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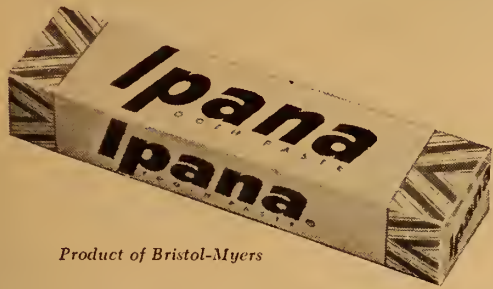
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Cover portrait of Arthur Godfrey by Ozzie Sweet



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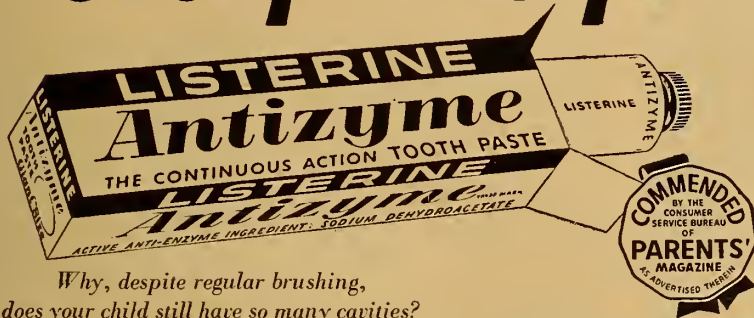
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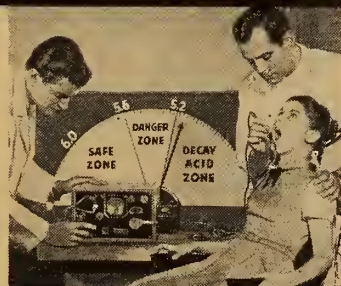
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WITH Antizyme—Continuous Protection. Later, people used Antizyme Tooth Paste for one week.

12 to 24 hours after the last brushing, they again rinsed their mouths with a sugar solution. In 9 out of 10 cases, the Acidometer indicated "no harmful decay acids" on the teeth.



LISTERINE *Antizyme* TOOTH PASTE

Chris got what she wanted: Husband Larry Menkin, and four grand boys, Kit, Peter, Tommy and Mickey.



Chris Riland finds excitement and happiness with two important jobs

CAREER-MINDED MOTHER

WHEN asked how she manages to be producer of television's award-winning *Mono-Drama Theatre* and at the same time run a household with seven men, vivacious Chris Riland wisely replies: "I just never think ahead; I work for now and take each thing as it comes along—that's the only way to get them done."

Now very much a part of the television picture, Chris smiles as she says, "I always wanted to be a commercial artist, but I guess I was destined to be in show business." After majoring in Fine Arts at Maryland Institute, Chris came to New York with high artistic hopes—and landed a job as doughnut maker in a restaurant window. Next, she modeled evening gowns. Moving even farther way from her original ambition, Chris joined the New York World's Fair as part of the cultured pearls exhibit. Her job involved remaining under water for three minutes at a time—a feat she mastered after diligently practicing in the bathtub every night

for a week while her roommates timed her.

After the Fair was over, Chris says, "Show business was still pursuing me—or rather, I was pursuing it, in the person of radio actor and writer Larry Menkin." Two months after they met, they became Mr. and Mrs.

Then began the career that has always been first with Chris: raising a family. "I always wanted four children, and I wanted them while young," she says. And she got what she wanted: Kit, who is 12 now; Mickey, 10; Peter, 7; and Tommy, who is a rambunctious 4 years old. Including her husband, plus her father-in-law and younger brother who also live with them, that's a lot of manpower to supervise! But Chris loves it and spends as much time with her men-folk as she can.

Chris and Larry have always been complete partners. When he was producer-director of DuMont's *Mono-Drama Theatre*, Chris was his Girl Friday. Then, when he had to find a new producer for the show, Chris said,

"Why not me?" Larry agreed, since, beams Chris proudly, "He's always told me he wants me to do what I'll be happy doing."

Chris, who feels it's good for a woman to branch out as her children grow up, finds great happiness and contentment in her second career. Up each morning bright and early, she sees the boys off to school, does a jumbo wash, housecleans, and is off to the studio. Sometimes, in the quiet hours after the boys have left, she does some writing. Yes, she also writes a good number of the scripts used on *Mono-Drama Theatre*. Then, in the afternoon, she is home from the studio in time to greet the boys as they come in from school.

