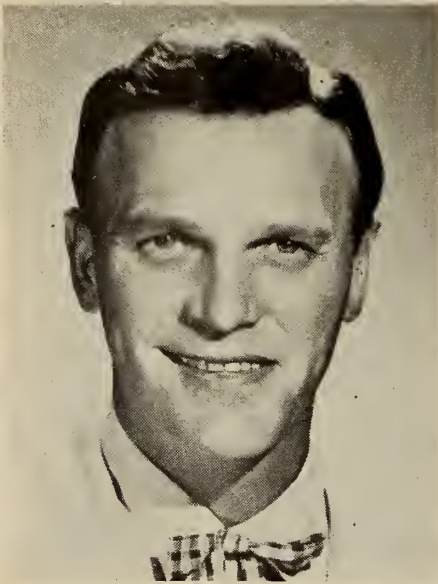
Born in Berkeley, California, on February 3, 1926, Russell Arms as a youngster studied to be an actor. After spending three years at Pasadena Playhouse near Hollywood, he signed a contract with Warner Brothers and appeared in films, including "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and "Captain of the Clouds." After World War II, in which he was a member of the Army Signal Corps, he returned to movie-making until 1948. Then he came to New York, hoping to do a play. Instead, he wound up with a radio show on Station WNEW, where his heretofore unknown singing talent was revealed and very well liked. In 1951, Rus was hired to do the commercials for *Your Hit Parade* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*. His great appeal as a singing actor prompted producers of *Your Hit Parade* to make him a regular star on the show. Rus is married to Liza Palmer, a former singer, and they live in Flushing, New York.

Eddy Arnold

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate knowing how old Eddy Arnold is and whether or not he is married. M. J. C., Johnson City, N. Y.

Eddy doesn't give his age, but we do know that he was born in Henderson,



Eddy Arnold

Tennessee, started in radio when he was eighteen, and married Sally Gayheart in 1941. He has a little girl and lives now in Madison, Tennessee.

Froman Fan Club

Dear Editor:

Several of my friends and I have started a Jane Froman Fan Club in the Pittsburgh area. We would appreciate any help you might give us in securing new members.

E. S., Carnegie, Pa.

We are glad to be of help. Anyone interested in joining this Jane Froman Fan Club should write to Emma I. Shaffer, President, 521 Center Street, Carnegie, Pennsylvania.

Suave Swayze

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some vital statistics on the good-looking John Cameron Swayze of the Camel News Caravan? I think he's terrific.

I. G. M., Bristol, Conn.

One of NBC's foremost news commentators, and winner of numerous awards for his work in that field, John Cameron Swayze was born on April 4, 1906, in Wichita, Kansas. After graduation from the University of Kansas, Mr. Swayze came to New York to pursue a dramatic career. The Depression pinch, however, forced him to switch to newspaper work, which he did for ten years. His work as newscaster for the *Kansas City Journal-Post* led to a full-time job with Station KMBC and next to NBC, where he has been since 1944. Mr. Swayze has also won honors as one of the ten best-dressed men in America and his collection of ties is famous. He lives in Greenwich, Connecticut with his wife, Beulah, and two children, John Jr., and Suzy. He is a great antique lover. He also likes to sail his own boat, when he gets the time.

Versatile Mr. Lewis

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if the Elliott Lewis of the Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show is the same Elliott Lewis of the *Cathy And Elliott Lewis Onstage show* and other Lewis-directed shows on CBS.

F. F., Charles City, Ia.

Elliott Lewis, often referred to as "Mr. Radio," is one and the same on all the shows mentioned. He originally played the part of Frankie Remly on the *Harris—Faye Show*, but now goes under his own name. Besides having his own show with his wife, Cathy, Elliott directs, produces,



Elliott Lewis

and sometimes writes for and acts in the *Suspense* radio programs. Elliott has few outside interests, other than home life and cooking, because, as he says, "If you really enjoy what you're doing, I don't think there's much need to 'get away from it all.'"

"Mr. North"

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me a little about Richard Denning's life? I would also like to know why you said in a recent article, "Richard's own little girl, Dianna."

B. R. R., Waterbury, Conn.

Handsome Richard Denning, who is well-known as Jerry in *Mr. And Mrs. North*, was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, and brought up in Los Angeles, where his father was a garment manufacturer. After working his way up in his father's business from mail boy to vice-president, Richard entered the "I Want to be An Actor" contest which netted him a contract with Warner Brothers. Except for his submarine duty in the Navy during the war, he has been acting in movies, radio and television ever since. He married actress Evelyn Ankers and they have one daughter, Dianna. RADIO-TV MIRROR referred to "Richard's own little girl, Dianna," in our September issue for obvious reasons. He is married to Evelyn Ankers in real life. He was pictured with his leading lady, Barbara Britton, who is his radio and television wife but has her own marriage and children in real life.

BOOTH

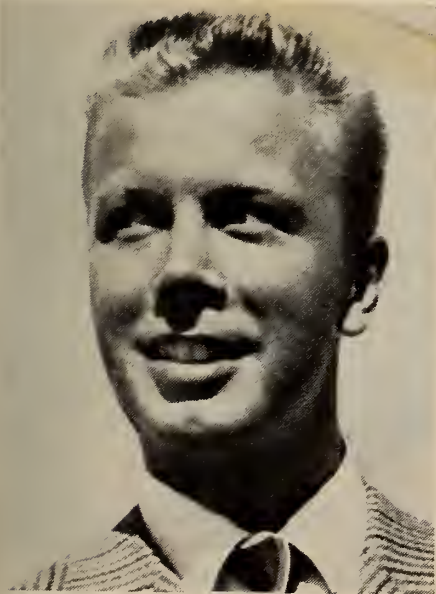
Rising Star

Dear Editor:

I have greatly enjoyed the acting of Roger Sullivan, who has appeared in *Three Steps To Heaven* and *Wonderful John Acton*. Could you tell me what other things he has done and print a picture of him?
D. T., Hornell, N. Y.

Talented Roger Sullivan hails from Syracuse, New York, where he started his training with the Syracuse University Children's Theatre. He came to New York City to work in various stock companies and on local radio stations. Roger entered television during its infancy and has appeared on many shows, such as *Armstrong's Circle Theatre* and *A Date With Judy*, besides his current role as Barry Thurmond on *Three Steps To Heaven*. On radio, Roger is heard as Leonard Klabber in *Hilltop House* and in a variety of roles on *Let's Pretend*. He also does some writing, and several of his dramas are soon to be seen on television. Roger is single and especially likes red-headed girls who are not too career-minded.

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.



Roger Sullivan



RITA HAYWORTH 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 Rita Hayworth—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



Glomour-mode-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!



Mokes 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.

THERE'S
COLD

CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



HER
PETAL-SOFT
SKIN GOES
STRAIGHT TO
HIS HEART!

Your skin will love it!

Wonderful new Camay with cold cream
for complexion and bath!

Here's the happiest beauty news that ever came your way! Now Camay contains cold cream. And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap to bring you this added luxury.

For your beauty and your bath—new Camay with cold cream is more delightful than ever. And whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay will leave it feeling beautifully cleansed, marvelously refreshed.

Of course, you still get everything that's made Camay famous . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that foam-rich Camay lather, skin-pampering Camay mildness and delicate Camay fragrance.

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

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



THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE



THE DAY on which our New Year begins has come to be symbolic to all of us. It's a time for counting the blessings of the past, looking forward to a future which, we are determined, will be still brighter. At year's end, it is a wonderful feeling to total up the things learned, the things experienced, and then go on to new hopes, new plans for the future. For each of us, there is a ledger, a balance sheet of our participation in this civilization—and I've discovered that the best things in life are not free, but must be paid for. The song is on the lips from the toil and travail of the composer. The child is in the crib from the anguish of the mother. The peace is upon the earth from the graves of those who fought to attain it. This is the give-and-take which makes the world progress and man survive. In 1954, let us pray that each of us finds the strength to pay for all the good things that life offers. The balance sheets will then be balanced, the ledger of life be clean.

By **JEAN HERSHOLT (beloved Dr. Christian)**

CBS Radio, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST, for 'Vaseline' Brand Products.

STRIKE IT RICH,



Little Mike Lewis beams in the arms of his mother, Zoe, who just "struck it rich" for his sake, to the tune of \$205. Emcee Warren Hull (center), producer Walt Framer (right) and announcer Ralph Paul (left) couldn't be happier about it.

WARREN HULL is a rugged man under most circumstances. When he heads for the beach, it's not to sunbathe but to put in a few miles of vigorous swimming. In the winter, he's in jeans and a flannel shirt wielding an ax on wood for the fireplace. He's never side-stepped responsibility to his family, work or country. But Warren Hull, as much of a man as you'll find in fact or fiction, has found himself with tears in his eyes and a prayer on his lips as he's interviewed some contestants on *Strike It Rich*.

"I can tell when Warren may break down," Walt Framer, producer and creator of the show, says bluntly. "I can see his lips begin to quiver, and I'm alerted. I signal Ralph Paul to be ready."

Ralph Paul is the commercial announcer and, on occasion, he has had to walk right onto the stage and take over. Warren, tears blurring his eyes, has lost his voice in a well of emotion.

Sometimes it's the contestant who forewarns Walt Framer of what's to come. And Walt, who knows Warren intimately, understands the origin of Warren's emotions.

"Now, some men begin to perk up when they meet a pretty young girl," Walt says good-humoredly. "With Warren, it's a little different. He goes soft when an elderly woman comes on. He shows an immediate eagerness to meet her and draw her out."

There were two women, along in years, who were recently helped by *Strike It Rich*, and these two unknowingly struck at a sentimental root in Warren's make-up.

One woman, Miss Quinnie Stanley, was seventy-one years old. Outside Fayetteville, Georgia, she lived in a two-room log house, and she lived alone with no modern conveniences. She toted in her water from a spring, a quarter of a mile away. She raised her own

PLEASE DO!

This is Warren Hull's silent prayer, as tears come to his eyes for those who need help

By MARTIN COHEN



Happy endings are Warren's specialty on *Strike It Rich*, whether he's helping a gifted youngster or bringing about a family reunion.

See Next Page →



STRIKE IT RICH, PLEASE DO!



Young people have a place all their own in Warren Hull's heart. With six in his family, he always knows just what to say and do to make a child's eyes sparkle.



vegetables. She was an immaculate housekeeper: the weathered pine boards were always scoured and the old steeple clock and worn family Bible were always dusted. She was a lovable, dear little lady dressed in fashions long forgotten: high-top shoes and black stockings and, on her head, a sunbonnet. She had spent a hard life caring for and waiting on others.

All Quinnie Stanley wanted was an outlet for one light bulb—and a radio with electricity to go with it. She got \$340 from *Strike It Rich*, and she couldn't have been more excited if she had won a mink coat, car and trip abroad on *The Big Payoff*.

"Of course, I won't burn the light and run the radio late at night," she said. "That would mean keeping a fire going these cold nights, but I'm going to have a good time, come summer."

And there was the former Army nurse of World War I, sixty-nine years old, happy and sound but for her present deafness. She lived alone in a furnished room in Manhattan, reading and writing. She seldom went out, but not because she wasn't friendly and outgoing. Miss Helen E. Root couldn't afford a hearing aid. She couldn't hear a word of what her friends said, and so she was lonely. Of course, *Strike It Rich* got her a brand-new hearing aid. She wrote Warren afterwards, "It's wonderful to live again in a noisy world."

These were two worthwhile, wonderful women, but they meant something more to Warren. They had much in common with his mother and grandmother.

In the village of Gasport, New York, they tell about Warren's great grandmother, who was affectionately called Aunt Hannah. Throughout her life, she was on call to help the sick and many times took trails through the woods, night or day, to help the ill. And there are whole families that wouldn't be in existence today if Warren's grandmother (Hannah's daughter) hadn't dropped her mop, run into the garden for a handful of wormwood and worked her horse into a lather to save the life of some youngster. Warren's mother and aunts, who pleaded with their mother not to overwork herself, forgot the advice when they came of age and carried on in the same tradition. These are the women whom Warren honors and remembers when an elderly lady comes on the show.

A youngster in need touches anyone but practically tears out Warren's heart. There was one lad on the show so badly off that everyone was speechless. His parents were poor and ill; the boy himself suffered so from leukemia that his life was in constant danger.

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



Three generations who help explain why Warren understands women as well as any man can: Wife Sue, daughter Sally and his beloved mother, Mrs. Laura Hull (pictured again, below, as she strolls with her famous son in his home town, Gasport, New York). Women of the Hull family have a fine reputation for helping others, and it's had a strong influence on his life.

"I was standing by, as Warren talked to him," Walt recalls. "There were tears in Warren's eyes and I wondered what words he could possibly find. Suddenly, Warren put up his hand and said quietly, 'Let's all bow our heads and pray for this boy.'"

Warren reads many of the letters that come in, and it doesn't take a professional writer to appeal to his heart. It can be a mere thirteen-year-old like Roger Wise of Rochester, New York.

Roger wrote, "Mom and I are alone. She always teaches me to be brave and puts on a brave front for me. Since I was three, Mom had to raise me and I don't want to bore you with that. I'll let you just imagine. She worked on two jobs while Grandma took care of me. I had pneumonia twice and it left my heart quite weak. When she got my doctor bills paid, Grandma took very sick. For three years things started to look brighter and Mom was happy. We had a small apartment and Mom was working two jobs again. Last year, she caught cold and was very sick but went back to work too soon and had a heart attack."

He described their home: rent—\$25, hardly any furniture, a hot plate instead of a range. His mother was in the hospital again. Roger wrote, "Mom is pretty sick and I sure would hate to lose her. She is coming home this weekend and her birthday is next month. When I watch that program I wish Mom were lucky enough to get a stove and pay for the ambulance and transfusions and doctor. She always catches cold in winter because she has thin blood. If she just had a little stove and warm woolen coat. That's all I'm wishing (Continued on page 80)



SQUIRE OF BEACON HILL

*A fence closes Godfrey off from strangers,
but his neighbors have found a way to his heart*



Arthur Godfrey's estate near Leesburg, Virginia—seen from a back country road, via telephoto lens.

By TOM DAVIS

ARTHUR GODFREY has been the source of legends almost from the day he made his bow, first to the listening, then to the seeing public. Now another legend has sprung up—that, since he has gone down to his Virginia farm to live, he's become one of the hardest men in the world to meet.

This legend is true, and yet it stems from the desire of any ordinary man to have privacy in his own home. Godfrey (*Continued on page 88*)

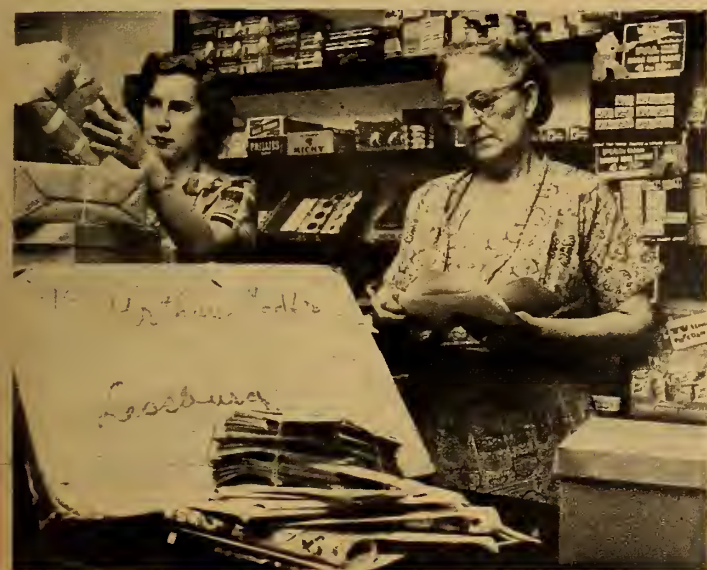
Godfrey's Talent Scouts, simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M., CBS Radio & CBS-TV, for Thos. J. Lipton, Inc. *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F—CBS-TV, M-Th—10 A.M., for Kellogg, Kleenex, Snow Crop, Esquire Boot Polish, Star-Kist, Toni, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Chesterfield. *Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Toni, Pillsbury Mills, and Chesterfield Cigarettes. *Arthur Godfrey Digest*, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Fiberglas. (All EST)



Privacy must be insured, not from his fellow Virginians, but from the hordes of tourist-fans attracted by his presence.



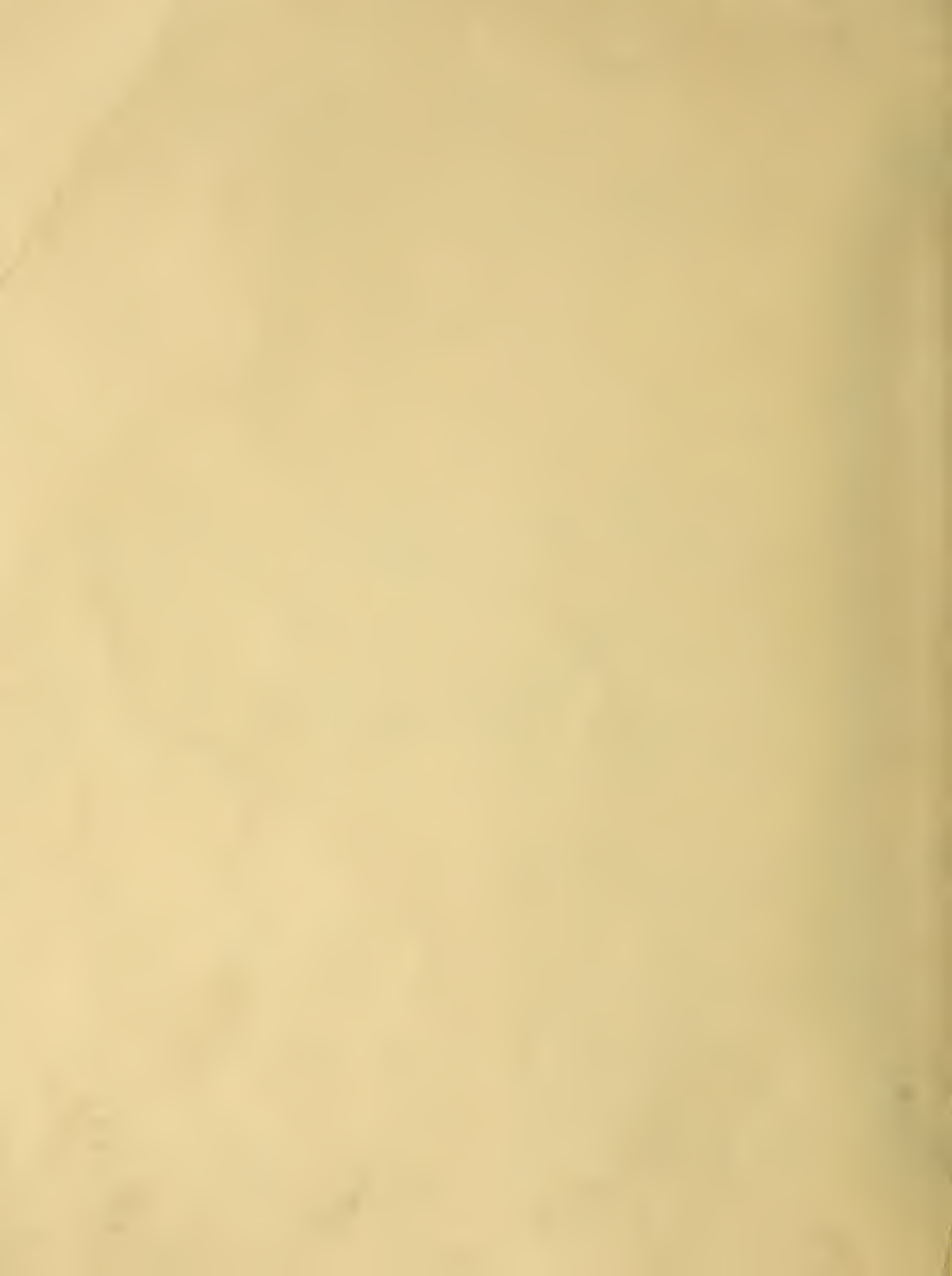
Arthur Godfrey's just about the biggest farm operator in Loudoun County. He farms and raises livestock for "real," not show.



Mrs. Robert Reed, Paeonian Springs postmistress, often sees the fabulous redhead—he's her biggest customer, by far!



Closest neighbor of all is Mr. Ray Peacock, a life-long farmer—who actually owns the entrance to Beacon Hill.



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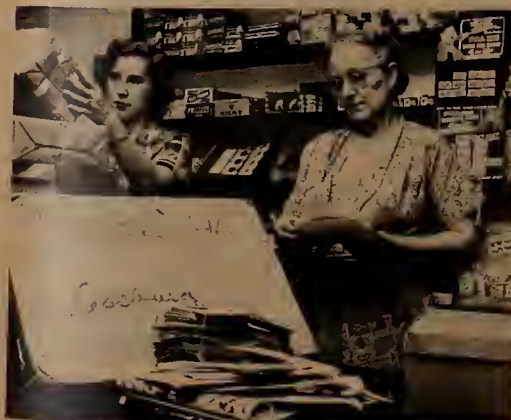
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MEET MRS. McNUTLEY



Phyllis Avery's romance has known both sun and rain—



Three young ladies having a wonderful time together, from first stroll in their California garden until bedtime stories: Phyl and her look-alike daughters—Avery, who has just turned five, and Andy (Anne), who will soon be four.

By ELIZABETH GOODE

PHYLLIS AVERY hurried from the set of *Meet Mr. McNutley*, where she was filming the popular CBS-TV series with Ray Milland—hurried to the large home which she and her husband, Don Taylor, had bought but two short years ago. In one way, it was a lonely sort of homecoming, for—although their two children were at the door, waiting for her to return—her husband Don was making a motion picture in Reno and would not be home.

As a matter of fact, Don might not be there for a long, long time—for, after more than nine years of marriage, Don and Phyllis had announced a separation. In one of those statements which mark such an occasion as "Private—keep out," Phyllis said, "Only the principals in this case can understand the cause, which is the result of many things, not only one thing." And, with that as their official attitude, Don and Phyllis began the period of trying to find ways and means of settling their differences.

As this is being written, Don has established a bachelor apartment to which he will return after his location trip. Phyllis is living with the children in the home which once contained such happiness. Phyllis called this her (Continued on page 86)

Meet Mr. McNutley—heard on CBS Radio, Thurs., 9 P. M. EST—seen on CBS-TV, Thurs., 8 P. M. EST—for General Electric.



They're separated now—but friends are hoping that Phyllis and Don Taylor will soon be reunited.

may the dark clouds roll away!

Both Jeff and Lisa are sure he'll one day be a jukebox favorite.



Being together is happiness for now.

The world was before them...



They've kept their courage and faith in darkest hours.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

THE TWO good-looking young people sat across a table from each other in the dimly-lit New York cafe, that early spring day in 1950, and clinked glasses of red wine over their steaming plates of spaghetti. The girl was Lisa Clark, a TV actress, and the boy was Jeff Clark, who had just been booked at the Capitol Theatre in New York, was already on one of the biggest radio shows in America (*Your Hit Parade*), and just that afternoon had signed for a TV show sponsored by Lucky Strike.

When Jeff Clark and his bride faced an uncertain future, it was Kate Smith who helped them see the light



To Jeff, after such heartbreak, the welcoming smiles of Ted Collins and Kate Smith mean more than words can say.

Jeff and Lisa had been married only a few weeks. This was their celebration of the at-last-obvious-fact that Jeff was headed for the top, had won his long fight for success. Lisa (whose real name had been Jeanne Romer before she married Jeff) pushed back her plate and stared thoughtfully into her glass. Jeff, who had been talking and laughing delightedly about his new contract, suddenly sensed her mood.

"Hey, Jeanne," he said, sobering, "what's the matter? Is this a celebration or a wake?"

She looked straight into the eyes of the man she loved, her husband of less than a month. "I wasn't going to tell you tonight," she said, "but—I guess I'd better. I had a checkup a few days ago, because I haven't been feeling well, and today I got the answer. I've got tuberculosis, Jeff."

They sat staring at each other over a table that suddenly had become as *(Continued on page 90)*

The Kate Smith Hour is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, from 3 to 4 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

DOTTY MACK-



Beautiful ugly duckling

When Dotty was a teenager, she thought she was the homeliest girl in school—but that's all changed now!

By BETTY HAYNES

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Dorothy Macaluso looked in the mirror as she sat in front of the desk she used as a dressing table. She sighed heavily. "What, oh, what am I to do with this mop of black hair?" she asked herself as she brushed and brushed to try and get the unruly locks in some sort of order. "My neck's too long to wear my hair short, my eyes are too big to pull it back from my face—and I'm just too tall for words." Suddenly, she put down the hairbrush and dismissed the whole distasteful subject of her appearance.

Dorothy Macaluso was like teenagers the world over who are unable to visualize what the future may hold for them. Certainly, the tall, shy, (Continued on page 88)

The Dotty Mack Show is seen over ABC-TV, Sat., at 7:00 P. M. EST.

Today, Dotty's a glamour girl—and "Fuzzy Wuzzy" (below) should rate a bear hug. He's really Len Goorian, production director of the *Paul Dixon Show* which gave Dotty her start.

Dotty's even pretty-as-a-picture at home, whether she's washing dishes, or mowing the lawn, or sun-bathing a very nice figure.



Jim Backus—

By BETTY MILLS



Once a junior golf champ—now breaking something besides records, out in Hollywood!



Versatile Henny can cook and act—and even made this sculpture for a Bette Davis movie.

JIM BACKUS (co-star with Joan Davis on NBC-TV's *I Married Joan*) walked into his Beverly Hills kitchen with a pot of water in his hand and a perplexed look on his face. He put the pot on the stove and dropped in two eggs. "Hard-boiled eggs," he muttered, "hard-boiled eggs. I'm sure that's the way Henny makes hard-boiled eggs." Then turning the heat on "high" he walked into the den with his script.

Henny, Jim's wife, was on a short vacation. It was the third trip away from home she'd made in the past six months. She'd returned from her first trip at the same time Jim came in from a four-day jaunt of his own—to find her refrigerator door wide open! "Look, honey!" said Jim. "We've got our own crop of penicillin!" Henny hadn't seen the humor in the situation.

On return from her second trip, she'd found the automatic coffeemaker plugged in. Jim had left it that way for three days. Fortunately, the safety unit had burned through a day-and-a-half before—but it left the silver pot with a new black crust!

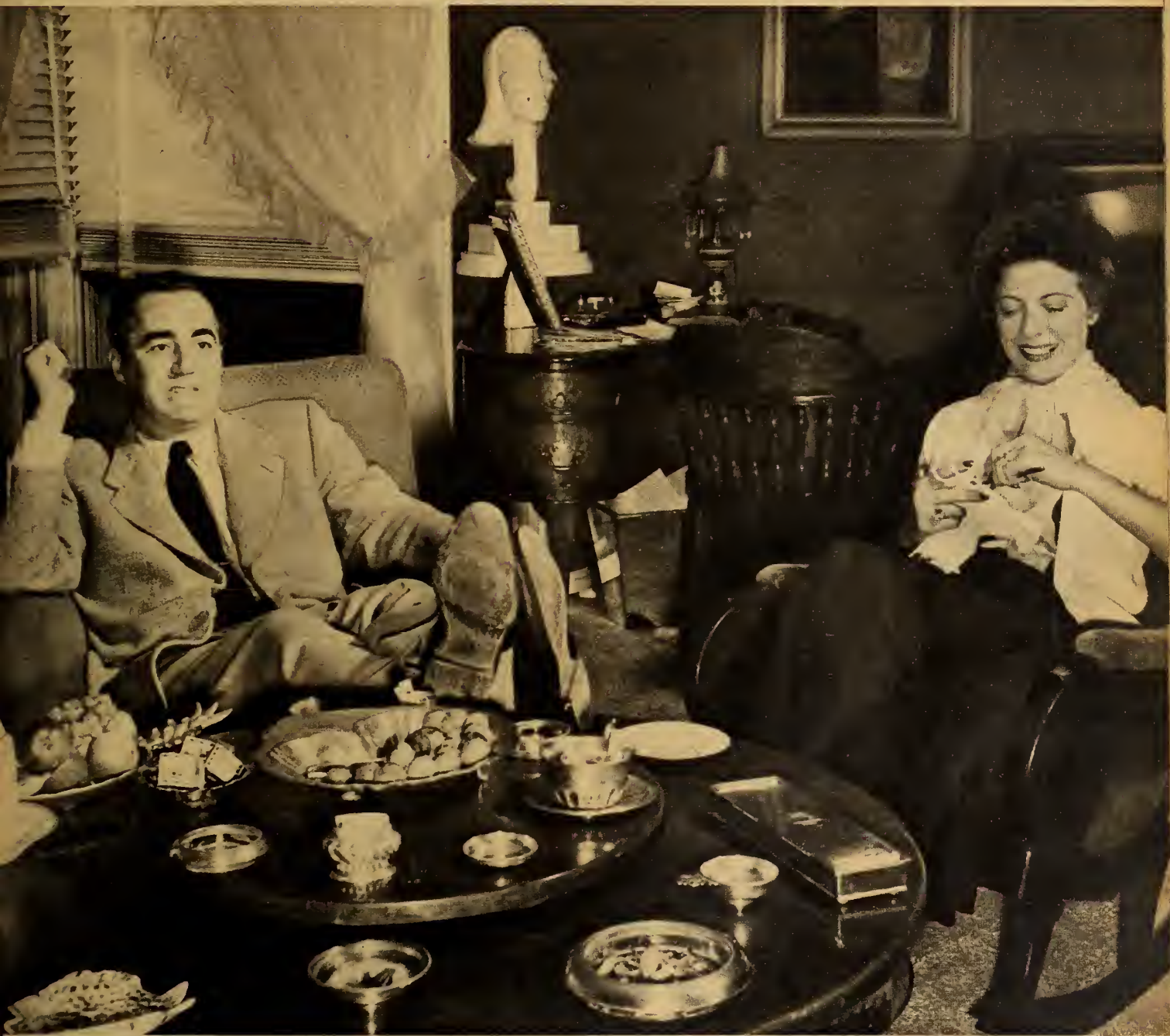
Henny had taken this third trip with misgivings—and only after she'd made Jim promise to eat his meals out and to *stay away from her kitchen!*

Twenty minutes after Jim was deep in his script in the den, the water in the egg pot turned to steam. Six minutes later, the eggs exploded (*Continued on page 86*)

The TV wife of Jim Backus is, of course, Joan Davis—in *I Married Joan*, on NBC-TV, Wed., 8 P.M. EST; sponsored by General Electric.



and his Other Wife



"I Married Joan," groans Jim—as TV's most harassed husband, Judge Stevens. And there are times when his real wife, Henny, wishes that he had!