"There's never a dull moment in our house, as you can expect," laughs Chris, "but I wouldn't have it any other way. I feel very lucky to have such a wonderful marriage and such wonderful boys, plus my grand job with DuMont." And, knowing Chris Riland, you know that "luck" is well-earned and well-deserved.

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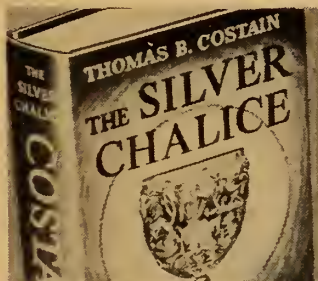


New Hit by Frank Yerby
THE DEVIL'S LAUGHTER

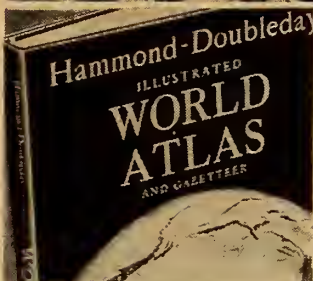
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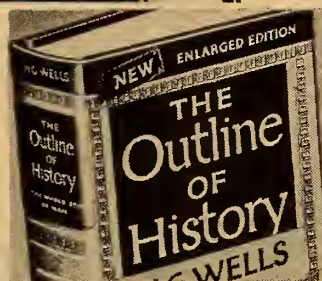
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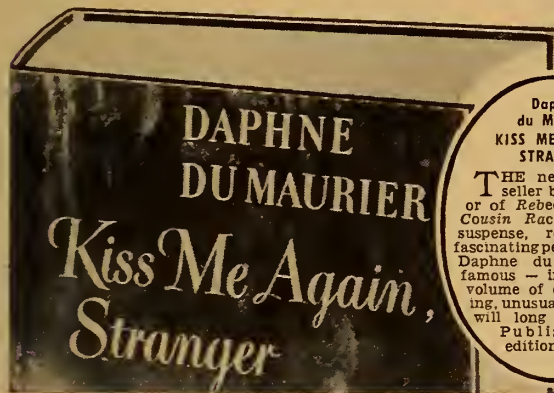
THE SILVER CHALICE—Thomas Costain. The story of the young sculptor assigned to make a decorative case for the cup Christ used at the Last Supper. Amidst the corruption of Rome, he pursued his holy project, diverted only by two women, one good, one evil. Top hit! Pub. \$3.85.



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By
Jill Warren



Comedian Jaey Adams gives Jill Warren a fast diction lesson just before his comedy quiz show, *Back That Fact*.

WHAT'S NEW FROM



Pretty songstress June Valli has temporarily forsaken TV for tauring.

A BRAND-NEW half-hour show called *The Search* will start some time this month over CBS-TV. It will be seen on Sunday afternoons and promises to be one of the most interesting and entertaining educational shows ever to be presented on TV. Each week, *The Search* will cover an outstanding research project at a different leading university in the United States, with top CBS newsmen acting as reporters. The first show will be telecast from Yale, with Don Hollenbeck reporting from the famous Child Study Center there.

Another show scheduled will come from the University of Michigan's English Language Institute, where foreigners learn a speaking knowledge of English in six weeks. Still another will be done from the University of Minnesota's famous Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene, where an intense study of heart disease and its causes has been going on for several years. *The Search* will be produced by Peabody Award winner Irving Gitlin, who did "The People Act" and "The Nation's Nightmare."

If you like your Shakespeare television style, be sure to mark Sunday afternoon, January 24th, in your date book. On that day the *Hallmark Theatre*, over NBC-TV, is going to present a tremendous two-hour production of "Richard II," starring Maurice Evans.



Gloria Stroock, the *Stork Club's* Gay Gotham, admires an Orry-Kelly original she gave her sister, Geraldine Brooks.



Danny Thomas and Ray Bolger reflect the years in profile. Danny was forty this month; Ray a snappy fifty.

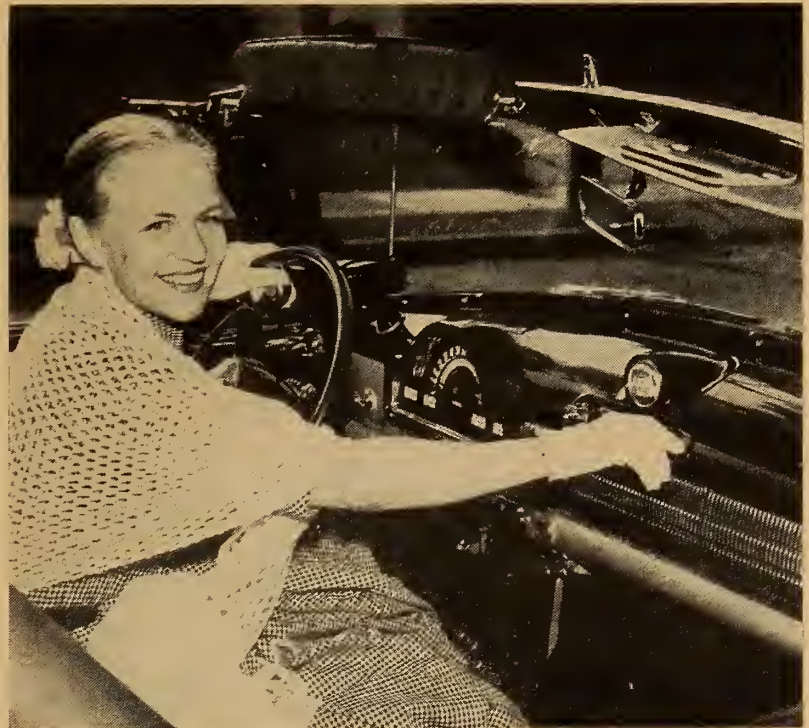
COAST TO COAST

Tallulah Bankhead is giving up her TV comedy antics—temporarily at least—to do a bit of heavy drama. She will perform Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" on the *United States Steel Hour* over ABC-TV January 19th.

Also on the ABC January schedule is the new musical situation comedy starring the Will Mastin Trio with Sammy Davis, Jr. Sammy is the popular dancer-singer-comedian who has been so successful on records and in clubs. It will be a half-hour show with a name guest each week.

City Hospital is CBS Radio's newest daytime dramatic serial and can be heard regularly every Saturday afternoon with Santos Ortega playing the lead role of Dr. Barton Crane.

Also back on CBS Radio's Saturday afternoon schedule is *Make Way For Youth*, which was such a popular program. It was only dropped temporarily from the network during the football season. The show again originates from Detroit with Don Large as conductor-director.



Peggy Lee is slated to star in *Pete Kelly's Blues* opposite Jack Webb.

This 'n' That:

Julius La Rosa has nabbed a sponsor for the Monday night portion of his tri-weekly CBS Radio show, and network officials are convinced that the other two nights may go commercial any time now.

January (Continued on page 19)

Hayloft Jamboree takes time out as Slim Whitman and Roy Smith introduce Miss Massachusetts (Joan Daly) to the audience at Boston Symphony Hall.



WCOP's biggest "voice" belongs to Elton Britt, star of the *Jamboree*.



HAYLOFT JAMBOREE



Handsome hillbilly: Elton Britt (backed by the WCOP Ranch Gang) is particularly known for his yodeling and colorful outfits.



Another Jamboree member with a big following is singer and guitarist Doug Garron, New England's own personality cowboy.

EVER SINCE early 1952, Bostonians have been showing signs of a disease they're actually glad to have. The major symptoms are gay smiles, hearty foot-tapping and complete enjoyment. The grand malady is hillbilly music, caused chiefly by WCOP's talent-packed *Hayloft Jamboree*. At first, it was just a three-hour studio show, but New Englanders, who like to do things in a big way (not to mention any tea parties), soon changed that. They clamored for more and more space in which to see it. That's why, today, history-making *Hayloft Jamboree* fills the airwaves six days a week for a total of twenty-six hours, is seen by thousands at Boston Symphony Hall, and sometimes at beaches, ballrooms and outdoor ranches.

The stars that make the *Jamboree* tingle and shine so brightly are as numerous as they are outstanding. Topping the list is Elton Britt, handsome cowboy from the Ozark Mountains who is half Cherokee Indian. Laughter and hilarity are supplied by young Muriel White, New England's only hillbilly comedienne. Then, too, there's Ray Smith, who's been acting musical since he was eight, having sung at rodeos and fairs all across the land. Others featured on this rip-snortin' show include singers Doug Garron, Lucky Albee, Pete Lane, and the Lilly Brothers; hot hillbilly fiddler Dave Miller; and Jimmy Maynard, the rocking cowboy. Adding extra icing to all this sweet entertainment, the *Jamboree* frequently features guests like Pee Wee King and Minnie Pearl.

Probably the best explanation for the fanfare the *Jamboree* has received is that hillbilly music represents everyday living set to music; it is simple and plain, and people just love to hear it. Judging from its overwhelming reception, it's certain that this music is here to stay in staid Boston.