WALTER BROOKE'S

Three steps to Heaven



Seen on TV (below): Phyllis Hill, Joe Brown, Jr. and Walter are the trio taking *Three Steps To Heaven*.



Seen at home (left, right—and below): Walter's life revolves around Betty, who knows he'll be a great dad because he's so good with other people's children.

Faith, courage and love symbolize the three steps with which Walter and his wife, Betty Wragge, face the birth of their child

By ELIZABETH BALL

HE DIDN'T come in unexpectedly, says expectant father Walter Brooke, to find expectant mother Mrs. (Betty Wragge) Brooke knitting Tiny Garments!

Nor did Betty whisper, tremulous and dewy-eyed, her Sweet Secret. Which deprived actor Brooke of exclaiming, with an air of stunned surprise, "Oh, darling . . . !"

It wasn't a bit like in the movies, mother-to-be Betty and father-to-be Walter tell you.

"There wasn't any dray-ma," they laugh. "We both missed out on playing a Big Scene!"

"Walter couldn't possibly (Continued on page 66)

Walter Brooke is seen as Bill in *Three Steps To Heaven*, NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST. Betty Wragge is heard as Peggy Young Trent in *Pepper Young's Family*, NBC Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble.





Joe Mantell— THE REAL CASS TODERO



Just a while ago, Joe met Mary and decided he could be happy though married

By GLADYS HALL

JOE WALKED in one day. Into the producer's office of the *Garry Moore Show* here at CBS," said bride Mary of bridegroom Joe Mantell.

"He asked, 'Where's Barbara?'"

"'I'm the new secretary,' I said. 'Barbara's been promoted.'"

"'Oh,' he said, 'glad to hear it. I used to drop in to say hello to her whenever I came up to CBS.'"

"I liked him," said Mary. "In spite of his quiet voice, his noncommittal manner, he was, I felt, a very warm person. Sort of lonely, too, I imagined—I don't know why. Then I didn't think about him any more."

"Mary was interested in (Continued on page 77)

Joe Mantell is Cass Todero in *This Is Nora Drake*, over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Toni Co.

They love their own fireside and domestic life. Mary's a whiz at sewing—and both of them can cook.



Midnight snacks are a treat, after Joe's many TV assignments—but naturally don't rate their treasured Ironstone china (right).





Lucky Barbara! All children know their mothers are beautiful, but her mom was "Miss America"—and how many fathers are actually in the business of manufacturing dolls, like Papa Allan Wayne?



Both Barbara and her dad are proud of the fame Bess has won, her trophies and fan mail.

Bess Myerson of The Big Payoff finds happiness at home—in a housedress

By GREGORY MERWIN

BEAUTY, some people say, is only skin deep—but, when the skin is mink and draped over the Miss America figure of Bess Meyerson, the result makes a liar out of an old cliché. But this picture of Bess is one-sided. *The Big Payoff's* lady in mink is just as much at home (and just as lovely) in a house dress.

Bess and her husband Allan Wayne, a businessman, live in Manhattan's east nineties with their six-year-old daughter Barbara Carroll. Bess is up mornings at seven-thirty to breakfast with Allan and Barbara. At eight-twenty, she walks Barbara ten blocks to public school. Back home, she takes a quick inventory of the refrigerator, plans the day's meals, prepares a shopping list, lays out projects for her housekeeper. Around ten, Bess leaves the apartment for the fashion market, where she picks clothes for *The Big Payoff* and gets her fittings. By one, she is at the studio, rehearses, goes on the air with Randy Merriman and, at four o'clock, is back at the apartment to meet Barbara and take up household chores again.

"Sometimes people are suspicious when I tell them my life approximates that of a typical housewife," she says, "but I was raised in a typical home. Becoming Miss

Continued ➔

the LADY in MINK



it was a roundabout route to such happiness for three, but Bess has never been sorry she entered that contest.

the LADY in MINK



Randy Merriman and Bess are thrilled when a couple wins that fabulous coat and the trip of their dreams.

Bess Myerson is seen on *The Big Payoff*, CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, for the Colgate-Palmolive Co.

America—which was the explosive beginning of my career—came as a shock to me and my parents, but didn't change the basic things about my life."

Winning the beauty crown was the turning point in Bess's life, but the prize-winning figure that suddenly appeared on magazine covers and billboards had, until that moment, been pretty much overlooked.

"I was a sweater girl, all right," Bess recalls, "but in the loose, sloppy kind of sweater you wear to school."

Bess was a talented, bright youngster. She was raised in the Bronx, New York, where her father was an interior decorator. She was the second of three daughters.

Bess and her sisters were given an extensive musical education. Throughout their school days, Bess's father insisted that his children spend most of their evenings practicing while

Bess sometimes gets a trip of her own—like the time she and Randy took *The Big Payoff* to Hollywood.



their friends met at the corner drugstore.

"But I never felt lonely or persecuted," she says.

Bess and her father were close. They had many long, philosophical talks. He explained why he wanted her to study music seriously: later, her life would be so crowded with other things that she would have no time to develop her talent. Because he was kindly and loved his daughters, and because his reasons were good ones, Bess agreed with him.

From the time she was twelve, Bess earned part of the cost of piano lessons by baby-sitting. She was so good a pianist that she began to give lessons when she was in her early teens and, during her college years, had as many as twenty students a week. She also picked up a little money as a model.

"I couldn't get anywhere as a fashion model," she remembers. "Even (Continued on page 82)



It was music that started Bess on her way to success, and music still fills her home today, with husband Allan serenading at the guitar and daughter Barbara being angelic at the harp. Oh, yes—they play games, too.



LIFE'S EASY TO LOVE



Home in Manhattan: Just like Vanessa, Peggy McCay is a devoted daughter. Her parents have always encouraged her (but at one time believed she would be a writer, rather than an actress).



*Peggy McCay is like
Vanessa Dale, the girl whose
life she lives daily*

By FRANCES KISH



Holiday in Canada: Peggy enjoys riding—
and catches her first fish (with Jimmie Shaw,
Banff Springs Hotel guide, wielding the net).



PEGGY McCAY was crossing a New York street, one day last spring, on her way to rehearse her television role of Vanessa Dale in *Love Of Life*, when an elderly woman shook her cane at her. "Vanessa," she called from the sidewalk. "I want to talk to you." As Peggy approached, the woman took her arm. "I want to tell you, Vanessa, that your sister Meg is faking paralysis. She's just faking, my dear, and you should know it. I saw her get up out of that wheel chair and laugh—yes, laugh—at the fraud she was perpetrating, after you (Continued on page 67)

Love Of Life is seen over CBS-TV, M-F,
12:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal
Co., Boyle-Midway, American Home Foods.



How to be right about the McGuires: It's always Christine at left, Phyllis in center, Dorothy at right.

LUCKY TO BE SO RIGHT!

The McGuire Sisters are grateful to a mother who took the time to teach them true values



Good luck or good judgment? Trusting their sense of values, the McGuire Sisters just knew when they were ready for New York and network fame. One appearance on *Talent Scouts*—and Godfrey also knew how "right" they were!

By MARIE HALLER

WOULD YOU SAY we've been lucky?" asks Christine McGuire, oldest of the three lovely McGuire Sisters heard and seen on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, weekday mornings, and seen on *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* on Wednesday nights.

It's a fair question, and one which many people in all walks of life have asked about themselves, but few with as much reason as these three harmonizing beauties. At a glance, you can see they *really* are interested in knowing the answer . . . is it luck, or is it, perhaps, something else—something even less tangible than luck? Is it, perhaps, something that has its roots in their early, formative years? Something, (Continued on page 81)



The McGuire Sisters sing on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, over CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M.—over CBS-TV, M-Th., 10-11:30 A.M.—for the Kellogg Co., Kleenex, Snow Crop, Esquire Boot Polish, Star-Kist, Toni, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, and Chesterfield Cigarettes. They also sing on *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Toni, Pillsbury, and Chesterfield, and *The Arthur Godfrey Digest*, on CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Fiberglas. (All times EST.)

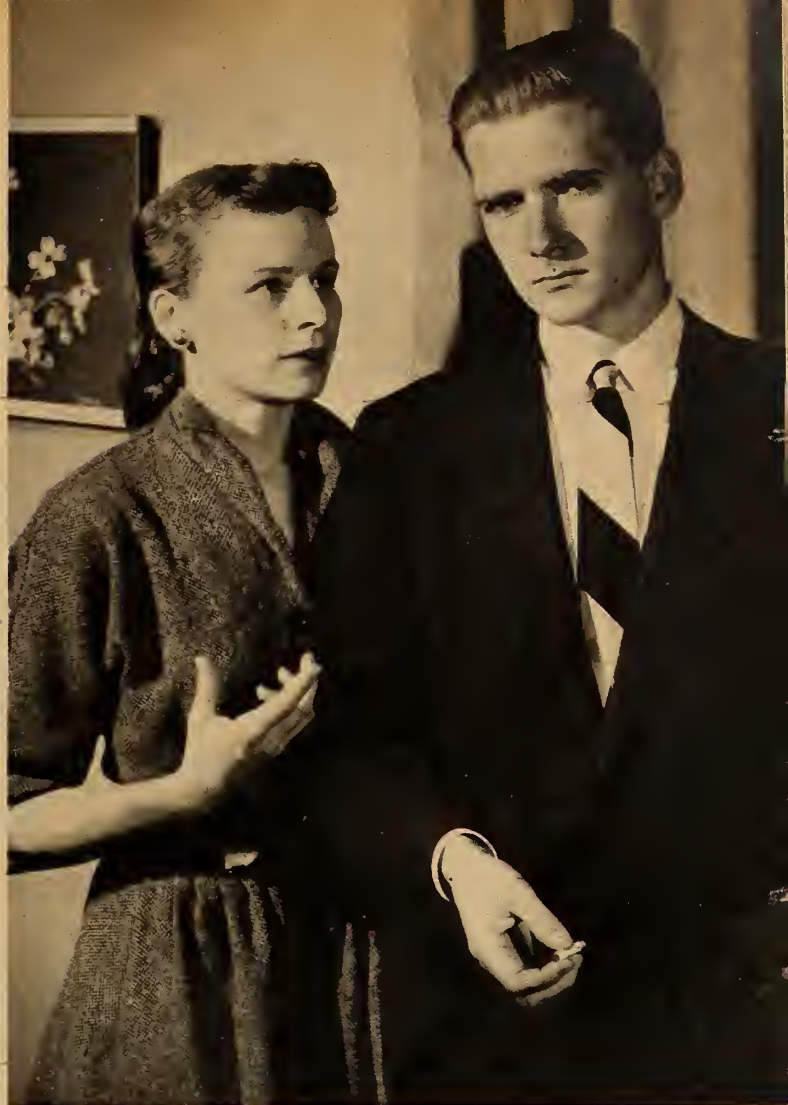


ROAD OF LIFE

Dr. Jim Brent faces an age-old problem: Can a marriage withstand constant outside interference?



1 Aunt Reggie helped raise Dr. Jim—but now she's alienating the affections of his daughter, Janie, from both Jim and his new wife, Jocelyn (at left).



2 She also raised Jim's foster son, John—and now interferes so strongly in his marriage to Francie (above) that Francie and Johnny are separated.

THERE ARE two types of women in the world—those who walk bravely up to the tree of life and give it a vigorous shake to get what they want . . . and those who sit under the tree, waiting for the fruit to ripen and fall into their longing hands. Each type may be right in her own way of living . . . each may, however, be disappointed in the rewards of her actions. In the town of Merrimac, there are both types of women—as there are in any town. Doctor Jim Brent's wife, Jocelyn, is a girl who knows what she wants and goes about it intelligently, with sensitivity and full understanding of the effect which her actions may have on her husband, whom she deeply loves, and on his child, Janie, for whom she has true affection. . . . On the fringe of her life, influencing it and yet not quite a part of it, is Regina Ellis, the woman who brought up Jim Brent and,

See Next Page →

ROAD OF LIFE

later, the boy Jim adopted, Johnny Brent. Aunt Reggie is definitely the "let's shake the tree and let the consequences fall where they may" type of woman. For Aunt Reggie is a good, intelligent, competent—frighteningly competent—person who has come to Merrimac to live out her last days with "her boys." Unfortunately, Aunt Reggie's ideas of what is "good" for others bring complications into the lives of Dr. Jim Brent and Jocelyn and to those they dearly love—consequences which are beyond their imaginings and possibly even beyond those of Aunt Reggie! . . . First to feel her influence is Janie, Jim's child—who grows farther and farther away from Jocelyn and Jim, as Aunt Reggie encourages Janie to think of their marriage as a betrayal of Janie's "real" mother's



3 Meanwhile, the newly widowed Sybil schemes to win Jim's heart. Secretly expecting a child, she makes plans which involve her maid Pearl (left).



4 Pearl goes to California with Sybil and, when the child is born, accepts the baby girl as her own—leaving Sybil free to pursue Jim.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Dr. Jim Brent.....Don MacLaughlin
Jocelyn Brent.....Virginia Dwyer
Dr. John Brent.....Bill Lipton
Francie Brent.....Elizabeth Lawrence
Aunt Reggie.....Evelyn Varden
Sybil Overton Fuller.....Barbara Becker
Pearl Scudder Snow.....Hollis Irving

The Road Of Life, M-F—NBC Radio, 3:15 P.M.
EST—CBS Radio, 1 P.M.—for Procter & Gamble.

memory. In an atmosphere of divided allegiance, Janie's confused young emotions run wild. . . . Probably a far more tragic outcome of Aunt Reggie's domination, however, is the inevitable result of her interference with John Brent's marriage to Francie. Incident after incident proves to Francie that Johnny cannot be successfully "married" to two women and she feels John must decide between them. John's gratitude to his aunt, who was so kind to him as a child, makes it impossible for Francie to hold their marriage together. In his dilemma and anger, John leaves their home and opens his new office in Aunt Reggie's apartment. . . . Thus separated from Francie, John is at loose ends. And it is inevitable that he should be bent on "showing" everyone that he was right and Francie was wrong. Meanwhile, lives being en-

twined as they are, a series of incidents almost completely outside the circle of Jocelyn's and Jim's lives is leading to events which will ultimately make their influence felt. . . . Sybil Overton Fuller has long believed herself in love with Dr. Jim. The fact that she has been married to another man—and has secretly borne him a child after his death—does not keep her from imagining that some day, somehow, her love for Jim will become a real, living fact, culminating in their marriage. Sybil's insistence that Pearl Scudder take her little girl and care for her as her own, Sybil feels, is one more step she's taking which will ultimately bring her close to Jim. Even the marriage she arranges between Pearl and Eddie Snow, a merchant marine man, is for Sybil's benefit, not Pearl's. That Eddie loves Pearl and wants her to set up a home for

5 For one agonizing moment, as her baby's fingers entwine around her own, Sybil regrets her tragic decision. But her obsession about Jim steels her purpose. She must win Jim, no matter what the cost.





6 Back in Merrimac, all of Jim's medical skill is called upon to save the ailing baby's life, while Jocelyn comforts the anguished Pearl. Pearl loves the baby, but finds that her deception about the little girl's parentage has complicated her marriage to a man who knows the child isn't really hers.

him is something Sybil hasn't foreseen. Nor does she realize that Eddie will return from a tour of sea-duty and object to Pearl's keeping the baby. . . . Meanwhile, when Pearl returns to Merrimac with the baby, the circle narrows and Jim, through doctoring the baby Sybil turned over to Pearl, is once more embroiled in Sybil's affairs. Sybil is unattached now—and so is Johnny. It is inevitable that the two should get together. Johnny, resentful of all criticism, has a great need for the emotional give-and-take of a relationship with a woman—and Sybil

is the woman he chooses. This role, even Aunt Reggie cannot play in his life. Sybil has taken one more step toward Jim. . . . Johnny is not only one who will give her access to a passing relationship with Jim, but is also a person through whom she could give vent to vengeance on Jim—should it ever please her to do so. Jim and Jocelyn are unhappy about this relationship but, for Johnny's sake, they take Sybil at the value which he places on her. . . . One of the bright spots on Jim's and Jocelyn's horizon, however, is the romance that develops between

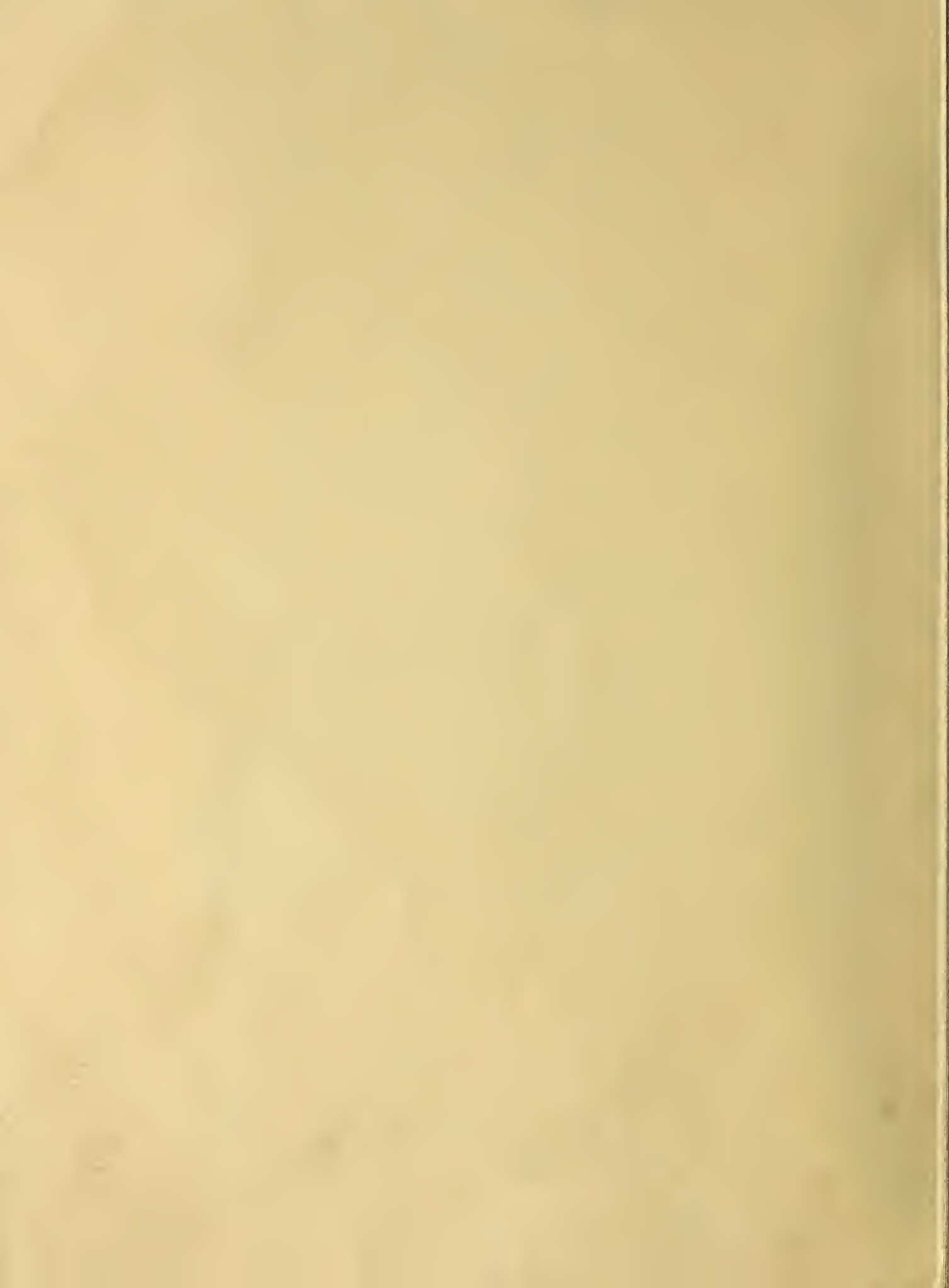
ROAD OF LIFE

Malcolm Overton and Augusta Creel—these two have been destined to continue the romance of some twenty years before. It is with great happiness that Jim and Jocelyn see them married. Despite the ebb and flow of events around them, Jim and Jocelyn are finding happiness—

Jim in a job which he can tackle and feel himself of public service, Jocelyn in the slow but steady building of a real home and a good life with Jim. . . . For Jim and Jocelyn, the tree of life is yielding some fine rewards for the careful nurturing they've given to their life together.

7 Separated from Francie, Johnny is in such a state that Sybil finds it easy to win his confidence. And Aunt Reggie, of course, is still adding her bit to the emotional tension. Will these two women—one scheming, the other well-meaning—destroy the happiness Jim and Jocelyn have built so carefully?





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All the things RALPH



Ralph and his beloved wife, Alice, at home.



He collects primitive art (Alice always finds room for it somewhere), makes a man-size stew, and hates that morning alarm.

RALPH BELLAMY, video's popular private eye, Mike Barnett, looks like a husky, handsome man on your screen. He is. He looks like the kind of man who would be at ease in the Maine woods or on an elephant hunt. He is. He looks like the kind who would make a good spouse for some lucky woman. And he does. In private life, Ralph Bellamy does not dally in murder, intrigue and bedeviled women, but anyone who takes to his he-man TV personality would find little disappointment in Bellamy, the man.

Home for Ralph and his wife Alice is in one of the first apartment buildings to be built in uptown Manhattan some sixty-eight years ago. And there are very few apartments like it.

"What our (Continued on page 75)

Man Against Crime, as sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, is seen on many NBC-TV stations (except WNBT) and several of Du Mont TV (including WABD), Sun., 10:30 P.M. EST.

BELLAMY is—

As Mike Barnett,
Ralph knows no fear;
in real life, he's every
inch as good a man

By
KURT
MARTIN



For at dawn he works with danger!



around the world on



THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

The trip was wonderful, but the best part of my



Crossing the Pacific: Left, at Pearl Harbor—I couldn't help crying when I placed a wreath "in memoriam" on the *U.S.S. Arizona*. Center, a brief stop at Wake Island—the GI's were on their way to Midway, I was enroute to Guam. Right, at the enlisted men's mess, Clark Field, near Manila—Army chow may not be home cooking, but it's good.



East meets West: Left, with Ed Wade in Tokyo—loaded down with souvenirs. Center, with Dick Brill at the famous Geisha House—though I couldn't dance to that music. Right, in Naples—I enjoyed visiting all the USO's. But the greatest joy of all came in Paris (below) when my son kissed me and said: "You took a long time coming, Mom!"

By MRS. EVA WILCHER

I know that people have won refrigerators, automobiles, mink coats and thousands of dollars on radio and TV, but I think my award on *Wheel Of Fortune* was the best of all. I won a trip around the world which meant a chance to visit with my son stationed overseas.

It isn't every day that a woman is offered such a trip, so I can't easily forget that Monday morning in early July. I was at home in Tell City, Indiana, a town of about five thousand. It was (Continued on page 84)

Wheel Of Fortune is seen over CBS-TV, Fri., 10 A.M. EST. Mrs. Wilcher is pictured on opposite page with program's co-producer, Peter Arnell, at far left, and emcee Todd Russell (beside her).



prize was visiting my son overseas

Francey stared, as I led the way to our table
—stared at her "fiance," dating another girl.



WHEN A GIRL IS IN LOVE WITH MARRIAGE, RATHER THAN THE MAN, ALL



LOVE CAN BE BLIND

By PATSY CAMPBELL

ONE of the nicest things about being Terry Burton—that's *The Second Mrs.*

Burton, the radio role I play—is that Terry not only leads such an exciting life herself, but is always in the thick of all the romances and adventures involving the whole Burton family and their friends. My own private life as Patsy Campbell seems quiet by comparison, and—while I'm sure there's a great deal of drama and depth of feeling in the lives of those around me—I try not to ask prying questions or interfere in their romantic troubles. That's why, as I look back on it now, it seems rather strange that I should have taken action (or tried to) in Francey Clark's life.

I first met Francey shortly after we bought our house in Brooklyn, when I discovered that some of the neighborhood shops offered as good a selection of many household things as I could find in New York—and, moreover, were open late Friday nights, which meant a lot to me, with my tight schedule of rehearsals, broadcasts, conferences, and what-not. A fabric shop called Cora Lee's had tempted me since my first glimpse of it, and one Friday night, after dinner, when Al had some business to attend to, I went over there. I brought with (Continued on page 73)

Patsy Campbell (seen at left in checked coat) stars in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, as heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST; sponsored by General Foods Corp.

SORTS OF THINGS CAN HAPPEN—AND DO!

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WHEN A GIRL IS IN LOVE WITH MARRIAGE, RATHER THAN THE MAN, ALL

SORTS OF THINGS CAN HAPPEN—AND DO!

who's who on KRAFT TV THEATRE



Constance Ford

CONSTANCE FORD is New York born and bred. She has always wanted to be an actress, as long as she can remember. Connie studied dramatics at New York City's Hunter College and followed her training with good parts in the prize-winning New York stage play, "Death of a Salesman," "See the Jaguar," and the very successful John Garfield revival of "Golden Boy." Her hobbies are beach-bathing—never mind the water—and reading. Her favorite foods, steak and broiled tomatoes. A recent Kraft role provided her with her favorite kind of part—she has always enjoyed doing comedy.

Two different *Kraft Television Theatre* productions are seen each week—on NBC-TV, Wed., at 9 P.M.—on ABC-TV, Thurs., 9:30 P.M.—both EST, sponsored by Kraft Foods.

Six talents headed in

a dramatic direction . . .

TOM TAYLOR was recently seen on Kraft in "The Blind Spot," opposite Ruth Matteson—who played his mother. The role was not a new one to Tom, who played Ruth's son in the Sunday-afternoon serial *Fairmeadows U.S.A.* From Springfield, Vermont, Tom planned on being a set designer—unlike his older brother, who teaches mathematics, or his father, who is in the export business—from the time he was in Holden grammar school right through Norwich Academy and Colby College in Maine. But, when he joined the Weston Playhouse Theatre in Vermont, he went from the designing boards to the acting boards and liked it. Though he came to New York determined to look cosmopolitan, Tom has found his natural college-boy appearance has gained him favor with both the TV directors and fans.

Tom Taylor





John Baragrey

JOHAN BARAGREY is six-feet-four and dark and handsome in the best tradition of Southern gentlemen and leading men. His home is in Haleyville, Alabama, and the soft speech he knew when he was a boy wells up when he is not on the stage. A journalism major at the University of Alabama, John came to New York in 1940 to try his hand at acting. Summer stock jobs came first, and then a Broadway part in 1944. Variety is John's forte; he has played villains, heroes, saints and sinners on *Kraft Television Theatre* since his appearance on the first Kraft show in 1947. His performance as Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights" was chosen one of the best in Kraft history and included in their sixth anniversary show.



Irene Vernon

ANN HILLARY's real name is Ann Frances, but she had to change it (the Hillary comes from her mother's maiden name of Hill). Ann is twenty-three and calls La Follette, Tennessee, her home. In fact, Ann was once chosen Miss La Follette—during her senior year in high school. Ann attended the University of Kentucky at Lexington, but gave up college for a chance in the theatre. Her choice was a wise one, for she is now in demand for roles which range from that of spitfire to the sweet girl next door. Ann played leading parts in summer stock this year, to prepare herself for further TV roles—and for a try at Broadway in the near future.

PATTI O'NEIL is a sixteen-year-old New York high school miss whose easy acceptance of direction has made her a favorite of Kraft directors in parts calling for anything from thirteen- to eighteen-year-old comedienne or dramatic actresses. She started in show business when a CBS photographer saw her at the age of nine and thought she should be a model. Patti is a New York Yankees fan, a big swimming enthusiast, and a commendable tennis player. Patti has played one Broadway role, in the musical, "Finian's Rainbow." Her biggest fear, after finishing an hour show for Kraft, is always—"What if I had forgotten a line!"

IRENE VERNON is a Hoosier by birth who started out for Hollywood as a very young girl, then reversed her steps and ended by dancing in New York at the Copacabana, where a scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her for a picture as the featured singer in front of Xavier Cugat's band. A tour in vaudeville followed, then three more pictures: "The Blue Veil," "Deadline, U.S.A.," and "Sound of Fury." Irene designs but does not have time to sew her own clothes. She likes to cook, too—but, again, rehearsals take too much of her time. Her ambition? "To be a darned good versatile actress!" When time permits, she studies with a group of players, now in America, who formerly were part of England's famous and historic Old Vic Theatre.



Ann Hillary



Patti O'Neil

Roughing it with LINKLETTER


By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

FATE SEEMED against the packing trip Art Linkletter and his pretty wife Lois had planned for last fall. For months they'd organized for it—with Art restricting his efforts to theorizing, and Lois doing the rest.

From previous experiences, she had a good idea of what they needed. Before they went on their first pack trip—three years ago—she had asked her friends what to take along. On subsequent trips, she's added to the original list all the items they'd missed.

This year, Art, Lois, and their three oldest children—Jack, 16, Dawn, 14, and Robert, 8—were supposed to go along. Then things began to happen.

Continued →



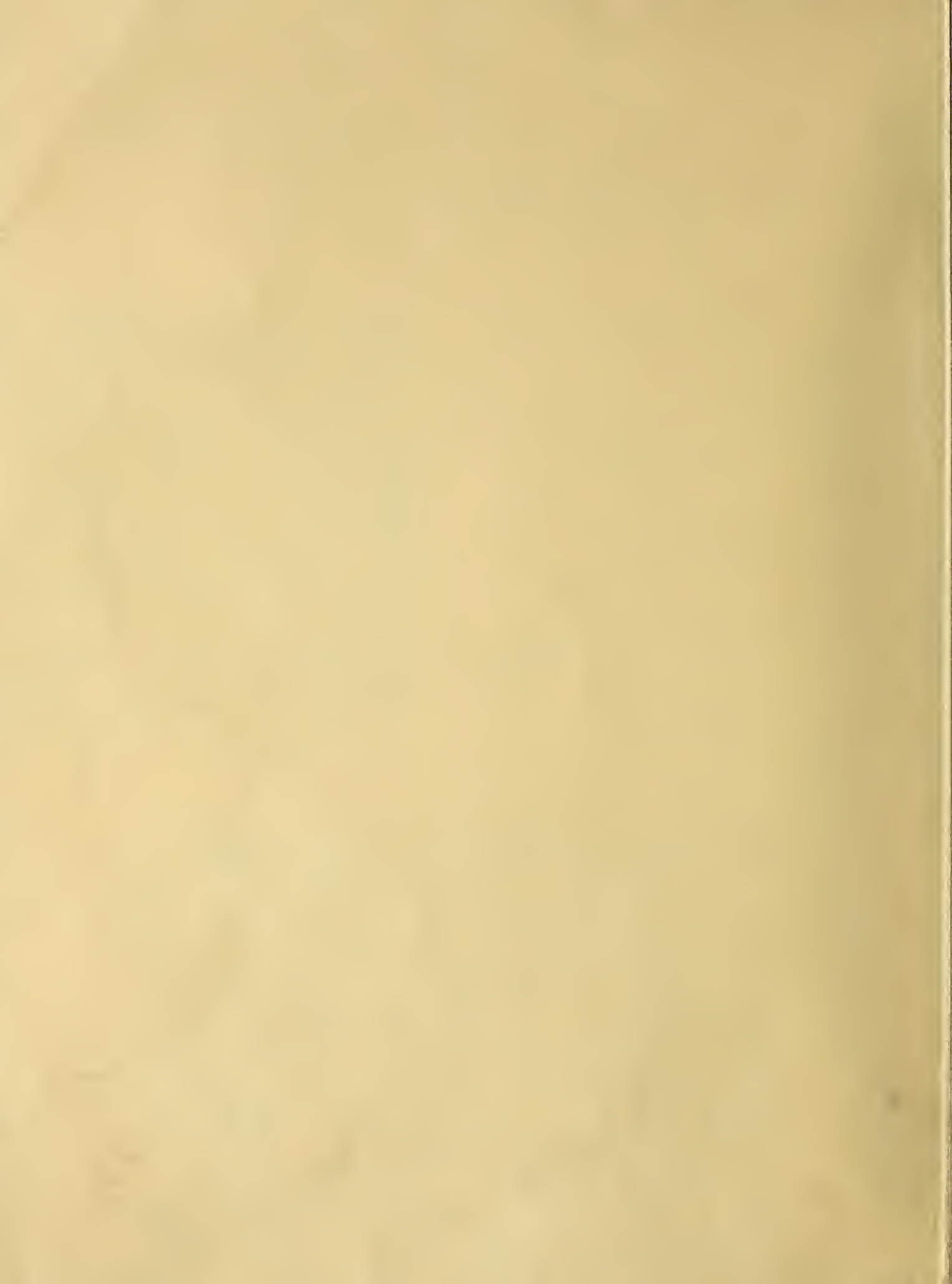
Packed and ready to start at dawn—almost.

Eating—or preparing to eat—is Art's specialty, particularly when out in the open air!





*When Art and Lois headed for the High Sierras
they thought their troubles were over, but—*



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Roughing it with LINKLETTER

Eight days before they left, Jack got into a fight during a basketball game which resulted in a broken eardrum. Confined to bed, he was out of the picture.


The day after Jack's accident, Art and Lois drove up to Lake Arrowhead to practice riding, in anticipation of the long hours on horseback the following week, and also to pick up Dawn, who'd spent ten days at a Girl Scout camp in the San Bernardino Mountains.

When Lois got off her horse she pulled a tendon, and for a few days, it looked as if she'd be unfit for the trip. Fortunately, she recovered in time.

Dawn was less fortunate. On the drive back to Los Angeles she felt chilly. The family doctor's examination, when they got home, indicated her condition to be more serious than her parents had feared. She had pneumonia. The temperature broke within three days, but she was far too weak for the trip. The party was down to three.

There was nothing wrong with eight-year-old Robert, except being the only one of the children left to go along. "Gee, Pop, I don't want to go. All you'll talk about is grown-up" (Continued on page 79)

Art Linkletter emcees *House Party*, M-F, on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M.—on CBS Radio, 3:15 P.M.—for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Co. and Green Giant Co.; also *People Are Funny*, heard on CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Mars Candy Co. (All times EST)



Art beams. This is the life, the fishing's been fine—but just wait till he tries to show off for Lois!

Woman-talk, or "Where are those menfolk?" Lois (right) and pretty Beverly Mahan, bride of the Linkletters' youthful guide, snatch a few words while waiting for their "good providers" to return.



Look lovelier in 10 days

with Doctor's Home Facial

...or your money back!



The moment you smooth on this different beauty cream, you're on your way to a fresher, prettier complexion. For you've taken the first step in the wonderful, new Home Facial, developed by a noted skin doctor.

This Doctor's Home Facial uses Noxzema, the only leading beauty cream that's *medicated*. See how this unique cream works for you—how fresh your skin becomes—how clear and satiny smooth it looks!

Follow Doctor's Home Facial below. It's especially beneficial to dry, rough or blemished* skin. Noxzema supplies a film of oil and moisture that works night and day to help skin look fresher, prettier.

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

● If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion here's important beauty news for you!

A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream. It's actually a new cleansing method and a wonderfully effective home beauty treatment—all rolled-in-one!

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's *medicated*

—aids healing—helps skin look clean and fresh! Here's all you do!

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

2 **Night Cream:** *Medicated Noxzema* supplies a protective film of oil and moisture—helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! It's *greaseless*, too! No smeary pillow!

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

Results are thrilling. Surveys show over a million women all over America have changed to this sensible beauty care. Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; *externally-caused blemishes; and especially for that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

It works or money back! In clinical tests the Noxzema routine helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to have lovelier complexions. Try it for 10 days—if you don't look lovelier—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back! Get Noxzema today—40¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA skin cream

Walter Brooke's Three Steps To Heaven

(Continued from page 36)

have learned the news in such a dramatic fashion," says Betty. "It's much too important to us both."

Concerning the coming of this, their first baby, there wasn't, actually, any surprise for either of the young Brookes. There was just happiness and pride and gratefulness to God that a baby was on the way.

When Betty and Walter were married in January of 1951, they naturally wanted children. They've been planning for them ever since. Their baby will be born, by natural childbirth, this February, 1954. It gives them a sort of extra-special feeling, Betty and Walter say, about their baby. . . .

They don't care, either of them, whether the baby is a boy or a girl—or both!

"Of course, if we should have twins, one girl and one boy, that would answer all preferences," Walter grinned, "conscious or unconscious! And, since there are twins in Betty's family—could be. We rather hope it will be. Otherwise, we don't in the least care which—just hope God sends us a nice healthy baby.

"And I feel sure, because of Betty, that He will. All expectant mothers should be like Betty. If they were, all expectant fathers would be like me," Walter laughed. "At ease!

"For there hasn't been any difference in Betty at all," happy father-to-be Brooke said, proudly, of his blonde and lovely-to-look-at bride (who is Peggy Young on NBC Radio's *Pepper Young's Family*), "with the perfectly normal exception of going from a size-12 dress to, progressively, sizes 14 and 16. Not *any*. She hasn't had an ache or a pain. Nor a single spell of the traditional 'morning sickness.' She didn't even see an obstetrician until her fourth month. She doesn't wake up in the small hours with cravings for out-of-season delicacies.

"However, there was one exception: A week or so ago, she did want the only special item she has wanted—a pumpkin pie. Untutored as I was in pre-natal cravings and the necessity of gratifying them, I paid no attention. Then, one evening, Betty greeted me at our front door, flourey of hand and flowery of smile, and said briskly, 'Well, I finally got my pumpkin pie—made it myself!'

"No wonder I say all expectant mothers should be like Betty—for she certainly hasn't pampered herself nor expected me to pamper her. No pillows behind the back. No fetching and carrying. No trays in bed. We both get up, as a matter of fact, at 5:30 A.M., five days a week, have breakfast together (which Betty prepares) so that I may be off in time for the 7 A.M. rehearsal of my 11:45 A.M. NBC-TV show, *Three Steps To Heaven*. Good training for prospective parents, this rising with the sun. Also, we enjoy it. 'Much more fun this way,' Betty said the other morning as, came the dawn, we faced each other across the steaming coffee cups, the bacon and the eggs.

"Just as there's been no difference in Betty herself, so there has been no difference in her activities. She hasn't missed a single performance of her *Pepper Young* show. She continues to take all her singing lessons. In addition, she's been attending

classes in natural childbirth at the Maternity Center. Practically the only thing we haven't done, that we like to do, is roller-skate. We usually roller-skate two or three times a week at the wonderful Wollman Memorial outdoor rink in Central Park. This alone, of all our activities, we forego.

"As you know, natural childbirth eliminates fear and tension and so, when the time comes for the baby to be born, pain. Natural childbirth should come very naturally indeed to Betty, for even during her pregnancy there hasn't been a trace of fear or tension in her. Not a jitter. Not a nerve. Nor, if I may bring myself into this, in me.

"I've known quite a few expectant fathers in my time, and most of them," Walter laughed, "seem to look—and feel—pretty pale. As if they, rather than their wives, were in a 'delicate condition.' It hasn't been so—how could it be—with me?"

"At first, just at the very first, I had the odd idea that being an expectant father is somewhat similar to being a prospective bridegroom.

"It's just like getting married, I remember thinking. You find yourself walking down that aisle and you're thinking, *What's happening?*

"Same with prospective fatherhood. On both occasions, the change of habit-pattern is, I suppose, what unsteadies you. The something new and untried—and a first baby, like a first marriage, is certainly new! Likewise, untried. Happy anticipation—but also some apprehension—is the way I would describe the emotion of the normal expectant father. In the case of this expectant father, the emotion is now, thanks to Betty, ninety-nine per cent happy anticipation. The remaining one per cent is the apprehension any man must feel when he asks himself, as I ask myself, *What kind of a father will I be?*

"A good father!" Betty, speaking robustly, answered the question. "Everyone says you'll be an exceptionally good father. Walter's wonderful with children," Betty said earnestly, "I have a small niece and nephew, so I know. Walter takes an interest in children, a real interest, and they know it. In the country, when the kids play ball, Walter joins in right away. Same with anything kids do, or say, Walter's right—well, right *with* them. . . ."

"I can't wait," Walter said, as if thinking out loud, "to take our child out in his buggy! Take him to the park, to the zoo . . . I've already bought the baby a set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*," Walter gestured toward the handsome and imposing volumes stretching their length on a near-by shelf, "expect him to read very early. . . ."

"Considering how Walter takes to children and, what is even more important, the way children take to Walter," Betty mused, also aloud, "it would be fun, I think, to have at least four. Have them two years apart, so that—"

"More than one?" Walter's blue eyes held a startled expression. "I don't know about that—*yet*. The first one is here," he arched a quizzical brow, "on probation!"

"—so handy with babies," Betty was saying, placidly, "with my brother's children, as I've said. Walter cooks very well, too. He prefers doing other things but, if

he had to—the baby wouldn't starve. He could do the formulas. Which is as it should be. Sort of old-fashioned, nowadays, for fathers not to have anything to do with the care of the baby."

"I've been around," Walter admitted modestly, "I know my way around—a triangle. I don't know that I'm as handy with babies as Betty would have you believe, but I don't think I need take the Visiting Nurse course for fathers, which teaches you how to hold the baby, wash it, weigh it, change it, make the formulas, and the rest of it. I haven't done, and I don't think I am going to do, anything like that."

"Patient, too," Betty said, "he's a very patient man, Walter is. . . ."

"I just don't want him to cry," Walter said, warningly.

"Honey, don't say that, you scare me to death!" Betty exclaimed (without a trace of fright). "They *have* to cry sometimes, for exercise. . . ."

"I just meant that I hope he isn't one of those babies who's *always* crying," Walter explained. "I have always liked walking, but not the floor!"

"And, although I imagine Walter would like it if the child were to be neat and orderly, he won't make a point—"

"Nor think of making one," Walter laughed. "After all, one of the reasons I have for being glad a baby is coming to our house is that I won't be the only one with things all over the floor!"

"His tools, he means," Betty explained, "the tools with which he re-makes furniture—it's his hobby, or one of them—this old mahogany table, for instance, which was originally a dining table and is now, as you see, a coffee table—and beautiful, isn't it? His oils and varnishes and waxes for refinishing the furniture he re-makes are also, well, sort of strewn, you know. . . ."

"I believe I'll be a pretty understanding father," Walter said. "I think I'll have a fellow-feeling, a 'sympatico' for whatever shenanigans go on. Judging from what I've heard Mother and Dad telling Betty about me in the tadpole stage, I should be. I was, I gather, an absolute little monster. 'Dennis the Menace.' Always fighting—in Dover and in West Orange, New Jersey, in Berlin, Germany (where I lived and went to school for five years), in Westchester, in the Bronx—always in trouble, always scrapping!

"I think I'll also be a fairly relaxed father. I've been around kids quite a lot," Walter said. "When I was eighteen, I was a Sunday school teacher up in the Bronx. And for two summers I was a camp counselor with kids of about nine to fourteen in my care, at Camp Sharparoon in Dutchess County, New York. It qualifies me to be a fairly all-round coach—and companion—to my son, or daughter, or both, in the sports department. For I can teach him (or her) swimming, life-saving . . . to ride horseback, to play tennis, baseball, hockey, badminton, basketball . . . how to skate, especially on wheels! Since I once became—that is, almost became—a forest ranger, and almost went to Cornell, where they have a wonderful course in Animal Husbandry and Forestry, I have an interest in, and a smattering of, these lores, too.

"If we have a son, or a daughter, or both, I will want, more than anything I can think of, for him or her to be a Boy or Girl Scout. I was a Scout and nothing in my life has meant as much to me or been as valuable. It's the greatest organization in the world, in my opinion, for building moral values and good citizenship and discipline built on mutual respect.

"Which reminds me of my first camp-



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ing trip, as a Scout, in Germany. An equivalent of our Treasure or Scavenger Hunts, the purpose of this trek was to test courage. We went, I recall, into the Black Forest. My assignment was to climb up a steep brick wall on the far end of which, under a stone I would, I was told, find a written message. I was to read this message, then come down again. But I got the better of them. I climbed down and then I read it. It said: 'You can fall off this wall pretty easily.' A sadistic message. A message that served no purpose other than to terrorize for no good or useful reason. Germanic discipline.

"I expect to be a father who will use discipline when necessary, when it serves a purpose and when the motive is important. But I can promise my son, or daughter, that I will also be the kind of father who will give the *why* of an order.

"If my son—let's call him a son, for the sake of simplifying the matter," Walter groaned, "if, as my son is growing up, he changes his mind, from hour to hour, about what he wants to be when he grows up, I'll take it in stride, be sympathetic, remembering how I wanted to be a fireman. Then a shoemaker. Another time, a medieval woodcarver because, in Berchtesgaden, where we once spent the summer, across from our hotel a little, old medieval woodcarver had his shop and I used to stare fascinated as, in full view of passersby, he carved napkin rings for tourists. But also in full view were the beautiful Madonnas and figures of the saints. Finally, tired of the sight of my flattened nose against his windowpane, he put me to work dipping the napkin rings.

"Later on, in my teens, I knew what I really wanted to do—I wanted to act. This ambition was revealed to me when I was going to night school at Roosevelt High, up in the Bronx. One night, I was trying to

get a date with a girl. 'Oh, I can't, I've got a date,' she told me, adding in a hushed voice, 'he's going to be an actor!'

"Something in the way she said it. . . ."

"So that same night I saw this guy in the play he did and I thought, *This guy is awful!* I became so interested in all the wrong things he did that I joined a dramatic class.

"For my first appearance on any stage, I did my own one-man, white-face version of 'Emperor Jones.' But there was a lot of family opposition. I didn't know any actors, or anyone at all who could help me. So I had a lot of other jobs. I was a soda jerk. I was a short-order cook in Jersey for one whole summer. I sold belts on the street, up in the Bronx, twenty-five cents a belt. I was an usher in a theatre. For two years I worked in an office in Richmond Hills, Long Island. I loathed it. *There must be some other way to make a living*, I thought. At just about that time I saw Fredric March in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' That, I guess, did it! I'd either succeed as an actor, I told myself, or I wouldn't. But I'd give myself every chance. . . . I quit my job in the office and I've been acting ever since!

"If, when my son finds, or chooses, the thing he wants to do and the going, at first, is rugged, I won't be! I'll remember the downs as well as the ups. . . . At the start, the outlook was rosy. I came down from the Bronx and, the first week got a job (at the Empire Theatre, that theatrical landmark now torn down) as a spear carrier and understudy in John Gielgud's 'Hamlet.' Then the war and, after I got out of the service, I played with Tallulah Bankhead in 'The Eagle Has Two Heads' on Broadway; was with Franchot Tone, the finest, most generous actor I've ever worked with, in a summer Package Production of 'The Second Man.'

"Five years ago, right at its beginning, I started in TV. And have gotten progressively (and happily) busier. . . ."

"Fifty shows last year," Betty spoke up, "a show a week, Walter did—imagine that! A few weeks ago, he was on *Big Story*. . . . another time he played Bill Herbert on *One Man's Family*. . . . most of the big shows, in addition to his five-day-a-week stint as Bill Morgan on *Three Steps To Heaven*. . . ."

"So wonderful to be on this show," Walter said, his slender, expressive face lighting up, "so wonderful to have found what you want to do and then be able to do it. If our son, or daughter, can someday do the same. . . ."

"But this is all pretty long-range planning," Walter laughed, "the young man (or woman) hasn't even been born yet! Better face his coming, I think, rather than his career. Or even his character. Better give some thought to what I'll be doing in the more immediate future—that is, the month of February, now just around the corner, when I'll be pacing that hospital corridor!"

Then, turning serious (Actor Brooke's versatility and emotional range are not put on when the camera turns—he's really like that), Walter said: "On our TV show, *Three Steps To Heaven*, the 'Three Steps' symbolize Faith, Courage, and Love. If I, as a father, can help my child to live, by faith, with a courageous spirit and love in his heart, I will not fall far short of the father I hope, and pray, I will be."

"Amen to that," Betty said, "for me, too." And they smiled at each other, the blonde young mother-to-be, the dark young father-to-be.

And watching them, I thought, What a fine good life this coming baby, this wanted and planned-for and fortunate baby (he, she, or both), is going to have.

Life's Easy to Love

(Continued from page 45)

left the room." And with an air of having done her Girl Scout deed for the day, the woman waved her cane triumphantly at Peggy and moved off, leaving Miss McCay amused but not at all surprised.

People often greet Peggy by the name of her TV role, which she plays five days a week. They have frequently warned her against the machinations of her TV sister, played by Jean McBride, forgetting that it's all in the script. "Jean and I are good friends," Peggy tells them. "We have been together on *Love Of Life* ever since it started, on September 24, 1951."

But it still seems hard for viewers to understand that Jean is not the scheming, jealous sister she plays. "That's because she does it so well," Peggy explains. "In real life, Jean is a wonderful girl. And, in real life, I haven't any sister. I'm an only child."

The two girls take it as a compliment that the whole program has become so real to the people who watch it. It has to them, too, for that matter. Peggy finds herself wishing sometimes that, as Vanessa, she could stop taking everything so seriously. "I realize that's the fine, responsible sort of person she is, but I do sometimes wish she could get a little more fun out of life. Yet I'm so proud of her when she helps other people with their problems, often people who have no one else to turn to."

As herself, Peggy is very like Vanessa in many ways. She's serious, too, but her sense of humor bubbles up more easily, and her approach to life has been untroubled by the family problems which

Vanessa has had to face in *Love Of Life*.

"Like Vanessa, I have deep affection for my parents. In my case, however, my twenty-three years have been happy ones. Unlike Van, who is a small-town girl, I was born right here in New York and got my schooling here, graduating from Barnard College. I'm as ambitious to be a good actress as she is to be a successful businesswoman. We're both career girls—at least I am, so far!"

Because this girl whom Peggy plays has such unusual family and career demands, she has had a hard time knowing her own heart and listening to its dictates. Peggy is saddened by this. "There should be love and marriage for every girl—and a career, too, if she wants it and it's possible to fit it in. Personally, I like the contemporary design for living, the way young wives can plan their home lives and continue to follow some chosen bent. Yet, I would give up a career any day, if it were going to interfere with a happy marriage.

"So much would depend upon the way a husband felt about it. I should think mutual respect for each other's talents would be important. I believe I could run a house smoothly, give children the attention and love they should have, and still continue to act, and that, by working out my own life and my own problems successfully and fitting my time piece by piece into the pattern of my husband's life, our home and my career, I would be more understanding of his problems. I would never want to feel I was holding him back from anything he wanted to do, any change he wanted to make in his own career, any chances he wanted to take

financially." Peggy pauses thoughtfully.

"I don't think I would place too high a value on 'security' as we call it. I like originality and inventiveness, a desire to blaze new trails, a sense of humor to help over the rough places." At which point Peggy laughs, and adds, "And I am sure Vanessa feels the same way and will one day fall desperately in love and forget everything else!"

Peggy laughs again as she considers the question of just when she decided to become an actress. "Probably in my high chair. Even when I was quite small, I made up stories and thought of myself as all the heroines. Perhaps no more than most children do, except I kept up the make-believe and turned it into a career. I can still feel the excitement of hearing audiences laugh or cry and applaud when I was in kindergarten or grade-school plays. I felt everybody was playing my game with me, my game of believing the stories.

"In college—with its huge classes, in which I sometimes felt lost—it was good to have something like acting to cling to. I felt I was contributing to the entertainment of others, and my innate shyness wore off whenever I got the chance to perform. I think every child should have something to work at and excel in, to make him forget himself and yet feel an important part of his group. It need not be acting, or anything at all unusual. Acting just happened to be my bent."

It was odd it should have been, because there were no actors in her ancestry. A grandfather had given piano concerts, but the family thought of that as "music," not

"theatre." When Peggy talked of becoming an actress, her parents made no objection—but they have since said they had thought it was only a phase and had hoped she would settle down to something else, like writing, which she also studied in college. (She doesn't tell about winning the prize for the best plays turned out by a member of the senior class, but her proud parents do, although they're happy now about what she's doing, because she's so happy about it.)

All through her school days, Peggy studied the piano, and later took singing lessons as part of a general musical education, developing a lyric soprano voice. She has sung only once professionally, and that was on a television program on which she made a guest appearance. On short notice, she was asked if she could "do something to entertain." She obliged with some tunes from "Finian's Rainbow," and very satisfactorily.

Peggy has even had to pretend to play the piano in a dramatic television play in which she had the role of a young music student. They wouldn't let her really play, just finger the keys properly, feeling she had enough to do as an actress without having to give an actual musical performance of a difficult concerto. Her friends, knowing how well she does play, were sure the music came from her fingers. She hopes the rest of the audience felt the same way, for realism's sake.

In spite of this interest in music, and in spite of her love of writing, Peggy was the girl who grabbed the library's copy of *Variety*, weekly trade paper of show business, before anyone else could get it. "I read it from front to back every week. When the other kids were reading Chaucer, I was devouring *Variety*. Of course, I read Chaucer, too, and all the other books I was supposed to, but it seemed equally important to me to get all the background of show business I could. By the time I was finishing my senior year, I gave myself two years after college to make good as an actress. I said I would be willing to give up then. I wonder now if I would have. Things happened so fast that I never had a chance to find out. Luckily!"

Armed with a list of names she had compiled during her library research (and not out of Chaucer), Peggy sent out sixty-three photographs, with accompanying letters telling about herself. Eighteen answers came back, resulting in eleven personal interviews. One came from Margo Jones, producer and director of the Dallas Theatre-in-the-Round. "When I went to see her, she said, 'Why, you have no professional experience. Well, never mind. When I have some readings later on, you can come and we shall see.' I was bitterly disappointed.

"In the meantime, I had been making the rounds, going to at least ten offices a day (the minimum I had set for myself), during one of the hottest periods in a very hot summer in New York. I used two pairs of shoes, and kept changing off, so my feet wouldn't give out. I tried to keep my looks as fresh as my spirits, which refused to stay wilted long.

"One sweltering day, an agent commented, 'I don't see how you manage to look so crisp in this weather.' I was feeling wilted at that moment, but he had noticed me, and about two weeks after graduation I was reading for the *Kraft Television Theatre*. I did an ingenue role in a play called 'A Young Man's Fancy,' was called back to do another Kraft role in 'Time for Elizabeth,' and after that a *Philco Television Playhouse* part."

Margo Jones caught the Philco show and Peggy did a reading for her. "She gave me a few helpful instructions and listened until I was through. The part was a difficult one—that of the young girl in

'Summer and Smoke,' for the Chicago stage company—but, when I finished reading, Margo Jones said, 'You're going to Chicago to do the part.'"

It all seemed rather wonderful to a girl who had given herself two years to get just such an opportunity.

At this point, she had a call from CBS, who also wanted her for a role as a result of a dramatic audition she had taken shortly before. This audition has now become one of Peggy's funniest stories. There were crowds of pretty and talented young girls waiting their turn, as Peggy knew there would be, and she was prepared to take a bold course, patterned after something she had seen another girl do at another audition. This girl had walked into the room where they were waiting for her to read, had stood on her hands, righted herself, and announced, "I can also act," and had then proved it. Peggy had thought it very amusing at the time.

"I couldn't stand on my hands—and wouldn't have if I could—but I prepared something else. When my turn came, after some of the girls had already read, while others were still waiting, I walked in and said, 'I would like to sing for you. An old Elizabethan ballad.' I had brought a pianist along, so I could do the song with all the gestures. It was a rollicking number that goes, 'With her head tucked underneath her arm,' and I gave it everything I had."

When the shock of her performance subsided, Peggy gave her carefully prepared dramatic selections from "Angel Street," which was the sort of thing that properly fitted such an audition. Two weeks later, her audacity and ability paid off with the call from CBS, but she was on her way to Chicago then. Following the Chicago appearance, she spent six months in Dallas as resident ingenue of the Theatre-in-the-Round, playing Juliet, among other roles.