SKIN SPECIALIST DEMONSTRATES HOW TO

Rinse Away Your Blackheads

By CLAIRE HOFFMAN

A leading skin doctor today showed an audience of men, women and skin-troubled teen-agers how to clean oily skin and shrink their enlarged pores with a 10-minute home medical treatment he has perfected. Then to the amazement of young and old, he demonstrated how you may rinse away externally caused blackheads, and dry up whiteheads and adolescent pimply skin eruptions!

Before our very eyes the doctor selected a 36-year-old woman with typically oily skin. This woman had blackheads around her nose. Enlarged pores and whiteheads visible to the naked eye. To this woman's face, the doctor applied a cream. Within moments it firmed into a plastic-like mask. Next he sprinkled her face with water, and banded her an ordinary washcloth to rinse the cream from her skin. To her utter astonishment, clinging to the washcloth, were not only grimy black streaks of dirt . . . but several blackheads and pus formations which had marred her beauty for years.

As we stared at the washcloth in disbelief, the doctor's assistant turned to us and said: "You have just seen what looks like a miracle. Yet, what has just been done for this woman's skin, you can do at home just as easily. But to understand how this medical formula acts to help clear skin troubles you must first knock out of your head some silly notions most people have about their complexions."

The Truth About Cosmetics

Has it ever occurred to you that you lavish more care on your face than any other part of your body . . . yet isn't that where you find the most offensive looking pimples, blackheads, blemishes and enlarged pores? So what do you do about it?

Nine out of 10 women simply don't or won't understand that if they have oily skin, blackheads, pimples or enlarged pores, they may not only have a cosmetic problem . . . but a medical problem as well.

Now why is this so? Shocking as it seems, if nature gave you either a normal or oily skin, your face is always dirty! Why? Because 24 hours a day your face is always exposed to soot, smoke, factory dirt, car exhaust, coal dust, noxious fumes and other germ-laden dirt that pours into the air. It clings to the natural oils on your skin.

Your pores become choked and clogged. Your natural oils are stopped up and harden into blackheads or pimples. They try to push out, forcing your pores to open wider and wider. Once this condition starts (especially during adolescence, when glandular disturbances make your skin extra oily) the condition usually grows worse and worse as you grow older. And when this happens . . . isn't it obvious that it may become impossible to correct unless you start to change your complexion care immediately!

Do This for a Clearer Skin

If you want to rid your face of ugly blackheads, enlarged pores and externally caused skin eruptions, these are the three things you must do:

First, you must soften the hardened filth and oils that may have accumulated in your pore openings, not only for days but for months! Second, you must remove that filth (but don't squeeze it out. Squeezing only forces part of the pus deeper into your skin and spreads the infection!) And third, you must try to tighten your skin with shrinking and

antiseptic agents, not only for beauty, but to guard you against re-infection! And unless you are prepared to do all three things it's likely you will go on wasting your time and your money the rest of your life looking for "miracle cures!"

What Happens When You Apply This Doctor's 3-Way Formula

First, to prepare your skin for treatment, we are going to soften and loosen the buried filth cemented into your pores. The scientific pore cleanser which is part one of this famous skin doctor's treatment is unlike any other cleanser you have ever used in your life, regardless of how much you can afford to pay. And here is how you can prove it on your skin.

Apply the doctor's scientific pore cleanser. Tissue it off! Now, look at the tissue!

When you see the dirt and filth pouring out on that tissue . . . when you see the infectious filth and indescribable wastes that may have been causing your skin eruptions since adolescence . . . then and only then will you begin to understand why you need a drastic change in complexion care.

2) The second part of your doctor's treatment is a medical cream designed to get at those ugly blackheads, whiteheads and externally caused pimples which cause you so much misery.

Apply it to your face with your fingertips as you would any cream. A little thicker around the "danger area" . . . mainly around the nose, lips, eyes and cheeks.

The first 3 or 4 minutes you will feel a strong stimulation. This is the massaging action of the medical ingredients going to work on your skin. Your face will feel hot and cold. You will like it. Your face will feel refreshed. It is like a massage without irritation bringing fresh, purifying blood to your face to draw off the poisonous wastes in your skin.

After 3 or 4 minutes this hot and cold action goes away and a wonderful relaxation of all your tense, overworked facial muscles sets in. Your pulse tends to slow down and you are so relaxed you feel a great tendency to fall asleep. In another moment, you will feel your skin getting tighter and tighter. What is happening is this. A wonderful medical absorbing agent doctors call ARGILLA is drying on your skin. It is turning the cream on your face into a firm, plastic-like mask. You get a pleasant drawing feeling, a relaxing feeling, there is a corrective action, there is an astringent action and an antiseptic action. You feel the ARGILLA drawing on the pus-heads. Everything it touches it draws into itself, including the hardened oils, the dirt, the waste matter, the fatty acids, whatever filth is buried in the pores, including some of the blackhead materials, perspiration and poisons given off by the skin.