There were some of the usual disappointments, of course, the ones that figure in the life of any young actress. For instance, she was all set to conquer Broadway in 1951 via a part in "The King of Friday's Men." Everyone had high hopes for it in the out-of-town tryout, but it ran just four days in New York. She went back to television, to roles in the various dramatic plays of that season, winning out in some auditions, losing in others, growing more mature in her work, reaping praise, loving the whole business a little more every day—and always studying to learn more. Then, by fall of that year, she became Vanessa Dale in *Love Of Life*—sister to Meg, aunt to Beany ("I share Vanessa's enthusiasm for this wonderful little boy, played by Dennis Parnell," she says), and heir to all the problems of the Dales and the Harpers and the other people who figure in the program. Deeply human

problems, which seem beyond the comprehension of a girl as young as Peggy—and of Vanessa—but which both face courageously every day.

Peggy's schedule is a full one. Her vacation last summer was a memorable trip to Banff and Lake Louise and the whole Pacific Northwest (she caught her first fish—which turned out to be a baby trout, but a tuna wouldn't have surprised her more—and she swam and rode and ran smack into three different sets of location shooting for three different Hollywood movies—Alan Ladd and Shelley Winters, Bob Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe, and Jimmy Stewart). Ever since coming back from that exciting trip, she has tried to continue her horseback riding. She gets up at the crack of dawn and rides for an hour in Central Park, about a mile from where she lives with her parents in an East River apartment house. She's due at the studio at 9:00 for the dry-run, which is a reading by the cast of the day's script, followed by make-up and camera rehearsal, from 10:30 to 11:45. There's a half-hour break, with air time at 12:15 EST. The lunch break often takes in an interview with the press, and then there's rehearsal for next day's show from 1:30 to 3:30. Between that time and the next morning, she has to be letter-perfect in the next day's part.

"People ask me how I can go from one day's script to the next, forget the one I have done and keep it from being confused with the one I am studying. That's easy to answer. First, I'm interested in the story, just as any viewer is, and I follow it as I would a play done by someone else. And second, I see a mental image of the sequence I am doing, like on a child's 'magic slate.' When I'm ready, I flip over the page mentally, and the scene disappears. It's something an actress who plays different scenes every day, with different lines to learn, has to develop."

Fitted into this schedule are other interests—sketching, for which she has a great flair, working with the Actors' Studio, writing plays for a form of dance-drama which interests her greatly ever since she saw it performed in Paris by a company of mimes. "Such plays have no spoken words," she explains, "and for that very reason they must have very carefully written plots."

And through all this is woven the normal social life of a pretty young girl—a sprite of a girl who has calm hazel eyes, bronzed light-brown hair, is five-feet-three and weighs about 105 pounds. A girl who loves to dance, who has music in her fingers and in her soul, and who wants to have a good time and a good life.

"I have been in the theatre—which includes television, of course—for almost four years," she says thoughtfully. "I was dazzled by it at first. Completely charmed. I still am. But I wanted to do nothing else. I wanted to see only people who were interested in it.

"Now I know that, in order to keep on understanding all sorts of people and to keep learning about the world, an actress must not limit herself to theatre people. She must have many friends outside of it, and she must have many other interests. If you are one-sided, it gets into your performances after a while."

And that man who will someday enter her life has to be considered, too. Suppose he isn't of the theatre at all? That won't matter one bit to Peggy: "He can be an inventor, a businessman, an actor—or anything, if we love each other." Suppose his interests go far beyond any of the things that now interest her? "You can see how foolish it would be to get one-sided," she adds. "It gets into your life. And I wouldn't want that to happen. Not ever!"

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Inside Radio

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Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Local Program Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Victor H. Lindlahr News, Home Edition Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurlleigh Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Music Box 10:25 Star Spotlight News	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:30	Bob Hope	10:35 Spotlight On Food	Whispering Streets	
10:45	Break The Bank— Bud Collyer	Anniversary Spotlight 10:50 Story Spotlight	When A Girl Marries	
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Ladies' Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Modern Romances Paging The Judge Double Or Nothing 11:55 Turn To A Friend	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Curt Massey Time	Turn To A Friend (con.)	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capitol Commentary with Les Higgie	12:25 Jack Berch Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:20 Guest Time	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	Pauline Frederick Reporting Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45		1:55 News		The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens 2:55 News, Banghart	Wonderful City	Betty Crocker† 2:35 Jack's Place	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Stella Dallas Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News, Everett Hollis John Gambling Show	Jack's Place (con.) Jack's Place (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Wizard Of Odds
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Young Widdler Brown Woman In My House	Music Welcome Ranch, Vic Bellamy	Jack Owens Show 4:25 Betty Crocker† Music In The After- noon	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson ¹ Wild Bill Hickok ² 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner John Conte	News 5:05 John Faulk Sunshine Sue Curt Massey Time

¹T, Th—Sgt. Preston
²T, Th—Sky King
†M, W, F; T, Th—
Beth Holland

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cook Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, News	Fulton Lewis, Jr. 3 Suns & Betty Clooney	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis	Family Skeleton Beulah
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Counter-Spy, Don MacLaughlin	Henry J. Taylor Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Suspense Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Reporter's Roundup	Celebrity Table	Lux Theatre
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America			
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Vaughn Monroe
10:15 10:30	Can You Top This? Jason & The Golden Fleece	Put It To Pat Deems Taylor	Virgil Pinkley, News Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Freedom Singers	News, Robert Trout 10:35 Cedric Adams

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. 3 Suns Gabriel Heatter Titus Moody 7:50 Bonnie Lou	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis Starr Of Space 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Choralliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Sings Barrie Craig	That Hammer Guy High Adventure, George Sanders	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00	Dragnet	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ends	America's Town Meeting Of The Air	Johnny Dollar
9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Swayze 9:35 Rocky Fortune		E. D. Canham, News	21st Precinct
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Louella Parsons
10:15 10:30	Can You Top This? G. I. Joe	Put It To Pat State Of The Nation 10:55 News, Singiser	Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 United Or Not	Doris Day Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. 3 Suns Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile Quiz Great Gildersleeve	Deadline Bulldog Drummond, Sir Cedric Hardwicke	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	FBI In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Family Theatre	Philco Playhouse	Onstage
9:15 9:30	Big Story		Mystery Theatre	Crime Classics
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Broadway's My Beat
10:15 10:30	Can You Top This? Report From Wash- ington	Put It To Pat Sounding Board 10:55 News, Singiser	Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Latin Quarter Orchestra	Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, News	Fulton Lewis, Jr. 3 Suns & Betty Clooney	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis	Family Skeleton Beulah
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Titus Moody 7:50 Bonnie Lou	Starr Of Space 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Choralliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective Nightmare, Peter Lorre	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Meet Millie Rogers Of The Gazette
9:00	Truth Or Conse- quences	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel My Little Margie	George Jessel, Salutes	Meet Mr. McNutley
9:15 9:30 9:35	News, Swayze Eddie Cantor Show			Time For Love, with Marlene Dietrich
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	The American Way, with Horace Heidt
10:15 10:30	Can You Top This? Jane Pickens Show	Put It To Pat Deems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Orchestra	Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. 3 Suns Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dianah Shore Frank Sinatra Sings Bob Hope Show	Take A Number Starlight Theatre, Madeleine Carroll	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Stagestruck
9:00	Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Great Day Show	Ozzie & Harriet	Stagestruck (con.)
9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Swayze 9:35 House Of Glass		Corliss Archer 9:55 Sport Report	Duke Of Paducah
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Cavalcade Of Sports	Capitol Cloakroom
10:15 10:30	Can You Top This? Listen To Wash- ington	Put It To Pat Deems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Music For Relaxation News Of Tomorrow 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Howdy Dowdy	Local Programs	News Summary	Renfro Valley
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business My Secret Story		No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Woman In Love Mary Lee Taylor Show	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	No School Today Space Patrol	Galen Drake Robert Q. Lewis Let's Pretend
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	The Big Preview	Helen Hall, Femme Fair Farm Quiz	Front And Center Little League Club-house	Romance 11:25 Galen Drake Give And Take

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Big Preview (con.)	Man On The Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Noon News 12:05 Theatre Of Today Stars Over Hollywood
12:15 12:30 12:45		Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	
1:00 1:15 1:30	National Farm And Home Hour News	Music Symphonies For Youth	Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	Fun For All Music With The Girls 1:55 Galen Drake
1:45				
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45		2:25 Headline News		
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45				
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45				
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ask The Sport World	News 5:05 Show Shop 5:55 H. B. Baukhage	Club Time	At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News H. V. Kaltenborn Drama	Dance Orch. Dinner Date	Labor And Management Sports, Bob Finnegan Una Mae Carlisle	Sam Jones, Politics UN On Record Sports Roundup News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Drama NBC Lecture Hall	Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 Cecil Brown	Disaster Strikes John MacVane, News Dinner At The Green Room	Johnny Mercer Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	College Quiz Bowl Know Your NBC's	20 Questions Virginia Barn Dance	ABC Dancing Party	Gunsmoke 8:25 w/in Elliot Gangbusters
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Baron And The Bee Grande Ole Opry	New England Barnyard Jamboree Lombardo Land	ABC Dancing Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Eddy Arnold Show Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	At The Shamrock Orchestra	Country Style (con.) News, Ed Morgan

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	Jack Arthur		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup We Hold These Truths	Wings Of Healing	Milton Cross Album	Galen Drake World News Roundup
9:30 9:45	Carnival Of Books Faith In Action	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art Of Living News, Peter Roberts	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	Message Of Israel College Choir	Church Of The Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Faultless Starch Time Viewpoint, U.S.A. U. N. Is My Beat	Frank And Ernest Bromfield Reporting Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News, Peter Hackes 11:35 Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30	Sammy Kay The Eternal Light	College Choirs News, Bill Cunningham Music Box	News Gloria Parker Time Capsule	Washington, U.S.A. Howard K. Smith, World Affairs News, Costello
12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Mind Your Manners Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Keep Healthy Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth National Vespers	Twentieth Century Concert Hall Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Better Living Clinic Report On America	Bandstand, U.S.A. Military Band	Healing Waters U. S. Military Band Wings Of Healing	Symphonetts N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
3:00 3:15	Golden Treasury	Top Tunes With Trendler Lanny Ross Mr. District Attorney	Marines In Review	N. Y. Philharmonic (con.)
3:30 3:45	Golden Voices, with Lawrence Tibbett		Hour Of Decision	
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Under Arrest Crimefighters 4:55 Ed Pettit, News	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	The World Today, Don Hollenbeck Music For You
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	News 5:05 Evening Comes Greatest Story Ever Told	Godfrey Digest Quiz Kids 5:55 Cedric Adams

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Considine Ask Hollywood NBC Symphony, Guido Cantelli	Nick Carter 6:25 Cecil Brown Squad Room	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News George Sokolsky Don Cornell	Gene Autry Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Symphony (con.) The Marriage	Rod And Gun Club 7:25 Titus Moody Chamber Music	What's The Name Of That Tune? This Week Around The World	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hollywood Story 8:25 News Egbert & Umily	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour 8:55 News	American Music Hall	Bing Crosby My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Stroke Of Fate 9:25 News Royal Theatre— Laurence Olivier	Oklahoma City Symphony	News, Taylor Grant Call Me Freedom	Hallmark Playhouse Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Last Man Out Meet The Press	News, Hardy Burt News, Hazel Markel Men's Corner	Paul Harvey Alistair Cooke Outdoors, Bob Edge	Man Of The Week News 10:35 UN Report

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 DECEMBER 11—JANUARY 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 1 & 8
Have your orange juice with Garroway and get news, weather reports, special features and comedy fillers by Muggsie.

9:00 A.M. Morey Amsterdam Show • 4
Second cuppa coffee with Yerom, vocalist Francey Lane, others.

10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)
The whole Godfrey gang. Or listen to same show on your radio.

10:00 A.M. Ding Dong School • 1 & 8
Kids love Miss Frances and mothers love her for kiddie-sitting.

10:30 A.M. Glamour Girl • 4
Quiz-winning gals get renovated by experts. Harry Babbitt, emcee.

11:00 A.M. Hawkins Falls • 4 & 8
Heart-tugs and humor in serial story of small town people.

11:15 A.M. The Bennetts • 4 & 8
Ex-Pennsylvanian Don Gibson in drama of lawyer and family.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 8
Warren Hull lends helping hand (up to \$500) to the deserving.

11:30 A.M. Three Steps To Heaven • 4
Phyllis Hill as small-town girl going it alone in big city.

11:45 A.M. Follow Your Heart • 4
Story of girl in horsy set who falls for boy who can't canter.

12:00 Noon Bride And Groom • 4
Love in full bloom as nice young couples stutter, "I do."

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 8
Peggy McCay stars as successful, sympathetic career damsel.

12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow • 2 & 8
The secret, emotional upsets in lives of typical families.

12:45 P.M. The Guiding Light • 2 (& 8 at 2:30 P.M.)
The perennial popular serial of radio-TV. Herb Nelson stars.

1:00 P.M. Journey Through Life • 2
Couples recall experiences that enriched their marital lives.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 8
Cheer up with chipper Garry and his tuneful, funful variety.

1:30 P.M. Maggi McNellis • 7
The witty, amiable femcee with talk strictly for women.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 8 (M,W,F)
Double-barreled fun as zestful Bert Parks quizzes for cash.

2:30 P.M. Art Linkletter's House Party • 2
Quick-witted Art with delightful audience participation.

3:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 2 & 8
The mink quiz lined with a trip abroad and a car, \$\$\$, etc.

3:00 P.M. Kate Smith Hour • 4 (& 8 at 3:30 P.M.)
Variety fit for royalty served up by the queen of song.

3:00 P.M. Paul Dixon Show • 5
Cute, clever pantomime to hit records with Wanda, Sis, Paul.

4:00 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 8
People on the go stop off in Chi to visit with Tommy Bartlett.

4:00 P.M. Turn To A Friend • 7
Handsome Dennis James with quiz-aid for needy, worthy people.

4:30 P.M. On Your Account • 4 & 8
Contestants deposit problems. Banker Win Elliot pays out \$.

7:30 P.M. Kathryn—Dinah—Eddie • 4
Mon., Arthur Murray's lovely wife with dance party; Tues. & Thurs., Shore enough, it's Dinah warbling; Wed. & Fri., Eddie Fisher soars aloft in song with Don Ameche your host.

7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9
Full-length, live revivals of great plays. New show each week.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como—Jane Froman • 2
Prince Perry's great voice Mon., Wed., Fri.; vivacious, glamorous Jane Froman in a gay singing mood, Tues., Thurs.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 8
Today's headlines in picture with debonair J. C. Swayze.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Jamie • 7
Child actor Brandon de Wilde as orphan in search of friend.

8:00 P.M. Burns And Allen Show • 2
Smash comedy year 'round as Gracie befuddles Georgie, et al.

8:00 P.M. Name That Tune • 4 & 8
Exciting song-quiz with Vicki Mills, bombastic Red Benson.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
Talent showcase of up and coming professional entertainers.

8:30 P.M. Voice Of Firestone • 4 & 8
Howard Barlow conducts 48-piece symphony for fine artists.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 8
Mirthquakes as Lucille Ball's escapades make Desi dizzy.

9:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
Comedy and songs with Dennis in role of bachelor.

9:30 P.M. Red Buttons Show • 2 & 8
Button-sized Buttons comes up with king-sized laugh making.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Fine, full-hour dramas personally narrated by Mr. Montgomery.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 8
Highly acclaimed 60-minute theatre superbly produced.

10:30 P.M. My Favorite Story • 4
Suave Adolphe Menjou is teller of fast-paced tales. On film.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Cavalcade Of America • 7
Vivid, dramatic portrayals of great events in our history.

8:00 P.M. Bob Hope, Drama, Milton Berle • 4 & 8
Bob lobs gags your way Dec. 15; on Dec. 22, the first teleplay written by famous dramatist Robert E. Sherwood; Dec. 29, Uncle Miltie sunburned from his Florida vacation.

8:00 P.M. Life Is Worth Living • 5
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's stimulating, non-sectarian talks.

8:30 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 2
Side-splitting skits by the carrot-topped comic and cast.

9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2 & 8
Top-flight variety with witty panel talk. Fadiman, moderator.

9:30 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Impressive, engaging teleplays with Gene Raymond your host.

9:00 P.M. Make Room For Daddy • 7
Ingratiating comedian Danny Thomas in whimsical situations.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2
Supercharged melodrama is the rule in live teleplays from NYC.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Original dramas that reflect real-life family problems.

9:30 P.M. U. S. Steel Theatre • 7
Brilliant TV drama, full-hour. Dec. 22 & Jan. 6. Adaptations of great books and plays. Alternating, *Motorola Theatre*.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Spine-tingling stories that build to suspenseful climax.

10:00 P.M. Judge For Yourself • 4 & 8
Devastating wit of Fred Allen combined with variety acts.

10:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Expert, excellent picture stories of week's news. Ed Murrow.

10:30 P.M. The Name's The Same • 7
Surprise and laughs as Robert Q. Lewis puzzles panelists with living persons who bear famous and/or amusing names.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Mark Saber • 7
Tom Conway, in title role, leads homicide squad to killer.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 8
Pilot Arthur's variety takes wing with all the Little Godfreys.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
Laughter flows like water (at Niagara) when comedienne Joan Davis gets into domestic ruckus with hubby (Jim Backus).

8:30 P.M. My Little Margie • 4 (& 8 at 9:30 P.M.)
Refreshing, light comedy with Gale Storm, Charles Farrell.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 8
Human drama as Warren Hull interviews and helps the needy.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Vibrant full-hour dramas. Mostly original teleplays.

9:30 P.M. I've Got A Secret • 2
Garry Moore, of the bristling scalp, in teasing panel show.

10:00 P.M. Blue Ribbon Boxing • 2 & 8
Fistic events of national interest. Russ Hodges at mike.

TV program highlights

10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4
Stirring, absorbing bios of real persons. Ralph Edwards, host.
10:30 P.M. Douglas Fairbanks Presents • 4
The romantic Mr. Fairbanks with stories of romance-adventure.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Meet Mr. McNutley • 2
Laugh-loaded series. Ray Milland as besieged professor.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 8
Groucho displays Marxmanship with wit and big cash quiz.
8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2
Screen stars in moving 30-minute pieces filmed in Hollywood.
8:30 P.M. T-Men In Action • 4
Puzzling cases from Treasury files and how they are solved.
8:30 P.M. Where's Raymond? • 7
The great dancer Ray Bolger in musical-comedy format.
9:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 8
The curtain rises on Hollywood and a star-studded play.
9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4 (& 8 at 8:30 P.M.)
Compelling police stories based on real cases, with Jack Webb.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Adventures of a crime-busting reporter starring Pat McVey.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4 & 8
Drama, humorous or gripping, always excellently played.
9:30 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 7
Consistently one of TV's high rated dramatic productions.
10:00 P.M. Playhouse On Broadway • 2
Headliners score in this live drama series from NYC studios.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 8
Marty's a smarty at catching killers. Mark Stevens as Kane.
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 (& 8 at 11 P.M.)
Top-drawer melodramas filmed abroad starring James Daly.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
Laugh-provoking problems of an amiable, harassed father.
8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 8
Nostalgic story of immigrant Norwegians. Peggy Wood stars.
8:00 P.M. Dave Garraway Show • 4
Camera witchery in musical variety with vocalist Jack Haskell, comic Cliff Norton and Skitch Henderson's band.
8:00 P.M. Ozzie And Harriet • 7
Wonderfully warm and gay story of the real Nelson family.
8:30 P.M. Topper • 2
Leo Carroll as the dignified banker plagued by jaunty spirits.
8:30 P.M. Life Of Riley • 4 & 8
William Bendix brings on comic crisis as lovable Riley.
8:30 P.M. Pepsi-Cola Playhouse • 7
Thirty-minute teleplays, Hollywood style.
9:00 P.M. Playhouse Of Stars • 2
Name actors in teleplays adapted from famous short stories.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 8
Forceful dramatizations of real reporters chasing headlines.
9:00 P.M. Pride Of The Family • 7
Ex-dancer Paul Hartman stars in rib-tickling family comedy.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Adventures of vexed, vivacious school marm (Eve Arden).
9:30 P.M. TV Soundstage • 4 & 8
A good story, first and last, is the aim and result here.
9:30 P.M. Comeback Story • 7
George Jessel, with compassion and understanding, presents people who have lost their niche in life and want it back.
10:00 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Bubbling fun series with Marie Wilson as the dumb honey.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade Of Sports • 4 & 8
Your screenside seat to slugfests. Jimmy Powers, announcer.
10:30 P.M. Person To Person • 2
Ed Murrow goes right in homes of the famed for interviews.
10:30 P.M. Down You Go! • 5
Titillating panel show. Dr. Evans, Toni Gilman, others.
10:30 P.M. Liberace • 11
The Valentino of the keyboard with song and light anecdotes.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Buoyant juvenile variety emceed by the great Pops Whiteman.
7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2
Bud Collyer timekeeper as couples try tricky stunts for loot.
7:30 P.M. Ethel And Albert • 4
Merry mishaps of happy mates with Peg Lynch, Alan Bunce.
7:30 P.M. Leave It To The Girls • 7
Stalwart males duel verbally with sharp-witted Eloise McElhone, Florence Pritchett. Keeper of peace, Maggi McNellis.
8:00 P.M. Jackie Gleason Show • 2
A galaxy of gals and gags starring that dandy, dandy comic.
8:00 P.M. Bonino • 4 & 8
Charming Ezio Pinza as widower bridled by brood of eight.
8:30 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 8
The talent show close to American hearts. Ted Mack, emcee.
9:00 P.M. Two For The Money • 2
Herb Shriner, interlocutor. Contestants win thousands of \$.
9:00 P.M. Your Show Of Shows • 4 & 8
Caesar and Coca light up the sky (and your screen) with lush 90-minute revue. Every fourth week (Dec. 26) *All-Star Revue*.
9:30 P.M. My Favorite Husband • 2
Terrific, racing comedy with Joan Caulfield and Barry Nelson.
10:00 P.M. Medallion Theatre • 2
Classical stories ably adapted to video. Live from NYC.
10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 8
Dance and songfest with Snooky, Dotty, Gisele, Hit Paraders.

Sunday

5:00 P.M. Omnibus • 2
Ambitious, class show presenting finest actors, dancers and musicians of our day in 90 minutes of superb entertainment.
5:00 P.M. Hall Of Fame • 4
Superior dramas of important men and ideas. Sarah Churchill.
6:00 P.M. Meet The Press • 4
Firey session as reporters cross-examine political figures.
6:30 P.M. George Jessel Show • 7
Variety à la carte with plenty spiced wit of famed Toastmaster.
7:00 P.M. Life With Father • 2
Leon Ames and Lurene Tuttle as Father and Mother Day in comedy based on Clarence Day stories. Live from Hollywood.
7:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4 & 8
Paul in tickling vignettes with splinter head Jerry Mahoney.
7:30 P.M. Jack Benny—Ann Sothern • 2 & 8
Ann Sothern in *Private Secretary* mostly, except Dec. 27 and Jan. 17 when Buck Benny rides the Hollywood range.
7:30 P.M. Mister Peepers • 4
Whimsical Wally Cox wows 'em as small-town school teacher.
8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 8
Champagne quality variety served up by famed Ed Sullivan.
8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Jesters to the nation, Durante, Martin and Lewis, Abbott and Costello, Cantor, O'Connor, take turns in the lavish hour.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring—G-E Theatre • 2
Grandiose musical productions except Jan. 3, *G-E Theatre*.
9:00 P.M. TV Playhouse • 4 & 8
Dramatic showpiece for Sunday evening running a full hour.
9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5
Bloodhound Roscoe Karns shadowed (9:30) by *Plainclothes Man*.
9:00 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7
WW fills the nation's ears with news, gossip and predictions.
9:30 P.M. Man Behind The Badge • 2
Inspiring stories of the heroism of real police in action.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Taut, tense melodramas of people struggling against death.
10:00 P.M. Letter To Loretta • 4 & 8
Lovely Loretta Young interprets drama-wise problems of women.
10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2 & 8
No dallying as John Daly challenges panelists to guess jobs.
10:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 4
Thriller-dillers as handsome Ralph Bellamy outwits killers.

Love Can Be Blind

(Continued from page 59)

me a purse bulging with snips of fabric and wallpaper—and an eager hope that I might be able to solve a lot of decorating problems with this one swoop. But when I entered the elegant little shop, my hope sank. Not because it was crowded, but because the lady I took to be Cora herself appeared to be one of those large, firm, perfectly-groomed women who have such positive ideas about things. They know their business. But it makes me grit my teeth when I am told in a certain tone that I can't possibly use a yellow cushion on that particular couch when a yellow cushion, darn it, is what I want. I might have slipped quietly out if I hadn't caught sight of a length of flowered chintz tossed over a chair that seemed to be just what I'd been seeking for some time. As I moved to get a better look, a pale, slight girl came up with a friendly smile and asked if she could help.

Even afterwards, when I knew Francey Clark was almost twenty-five, I found it hard to believe she was more than seventeen. She had an artlessly eager manner and a simple friendliness that made her almost childlike. At that moment, after my view of Cora Lee's long cigarette-holder and jutting chin, Francey was as welcome as spring. In a few seconds, we were sitting together with all my samples jumbled before us, deep in excited talk of textures and contrasts and all the multiple details that make a house your home.

There was nothing childlike about Francey's talent. It went far beyond anything I'd expected of a neighborhood fabric shop. She had a fascinating knack for contrasting a bit of this with a bit of that and coming up with a perfect combination, and she enjoyed it so much that I began to get back my own excitement over the house—which, I must confess, had flagged a little bit, as it seemed things would never, but *never*, get finished. I kept saying, "You're absolutely right, I'll take that and that and that," until after a while there was a sizable pile of folded fabric waiting to be wrapped. I had no idea it was past closing time until Cora Lee asked how we were getting along.

The shop was empty except for us. "I'm so sorry," I apologized. "Your assistant is so inspired she just carried me along! I had no idea it was after hours."

Francey's giggle made her seem very young again. "I'm not exactly Cora's assistant, Miss Campbell. I just hang around and help out now and then."

"Well, it's not for want of asking," Cora retorted. With one hand on Francey's shoulder, she studied a rough sketch we'd made of my living room, and she looked so kind and fired and concerned that I wondered if I'd misjudged her. "No, I couldn't have done any better for you than Francey has. What would you think of a girl who took her talent in her two hands and just threw it out the window, eh? She could make a fortune in this business—a fortune! A color sense like hers you don't find every day."

"She's been a tremendous help to me," I agreed.

Cora shook her head ominously, sighed, and began to adjust a small pink hat on her hennaed coiffure. "She'd be worth her weight in gold to me, I tell you. But no, she has to sit around mooning, throwing away a good future. . . . Now then, do you want to take some of this or shall I have it sent?"

Francey, quite unconcerned, had been making two piles of my purchases while Cora talked. Now she said eagerly, "Why

don't I help you take these all home now? I only live a block away, and I'd love to do it."

"I can't take that much of your—"

"Nonsense," Francey insisted. "Really, I haven't got a thing else to do. I love messing around with decorating."

"You can believe it, she hasn't got a thing else to do. And why not? Because Bob is busy, that's why not. How dumb can a girl be?" Cora was evidently rehashing an old, tired argument, and apparently didn't expect any reaction from Francey except the one she got, which was a laughing hug and a carefree good night as we went out lugging the two big cartons into which she'd crammed my fabrics.

On the short ride to my house, I felt a little awkward, as though I'd wandered into a family fight, but Francey was so completely unembarrassed that I began to study her once more. There was something that I found puzzling. She was, I saw now, a remarkably pretty girl. Then why the skinned-back hair, ill-fitting suit, shiny nose, complete lack of make-up? Even a pretty girl makes the best of herself. Unless for some reason she has given up hope of attracting men . . . or is so absolutely sure of her attraction for one man that the rest simply do not exist. Cora Lee's comments stuck in my mind. Who was Bob? What was Francey doing that was so wrong in Cora's common-sense eyes?

When we had dumped our packages and started on a tour of the house, I realized I needn't worry about seeming curious. When a girl mentions a man's name as often as Francey did, she's just dying to be asked questions. "Of course you can use blue and green together—you ought to see Bob's reception room—" was one bit. And later on, when we went down to the workroom to put away a hammer I'd stumbled over: "This is one thing I'll never have to worry about. The only thing Bob ever does around a house is make dark-rooms out of all the closets. He used to drive his mother crazy with his signs on all the doors, and taking up all her storage space."

I smiled at the way she kept bringing him up. "Is Bob one of those rabid amateurs who even take their cameras to work?"

Francey gave me a blank look and began to laugh. "He has to take it to work—I mean, it's already there. He's a professional. Pretty good one, too, they say. That's what Cora was complaining about tonight. You see, he moved out of Brooklyn a year ago, moved right into New York so he could be near his studio. And he's been so terribly busy building it up that he hasn't had much time left over. But, golly, if I don't mind, why should she? I mean, I know it's only till he gets established. . . . Why, maybe you even know him! He does lots of publicity shots for radio and magazines."

"The only Bob I know is Bob Padgett, I'm afraid," I said apologetically. "Of course, if your Bob's only been at it a year—"

"But he is Bob Padgett!" Francey exclaimed delightedly. "How wonderful, Patsy! You know my Bob!"

Luckily, we weren't face to face then, and I could conceal my astonishment. Francey's Bob was Bob Padgett? But that was ridiculous. The way she spoke of him, they'd been engaged for ages . . . and the Bob Padgett I knew certainly wasn't engaged. In the year or so since he'd become one of New York's busiest photographers, he'd also built up another reputation as one of its busiest bachelors-about-town. "If Bob Padgett's engaged," I said without

thinking, "an awful lot of girls are going to leave town for good."

I turned to see Francey biting her lip. "I know. Cora shows me the columns all the time. I can't make her understand that Bob needs to be seen in all those places for publicity, that's all. She thinks all that stuff about his beautiful models is true. She's sort of naïve about it all."

I hoped Francey didn't see me flush. I was remembering only a couple of weeks back, when I'd shown up at Padgett's studio for some pictures for a *Second Mrs. Burton* publicity story. I could still see the long legs of the red-headed model who'd waited with barely-hidden impatience for Bob to finish my pictures so he could take her to lunch. Those fabulous girls had already become one of Bob Padgett's trademarks. Lunching at the right places, day after day, being seen at the right bars after work, turning up at "first nights," mingling with the right people afterwards at Sardi's.

No, it wasn't Cora who was being naïve. Unless I was very wrong, it was Francey.

I was afraid I'd end up feeling sorry for Francey. But, as the days went by and I came to know her better, I discovered my annoyance was beginning to match my pity. That childlike look I'd noticed at first—that was the clue to Francey Clark. She was living in a world of little-girl make-believe, in which Bob Padgett played the familiar role of the boy next door. Bob really had been the boy next door; from Francey, and a bit from Cora, I learned that they'd been all through the usual routine together: eating in each other's homes when they were kids, pairing off together in high school, dating steadily for a while afterward. Then Bob had gone into photography—and moved on to work in New York . . . but Francey seemed to have stopped the clock at that point and refused to face the facts.

"We're not exactly engaged," she said once to my point-blank question. "I mean we've never set a date. It's just a question of Bob's getting all set. . . ."

"But why don't you go to work for Cora in the meantime?"

"Because she wants me to go to Miami, Patsy. That new store she wants to open down there—she'd be planning for me to take charge of it in a few months. I couldn't go that far away from Bob!"

I wanted to retort that I couldn't see why not. In the three weeks I'd known her, he'd never once taken her out or come to see her. As far as I knew, she called him up every now and then and they talked, and then for days afterward she was fuller than ever of Bob and his doings and her plans. . . . Yes, he was busy. Nevertheless, a man *makes* the time to see the girl he *wants* to see. A dozen times I started to do some plain talking to Francey, and I had plenty of opportunities because she was being so wonderfully helpful with the house. But each time I bit my lip and couldn't find the right, the unharmed words I wanted. I couldn't say, "Francey, look, this engagement is all in your mind, built up of a lot of girl-and-boy talk Bob has long since forgotten." Or, "Francey, he *never* actually dates you. In the past six months, he's bought you exactly one sandwich-and-Coke lunch at the corner drugstore when you dropped in on him unexpectedly. You told me that yourself." Or even, "Francey, stop living in a dream and start living for real! Bob isn't your Bob any more!"

It would have been more than useless; it would have sent Francey into one of her porcupine moods. I didn't want her to class

me with Cora, who—Francey claimed indignantly—didn't believe in love. "Just because her own marriage flopped," Francey said, as she helped me hang the kitchen curtains. "Just because she had a hard time, she doesn't believe in marriage. It's all work and business with her."

"You'd be wonderful at that kind of business, though, Francey," I said.

"Well, but I don't want to. I want a home and a husband—"

"It's got to be the right husband. Not just any man. That isn't what you want. Francey, maybe you're just in love with the idea of marriage. After all, in the past year you've hardly seen Bob—"

"I'm in love with Bob," Francey said with finality.

I took my courage in both hands. "But is Bob in love with you?"

Francey lowered her arms and gazed at me reproachfully. "Look, do you think I'm a complete fool? I know Bob, Patsy. I grew up with him. I could show you letters he used to slip into our mailbox—"

"But that was long ago. Years ago. He's grown-up now. Francey, wouldn't it be healthier for you to go out and make a life of your own, while you're—waiting?"

Francey shook her head impatiently and held up the curtains again, and we went back to work. The trouble was that she didn't actually have to work. Her father's death a few years before had left her with a two-family house, and the rent from the apartment upstairs more than carried all her expenses. No, that wasn't the trouble. The trouble really was that Francey simply wouldn't see the truth. Her dreamworld was too pleasant—she wanted to keep on living there.

I might not have done anything, if two things hadn't happened close together. The first was that I ran into Bob Padgett in a CBS elevator one afternoon. As usual, there was a girl hanging on his arm, but it didn't stop me from saying casually that I had turned out to be the neighbor of a good friend of his. And Bob's expressive face told me everything I needed to know, when I mentioned Francey's name. He looked confused and irritated and guilty.

"How is Francey? How's she getting along with that old battle-axe decorator?" he asked hurriedly.

"Francey's not working for Cora Lee, if that's what you mean."

"Oh. Last time I saw her she said something about it, so I just thought . . ." He took a firm grip on the girl's arm and said, "I'm afraid we go that way. Give Francey my best when you see her, will you? So long now." And off they went.

I tried in half a dozen different ways to frame the *feeling* of that encounter so Francey would get it. In the end, I just repeated it word for word, right down to the "Give her my best," but it simply bounced right off her armored shell. She would not, or could not, see how the casualness of it fitted in with the picture Cora and I had tried to draw for her. "Well, what else could he say, for heaven's sake?" she said with a shrug. "In a crowded elevator, everyone in a hurry, what could you expect him to do—recite the whole story of his life? I mean, I don't see what all the fuss is about. Anyway," she smiled secretly, "if it'll make you any happier, we're going to see the new Maurice Evans play on his birthday."

"Oh," I said blankly. "How nice. When did he ask you?"

"Oh, we always spend his birthday together. The tickets are part of my present to him," she explained, and my momentary surprise vanished with my hopes. That figured, too—Francey buying the tickets. Francey calling *him* up, instead of the other way around. Why didn't he

simply have it out with her? Why didn't he say, honestly and finally, "Francey, it's no use. Let's forget it. We're not for each other"? It wasn't fair. Somehow, in the brief and sketchy contact they still had, he must be leading her on. Maybe he wasn't even aware of it; maybe he was just incapable of finding the words to slide out of it gracefully. He couldn't have any idea that over here in Brooklyn, one river away, a girl was patiently and stubbornly eating her heart out over him and heading for a bitter shock. No, Bob Padgett was too busy, too successful, too preoccupied to worry about his old schoolboy crush, Francey Clark. It would have to be someone else who got between Francey and heart-break.

About a week later, Francey phoned me and asked me, in a quiet little voice, if I wanted the tickets. "Bob has to fly to Bermuda to do a fashion spread," she said. "He was simply furious, but he couldn't get out of it. And tickets to this thing are so hard to get, I thought maybe you and Al might want to go."

I knew Al couldn't go because he was going to be working late that night. It was partly that and partly feeling sorry for Francey that made me propose that she and I go together. Right after I suggested it, I wanted to take it back, but she sounded so lonely as she answered, "But, Patsy, why should you want to go with me? It isn't as if you *had* to go with another girl . . ." that I hastened to assure her I'd look forward to it. Just for a change. And I tried not to think how I hated hen parties, especially night-time ones in New York.

As Al rather tartly remarked, what I should have done was to get Francey a blind date. But there were two reasons why I dimly knew it wouldn't have worked. First, she would have said no. She just wasn't aware that other men lived, that was all. And second, even if I'd been able to persuade Francey, I couldn't honestly have recommended her to any of the few eligible young men I could call to mind. The casual way she dressed and groomed herself wasn't really casual—it was downright careless. And the unattached young men we knew—well, they couldn't be blamed for liking a touch of glamour in their girls.

In fact, as I waited for Francey at the restaurant where we were to have dinner before the theatre, I myself was a little anxious about the way she might dress for the occasion. Even another woman doesn't relish the thought of looking at drab clothes and a shiny nose all evening. But I needn't have worried. When Francey came in, poised searchingly for a moment and then came toward me, several masculine heads at the bar turned and followed her progress—and I couldn't blame them.

I'd never before seen Francey looking the way that only an eager young person, with the whole world before her, can look. She wasn't wearing the dress she'd bought for Bob's benefit; that was real date stuff. But she had on a smart coat in a soft shade of turquoise, over a little silk print which blended exquisitely, and the color did wonderful things for her sparkling eyes and really flawless complexion. Her nose was powdered, she had on just the right touch of lipstick, and even her rather nondescript dark hair had been brushed till it curled in silky tendrils like a baby's. It was too bad Bob Padgett couldn't see her. . . .

Of course, if it had all been part of a master plan, it would never have worked out. But, in my innocence, I had thought I was only *beginning* to develop a plan to help Francey. I had no idea that my work was already over, even before we sat down at our table. My first warning came when Francey's chatter was suddenly stilled, and I realized that she was staring white-faced

across the room. I followed her gaze and gulped.

Bob Padgett was staring back at her over another girl's shoulder.

I never really saw that girl. All I saw was the stunned look in Francey's eyes giving way to anger, to a fierce, blazing anger of which I would never have thought her capable. And I saw Bob Padgett drop the coat he'd been holding for the other girl and slowly, almost in slow motion, make his way to our table. There wasn't any place I could disappear to; I was just *there*. Otherwise, I'd never have believed what happened.

"Gee, Francey," Bob said. "Nice to see you. I mean—how are you?"

"How was Bermuda, Bob? You don't look a bit sunburned." Was that Francey's voice, that steel-hard sound?

"I meant to call you about that. The assignment fell through. This morning. We were supposed to be leaving this morning, and the—"

"Assignment fell through. Like a lot of other things." Suddenly, unexpectedly, Francey burst out laughing. She fumbled in her smart little purse and pulled out an envelope. Bob was so confused that he didn't resist when she put it into his hand. "Here, dear," she said. "Remember—you told me how anxious you were to see the play? I just can't bear to think of you sitting around town all night without a thing to do! You should use the tickets. Take your—your friend. Happy birthday, darling. You'd better run along. You're keeping her waiting. See you around."

And she looked back at the table with such firm dismissal that Bob Padgett stumbled off, without having answered a word.

I was afraid to look at Francey, until I realized the soft, muffled sound was not tears, but laughter. "Oh, Patsy, you're marvelous," she said. "You really are a friend. I'd never have made myself admit the truth if you hadn't brought me here and made me see it for myself—even though I guess I really knew it all along."

I opened my lips—and closed them again firmly. Francey was too busy, between laughter and tears, to notice my confusion. "Don't think I'm hysterical," she babbled. "I'm not. It's relief. I'd have gone on and on—I didn't know how to stop. I was so used to thinking of Bob, planning life together with him—I was just scared of the emptiness of admitting he wasn't part of my life any more. Sometimes you do that, like a child who starts a temper tantrum—and the only way you can stop it is to whack him one. That's what you did, Patsy, you whacked me a good one—and, believe me, I'm grateful." She opened her compact mirror, stared at herself, and closed it again. Her eyes shone. She watched Bob Padgett and his girl leave the restaurant, and she smiled again like a triumphant warrior. "Patsy, I'm going to work for Cora," she said. "I'm going to Florida for her, too. I feel as if I'd just been born all over again. I'll never be able to thank you!"

"Francey, would you like to leave now? Are you upset or anything?"

"Leave! I'm starving! I could eat a horse! I'm happy, Patsy, don't you understand?"

She looked it. I'd never seen her so pretty or so alive. A couple of times, I tried to explain that it was all an accident. But, after a while, I gave up—and do you know that, to this day, Francey Clark firmly believes I engineered the whole thing?

I don't mind getting the credit for her happiness: She's still down in Florida, the store is a great success, and the pictures she sends of a couple of her flames look good, too. Especially, the one who wants a honeymoon in Bermuda!

All the Things Ralph Bellamy Is—

(Continued from page 54)

apartment has," Ralph says, "is the feeling of an actual house."

There are a dozen marble steps down into the large foyer. The living room, to the left, has oak paneling and heavy oak beams across the broad ceiling.

"Alice began to furnish in early American and English," Ralph says, "but I haven't made it easy for her."

In his travels around the world and in Manhattan antique stores, Ralph is continually picking up paintings, primitive weapons, ceremonial pieces, brass and silver work. He particularly fancies primitive carvings and Spanish stirrups. The stirrups are silver or brass boots which Spanish soldiers wore when they tried to conquer the wilds of America. Ralph has picked up twenty-seven pairs. A few of these Alice has put to use, for they make handsome wall vases. The carvings and stonework are on display in shelves in the living room and foyer.

"I just throw these things at her, figuratively, and she finds a place for them," Ralph says. "Alice is a very ingenious decorator—a very tolerant wife, too."

The tolerance does not end at finding a home for an early-vintage brass kettle or a piece of stone. The tolerance begins at five A.M., when Ralph gets up, and goes on daily. As president of Actors' Equity, he finds the early morning hours the only time when he can have quiet and privacy for these matters. (With thirty-one years of acting in the theatre, movies, radio and video, Ralph feels it is his responsibility to put his experience in service to others of his profession.)

Ralph works in the kitchen until eight and then goes off on location to shoot scenes as Mike Barnett, *Man Against Crime*. He is seldom home before six. After dinner with Alice, he answers phone calls and mail which have accumulated through the day and is in bed by nine.

Saturday isn't much better. It's the only day of the week he can see his barber, dentist, doctor, tailor, and take care of other personal details. Saturday evenings and Sundays he spends with Alice—sometimes. If there are no scripts to read and no more Equity business to attend to, they just lounge around and read the papers, have a quiet visit with friends, and generally collapse.

"It's a tough schedule," Ralph growls, "but you can understand it's just as tough on a wife."

Alice, formerly Alice Murphy, is no stranger to Ralph's strenuous world. She was an executive in the office of Ralph's agent when they met in 1941. She and Ralph saw a lot of each other at meetings and business luncheon dates. They got to know each other quite well, but not well enough to know they were in love. Conversation centered about the theatre and the business of the entertainment world. It took eight years before they had their first official social date.

Ralph was starring in the play, "State of the Union." The day before Thanksgiving, he and Alice met at a routine business luncheon. Ralph asked if she were going up to her family's home in Connecticut for the holiday.

Alice, with no premonition of what was to come, said that she was going to stay in town and clean up her apartment. The next day, after the holiday matinee, Ralph phoned and asked if she had finished her housework. She had, and he invited her out to a Thanksgiving dinner. A year later, on Thanksgiving, they were married.

(Continued on page 76)



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One of Alice's first acts, as Mrs. Bellamy, was to give Ralph kitchen privileges. Cooking has always been one of his sports and he pursues it in the grand, elaborate way a big game hunter makes up his safari. Ralph had been using the kitchen at Henri's, when the restaurant was closed on Sundays. Alice told him he could now cook in his own home.

Ralph picked up a newspaper and saw a full-page ad on cooking utensils. He mailed in a blanket order for everything. The store delivered a huge packing case filled with numerous frying pans, pots, broilers, racks, pans. Alice was startled. She didn't know where she would put them all. Ralph compromised and sent back three of the seven frying pans. The following Sunday, he retired to the kitchen to make his stew.

Into the stew go beef, pork, veal, about eighteen different vegetables, sauces, spices, herbs, and two quarts of wine. It takes nine hours to prepare.

"Everyone likes it but me," Alice says. Actually, Ralph prefers Alice's cooking to his own, and she has picked up wonderful recipes in their traveling. But Sunday morning has become kind of a game, to see who can sneak out of bed before the other gets up, to prepare breakfast.

When Ralph wins, he serves up a variety of fruits, a juice concoction that he mixes with the care of a chemist, scrambled eggs with Greek cheese to make them fluffy, bacon and well-brewed coffee.

A hobby of recent vintage is Ralph's painting, and he happened onto it by accident. The Urban League asked a number of celebrities to donate original oils for a charity auction. Ralph had never before drawn anything more artistic than a check. He was told that didn't matter and he half-heartedly agreed.

Ralph hid himself to an artist friend and explained the problem. The artist offered to show how he went about sketching in a canvas and then brushing in the oils.

Ten days later the artist phoned Ralph and asked how he was getting along. Ralph was embarrassed. He knew the thought, planning and time which professional artists put into each canvas.

Ralph answered truthfully, "I've painted twelve pictures."

"I'm coming over to see them."

The artist was quite surprised. The paintings were good—not great, but good. In fact, the painting which Ralph sent to the Urban League brought \$400.

"It's very relaxing," Ralph says. "I wish I had time to do more of it."

His working day is intensive. What many

people don't know is that the *Man Against Crime* films are only partially shot in a studio. A good part of each story is made with real props, and the real props are a lot more dangerous than the kind real detectives generally encounter.

One chase scene called for Ralph to get into a fist fight with a criminal on the scaffolding of a building under construction. The scene was shot on the forty-first floor of a building going up on Park Avenue. There were no nets and no safety devices set up. Neither Ralph nor the "criminal" had parachutes.

There was the chase through the subway yards. New York trains run on electricity, and the "third rail" has enough juice to shock a man into eternity. All Ralph had to remember while running across the yard was that he couldn't afford to step or fall across the third rail. And then there was the bitter winter day the script called for a fight on the top of a roller coaster. The catwalk was so slippery the men wore rubbers. The guard rail was wobbly and useless in case of a fall. Ralph and the "criminal" made an agreement. In the course of the fist fight they wouldn't touch each other but fake the fight. The second part of the agreement was that, if either lost his balance and was about to fall, he wouldn't grab the other and pull him along to what might very well be a gruesome death.

"Hardly a week goes by that the writers don't throw in a scene that scares the day-lights out of me," Ralph says. "Luckily, we're not tipped off to what we're getting into."

Ralph explains that the schedule just calls on them to report at a certain place for the shooting and then he doesn't have time to dwell on the danger. Incidentally, Ralph doesn't have to risk his life. He calmly says that he thinks the show is better for realism. That's why he goes along with it.

Ralph's acting career began when he was eighteen. He was born in Chicago and educated in Wilmette, Illinois. He was expelled from high school for smoking on the premises (ironically, his sponsor for the past five years has been Camel). He traveled around the country and worked behind a soda fountain, on a sheep ranch and fruit farm, in an office and in other assorted jobs. He was fired only once—when he went to work for his father, who headed a prominent advertising office. Then he decided to do what everyone else said was foolish: act.

Well, Ralph Bellamy has played more than a thousand roles. His movies have made him world-famous. On Broadway, his

first triumph was in a play called "Roadside." In the past ten years, he has starred in such hits as "Tomorrow The World," "State of the Union," and "Detective Story." It was the latter play which led to his being cast as Mike Barnett.

The honesty with which Ralph has played detective roles has earned him an honorary badge in the New York police force. Ralph researched for his police roles by hanging out in precinct stations. As a result, his admirers number many policemen.

Once Ralph was walking down the street when he saw a crowd collecting around an accident. There was only one policeman trying to handle the emergency.

The officer recognized Ralph from his video show and shouted, "Bellamy, you know what this is all about. Call into the station for me."

Ralph did, and returned to help until more police arrived.

"But it's not just police work," Alice says. "Ralph wants to know about everything. On board ship he's into everything from the engine room to the captain's cabin."

When there is a couple of weeks' break in the shooting schedule, the Bellamys go to sea. In the past year they managed four junkets: to Africa, Spain, Central and South America. These are not mere vacations but kind of one-man expeditions, for Ralph steep himself in the history and culture of the countries he plans to see.

They generally start out on a freighter, where they can relax and be at ease. Coming home, they may take a passenger vessel or plane so that they can return on schedule. Most of their trips have been a kind of compromise. Alice prefers a fairly civilized existence. Ralph prefers to pack off into the deep woods.

"He needs restraining," Alice says. "If Ralph were dropped on the Atlantic side of South America and no one stopped him, he would just head into a jungle and keep going until he came to the Pacific side."

Ralph finds everything new an adventure. Alice quotes one ship's captain as saying, "I envy the fun Ralph gets out of everything he does." Alice recounts one incident which she thinks explains the whole thing.

They had been on board a freighter sailing down to South America. During the trip, Ralph was in shorts and T-shirt most of the time. As is his habit, he spent hours in the engine room, on the bridge, with the radio and radar operators. Alice was, of course, used to it. Another couple on board was intrigued by Ralph's activities.

The ship docked at Surinam, a Dutch colony on the northern coast of South America. Ralph had an invitation to meet one of the country's first citizens and he invited the couple to join him and Alice.

Everyone got dressed up and Ralph, too, for the first time. He wore a fresh white linen suit, white shoes and a beautiful lemon-colored shirt.

In the course of the visit, their host told them about a beautiful site in the near-by jungle. Ralph asked to see it. They drove out of the town and stopped by a foot path. With their host in the lead, Ralph followed with Alice and their friends following.

They had gone only a hundred feet when the path turned muddy and, when the mud was up to her ankles, Alice and the others called that they would wait in the car. Ralph plunged on. He returned in an hour, his suit torn and muddy, looking like a beachcomber. He had seen a beautiful jungle pool.

And there is Ralph Bellamy, an artist acclaimed for his acting, a video private eye noted for brains and brawn, a cook noted for his stew, a husband who serves his wife breakfast—and, with it all, the spirit of an adventurer. That's Ralph Bellamy, man.



"It put my mind at ease"

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AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

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Joe Mantell— The Real Cass Todero

(Continued from page 38)

someone else at the time," Joe said, "and I wasn't interested in anyone. Not even," he smiled his shy, captivating smile, "in her! I never wanted to get married," bridegroom Mantell added, speaking with emphasis, "until the day I got married. I was afraid," said the menacing man who is Cass Todero on *This Is Nora Drake*.

You never know.

"He used to come up to my office, just the same, after that first day," Mary said with sly amusement. "He'd come in and tell me what he was doing on CBS-TV—*Danger*, for instance, or *Suspense*, both of which he's appeared on several times. Others, too: *The Web*, *Philco Television Playhouse*, *Crime Syndicated*. He's done, as of now, well over 100 television shows. Gangster roles mostly, like his Cass Todero in *This Is Nora Drake*.

"Occasionally, during the first year after we met, we'd have dinner together, and once or twice he came up to my house. But it was a friendly relationship," smiled just-married Mrs. Joe. "Most of our talk was shop talk, and strictly impersonal. Yet I liked Joe. Liked him a lot. About a year later, we began to date a lot more often, when we both discovered how much fun we had together. By that time, I was studying stage design at Hunter College. Before classes, I'd have some free time, and Joe and I would tour the zoo in Central Park, and feast on hot dogs . . ."

"When I could afford them," Joe interrupted, "or else she used to buy 'em!"

"But, every time we got some money, we'd go to dinner at our favorite French restaurant and then to the theatre, or to the ballet," Mary said brightly.

(Joe, it develops, likes ballet; likewise antiques. A lover of ballet and cobwebby antiques seems rather off-beat casting for the menacing Mantell of the airways, both radio and video. But you never know. . .)

What bowled me over," Mary said, "was Joe's tremendous honesty. It flabbergasted me! It still does. He didn't try to sweet-talk me. I don't believe he'd know how. And I never felt I had to impress him, either. Always felt I could just be myself. Rather, Joe is a master of the understated phrase—he underplays everything he does. He's a very romantic character, but you'd never guess it from his unassuming manner. The story of his life, for instance . . ."

"The story of my life," Joe echoed, with a shrug in his voice. "It goes like this: I was born and bred in Brooklyn. After a year at Columbia University, I got on a tramp steamer and worked my way to the Philippines. Why?" Joe shrugged again, this time with his shoulders. "I was a 'Depression Baby,'" he said. "By the time I was growing up, everybody was running away. Nobody wanted to face it. Neither did I.

"In the Philippines, I was a beachcomber. I liked it—for a while. Beachcombing is not, however, what it's made out to be in fiction and in the movies. Nothing picturesque about it. You don't, you know, actually comb the beach for cast-up treasure. Beachcombing means just hanging around, doing nothing. When things got too tough and my belt pulled in too tight, all I had to do was walk into an Army mess hall. No one could tell whether you were a soldier or a civilian—the soldiers stationed at Manila at the time walked around in civvies. Here and there, now and again, I picked up little jobs. One of them was writing baseball results for a Manila paper.

One day, someone didn't turn up for

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by
MARCELLA HOLMES

(Former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" Magazine)

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ON DISPLAY AT
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a radio program there in Manila, and I was asked to play the part. Only because no one else was around. The show was a take-off on *Burns And Allen*. I played Gracie's brother, a goofy guy. This was the first thing in acting I'd ever done. I'm not going to tell you I was great," Joe sounded threatening, "or that people patted me on the back. I wasn't—and they didn't. What it did for me, however, was to clarify things.

"I always had acting in the back of my head. But I never," said actor Mantell, "made a forward move toward it. No one in my family had ever had such an idea. Just a romantic desire, for all I knew. Still, there it was . . .

"I knew now what I wanted to do and where I wanted to do it. I came back to the States.

"When I got back, I played the subway circuit—invaluable experience for any young actor. Then came the draft. Before it got me, I enlisted in the Air Force. In December of that year came Pearl Harbor."

Then one day, four and a half years later, at the end of World War II, Technical Sergeant Joe received his discharge in California and headed for Hollywood. There he helped form an acting group known as The Circle Players. Joe's remembered pride is that The Circle Players was the first group to take "central staging" out of the colleges and make it commercial. "We were the first in the country to introduce theatre-in-the-round to the legitimate theatre. It caught on. It is used now by stock companies all over the U.S.A."

For Joe's portrayal of Mr. Zero in The Circle Players' production of Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine," he was awarded *Theatre Craft Magazine's* Best Actor Award, and Columbia Pictures signed him for a feature role in "Undercover Man." This was followed by roles in "Port of New York" (which was King-of-Siam Yul Brynner's first film), "Barbary Pirate," "Baby Makes Three," "Fourteen Hours," "Gentlemen's Agreement," and others.

"In my spare time between pictures," Joe continued, "of which there was plenty, I directed a Christmas musical comedy for The Circle Players. Simon Seminoff, the ballet director, who was then producing at Mutual Broadcasting Company-TV, came down to see the show and offered me a job directing musical comedy on television. I

told Mr. Seminoff that I didn't know anything about television, had never done anything in television. He said not to worry about it—'just keep the actors close together.' (This was early television.) So every night after rehearsals, I would say to Mr. Seminoff: 'Mr. Seminoff, I don't know anything about television directing.' And he would say, 'Don't worry, Joe. All you have to remember is to keep your actors close together.' The results were awful. It was a real fiasco. However, it made me realize how little I knew about television, that television was something I wanted to know more about, and that Hollywood, far behind New York in television, was not—not then, anyway—for me.

"I came back to New York. Others, I soon found out, had done the same. A lot of people I'd known in Hollywood were here; some of them at CBS-TV. Danny Mann, for one, who directed 'Come Back, Little Sheba,' both on Broadway and in Hollywood, was directing at CBS. He introduced me around and was responsible for the gangster role I played, my first real break, on *The Web*.

"Things began to work out for me . . . Arthur Hanna, the director of *This Is Nora Drake*, also directed a course in radio acting I took at the American Theatre Wing. It was Mr. Hanna who auditioned me for the part of Cass Toderò on *This Is Nora Drake* . . . a young John Garfield character, I'd call Cass," Joe said of the character he makes so lifelike, "born on the wrong side of the tracks, wanting to beat the world because he feels unwanted. Yes, I understand Toderò. I know his trouble. I know his problems. That's how I work on the character. My knowledge of him dates from 'way back . . . from the dark, uncertain days of my own boyhood. But I don't feel that way, his way, any more. Don't feel that hopelessness, being closed in . . . that need to escape. Fact is, I'd like to do comedy now. I'd like to get away in my work, as in my life, from the frustration, routine, the rebellions, complexes, unreasoning fears, that ride a guy like Toderò. . . ."

"You were scared silly just a few months ago," laughed Mary, "at the thought of getting married. We both had serious doubts in that direction. By the very nature of Joe's profession, marriage would be a big gamble. Acting is not like going to work in an office every day—the pay check coming in at the end of the week.

We realized that there might be difficult times between theatre and television assignments."

"That's so," Joe said. "We had fears, of course, and they were well-founded. Everyone knows that there's no security in this business. You have your good years and you have your bad years. Yes, we realized there were plenty of problems to consider. And it's not an easy decision to make. But we decided that the important thing was for us to be together. That we'd go along in the good times, and make the best of the bad times."

"On a sunny morning in April," said blonde Mary, with the dark, dark brown eyes, "we were married. It was a simple ceremony, with only our immediate family and closest friends present. With only one week for our honeymoon because of Joe's radio commitments, we drove to the Silvermine Tavern in Connecticut—an old and storied place, just made for honeymooners—where, all by ourselves, we had a little wedding supper, sparked by two bottles of champagne given to us by our friends on the *Garry Moore Show*. It was a lovely week. And then we came home."

Home, for the just-married Mantells, is the 2½-room apartment on West 95th Street off Central Park.

"Since we've been married," Joe said, "we're working toward a goal. Someday, when we're ready to start a family, we want to have a home in the suburbs where the kids will have a little room to grow up in. However, we don't expect to start raising a family for a couple of years and, in the meantime, Mary is staying on with her work in public relations at CBS."

"At home," Mary said, "Joe and I share the household jobs. It's more fun doing things together. . . . Though Joe never took a hammer or nail in hand before we were married, now he's become quite a handy man around the house. For instance, when I came home one day with an antique brass lamp for the kitchen, Joe just climbed up a ladder, spliced a few wires, and installed it himself. . . . And, when our collection of books and records began dripping off every available bit of shelf space, Joe got some lumber and in a couple of hours we had a six-foot storage unit to hold them. We're planning now to get the components for a high-fidelity sound system, since we both love good music. In the city and in the country on our weekends, we browse and burrow for antiques . . . we've found some wonderful pieces—an Early American washstand that we converted into a marble-topped bar for our living room, a beautiful old mahogany drop-leaf table for our dining room, and a whole collection of Ironstone china, graceful shapes that look fine with our modern pieces. . . . I do most of the cooking, and love it. My specialty is a divine Beef Stroganoff. But Joe's the 'company' cook."

"I learned to cook in Hollywood," Joe explained, "when I stayed with friends there and watched the lady of the house, who had the know-how in a kitchen, prepare the dinners. Picked up most of what I know from her. I can cook, but actually I'm not crazy," Joe wrinkled his well-cut nose, "about being in the kitchen!"

Mary makes most of her own clothes (size 7), and the draperies for the apartment. "Often at night, when I'm stitching something together," Mary said, "Joe reads plays to me. The last one he read was Milt Lewis's new play (Milt writes the *Nora Drake* show) which Joe (this is a 'news flash!') will play the lead in.

"In short, we're happy," laughed Mary, brown eyes shining, "though married!" "Because married," Joe corrected, and his voice was gentle. "As I said before, I never wanted to get married—that is, until the day I got married."

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor-in-Chief, Fred R. Sammons, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Ann Higginbotham, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary-Treasurer, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1953.

Notary Public, State of New York.
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Certificates filed in Bronx and New York
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(My commission expires March 30, 1954)

Roughing It with Linkletter

(Continued from page 64)

stuff!" And so now there were only two.

The sensible thing to do, Art reasoned, was to postpone the trip, which he did. But when his radio, television and personal appearances couldn't be set back, and it was a matter of "now or never," he decided to go, after all. Only—instead of the three oldest children—he invited Lois' father to join them. Jack Forrester, a San Diego pharmacist, happily accepted.

On Friday afternoon, when Art, Lois and Jack had stuffed their clothes into the Linkletters' Cadillac, kissed the children goodbye and headed north on Highway 6, they thought all their troubles were over. Ha!

Their first surprise occurred when they arrived at Mammoth Tavern in the High Sierras, six hours' drive north of Los Angeles, and about an hour from their take-off point the following morning.

Dead-tired from a day's work, the long drive, and the late hour, Art and Lois went to their cabin, turned on the light switch—and were still in the dark.

"We had a fire here a couple of days ago and the generator burned out," the tavern owner explained, after Art—having fallen over every piece of furniture in his cabin—stumbled back into the main building. Art's spirit was unshaken as he searched his way back to the cabin, carrying a couple of wax candles. "It'll get us used to roughing it for a week," he kidded Lois, who was much too tired to care.

They decided to get up at five the next morning for an early breakfast—and were up at eight. An hour later, they left for Reds' Meadow, fifteen miles along one of the most mountainous, narrowest, rockiest, dustiest roads in the Sierras.

After a quick detour to look at "Devil's Postpile"—a strange rock formation formed during the ice age—they arrived at the packing station, where Arch Mahan, boss of the outfit, had horses, mules and supplies all lined up.

Already waiting were Arch's son, Bob—a nineteen-year-old, momentarily expecting to be called into the Army, who acted as guide—his pretty bride, Beverly, who went along to take care of the "household chores," and Charlie, a World War I veteran, as cook.

The three were to set up camp at night, break it in the morning, cook, look after the supplies, and do the hundred-and-one tasks connected with such a trip—leaving Art, Lois and Jack to enjoy themselves.

Arch Mahan assigned a horse and a pack mule for each person. The mules were quickly and efficiently loaded with an average of 250 pounds of supplies—tents, an iron cooking stove, sleeping bags, wash cloths, dish towels, mosquito lotion, gasoline lamps, and enough food to last through half the week's trip. To assure fresh food all the way, the remainder was sent to a pre-arranged meeting place via another pack train.

Instead of the old cowboy diet of jerky, hardtack and sourdough biscuits, the Linkletters ate strictly in style. Included in their crates were half a case of fresh eggs, sirloin steaks, chicken, turkey and fresh hams, coffee, tea, cocoa, and wine, fresh vegetables and fruit, and enough other items to run a close second to any menu Romanoff's could produce.

All the supplies—other than their clothes, fishing equipment, cameras and other personal incidentals—were furnished by the packing outfit. But wouldn't you know it? Just as Art climbed on his horse, he remembered he'd forgotten to get a fishing license, and had to rush back to the nearest license place to buy one!

Every hour, the trip itself proved as enjoyable as Art, Lois and Jack had hoped for—well, almost every hour. How could they have anticipated that they'd pick the coldest week in two months, the coldest on record in fifteen years? And so they spent their nights cuddled up in sleeping bags, wearing everything they could put on—and piling on top of the bags mountains of extra clothes, tarps and blankets.

From the time they left Reds' Meadow on Saturday noon till they came back seven days later, they constantly kept on the go. Snow Canyon, Minaret Lake, Ediza Lake, Rush Creek, Iceberg Lake and Agnew Meadow—just dots on the contour map they carried along—came to life in all their beautiful glory.

The routine was pretty much the same every day. Get up at sunrise, breakfast (Art thought nothing of consuming eight trout, four pieces of french toast, three scrambled eggs, five slices of bacon and coffee), ride about twelve miles along narrow trails (often so steep that they had to guide their horses on foot), camp early in the afternoon, fish for two or three hours, eat supper, and go to sleep soon after sundown.

For Art, the relaxation was three-fold. Fishing, no shaving, and no news of any kind. Intentionally, he didn't take along a portable radio, although the reception in that altitude is excellent. When the second pack train caught up with them, he insisted that they take back the newspapers they'd brought along.

Although Art managed to get away from news, he wasn't as successful in staying clear of fans, not even at an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet.

The highest point of their itinerary was Iceberg Lake, 11,800 feet above sea level. To get there, they had to leave the horses behind on a lower plateau, then climb the rest of the way on foot.

The turquoise lake beneath the glacier looked breathtaking—and so did the trout which could easily be seen through the crystal-clear water.

Art hardly took time to catch his breath before he unpacked rod and reel and headed for the most isolated-looking spot on the lake. Imagine his surprise when—just as his line hit the water—eighteen Boy Scouts let out a yell from behind a big rock and stormed down to the lake. Instead of fishing, Art spent the next thirty minutes signing autographs.

However, when the Boy Scouts weren't around, the fishing was excellent. Four days out of seven, he caught the limit permitted by law—and that's no fish story.

Only once did he get into real trouble.

He'd stood on a rock at the edge of one of the picturesque little Alpine lakes, just ready to cast his line, when Lois struggled up with her fishing equipment. Art felt very sure of himself, very manly, very humorous. But the laugh was on him.

"And now," he told the Mrs., "I will demonstrate how to catch a trout. Do you want it small, medium, or large?"

"Any size will do just fine," smiled the wife, who hadn't done so well the day before.

"All right. Watch . . ." and Art cast his line into the water.

Only a few seconds passed till he had a bite. But, when he pulled the fish out of the water and tried to grab it, the trout fell off the hook and started sliding down the rock. Not one to call quits easily, Art quickly bent over after it, when—rrrrrip—his pants split from one seam to another, and fell clear off!

Seeing her beloved in his yellow shorts, clinging to the rock with one hand and grabbing his pole with the other, Lois

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laughed so hard she couldn't catch her breath for five minutes.

"If I'd had a lawyer within shouting distance I'd have sued for divorce," Art proclaimed. But he, too, couldn't fail to see the humor of the situation.

With trail-riding, climbing, fishing and eating, the days flew by in record time. With the exception of the cold—and the ripped pants for Art, of course—the only other inconvenience was caused by the tendency of the horses and mules to head for home at each opportunity.

They had little chance during the day, when they were closely watched. It was a different story after sunset.

At night, the riding and pack animals were put out to pasture, because it was

impossible to carry enough feed to see them through any length of time.

To keep check on them, they had bells tied around their necks. In addition, up to the last two days, the guide was able to find camp ground with only one way out. The campers then put their gear and themselves in the path of the trail, thus barricading the animals into a natural compound.

The last two nights, however, no such arrangement was possible, because several trails led away from their campground. Consequently, everyone had to sleep across one of the exits—far apart from each other.

Nevertheless, on both nights, a couple of horses managed to get away unobserved, and had to be chased back the

following morning. One was four miles down the trail by the time it was caught, causing an eight-mile round trip, in addition to the regular day's ride.

It was a late afternoon when the campers finally returned to their starting point. Originally, Art, Lois and Jack had planned to spend the night at Mammoth Tavern before driving back to Los Angeles the following morning. But the longing for family and home was too strong to be postponed another twelve hours, and so they headed back the same day—arriving in Los Angeles shortly before midnight—tired but happy, and so much richer for a week's experience that couldn't have been surpassed by another vacation anywhere else in the world.

Strike It Rich, Please Do!

(Continued from page 25)

for. I will be Mother's nurse when she comes home and, golly, I wish I could make her birthday a 'happy birthday.'

Walt didn't have to tell Warren that the boy would be brought on the program. Warren blinked and got up and walked out of the office. Warren could have been thinking of his own childhood—of his industrious mother and his father working eighteen hours a day in the family's sprayer factory and drawing an occasional five dollars for the home. When the boy talked of possibly losing his mother, Warren might have remembered his own father's passing. His relatives can tell you of the tender care he gave his father all through the latter's fatal illness. And they tell you of the loving kindness he always gives his mother. Warren knows the way a son feels about his parents. Or he might have thought of his own sons, the years he was both father and mother to them, and what it would have been like for them if there had been no one to help them.

Roger Wise did get his mother a gas range, clothes, a year's supply of canned food and milk, plus \$230.

"It was early in our association that I learned about Warren's missing a daughter," Walt recalls, adding still another angle to Warren's great interest in his contestants.

It happened when there was a penniless orphan on the show, a good, earnest girl who had no one to help her.

When Warren walked backstage after he had talked with the youngster, he was thinking hard and he turned to Walt: "I'd like to adopt that girl."

He was completely serious and Walt had to explain it wasn't possible. Walt had to play the stern father and explain that, furthermore, Warren couldn't get personally involved in the lives of everyone he met on *Strike It Rich*—for obvious reasons.

That was a couple of years ago, but you could see Warren crumbling recently when sixteen-year-old Patsy Schauer, of Cecil, New York, stood before the cameras.

Patsy had been blind in one eye from the age of four. For twelve long years, she had worn a patch over her eye. Her father was an ill man. Her mother supported the family from odd jobs of paper-hanging and by raising chickens. Mrs. Schauer was never able to catch up with medical bills resulting from her husband's illness, let alone help Patsy with an eye operation.

Others in the Methodist Church that Patsy attended took it upon themselves to raise money to buy Patsy a glass eye, then discovered they would need more to pay for a couple of operations. The church was just too poor to raise the full amount and so turned to *Strike It Rich*.

Patsy and her mother won \$265, but their

anxiety was easily matched by Warren's. He strained for the correct answers to the quiz as if his own life depended on it. Inwardly, he was praying that they would "strike it rich."

"Warren never had daughters of his own until recently," Walt points out. "He has three fine sons, but he always felt a void."

When Warren married the lovely widow, Sue Stevens, he became father to another son and two daughters. Older daughter Buffy was sweet sixteen, and there was an immediate affection and understanding between them. Buffy has that same trait—empathy, identification with the problems of others—that is Warren's marked characteristic. Sally, ten years old now, and Buffy both adore Warren. Both girls were instantly close to him. More than ever, acquiring two daughters as he has, he feels the cruelty of fate toward those girls who are less fortunate.

Over the air, Warren talks about his sons, and it generally happens when there is a serviceman or veteran on the show. It is a spontaneous reaction. Warren has been a father, brother and mother to his three boys. When they were tots, he protected them from imaginary monkeys. He ran with them in foot races and taught them to swim. He has watched them in Scout parades. He has cooked for them. He has rehearsed them for school operettas and taught them to enjoy music in the home. Now Warren's two oldest, John and George, are in uniform. And a man with sons in uniform feels deeply about soldiers and sailors, anyone in service.

Walt still talks about the joy in the theatre when Sgt. Billy Wright appeared. His request was a little different. He had written about his mother, who had polio. His father had died at an early age and his mother alone raised him till he was sixteen. Then Billy went out to work and began supporting his mother. He went into the Army, married and, returning from Korea, set up his home in a suburb of New York. At the time, his wife was pregnant.

Billy's reason to "strike it rich" was simple. His mother had never been to New York. He couldn't afford to bring her up or go to Virginia to visit her. Billy merely wanted to make a reunion possible.

Strike It Rich crossed Billy up. He told his story on the telecast and said, "It's impossible for me to pay for her trip."

"The impossible," Warren said, "we do immediately."

Warren looked into the wings. Mrs. Wright, sprightly although lame in one leg, came on the stage. *Strike It Rich* had flown her to New York. The reunion was something to see.

And Warren's eyes were wet with admiration the day two Korean veterans appeared. They were on crutches, but they

only wanted financing so they could continue to hitchhike around the country and visit families of buddies who had been killed in action.

For Warren, above all, there is nothing quite so overwhelming as the person who, battered by hard luck, still has the will to do for himself.

"It's a small flame that refuses to go out," Walt says, "and, when Warren sees this in a person, you can hear the respect in his voice. It's a sacred moment."

Mrs. Anna Kinney, of Newark, New Jersey, had it. She was making aprons by night and selling them, door to door, by day, barely making enough to feed her three sons. Her husband had deserted her shortly before the birth of their third boy. She had been living with her mother, then her mother was evicted.

"Now, Warren, the housing authorities have given me four rooms," she wrote, "but I haven't any furniture or, in fact, nothing that I could go into housekeeping with. Besides, the children all need clothes."

She came on the show and won \$200, but Warren realized that he must give this woman help in another way. Mrs. Kinney wanted to make her own living in order to keep her family together. Her problem, as she explained it, was not in making the aprons but in the slow, tedious business of walking from door to door. Warren asked if she had brought one of her aprons with her. She had.

He looked at it and nodded his head approvingly, then held the apron up to the camera.

"This is worth a lot more than a dollar," he said. "I'll bet a lot of our viewers would be tickled to have aprons as pretty as this."

That little sales talk did it and, within the next week, the mail brought Mrs. Kinney over a thousand orders from every part of the country. Mrs. Kinney was really in business.

Warren says that there is no statesman, no genius, no one whom he respects more than the man or woman, regardless of station in life, who has the will to do for himself. In Warren's vocabulary there is no such word as "handout." His father taught him that *giving* is a matter of giving people a chance to help themselves.

"Warren's job is probably one of the most difficult in all of radio and TV," Walt says. "He lives every hardship with contestants, then must turn around and quiz them and, perhaps, deny them money they badly need."

That's why Warren sometimes pleads with contestants not to give him more than one answer (if they do, he must disqualify them). That's why Warren, sometimes with tears in his eyes, secretly prays, "*Strike It Rich*—please do!"

Lucky to Be So Right!

(Continued from page 47)

perhaps, for which they have their mother and father to thank? For, in their careers, these three girls have been phenomenally successful.

"You see," explains quiet, thoughtful Dorothy, "we were brought up in a religious atmosphere . . . Mother was the minister of the First Church of God in Miamisburg, Ohio. She had been minister of that faith for years and years—in fact, was ordained before Christine was born. Up until a couple of years ago, our lives almost completely centered around the church."

"Don't misunderstand Dorothy," interrupts Phyllis, the youngest of the singing sisters. "Even though it was a religious atmosphere, it was by no means stifling. That was not Mother's idea of religion. Sometimes it's hard to put feelings into words . . . but maybe, if I say Mother's approach to religion—to living—is a positive one, you'll understand what I mean. Or, to put it another way: we were raised with the Bible, but not with fear. Humility and thankfulness, yes—but no fear. Mother worked hard to instill in us the teaching of the Golden Rule . . . so it would become second nature."

Twenty-two-year-old Phyllis, twenty-three-year-old Dorothy, and twenty-five-year-old Christine McGuire did remarkably little moving around the country until they launched their professional careers in 1950. Unlike the routine of many ministers' families, the McGuires moved but once—six years ago from Middletown, Ohio, where the girls were born, to Miamisburg, some sixteen miles away. As a result, the girls had the opportunity of learning to live in and with a community . . . learned to live with people of divided interests. Learned to live and let live. Learned the value of friends . . . the value of being friends.

Naturally, many of their activities centered around their mother's church. "Sometimes," exclaims Phyllis, "it almost seemed as if we lived in the church! Why, from the time we were old enough to toddle around and stay awake, we were allowed to go to Sunday school. Long before we could carry a tune, we were singing 'Jesus Loves Me' with all our hearts and souls. In fact, it's still one of our favorite hymns, and sometimes, when we're alone, we'll find ourselves harmonizing on it just as we used to do in the choir. As we grew older, we

became more and more active in the church entertainments . . . Chris played the piano and eventually directed the chorus, we all took parts in the plays and pageants and, of course, were members of the choir."

In addition to their church entertaining activities, the girls were soon kept busy singing at parties, weddings, civic gatherings and the like—all of which led to their thinking seriously of making a career of singing and entertaining. The Army Entertainers Association gave them their first professional opportunity by signing them for a nine-month tour of Army camps and veterans' hospitals in 1950 and 1951.

When they returned from the tours, they successfully auditioned for their first television program—on Station WLW-TV in Cincinnati. Here they met with great success—particularly Phyllis, who later married Neals Van Ells, program director of the station. Their reception on television soon brought forth offers of club dates, and the girls successfully played twenty-two weeks at the Mayfair Room of the Van Cleve Hotel in Dayton.

"You might say," explains Dorothy, "that this was the real turning point in our careers. Up to this time, whenever anyone mentioned the possibility of our going to New York to try our luck, we merely shook our heads . . . we didn't feel we were ready for it. We were hoeing our own row with a minimum of professional guidance. You see, Phyllis is the only one of us who has really had vocal lessons. We had a lot to learn—and what we did achieve, up to this time, was mostly by trial and error. So it wasn't until nearly the end of our Mayfair Room engagement that we thought we might be ready for New York . . . the idea of the McGuires in New York seemed right."

From the very start of their New York venture, it was obvious that their feeling had been right. Shortly after their arrival, the girls landed a spot on the *Kate Smith Show*. One spot led to another until they had accumulated a total of eight appearances on Miss Smith's program.

"This in itself was pretty wonderful," continues Phyllis, "but I guess probably the greatest thing that happened to us as a result of those appearances was Murray Kane—the man who has arranged the vocalizations for many of the top singers of recent years. Murray happened to see one of our shows, and took an interest in us—in our unorthodox singing ways, you might say.



Backstage friendship: Julius La Rosa and Dorothy McGuire.

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He called us over to his studio and listened to us sing—one night we sang for three hours straight! Sang everything we had ever known! Then he did the wonderful thing . . . offered to work with us—for free! It had to be for free, since at that time we had only enough money to pay room and board. Imagine something like that happening to us! Do you wonder we feel the way we do about Murray Kane?"

"Fortunately for Murray, if for no other reason," injects Christine, "this was at just about the time we appeared on *Talent Scouts*. When—three days after our initial appearance—Mr. Godfrey invited us to become Little Godfreys, we were really up in the clouds . . . grateful not only for ourselves, but because this break meant we could continue working with Murray, this time paying him for his many kindnesses. And, speaking of kindness . . . since working on the Godfrey shows, we've discovered that kindness is the common denominator

of the Godfrey people—Janette, Marion, Frank, The Mariners, the crew—oh, just everybody. They've all been so wonderful. So helpful. In fact, everything about New York is wonderful!"

Of course, for Christine and Phyllis everything has been "right" since the three sisters made a hit on the Godfrey show. Chris found romance in New York in the person of John Teeter who is connected with the Damon Runyon Fund. Phyllis set up housekeeping with Neals Van Ells, her husband, and for the first time these two could look toward a settled life.

In her career, Dorothy has been just as successful as her sisters, but in her personal life, things have gone awry. Dorothy had been married to Johnny Brown in her mother's church in Ohio, but before coming to New York, Johnny had gone into the service. In between appearances in New York, Dorothy had flown to San Francisco before Johnny embarked for

Korea to try and affect a reconciliation with her husband, but all had not gone well. In the meantime, in New York, Dorothy was thrown together with Julius La Rosa, the popular singer of the Godfrey show. Shortly after Julius and Godfrey parted company, Julius announced that he would marry Dorothy. However, many circumstances must be ironed out between the two before a marriage can take place. Julius is a Roman Catholic and has consulted Church authorities on the recognition of a marriage to Dorothy. Dorothy, in turn, is legally separated but not divorced from Johnny Brown.

Meanwhile, as Dorothy tries to straighten out her personal life, all three girls continue to cling to the philosophy which their mother taught them: "If you concentrate on doing right, there is little you can do in the way of a wrong." Career-wise they have been lucky so far, lucky to have been so right!

The Lady in Mink

(Continued from page 43)

Conover and Powers turned me down. They said I didn't look like the typical American girl."

Bess was tall (five-foot-ten), long-legged, wore a size-fourteen dress, and was very pretty. Her height had been a handicap when it came to dating, for she was self-conscious about towering over a boy's head on the dance floor. Many nights she stayed home while her friends were at parties.

"I had a schoolgirl premonition that something wonderful would happen to me," she recalls. "But never in my craziest daydreams did I ever visualize myself as Miss America."

Bess had been spending summers in a girls' camp as a counselor. And she was there the summer after graduation from Hunter College. One day, she had a letter from a professional photographer. He wrote that he had entered her picture in the preliminary contest for Miss New York City and it was his opinion that she should compete. He sent along an entry form that she had to fill out.

"It just wasn't that simple," she says. "My parents had a low opinion of beauty contests."

Bess talked to her folks on the phone and tried to get their approval by explaining that this year, for the first time, a contestant had to have talent as well as beauty. She told them that, if by some miracle she should go on and become Miss America, she would also get a \$5,000 scholarship to continue her studies. Her parents were cool but didn't say no. They told Bess she would have to decide for herself. Then Bess talked to her older sister on the phone. "Sylvia and I always talked things over," Bess says. "I wanted her opinion."

Sylvia said wisely, "You have nothing to lose."

Bess, at the time, was rehearsing her young campers in a production of "H.M.S. Pinafore." When she told them she was entering a beauty contest, they laughed.

"Those little girls couldn't see me for dust."

And Bess rather agreed with them. Her own idea of feminine beauty was the popular New York model who is blonde and stands at five feet and six inches.

"One reason I wanted to enter the contest was to get away from camp for a while," she says. "It was the umpteenth summer I'd been there and I was ready for a little break."

She took a temporary leave in August saying she would be back just as soon as she lost. She never went back.

Against thousands of competitors, Bess

was designated Miss New York City. Mr. Powers, whose model agency had turned her down, was ironically one of the judges. (And Mr. Conover was one of the judges when Bess won the national crown.)

"To be honest, I was really shocked at winning," she says. "I couldn't believe it."

Bess had even less confidence when she went on to Atlantic City to compete for the Miss America title. Here she found she was competing against sixty beauties—beauties with talent, too.

The girls were to be judged in three different classifications: A talent contest, in which the girl could sing, dance, act, or play a musical instrument; the evening-gown contest, in which a girl was scored for poise and charm; the bathing-suit contest, in which she was appraised for figure and beauty. Bess was told that if she was first in any two of these she would win.

In the talent test, Bess played excerpts from Grieg's piano concertos and then, as an encore, played some Gershwin tunes on a flute. She won first honors. In the second part, the evening-gown test, no announcement was made of the winner.

"The ordeal lasted a week," she recalls, "and it was an ordeal."

On the third-day of the week, many newspapers began predicting Bess as the winner. By then, even Bess had decided she had a chance. To win, Bess had to triumph in the bathing-suit contest, and she was about to learn that—regardless of nature's handiwork—clothes make the woman.

She had picked up a heavy tan at camp and so decided to wear a white bathing suit. The suit was a size 34, made of silk jersey. It had to fit snugly to look right. Well, the matrons objected to the suit. They thought it was too tight. They put Bess in a green suit, size 36.

"It fit like a sack," she remembers, "and it was the wrong color."

The day before the finals, all the contestants took part in a show for hospitalized veterans. The boys showed their enthusiasm for each of the girls with never-diminishing whistles, until Bess paraded in her comfortable green suit.

"There wasn't one whistle. Not even a squeak."

Bess was near tears, about ready to give up. But her sister Sylvia, who had accompanied Bess, saved the day. Sylvia was about twenty pounds heavier than Bess. Sylvia fought her way into the size-34 white jersey. She wore it all that evening and slept in it that night. The next morning, Bess hopefully tried it on again. It had stretched to a 35. Bess saw the matrons, and this time they approved the fit.

And so did the judges—that night, September 9, 1945, Bess was crowned Miss America.

"All the time you are hoping to win, you are thinking of the folks back home," Bess says. "You want to win so that they won't feel bad—and then you do win, and you suddenly find yourself a national figure."

The year Bess reigned was jam-packed with the excitement of traveling, lecturing, modeling, personal appearances. She was offered a Hollywood contract.

"I turned it down," she says. "I couldn't act and knew it would be a dead-end street."

She was signed to a vaudeville contract but, after a short time, quit.

"All they wanted me to do was come out in a bathing suit," she says. "I didn't like it."

She did give a piano recital with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. A wisecracking columnist predicted she would enter dignified Carnegie Hall in a Bikini. She wore a long-sleeved, high-necked gown, and earned fine reviews.

Bess was invited to talk to school students in Chicago, where there had been some ugly interracial outbreaks. When Bess got up in the school auditorium, the boys thought she was dreamy and the girls idolized her. They listened when Bess told them that you don't dispute a person's intelligence, talent or personality because of race or religion. The talk was so successful that Bess made several hundred more such lectures in every part of the country.

However, on the social side, Bess found a marked change in her life. Boys she had once dated acted strangely. It began from the day she won the crown. Some of the boys got aggressive and thought Bess had to be belittled. Others were just plain scared.

"I had to make so many appearances at fancy affairs, wearing evening gowns and orchids," she remembers. "My old friends didn't realize how much I'd have appreciated a date at a movie and a sundae in the drugstore."

One of her many jobs took her to Atlantic City, in the summer of 1946, as hostess at a convention. There she met Captain Allan Wayne, a New Yorker, who had spent three years in the Pacific. Allan's father was a participant in the exposition, and he introduced his son to Bess.

Allan was tall and handsome, six-foot-two, with light-brown hair. To Allan, Bess was a very nice girl and her fame was incidental. They began dating and fell in love. If Bess was obligated to attend any social function, Allan went along as her escort.

"I found he was the kind of man who is at ease whether in tails or a sports shirt," she says. "And he was fun to be with."

On October 9, 1946, exactly a year and one month from the time Bess won the title, she and Allan eloped. Two months later, on December 29, they had a formal, religious wedding.

Today, Queen Bess of TV finds her days full, from shortly after dawn to shortly after midnight, but this she takes in stride, for she has always been active. She has never lost her prize-winning figure—except temporarily when she carried Barbara—and, in fact, wears a size twelve today instead of the old fourteen.

"Food is no problem," she says. "I have to fight to put on weight."

Allan isn't quite so immune to calories, so sometimes there is double work to do in the kitchen.

"I'll have a broiled meat for Allan and make myself a macaroni casserole," she says, "but Allan can't resist trading me a little."

They dine in a room off the kitchen that Allan and Bess created themselves. The kitchen had once been very large. Bess had the shelves removed at one end. One night, she and Allan soaked off the linoleum and de-papered the walls. Now the room is all white, with handsome charcoal-black fixtures and a wrought-iron table with a glass top.

Bess chooses all the furnishings and colors, for she learned the art of interior decorating from her father. The living room has been done in a quiet, handsome tone. It is predominantly blue, with traditional furniture. There are ceiling-high bookcases at one end, with a television set in the center. A parakeet roosts in his cage on the set. Above a red sofa is a huge, rectangular mirror framed in antique glass. In one corner is a grand piano.

"Allan still insists that I practice," she says. "He's as bad as my father."

Their bedroom is furnished in provincial, and here the major colors are coffee-and-cream tones. A little farther down the hall is Barbara's room, light and gay.

"Barbara is just beginning to be pleased about my being on television," Bess says.

The six-year-old at first found it a nuisance to have a famous mother. In the street or park, people were always stopping them to talk or ask for an autograph.

Now Barbara enjoys the attention but finds the responsibility worrisome. She came home one day upset by a little boy she plays with.

"I saw your mother on TV and didn't think much of her," the lad had said, brandishing his Gene Autry shooter. "She didn't do nothing exciting."

Bess explained that the little boy had a right to his own opinion and that it was no reason to be angry with him.

Bess and Barbara are very close. In fact, Bess turned down work in show business until Barbara was old enough to start nursery school. Barbara knows that she always has first call on her mother's time. Allan and Bess have never gone away on long weekends or vacations and left Bar-

bara behind. They are always together.

But Barbara is bedded down by seven-fifteen and, a few minutes later, Bess and Allan sit down to dinner. Most of their social evenings are spent with old friends and Allan's business associates. When Bess has to make a public appearance at a benefit, she and Allan try to make it into an evening of fun.

"Allan is orderly, efficient, and punctual," Bess says. "I'm often a few minutes late when we go out, so every minute he's in the room to announce it is one minute after eight, then two minutes after eight, and so on." She grins and adds, "But, you know, he never congratulates me when I'm on time. He only remembers the other times that I was late."

Allan, typical husband in some respects, is on the other hand just as attentive as ever. At unexpected moments, a delivery boy may arrive at the apartment with a bouquet or a gift for Bess. Allan doesn't wait for special occasions, but they do have more special occasions than most couples. They have two wedding anniversaries a year: The first on the date they eloped; the second, the date of their religious marriage.

On the second one, they usually have a small party. But, on the anniversary of their elopement, they go out alone and it is on this date they exchange gifts. Allan usually gives her a new charm for her bracelet; last year, it was a little angel, with a halo, riding on a cloud. Bess has solved the dilemma of what to buy Allan by starting him on a photography hobby.

Allan, although he has no experience in show business, handles the business end of Bess's career. He has been doing this since they were married, and it was then that he expressed himself on her career: She was to continue, if she wished, so long as it didn't take her out of town. He was most enthusiastic about her going into television—the answer to both a career for Bess and a home for the three of them.

Actually, Bess made some of the earliest telecasts in the country. For a time, she journeyed up to Schenectady to participate in G-E's experimental telecasts. In the past, she has had shows of her own on a local basis while making guest appearances on network telecasts.

One day, Bess was a "helping hand" on *Strike It Rich*. Walt Framer, the producer, told Bess he wanted her to participate in a new show. The show was *The Big Payoff*.

"It's a very satisfying show to work on," Bess says. "It's wonderful to see a fabulous dream come true for a woman. Not many women ever expect to tour Europe in mink. It's something that can't come true—but it does. I know what it feels like."

On *The Big Payoff*, Bess is truly the epitome of glamour and high fashion. But when she gets home, like any other woman, she takes off her good clothes and carefully hangs them in a closet. Then, like every other housewife, she gets into a house dress. And loves it!

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Around the World on the Wheel Of Fortune

(Continued from page 57)

about eleven A.M. and the weekly washing was out of the way. My husband, Oscar, a retired railroader, was in the parlor. My daughter and her husband were visiting, and I was in the kitchen preparing lunch. The phone rang.

"New York is calling Mrs. Eva Wilcher," the operator said.

"Speaking."

A man was on the other end and he said, "I'm Brad Simpson of the *Wheel Of Fortune* Show. We are sending a mother around the world to see how our soldiers live. Would you go?"

I told him I would be delighted. We talked a few more minutes and then he said he would phone again in a few days and give me more details.

Does that sound too matter-of-fact, as if I were discussing the weather? Well, that's the way it was. We Wilchers are notorious for our calm. It's a family joke that it takes an earthquake to get us excited. But the truth is that I was tingling inside.

Oscar and the children thought someone might be kidding me. I told them that wasn't likely. No one would call all the way from New York for the sake of a practical joke. Mr. Simpson had explained, too, that the trip around the world was being arranged in co-operation with the Defense Department. And Mr. Simpson had promised that I would get to spend a few days with my son Marshall, stationed in Paris.

I can partly explain how it happens that I accept the improbable with comparative calm. First, I am a woman of fifty-eight. Second, I have raised nine children, six boys and three girls—and the married ones have so far presented me with a total of eight grandchildren. When you have raised a family that large and have seen them in accidents and sickness, in good times, hard times, and in wars, you are quite prepared for the unexpected.

Four of my sons were in World War II: Larry earned the Distinguished Flying Cross in the Pacific; Lee got the Purple Heart soldiering with the Seventh Army in Europe; Charles was awarded an Air Medal flying out of England as an engineer gunner; Virgil, the youngest in the Army at the time, had stateside duty. Marshall was then in his teens. My sixth son is now only eleven.

But Marshall has been in the Army five years, since he was eighteen. He is a staff sergeant in the Air Force and has been overseas three times. While I have no favorites among my children, nevertheless Marshall and I were very close during World War II—he was in that in-between stage, too young to join his brothers in the service and yet old enough to know what it was all about.

The Thursday of that same week, Mr. Simpson called again, "Are you packed yet?"

He was kidding this time. He hadn't given me a definite date before. This time he did. I was to be in New York July 21, and we would leave after the telecast. And it was then that the excitement truly started. I had to get five medical shots for smallpox, typhus and cholera. I had no birth certificate, which meant going over into Kentucky to get proof that I was born. I didn't have to do too much shopping, for Mr. Simpson told me that—along with the trip—I would be given luggage and clothes. (Plus that, I was awarded a camera and a thousand-dollar savings bond.)

I entrained to New York the third week of July and was met by Mr. Simpson. I learned then that the whole trip had been

postponed a week because of transportation difficulties. Everyone was apologetic and most kind. They took me to a hotel. This was my first visit to New York.

I suppose most people would have really done New York properly, but I'm not much for wandering around alone. I did some Fifth Avenue window-shopping. Once I took a four-hour sight-seeing trip around New York. Mostly, I spent a lot of time at the *Wheel Of Fortune* office going over my itinerary. It was there that I learned how it all happened.

The purpose of the *Wheel Of Fortune*, which is telecast every Friday morning over the CBS network, is to honor and reward an average person who has done something extraordinary. And I was asking how come they had chosen me, from thousands of mothers, to make the trip. Well, in the office, they showed me a letter they had received from Marshall. He had read about the program. He had asked that the *Wheel* be spun for me and had said some flattering things:

"My mother raised all of her children to be strong, obedient, healthy, and God-fearing. She taught us to believe our land is the land to live in—or to die for. . . . She instilled in all of us the awareness of how precious our personal liberties and rights are—why we should treasure our American heritage. . . ."

I am a woman who dislikes flattery. But a woman can take any amount of praise from her own—she thrives on that.

During the telecast, I lived up to the Wilcher tradition. I wasn't nervous. Todd Russell interviewed me and I told him a little about myself. Later that evening, we went to a party, which the airlines had arranged at the Great Northern Hotel, and I received my tickets. At midnight, the party broke up and we went to LaGuardia Airport. At one-thirty A.M., I was on a plane for the first time in my life, and I was to circle the world.

My companions on the trip were two young men, Dick Brill, co-producer of the show, and Ed Wade, a photographer. Mr. Simpson had assured me they were two gentlemen who would take good care of me. Both Ed and Dick are redheads and, incidentally, bachelors, which made for a lot of kidding during the trip. The three of us were at ease instantly and became quite good friends.

All told, we were gone twenty-four days. And if all were to be told, it would take just about a book to get it in. We flew west, stopping only to refuel at Denver and Los Angeles before we settled in Hawaii for three days.

What I observed in Army installations, and what I learned in chats with hundreds of our boys, I shall save for later. First I must talk about Honolulu. We visited Army and Navy bases, beautiful beaches, ranches, and luxurious resorts.

My two bachelors insisted that I see a real hula dance—but, when they asked me with straight faces whether I would have my picture taken in a hula skirt, I told them they'd better be kidding. (And, by the way, I tried to give them as many nights off as possible so they wouldn't be hampered by a woman old enough to be their mother.)

But two things that happened in Hawaii were the most impressive part of the whole world-wide trip, and I hope I can make you understand why.

Our naval escort took us to Pearl Harbor and out to the U.S.S. *Arizona*. The *Arizona*, as you may remember, was hit and sunk when the Japanese struck without warning on December 7, 1941. The *Arizona* went down with its entire crew of eleven hun-

dred men on board. The bodies have never been removed from this ship. So far as the Navy is concerned, the *Arizona* is still a commissioned vessel, a symbol forever of bravery and duty to country. I stood on the deck of this ship and placed a wreath on its plaque. I cannot tell you the depth of emotion I felt. I cried. Who wouldn't?

And another day we were driven to the National Cemetery in the Punch Bowl. It seemed a frivolous name for a cemetery, but it was explained to me that the name had been given to the terrain long before it was made into a burial ground.

It looked like a bowl or small crater in the bottom of a beautiful valley. I didn't know it was a graveyard at first. The stones lay flat on the ground in a field covered by grass and moss. There was not one tree. It was so quiet and peaceful, my heart stood still.

I was shown the grave of Ernie Pyle, marked by the same simple stone as the others. I asked to see the grave of my cousin, Garland Austin, a boy who had been killed in naval service. I knew how much it would mean to his parents. And, as a mother who has had five sons in the armed forces, I knew how I would have felt had one of my boys been buried overseas. As I placed a wreath on one grave, I felt, in a way, that I was representing all the American mothers who could not get to visit the graves of their sons.

It was these two stops, at the *Arizona* and at the National Cemetery, that were the most significant in my journey.

We went on to Tokyo, stopping at Wake, Guam, Okinawa, and Clark Field near Manila. At Clark Field, I went through the chow line. It didn't come up to home cooking, but it was a lot better than I'd expected after hearing my sons gripe.

We got into Tokyo in the midst of a driving rain. We were met by such a party of reporters and photographers and Army officers that for the next half-hour we just stood under a shack and posed for pictures and answered questions. We were VIPs all right, and then someone said, "Okay, that's enough. Let's break it up." Suddenly, we were deserted. There were my two redheads and myself and sixteen pieces of luggage, and we were all alone in the rain. Everything had been thought of but transportation.

"We can't even hire a cab," one of the redheads said. "We have no Japanese money."

A young soldier from Brooklyn came to our aid, a boy named Al Block. He had been sent out to meet Horace Heidt, and Mr. Heidt wasn't on the plane. Al drove us to the hotel and was with us much of our five days in Tokyo.

During that short week, we visited a hospital and I was impressed with the wonderful care our boys get. I was at the airport to meet the first POWs returning from Korea and I felt sorry for them, for there were so many reporters around that they were in a daze. I saw the enlisted men's huge, luxurious three-story club in Tokyo, and I was proud to find our boys such gentlemen. The airline invited us to a geisha party and I went—but only out of curiosity so that I could tell the folks back home.

I didn't care much for Japanese food—too much fish. The redheads laughed at me because they claimed I went around the world on ham sandwiches. Once we caused a near riot in a restaurant when the boys were having difficulty translating my order for ham into Japanese. They finally resorted to saying, "Oink, oink." And it worked.

One other amusing thing happened in Tokyo. I went shopping to pick up souvenirs. When I got back to the hotel with my brass and parasols, I looked again at the stuff I had purchased in New York's Chinatown. I found that some of the things I had bought in New York and carried all the way to Tokyo had, in fact, been made in Japan.

We went on to Rome, via Bangkok, Calcutta, Karachi and Tel Aviv. (And here let me ask: How can one express in a few words the magnitude and sheer wonder of this trip? Rattling off the names of these foreign cities awes me, even now.) At Rome, we were put in a palatial hotel. I had a terrace overlooking a garden and my bathroom was all marble.

We visited the Vatican, where I bought rosary beads for my Catholic friends. We saw the ruins of ancient Rome, the galleries and the market places. At a restaurant, I felt that I had to order spaghetti. I love spaghetti and I wanted to eat real Italian spaghetti in real Italy.

The redheads waited until I had my first mouthful and asked, "How do you like it?" The truth was that I liked my own sauce better.

Our last day in Rome, I went shopping for a couple of simple dresses. It was like being back in the States. I found a department-store sale and saved twenty-two dollars.

In Naples, we had a reception from the Army and the Army cook served up a special cake he had made for me. We were there one day and then went on to what was the high point of the trip for me: Paris—not just because it was Paris, but because my son was near.

We got in after midnight and were taken to the Hotel Georges Cinq. It was luxurious, but I was out of my fine bed early the next morning—and Marshall met us for breakfast.

He looked fine. He's a tall, blond boy, quite settled and mature for his age. He seldom complains, but takes things as they come. We began talking and didn't stop for five days. We talked about the family and baseball and our neighbors at home and all the little things that mean the world to us as individuals.

We went out to SHAPE the first morning to meet General Alfred M. Gruenther. He holds one of the most important American positions in Europe and it was a great honor—also, a great delight, for the General was a charming host.

"You want to watch your step traveling with bachelors," he said, then turned to the redheads. "How do you fellows get a

job like this, anyway?" he asked, smiling.

He asked me about Tell City, Indiana, and said his wife was from the same state. He told me how much he thought of the trip I was making and said it would be wonderful if every American mother could do the same.

General Gruenther was as easy to talk to as a corporal or private.

Then Marshall showed me the office where he worked at SHAPE, and we went on to the enlisted men's club, where he entertained me at a special luncheon with his friends.

That afternoon, and the following days, we saw the beautiful sights of Paris. One of these days Marshall's girl friend, who is a WAF at SHAPE, spent with us. We went shopping and dined in some extraordinary restaurants with the redheads.

When the five days were over, I was ready to go straight home. Perhaps you can understand that I felt I had accomplished the major objectives of the trip, but we still had another stop—three days in Copenhagen. No one who wants to see the world should slight Denmark. We saw crown jewels and the kind of castles you read about in fairy tales. And, if for no other reason, you must stop in Denmark for coffee—it was the only good cup I had in a foreign restaurant.

We had started our trip on July twenty-ninth and we were back in New York on August twenty-second. Frankly, I was tired, but not so tired that I wasn't ready to report on my trip on the telecast.

After 30,000 miles of a living travelogue, I admit to feeling a little inept. Although I hadn't been unduly excited by the first phone call from New York, I was excited when I thought of everything I'd seen.

I did report on our soldiers overseas. I found most of our men cheerful. There is less grumbling from them than from those at home. The armed services have done their best to give our boys good housing, good food, clubs, and the kind of recreational facilities they would have at home. But morale still depends mainly on mail from home. Letters tell the boys they are loved and very much missed. And, believe me, they very much miss their homes, and it is the thought of returning that keeps their chins up. It seemed to me that our soldiers, more often than the people at home, understand there is a reason for their being away.

I only wish that, as General Gruenther said, every American mother might have the same opportunity given me. May the "wheel of fortune" spin for you!

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Meet Mrs. McNutley

(Continued from page 29)

"family-type" house because, for both Phyl and Don, it meant a place with space, plenty of rooms, a yard for the children to play in, a place for their dog Tallulah to romp.

Phyllis and Don began married life, nine years ago last September, in a Hollywood duplex. In those early honeymoon days, they didn't collect nearly enough furniture to fill their final home. As with many a young couple just getting started, the giant living room went empty for the first year.

But young-marrieds, happy and gay as they were in those years, could always turn a situation like this to their own advantage. Phyllis would love to tell the story: "Don didn't see our living room as a bare room. He saw a magnificent ballroom! Since there wasn't any furniture, we didn't have to clear the decks to have a party. At Christmas, we had a *Christmas Ball* in our ballroom!"

In those days, while Phyllis ran from kitchen to dining room with broom and mop, husband Don played boy builder with bricks and two-by-fours. In these past two years, Don added a twenty-foot brick front onto the fireplace (painted white), put a brick wall along the hem of the acre of property, replaced the rain gutters, set up a bank of flood lights for the yard and house, and started laying out a brick patio. These two were building for a lifetime together—when things went awry.

Phyllis and Don met back in 1944, when they played together in the New York production of "Winged Victory." On first meeting, Don thought Phyllis was snobbish (she came from a "finishing school" family), and Phyllis thought Don a brash kid (his parents were Pennsylvania Dutch).

One night, after the show, Phyllis was caught in the rain without an umbrella. She waited for a cab in the alcove of the theatre, but somehow there are never any cabs in New York when it rains.

Then Don came out of the theatre. He was stranded, too. After five minutes, they began a conversation on a "Mr. Taylor—Miss Avery" basis. The conversation came around to food. The rain stopped . . . and

Don and Phyllis walked down Broadway looking for a place to eat. They ate ("Though I don't remember what," says Phyl) . . . fell in love ("You'd love him, too, if you knew Don") . . . married (with "Let's keep it gay" emblazoned on the wedding cake)—all within six months of that meeting in the rain!

Though Phyl and Don desperately wanted children, it wasn't until late in 1948 that their first little girl, Avery, was born. Anne (nicknamed Andy) came along a year later and, as the children grew, they began to look and act more and more alike.

There were times during the first year-and-a-half when Phyllis thought one child would have been enough. "I must have had twenty-nine meals going at the same time," she says. "I'd no sooner feed one than it was time to feed the other. I had double diaper trouble, too. Plus nap trouble. As soon as I had Avery asleep, Andy woke up. It was like a six-day bike race!"

Those days were tiring days, but days in which both Phyllis and Don were happy. Phyllis' career was homemaking. Together they recorded their children's growth in a picture album, showing every stage of their development almost from week to week. Together they built toward a permanent home.

As a sentimental family, they religiously observed birthdays—all of which happened to fall between the middle of September and the beginning of January. "This was a regular Holiday House," says Phyl, "for three months of the year. Besides the birthdays, we have Thanksgiving, Christmas, Hallowe'en, and New Year's. Poor Avery's birthday falls on January 3, just when all the bills are coming in!"

Up until the TV show *Meet Mr. McNutley* began, Phyllis had not been away from the children for any length of time. When she agreed to take the part, she didn't realize how time-consuming TV could be. Then she found she was working six days a week—and she had twinges of conscience where the girls were concerned.

"I've never been one hundred per cent set on a career," says Phyl. "My children are too important. I'd just as soon make it a now-and-again thing. But it looks like

I'm caught—temporarily—though we're arranging the schedule to make it a five-day week with shorter days."

Don and Phyllis, even after her TV show commitments, tried desperately hard to keep the family knit together as one unit. Phyllis arranged their vacations, spending two weeks together at Balboa, at the end of which time Don went to near-by La Jolla to play in the summer theatre.

Trying to live up to the motto on their wedding cake, "Let's keep it gay," Phyl planned a surprise while Don was in his play at La Jolla. Phyl thought she'd drop in for a three-day weekend of honeymooning. She hoped to surprise him before he went on stage that night.

It usually takes three hours to drive to La Jolla from Los Angeles. In order to save time, Phyllis arranged for plane transportation. Thursday evening, after rehearsal, she raced to the airport—where she sat for three hours waiting until the weather cleared! Phyllis was so upset she could have cried. But she didn't. The weather did clear, the plane took off—and landed in *San Diego*. Phyllis was still separated from La Jolla by a four-dollar taxi ride—and more time.

An hour later, the taxi drove up in front of the theatre. Phyllis paid the driver and ran inside. It was the middle of the first act and Don was on stage. But there wasn't a seat in the house. The only thing to do was set up a chair in the last row. With a clatter and a bang Phyllis was ensconced on the chair—at which point Don stopped in the middle of his lines to examine the latecomer in the audience.

"Some surprise," says Phyllis, "when Don looked up as if to say, 'Lady, will you please be quiet, we're trying to do a play up here!' And I turned out to be the lady!"

With all the real thought and planning that have gone into this marriage, friends cannot believe that it is over. Perhaps, like that bygone day when Don and Phyllis found they had a lot in common while they waited and talked in the rain on a deserted New York street, these two will again find that separation is not the answer and they'll resume a marriage which brought them so much happiness. Everyone who knows them hopes they make it!

Jim Backus—and His Other Wife

(Continued from page 34)

with a bang that sounded like the backfire of two diesel trucks; a new yolk-yellow polka-dotted wall met Jim's gaze when he arrived on the scene. "Well," he muttered, "I guess that's not the way Henny boils eggs, after all!"

It's apparent that Jim's "at home" personality is more like scatterbrained Joan's (*I Married Joan*) than like Judge Stevens' (his own role). Give him sixty minutes at home and, without trying, he can come up with as many ways of getting into trouble. For example, he can practice golf putting in the back yard—and easily putt a ball through the kitchen window! He can also break his foot while talking to his wife. (Simple; all he has to do is step backward down the stairs.) He can even get into hot water sitting in his living-room chair.

Take, for example, the time seven years ago when Jim and Henny came to California, where he was to do Hubert Updyke on radio. They rented a house on Orange Grove Drive and, every day after work, Jim came home to spend the late afternoon sitting in his favorite chair. Of course, while he was sitting *inside*, the

garden was simply growing wild *outside*.

This made the neighbors unhappy. Unhappy? They were ready to stick their green thumbs into Jim's eye. They had the smartest-looking block in the neighborhood, and they wanted to keep it that way. But every afternoon, while they raked leaves and planted bulbs, Jim watched his garden turn to jungle.

This do-nothing attitude wasn't entirely Jim's fault. Jim left Cleveland, Ohio, because he'd wanted to get away from lawns and hedges. For twelve years, he'd successfully lived in apartments in New York—without yards, without lawns, without hedges—and said, "I'm glad I got away from that!" (meaning lawns and hedges). So, when he came to California, the habits of twelve years weren't easily broken.

Finally, the lawn grew so high that Jim couldn't find the walk. One rainy day he missed his way completely and the mud spoiled the shine on his shoes. He knew then that something would have to be done.

The next day, in Brewer's Bar and Grill, Jim asked his radio producer to recommend a gardener. "Got just the man for you," said the producer. "He does land-

scaping for Sam Goldwyn, Loretta Young, and Joan Davis."

"Well," said Jim, "in Hollywood, I guess even the gardeners have to have credits. Send him over."

That afternoon, two trucks pulled up in front of Jim's place and five men got out. They mowed the lawn, pulled weeds, and trimmed the hedges as if there were diamonds hidden under each leaf. The neighbors gave up their own gardening entirely and looked on in awe. Within thirty minutes, the front yard was sparkling.

"Then," says Jim, "the five men sprinkled some flowers around that they'd brought over from Loretta Young's place. When they finished, I stepped out to view my new Eden, hoping that now I could be friends with the neighbors. But it was no go. Hiring the gardener had been bad sportsmanship! I'd cheated."

When Jim and Henny first came to California, they didn't intend to stay. They kept their bags packed, thinking that surely next week they'd go back to New York for good. It is now seven and a half years later and they have not entirely given up the fight. They still keep one bag packed, ready to go, from force of habit.

That was the bag Jim tripped over when, talking to Henny, he fell down the stairs and broke his foot! He'd been on the golf course earlier that day—and even on the golf course he can get into trouble.

Jim had been trying to teach his friend Vic Mature how to drive a golf ball. Jim was a juvenile champ and Vic was only a novice. Since Jim was the golfer, he was in a position to do the teaching. Unfortunately, Vic is a natural athlete and his first drive went 220 yards—uphill!

Jim wasn't going to let a novice outdrive him. After all, a champ is a champ, even if twenty years have passed since the title was bestowed. He let fly at the ball with all his might—and threw his back out of joint. Then he went home—and broke his foot!

That evening, sitting in his easy chair with his back tightly taped and his foot in a cast, Jim had another shock while watching the TV news. "Imagine how I felt," says Jim. "It was the time of the drought, there were summer forest fires raging from one end of the country to the other, peace in Korea looked bleak—

"Then, the announcer came up with the topper!" Jim recalls: "Though the news looks grim," he said, "we can close the broadcast with a laugh. Today on the golf course, comedian Jim Backus threw his back out of joint. Then he went home, fell down the stairs and broke his foot! That's what I call a double break! Ha, ha!"

None of Jim's friends took his injury seriously, either. "I hear you're working with a large cast!" said one, and "I didn't know you were so broke, Jim. Ha, ha!"

"I've never heard so many bum jokes," says Jim. "But I did learn what 'funny as a broken leg' means."

His television career keeps Jim on a rigorous schedule. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, he works from 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. and at night he memorizes lines. Friday, he does the *I Married Joan* show, Saturday he sleeps late, then plays golf. Sunday is his day at home. "And Monday," says Jim, "I get my teeth drilled, my hair cut, and my license plates renewed!"

Jim's new TV career has paid off with the fans, however. Every performer loves fans, and today Jim has millions! "Before I was in television, I made thirty pictures," says Jim. "I was fairly successful. At least, the people on the lot knew my name.

"But when I went into a café, I'd get mixed reactions. People knew they'd seen me before—though they didn't quite know where!"

Take the time Jim was in Chicago. He went into a drugstore for a soda. The clerk watched him closely for five minutes while Jim spooned the ice cream. Then, when Jim was ready to go, the clerk said, "Didn't you sell my brother-in-law a new Oldsmobile in 1948?"

Today that couldn't happen. Everybody in the country knows Jim. They come up to him on the streets and say, "Pardon me, Judge Stevens, but I have a problem. Can you help me?" And on the train going into Chicago there were so many people trying to talk to him that the last two cars became out of balance! The engineer had to ask the conductor to clear Jim's car of the extra passengers so the train could maintain its speed around the curves!

One day, shortly after Jim and Henny came to California, Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, came up to them in a restaurant and asked for Jim's autograph.

They were fans of his Hubert Updyke character on radio. This was the greatest kind of praise to Jim, and the Gages and the Backuses became fast friends.

When the Backus family isn't entertaining friends (the Gages, the David Waynes, and the Victor Matures), Henny spends her time crocheting cotton-yarn rugs. She has finished one for the dining room and is working on another to go wall-to-wall in the living room.

She is also a talented sculptress. At present, she is working on a head of Bette Davis and the wet-clay model was used in Miss Davis' recent picture, "The Star." Besides this artistic interest, Henny is a wonderful cook. "I've got a thousand favorite recipes," she says, "and I love to work in the kitchen. You can't blame me for wanting to keep Jim out of there when I'm away!"

One day, when Henny was working at M-G-M in "Julius Caesar" (she's also an excellent actress), she asked Jim to stock their G-E refrigerator because they were fresh out of food. "I came home from the studio," says Henny, "and looked in the fridge. There were two bottles of champagne, a pint of caviar, and an orchid!

"But I didn't mind. After ten years of marriage, I think that kind of attention is wonderful!"

Jim and Henny were married twice. Once on January sixteenth, in New York, and again on the eighteenth, for Jim's family in Cleveland. They were introduced by New York producer Herman Levin—who knew them both and thought they'd be great for each other. Herman had a hard time getting them together, for they both hated blind dates.

Herman finally tricked them. He played sick and called Henny over to cook some of her famous soup. When Jim arrived to commiserate with Herman, he found Henny. They hit it off at once and their blind-date fetish went out the window. The impact of their romance was demonstrated in the double wedding. Says Jim, "It was great the first time, but it was twice as good the second."

The lasting quality of their romance has been proved, for they celebrated their "tin" anniversary last January, marking the passing of ten exciting years together. They are still grateful to Herman Levin for introducing them. In humorous Backus fashion, on their tin anniversary, they sent Herman a gold Oscar inscribed, "Your plays should run so long!"

Jim's only problem at present is the fact that he has two wives, Henny at home and Joan Davis on the *I Married Joan* show. "I get nagged twenty-four hours a day," says Jim. "If I'm late for my morning coffee, I get bawled out. Then, when I'm late to rehearsal, I get it again. I hear, 'Don't forget to eat your lunch' so often that I've lost my appetite for it."

Jim even is accused of infidelity. Show viewers associate Jim with Joan and think she is his wife on screen and off. Recently, a taxi driver accosted him when he was with Henny and accused him of being out with another woman!

Henny takes this in stride, which demonstrates their good-natured relationship. She just winked at the taxi driver soothing him with, "That's all right, I'm Jim's other wife!" With that, the poor taxi driver didn't know what to do. But the Backuses did. They squeezed each other's hand and Jim said to Henny, "Let's hope you can still say that after ten more years."

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Dotty Mack—Beautiful Ugly Duckling

(Continued from page 33)

rather gawky girl who looked into her mirror that day back in Cincinnati, Ohio, could hardly visualize that some ten years later she would be Dotty Mack of ABC television, heralded as one of the beauties of her generation, one of the talented entertainers of the TV airwaves.

Some small inkling that at last her change from ugly duckling to handsome womanhood would be recognized came to Dotty when in her junior year in high school she was chosen the queen of the spring dance.

"I wanted that honor more than anything else in life," Dotty says now. "I didn't think I had a ghost of a chance—I still pictured myself as that awkward thirteen-year-old who couldn't do a thing with her hair—a thing with her figure. Then the day came—and I was chosen. I was so happy that I cried all the way home from school."

At home, a wonderful warm-hearted family was eagerly awaiting news of the event on which they knew Dotty had set her heart. There was Mom and Dad and Gram and Grampa—Gram and Grampa who came from the Old Country, Italy, Mom who had worked so hard to help Dotty through school, and Dad who is really Dotty's stepfather and "has been the finest father a girl could ever have."

"When I told my family what had happened, they cried, too—we all cried together until we could laugh again," Dotty recalls. "When we dried our tears, we then held a family budget session to find out how we were going to get me a dress to wear."

"Everyone chipped in to buy the dress, and I'll never forget it. It didn't matter to me that it wasn't the most expensive dress in Cincinnati—I thought it was the most beautiful dress in the world, and I still think so."

When Dotty graduated from high school,

there was no money for college. Instead, Dotty took a course in modeling and finally landed a job as salesgirl and model in a Cincinnati dress shop. She was earning \$30 a week.

One day in March, 1949, Dotty was modeling in a fashion show and she was discovered by Mort Watters, WCPO's top manager. WCPO-TV was not to go on the air for five months, but Mort was on the look-out for potential talent, and he thought Dotty's beautiful face and figure might very well work her into a spot on one of the shows. He offered Dotty five dollars more a week to work as music librarian, typist and switchboard operator, with the promise that opportunity might be hers if the right thing came along.

Dotty accepted, and six months later she was spotted by Paul Dixon in the music library at WCPO. She became his "Girl Friday" on his radio show and later on his TV show.

As her salary increased, Dotty started building a savings account. Within less than a year, she had bought her family a home. She moved her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Macaluso, and her two half-sisters from their modest apartment in Cincinnati to the new house. Her father, who is a supervisor for the Cincinnati Street Railway Company, spent his spare hours fixing over closet space for the wardrobe that Dotty was acquiring. Recently, Dotty bought a new and larger home for her family, and they now live in a charming, spacious Colonial house in Westwood, a suburb of Cincinnati.

Dotty worked on the Dixon show until nearly a year ago. WCPO-TV then gave Dotty a show of her own, *Pantomime Hit Parade*, a late-evening musical. Out of it grew the *Dotty Mack Show* which is now on ABC-TV at 7 P.M. EST. When her own program began, Dotty didn't want to work

alone, so she got herself two partners, Bob Braun and Colin Male.

Bob and Dotty have known each other for about four years. When they first met, they dated and Dotty helped Bob get his first job on WCPO-TV as an announcer. Later, he went into the Army, and when he was discharged, about the time Dotty was starting her own show, Dotty asked Bob if he'd work with her. Although Dotty's fans are convinced, at times, that there is a romance between Dotty and Bob, this is not the case. They seldom see each other, except during working hours.

Colin, WCPO-TV's top commercial announcer, was the other man who joined Dotty's show. Colin is an ex-policeman, ex-a-lot-of-things, and at the moment it looks like he'll not be an ex-TV personality for a long time to come, for his six feet three inches of masculinity have worked in well on the program.

Off-camera, Dotty finds little time for romance—something which saddens her matchmaking girl friends almost as much as it does her would-be boy friends. She is devoted to her grandparents and spends her weekends driving them about the countryside or visiting with them. Much of Dotty's warmth and charm is a reflection of her beloved "Gram," whom she adores and who has always admonished her to "be kind and loving to people and they will be kind and loving to you." This philosophy has worked out for Dotty, who recently, with her own hard-earned dollars, bought a mink stole for herself. "And to think," she murmured as she wheeled in front of the mirror to admire its beauty, "not so long ago I couldn't afford even a cloth coat." As a matter of fact, some ten years ago, Dotty wouldn't even have been sure she'd look good in a mink stole, let alone have envisioned herself owning one. Truly, Dotty Mack was an ugly duckling who has made good—beautifully.

Squire of Beacon Hill

(Continued from page 26)

has privacy—behind a high board fence, a heavy iron chain hung across his driveway, and a uniformed guard at the entrance gatehouse.

And yet, he lives in a region where a man's desire for privacy is a recognized and time-honored right. His neighbors respect his wishes and accept him as they would any other person who might come into a region whose proud history goes back to 1758.

His closest neighbor is Ray Peacock, a life-long farmer of Loudoun County, who owns the ground on which Godfrey's gatehouse actually is located. Mr. Peacock is a friendly, easy-to-talk-to Virginia gentleman in his sixties who, like Godfrey, owns extensive farmland in the area and likes to roam around his grounds whenever the spirit moves him.

Shortly after Godfrey found it necessary to fence and close off his land in order to assure some semblance of privacy for himself and his wife and two children, Mr. Peacock decided to look over a patch of woods he owns adjacent to his famous neighbor. He approached the Godfrey gatehouse and started through the entranceway. He promptly was challenged by the guard.

Mr. Peacock informed that gentleman that he was going in to look over his woods. The guard called attention to the sign which reads, "Private—No Trespassing."

It was then the guard learned that Mr.

Peacock not only owned the patch of woods—he owned the land on which the gatehouse stood! If he couldn't get in to his property, Mr. Peacock told the guard, he'd have the "doggone" gatehouse hauled down to his place and turned into a doghouse. (Mr. Peacock is the owner of a dog almost as big as the gatehouse.)

About this time Squire Godfrey himself wandered onto the scene. He called to his neighbor, jokingly asked if the guard was holding him up. After he'd heard about the "discussion" and Mr. Peacock's jocular "threat," he laughed. A few minutes of friendly conversation followed and then both went their separate ways. The gatehouse is still there. And Mr. Peacock visits his woods without further difficulty.

The closest town to Godfrey's farm estate, high atop Beacon Hill, is Leesburg, located about three miles away. The farm takes its name—Beacon Hill Farm—from an airway beacon light that has been there for some years.

The town of Leesburg is one of the oldest in Northern Virginia, having been settled in 1758. It was named for Francis Lightfoot Lee, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and an early landowner in the vicinity. When the city of Washington was evacuated in 1814 because of the invasion of the British, history says that government archives were loaded on wagons and taken to Leesburg. Its people today are rightly proud of its place in

the great pageant of American history.

Godfrey's town neighbors are not given to excess talk, nor are they quick to go into raptures over the presence of a celebrity. The respected General George C. Marshall (retired), former Secretary of State and a resident of the town, attracts no undue notice when he walks about the narrow streets.

Godfrey, on the other hand, rarely is seen in town, and then only when he is being driven either to or from the airport. Those with whom he's had business dealings, however, say he's always friendly, yet manages to have little or no actual outside contact with the many people who have lived in the region all their lives.

It is the tourists who stir up all the excitement in Leesburg. Tourists who literally flock to this town from all over the United States. They stop townspeople and local policemen and inquire the way to the Godfrey farm; some of them want only to look from a distance, others want to walk on the ground itself. Each dreams of meeting Arthur Godfrey. The Godfrey farm home is not an easy place to find, being located several miles from the center of town and on a narrow back road that can easily be missed by anyone driving more than twenty miles an hour.

Those who do manage to find their way usually are told politely by the guard that, unless they are expected, they can't come in . . . sorry. The guard on duty at the time knows whom to expect, because

such names are telephoned down from the house. For expected guests, there is no delay.

Besides Mr. Peacock, one other neighbor has fairly close contact with the Godfrey family. That neighbor is Mrs. Robert Reed, who operates the small combined grocery store and third-class post office at near-by Paeonian Springs, about a mile from the Godfrey estate. This is the tiny post office where Godfrey gets his mail.

Mrs. Reed, a pleasant, soft-spoken, bespectacled lady, looks on her best mail patron as a "down-to-earth man" whom she imagines would "enjoy meeting other people, and would, if he could."

A rural carrier delivers Godfrey's mail when it is average, and the family chauffeur drives down to pick it up when it is unusually heavy. In that case, Mrs. Reed uses the Godfrey unlisted telephone number, which has been given to her, to call the house and explain the situation.

Sometimes, Godfrey rides down with the chauffeur and sits outside in the car while the mail is being picked up. Like others who have had occasion to come into personal contact with their famous neighbor, Mrs. Reed has nothing but friendly words to use in describing him.

She told of a lady from near-by Hamilton who baked a marble cake to sell at a neighborhood exchange, a place where people take things they make at home and offer them for sale. Godfrey happened to drop in at the time and bought the cake. It was his favorite kind.

Later, over the air, he mentioned her name and said how much he enjoyed her cake. Word flew among her friends that Godfrey had mentioned her cake and her name during one of his programs. His personal Hooper rating is high in the Northern Virginia countryside. When August 31 rolled around, it brought Godfrey not only his fiftieth birthday, but also another marble cake from the lady. And this one was baked with one of the products he sells over the air.

Godfrey's mention of a name can cause lots of things to happen, as several of his neighbors have found out. Some time ago, he referred to Mr. Peacock as his Virginia neighbor—and that gentleman learned the magic of the Godfrey appeal. Mr. Peacock earlier had sold Godfrey five acres of ground he wanted. Promptly mail began to arrive at the Peacock farm from all over the country, one letter from as far away as California.

Mr. Peacock was flabbergasted. One letter writer even claimed kinship with him, while others wanted nothing more than to have Mr. Peacock introduce them to his friend, Godfrey. Not long after, Mr. Peacock hunted up his neighbor (he's about the only one in Loudoun County who can walk in unannounced) and said, "Man, you've got to stop that."

The incident led to Mr. Peacock's becoming what might be termed Godfrey's "Ambassador to Loudoun County." It seems now that, whenever a stranger wants to see Godfrey, he first hunts up Mr. Peacock.

It is not without some embarrassment to this gentleman, too. Mr. Peacock has done nothing to encourage this sort of thing and he's ever concerned that his good neighbor may take offense. It does a stranger little good to ask Mr. Peacock to intercede.

There was one time, though, when Mr. Peacock did take a man up to the Godfrey estate. Arthur happened to be away at the time. A car drove into the Peacock farmyard and a man got out and introduced himself. He said he had driven down from Canada to see the farm and the cattle he had heard Godfrey mention over the air. He was particularly interested in livestock.

After the visitor had looked over the cattle, he seemed visibly unimpressed and finally said so. In brief, he told Mr. Peacock that he didn't think much of the Godfrey cattle; he'd seen better elsewhere many times.

The next time Mr. Peacock saw Godfrey, he told him of his Canadian visitor and the latter's disappointment over the cattle. Godfrey quickly tossed off this news with the remark that he wasn't raising blooded or show cattle; he was raising meat. He was stating the truth, too, because he's just about the biggest farm operator in Loudoun County, according to people who know.

The legend of Godfrey's inaccessibility goes back roughly to some five or six years ago when he first came to Beacon Hill. At the beginning, he was just more or less hard to find. When the rush of tourists to see his home became increasingly heavy, some means had to be found to guarantee privacy.

That led eventually to the hiring of guards, who work in three shifts, and the setting of more rigid rules as to who got in and who stayed outside. When Godfrey came home after his Boston operation, rest and relaxation were even more necessary, in order that he might be able to carry on with his heavy radio and television commitments.

A man who likes to roam around, Godfrey has been known to show up at a neighbor's place without previous word of his coming. One day, Mr. Peacock was down in his field pitching hay when Godfrey rode up, got out of his car and came into the field. After the usual greetings had been exchanged, and without further ado, Godfrey picked up a fork and started tossing hay into the wagon. Mr. Peacock remonstrated with him, fearful that he would overdo. Godfrey shook off his protests, said he just wanted to see if he could handle the job. After a little while, obviously satisfied, he put down the fork and said "So long" to his neighbor.

To those who know him in Loudoun County, Virginia, Godfrey is not just a wealthy man playing around at farming. Farmers who have watched his progress and seen his land are quick to talk about the improvements he has brought about. His holdings are estimated at approximately 2,000 acres and take in three farms. As one native of the region said, "When Godfrey gets a piece of land, he improves it every way he can—more than any other man in the county."

While his improvements are vast, they sometimes work to the good of his neighbors—and to Godfrey's own chagrin. A couple of years ago, he built a lake of roughly ten acres' size on one of his farms. Then he stocked the lake with a variety of fish for the future enjoyment of himself and his friends.

The lake is tied in with a creek in the Short Hill area, and word began to drift back to him that the bass fishing was particularly good—in the creek. The neighborhood fishermen were doing all right by themselves by playing the creek.

Godfrey decided one day to take a look for himself. He was evidently convinced of the reports he'd been getting, because he later jokingly told a friend that his Short Hill neighbors seemed to be living off his fish. Seems as how his fish were leaping out of the lake into the creek.

Yet, for a man practically forced into self-defense of his privacy, Godfrey is a man well-respected among his farm friends and neighbors. Their regard for him might best be related in the words of a deputy sheriff, who said:

"You know, I wish we had more Godfreys around."

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The World Was Before Them . . .

(Continued from page 31)

wide as the Great Plains. . . .

A few days later, after talking to Jeanne about the symptoms which had sent her to a doctor, Jeff recognized that he himself was tired and rundown, too. Since their marriage, he had been substituting for Frank Sinatra on *Your Hit Parade*, had been singing five shows in Hollywood and then flying each weekend to New York for another program. Jeanne talked him into going to see her doctor, himself, even before they had time to figure out what they would do about her illness.

And Dr. Edgar Mayer, facing Jeff across a desk, said, "According to these X-rays, Mr. Clark, you have a tubercular tumor in your left lung. I would suggest—"

That night, Jeff and Jeanne sat together in their apartment and wordlessly confronted an incredible choice. Each had been assured that their TB problems were unrelated and not very serious, at least at the moment, but that the two separate problems must not be neglected.

Jeanne was free, and she could and must go to a sanitarium for treatment. But Jeff was at the turning point of his career, a point that could only lead upwards. If he could hang on for another year, take his chances, he'd be where he had worked and longed to be, riding the crest. If he stopped now, put his health first, he would lose everything the hard years of work had built.

It was Jeanne who resolved the issue. She took his hand, and when she spoke there were tears in her eyes but determination in her voice. "Let's face it, darling," she said. "We've either got to see each other through this together, or throw everything away. And by 'everything' I mean our marriage, our love."

Jeff caught her close. "That's our answer," he said. Then he reached for the phone and called his agent.

While agents, managers and producers went crazy the next day, Jeff and Jeanne arranged for their future. The *Hit Parade* people found a young singing chap named Snooky Lanson to substitute for Jeff—and you know what that break meant to Snooky. Meanwhile, Jeff quietly contacted the people who could get him and his wife into the Will Rogers Hospital at Saranac Lake, New York.

I should explain here that the Will Rogers Hospital is supported by the Variety Clubs of America for the benefit of show people and their families. It has facilities for fifty patients and is one of the best sanitariums in the country, with attractive Tudor buildings and superb surgical equipment. It does not discriminate between a star and an usher, and is absolutely free.

The hospital is experimental in its approach, while at the same time maintaining the soundest of standards. The board of directors therefore considered carefully Jeff's application to be admitted at the same time as his wife was.

They explained that it had always been the hospital's policy, in cases involving married couples, to put one in the hospital and the other in a near-by retreat. Theorists had maintained over the years that no man, sheltered in the same building with the woman he loved, could help himself from sharing worries with his wife.

But the Will Rogers Hospital was willing to try a test case. Jeff and Jeanne were "it." They were quartered in rooms well-separated, one from the other, and allowed to meet for an hour once a week.

When, eighteen months later, they were both released as fully cured, they were commended by the hospital for their exemplary behavior and observance of the rigid rules.

Jeanne's problem had been caught at such an early stage that her cure was easy and fast. Jeff submitted to a new operation, in which a resection on a lung is done; the tumor in his lung was removed, and when he recovered from the operation he was not only well but in much better health than he had ever been. His chest walls were strengthened, he had gained weight, and he could sing once more—sing, and sing, without fatigue.

Together, they left the hospital with a gay song in their hearts that they had never known before. They had only a little money left from their savings, but they were strong and well and young, and very much in love, and the world was before them. Jeanne's twin sister had written to them, offering an invitation. California was beautiful and warm and Hollywood was there, with all its opportunities. Why not?

They talked it over. In their first eve-

ning of freedom, after the painful months of near-separation, they decided against the usual night-club, champagne, caviar celebration. Instead, they took a bus up to Riverside Drive, got off somewhere in the Eighties, and walked down to lean against a rail and look at the Hudson. It flowed serenely past under the full moon. To their right, the arch of the George Washington Bridge sailed like a comet across to the Jersey Palisades.

"We're broke," Jeff said. His arm went around Jeanne's waist, and he leaned close to kiss her cheek. "And I love you."

"What d'y'know?" she answered, turning her face up to his. "You stole the words right out of my mouth. . . ."

They went to California. They stayed nine months. No agents helped. No jobs showed up. Their savings were dwindling fast.

They came back to New York. They looked around till they found a one-bedroom apartment in an old brownstone on West 85th Street. This is a street that, only a year ago, was shabby-gentility, where you lived in somebody's ex-ballroom. Now your neighbors threw baseballs through your windows and shrieked in arguments while you tried to sleep.

Jeff was starting from scratch, and scratch was what he got. Anything to get started again, anything. . . . He did kiddie's records. The holidays were on, and he offered his services to everyone in New York. Blank. He finally got a one-shot on *Your Show Of Shows*. He was on the Arthur Murray show five times, which paid some rent.

And then—

He had gone to an audition for the Kate Smith show, sort of routine, one of those things a guy out-of-work always did.

She liked his voice. After the audition, Kate came over and talked to him. You who listen to her and watch her TV show may think that, after all these years of success, Kate Smith is an institution and doesn't much care what goes on in the personal lives of her artists so long as her show clicks month after month. You would be wrong.

Kate Smith liked Jeff Clark, not only for his smart good looks, but for his voice. They went into a corner of the studio and Kate talked to him—first like an acquaintance, then like a friend, then like a favorite aunt, and finally like a mother.

When she finished, she had given him an entire new outlook on life, an entire new philosophy.

He had been told by other inmates when he left the sanitarium: "Whatever you do, don't tell anyone where you've been. Because, if you do, you're dead in show business."

Kate Smith, listening to Jeff's story, refused to accept any such dictum.

"Now you listen to me," she said. "This business of having been sick with TB is just the same as nearly going deaf, or nearly losing your eyesight. Let's just say that you've got your hearing back, you can see again, and you can sing again! Want to sing for me?"

"I'd like nothing better," Jeff told her.

"Then you can begin tryouts tomorrow."

He started the next day. Kate Smith does not accept anyone for her show without running them through the test of fire. First, Jeff had a "visual" test, to see how he'd look on a screen.

Then he was tested to see how he'd sound on a regular mike. He sang in that test.

Since he would have to appear with a group of girls, he auditioned with the girls.



Your Hit Parade: Jeff Clark was at the top o' the heap, with Eileen Wilson and Raymond Scott, when fate struck him down with a serious illness.

He was auditioned again reading lines, and finally dancing. All he could dance at the time was a fair ballroom deal.

After four days' hard work, he went home. When the phone finally rang, it was Kate Smith herself on the wire. "You might come around next Thursday," she said, "to start rehearsals."

I spent two hours with Jeff, not long ago, as part of the business of getting this story. I stood around for half an hour watching him rehearse a dance sequence with about twenty other people. He slipped away for a second while the rehearsal was in a lull and said, "I've been at this since ten this morning. See you as soon as we get through."

I looked at my watch. It was then five P.M. I hung around for another hour, watching what goes on in preparation for a half-minute job on Kate Smith's show. The dance-director (choreographer, if you want to be smart about it) was still cleaning up a few fine points. An exhausted troupe was still repeating, over and over, a dance routine. The star of the troupe, time after time after time, put on her camera smile, clapped her hands, and the corps of dancers went into their routine.

"Try raising your hands on the off-beat here," the director said.

They tried it. It was terrible.

They were still trying it when I left for the café across the street where Jeff was to join me when he was through. "Why," I asked, when he turned up at last, "aren't you practicing for one of your solo spots instead of beating your brains out all day in a chorus line?"

He laughed. "That's just the way it goes," he said. "I do what I'm told to do, and make out the best I can. After what's happened to me, this is the greatest break I could have. Maybe I'd better explain—"

It was during the next couple of hours, over many cups of coffee, that he told me the story I have written for you. Only I began at the point where the private world Jeff and Jeanne shared was suddenly split into a million shattered fragments.

Jeff began at the very beginning. You should know what I left out, the brief history of those earlier years, in order to understand completely what being on Kate Smith's show really means to him.

Jeff's father, during World War I, met and fell in love with a pretty young dressmaker in Paris. He returned for her, claimed her and brought her home with him to Sharon, Pennsylvania, a steel town. It was drab and smoky and hideous. A year and a half after Jeff was born, his father died. Mrs. Clark bought some needles and dress goods and spools of thread, and was back in business. She worked for a large department store.

Jeff helped pay his way through high school by working for the local radio station, WPIC. For almost four years he went to Westminster College in New Wilmington, taking his degree in English and journalism. During all those years he never tried to sing except in the shower—in fact, he never sang until late in World War II. He was working as a control engineer for the Voice of America in 1945, when Ed Schening, the agent, got him a voice coach and started him on his way.

Jeff had been deferred by the Army, and at this time there were few boy crooners available. Jimmy Rich, who had started Dinah Shore and other notables on their way to stardom, began directing him and, the first thing Jeff knew, he was making \$250 a week. This seemed like munificence to Jeff. He sang all through 1947, spending his money as fast as it came in.

Then a lot of the crooners who had been away at war began coming back to work. Jeff spent 1948 wondering what had happened to him and the career he'd thought was so secure. That was when he really got down to brass tacks, started knocking himself out. . . .

Late in 1948, after he had won on Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* show, he began playing a lot of radio and TV dates—the Henry Morgan show, *Your Hit Parade*. And one fateful evening he accepted a blind date with a girl because the invitation was to Shavey Lee's Chinese restaurant in Chinatown. Jeff was real gone on good Chinese food.

The girl was Jeanne Romer. "I'd been dating another girl pretty steadily for some time," Jeff remembers, "but we weren't really in love. When I met Jeanne, I knew right away I'd hit the jackpot. She was beautiful, intelligent and real. The kind of girl I'd always wanted to know."

She felt the same way about him, and they went out to the Coast the next summer and were married there. They had been married about a month when they were slapped in the face by the crushing fact of their mutual illness.

You see," Jeff said simply, "I started with nothing, and then had a good break, when everything I wanted was dropped into my lap. I didn't appreciate it, and I lost what I had.

"Once again I got the breaks, and even found Jeanne. I was climbing right up there, almost to the top—still taking it all for granted—when the sky fell in on Jeanne and me. We sat up there in the hospital and watched the guy who took my place turn into a nationally famous star. Sure, he had it on the ball and deserved everything he earned. But I couldn't help feeling bitter. Why should this have happened to me, and not to somebody else? Why should I take such a rotten rap for no good reason?"

He stirred his coffee thoughtfully for a while, then looked up. "Well, Kate has managed to talk all that bitterness out of me. I've learned about things like kindness and sincerity and loyalty since I've been on her show, things I might never have been sure about if events hadn't happened the way they did.

"And because of my treatment and cure, I'm stronger, I'm singing better than I ever did in my life. I'm being forced to learn dancing and a half-dozen other things that will make me a better entertainer. I'd never have bothered, otherwise.

"That's why I don't mind working all day on a half-minute spot, if it will help the show. That's why I don't mind anything, as long as Jeanne and I are both well again and I'm back in a show like Kate's. Believe me, bud, I'm the most grateful man in New York this afternoon."

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DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 14)

turns Sunday's dilemma to her own advantage? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY A new baby almost always means a new evaluation of the family's life, and Linda Young has decided with eager determination that her baby must grow up the right way—on a farm. Is Linda right, or is she being carried away by a romantic notion that may have serious consequences? Is she too lightly taking on a way of life that may make more of a change than she realizes? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON Perry Mason has met plenty of men like Ed Beekman—men who can't see trouble coming. Anger at Ed almost makes Perry want to allow him to suffer, but he cannot stand by and see young Kate Beekman pay the price for her father's mistakes. Spurred on by Audrey Beekman's anguish, Perry fights desperately to snatch Kate from the edge of the pit her father has dug for her and many others. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS For a long time, Carolyn has struggled against the forces that seem determined to destroy her marriage to Miles as a preliminary to destroying him politically. And even as she fights desperately in the battle of wits against her husband's enemies, she wonders how much she will save even if she wins. Even if they come through the political crisis, will anything restore their mutual confidence and trust? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Although Sybil Overton Fuller returned to Merrimac to make a new start, the sight of Dr. Jim Brent's happiness with Jocelyn pitches her headlong into another neurotic attempt to ruin him, and in this she finds her father Conrad a willing ally. Will they manage to get to Jim through his stubborn foster-son, Dr. John? Or will Hugh Overton take an unexpected stand? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT With the tragic episode of Kelcey Spenser's murder now part of the past, Helen Trent hopefully takes up her life and her career once again. How will they be affected by the fascinating millionaire, Luke Chapman? Will Helen become involved in Luke's effort to bend his young son Richard to his will? Or will she and Luke affect each other's lives in an unforeseen way? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY As Bill Roberts' paper, the *Banner*, comes closer to the heart of the intrigue involving Edgar Duffy, Duffy and his cohorts turn to increasingly desperate measures to protect their profitable syndicate. Innocent people suffer, and Rosemary desperately wonders at times if she and Bill can ever again be happy in Springdale. Even if Bill is successful,

will he and she emerge from the battle with their happiness intact? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Joanne Barron determinedly tries to face the future as courageously as she managed the recent past, during which she built up her Motor Haven to the point where she and little Patty could look forward to a fairly secure future. All that has been changed by her partner, Arthur Tate. Has Joanne really fallen in love with a man who doesn't want her? Or is there another controlling secret in Arthur's life? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry Burton, a firm believer in love and marriage, would give a good deal to help her romantic sister-in-law Marcia find the right man. Will she lose Marcia's confidence when she questions Lew Archer's fitness to fill the bill? Does Archer himself really know what he wants of Dickston—and of Marcia, daughter of one of its leading families? Can Terry keep Stan from doing more harm than good? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella, anxiously trying to keep her daughter Laurel from becoming inextricably bound to the wealthy Ada Dexter, is further disturbed by the young man befriended by Lucas Greenleaf. Encouraged in her doubts by lawyer Arnold King, Stella grimly sets to work to find proof of the young man's identity. Is he the long-missing Scott Dexter? Will proof free Laurel and bring happiness to Ada Dexter—or ruin them all? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE When Grace Sargent started on the terrible path that led to a danger she had never imagined, she took the name of Sherril Boller. Now that the truth has emerged—now that her life is endangered both by the law and the underworld—will the true significance of that false name finally emerge? Will Nora and Grace's father, Dr. Robert Sargent, come to see that Grace is really divided against herself? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Model Poko Thurmond continues grimly to hope that Bill Morgan will see Jenny Alden in her true light. But what is Jenny's true light? Will Poko's young brother Barry, who is closer to the underworld fringe than Poko realizes, be the one to unearth the truth about this strange girl who has invaded the house at River Lane and almost won Bill completely away from Poko? What is Max Bremner's real hold over her? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson would scoff at the picture of herself as a heroic person. In her view she is simply striving to be equal to the demands life has

placed upon her. But the recent tragic change in her life has so altered those demands that it has taken all her courage and resourcefulness to meet them. Will she and her children be able to help each other in the strange and perhaps terrifying future that looms ahead? M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN Wendy has long realized that her brilliant playwright husband, Mark Douglas, lives dangerously poised in a world of his own, always on the brink of disruption. When his work goes well, Mark's elation makes him wonderful to live with. When it goes badly—well, Wendy can never forget the last such episode. What happens as actress Pat Sullivan makes the tragic mistake for which Mark bears almost equal guilt? M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan Davis doesn't consider herself particularly wise or experienced in life, but she has a fundamental awareness that nobody can be safe from the consequences of his own actions. Clair O'Brien aimed all her activities at other people, trying to control their lives—but what has happened to Clair in the meantime? And what will happen to Joan and Harry that not even Clair anticipated? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter are grandparents now, but in many ways their problems as parents haven't changed too much. There is still the debate on how much interference they can risk even to keep one of their children from harm—still the possibility that they must stand by and see painful mistakes being made. And still the chance, as Jeff has shown them, that they can be just as wrong as anybody. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE As a doctor, Jerry knows the danger of becoming emotionally involved with a patient. But neither Tracy's serious injuries nor her more serious predicament regarding the murder of a man named Peter Wilson have enough weight to keep Jerry from thinking about her entirely too much—and in a way that scares him. What is she going to mean in his life? Through him, how will she touch the others he loves? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN After entering into the plan to force Ellen to marry Dr. Anthony Loring, beautiful socialite Millicent Brown confuses everything by falling in love with Anthony herself. With the successful climax of Millicent's campaign to get Anthony to propose to her, Ellen's last dream of happiness with Anthony vanishes. Does this mean that there is a place in her life for the attractive businessman from Chicago? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

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