After 10 minutes rinse the mask away. Hot or cold water makes no difference. It dissolves in a second. Your skin feels clean, refreshed, sparkling, smoother! Like velvet! But wait . . . you haven't finished your first treatment yet!

Now Apply Step 3 of Your Treatment . . . the Astringent

This is not merely a perfumed alcohol that tickles your skin for a few seconds. It's medicated. It penetrates into your pore openings. Kills bacteria lurking there. And even more important, leaves an invisible

germ-destroying film on your skin that kills germs for hours. You cannot feel it, you cannot see it, but it is there to help guard you against re-infection!

Now Look Into the Skin Analysis Magnifying Mirror We Send With Your Treatment!

Some of your blackheads should be gone with very first treatment! Look for softened pimples and whiteheads that may break or be drawn out in your next treatment or two. Look at the corners of your eyes, the corners of the nose, around your mouth, your cheekbones! See how your enlarged pores have tightened! Your skin will feel alive! And you will be amazed to see minor wrinkles gone . . . and this fresh, buoyant, youthful effect will last for hours.

Is This for "Normal" Skin, Too?

Certainly. Simply because this is a doctor's formula doesn't mean that you have to have a "sick skin" to use it. You may be a woman past 30 who has never had a really serious skin problem, but who finds herself annoyed by occasional blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores or periodic skin eruptions. You may be a woman who suspects that your skin is not as beautiful and as fresh-looking as it could be . . . but your cosmetic creams can't give it to you. In that case . . . we think you'll be thrilled by the sheer, smooth, silken beauty that one or two treatments can give you.

On the other hand . . . if you have an adolescent, broken-out skin, if you are a man who is troubled by blemishes or a "sandpaper skin" and you are sensible enough not to be ashamed to use a so-called "woman's treatment" in the privacy of your own home . . . or if you are a woman who has abused her complexion with improper and inadequate cosmetic preparations . . . then this is vital.

We promise you dramatic improvement with your first 10 minute home treatment. Your magnifying mirror will show it to you, and we promise you further rapid improvement for the next 14 days. After 14 days, you will discover whether you have to keep using all or part of the treatment every day, once a week, or once a month, depending on how fast your complexion begins to clear.

Try This Skin Treatment In Your Own Home Without Risking a Penny!

The name of this 3-way doctor's formula is the Queen Helene Skin Treatment. It is named in honor of the nurse who worked at the doctor's side for 15 years while this formula was being developed. Your Queen Helene 3-way formula, enough for 42 home treatments, includes your



ABOVE, LEFT: a typical example resulting from improper skin care. ABOVE, RIGHT: 10 minutes with a skin specialist's home medical facial described in this article may pave the way to a remarkably clearer skin.

scientific cleansing cream, your medicated mask cream and your medicated pore astringent. The cost is \$3.98 . . . less than 10c a treatment. Yes, less than 10c for a skin specialist's 3-way skin and beauty treatment.

With your order, you also get a professional skin analysis, enlargement mirror, at no extra charge. Follow your daily progress in your mirror and after each treatment. If your Queen Helene treatment does not do for your skin everything we have led you to believe it will do, if you don't see dramatic improvement after just one 10-minute treatment, if you don't see a faster improvement each day for the next 14 days, return the unused portion. We'll thank you for trying it, and refund your full purchase price. But keep the enlargement mirror as our gift to you.

But act today! The longer you wait the worse your skin is bound to get. And like any other condition, the worse it gets, the longer it takes to get well. So right now, while you're determined to help yourself, send coupon today!

Para Laboratories Sales Corp., Dept. H-322
141 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.
(Laboratories established 1930)
Entire contents copyrighted by Para Labs. Sales Corp.; 1954, N.Y.C.

Mail No-Risk, Free Trial Coupon Today!

PARA LABORATORIES SALES CORP., Dept. H-322
141 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush me by return mail my complete Queen Helene Doctor's Skin Treatment, including:

1. SCIENTIFIC CLEANSER.
2. MEDICATED MASK CREAM.
3. ASTRINGENT.

Plus my free skin analysis enlargement mirror.

I will pay postman low introductory price plus federal tax and postage. If I don't see dramatic improvement in my skin after just one 10-minute treatment—if Queen Helene doesn't do for my skin everything you have led me to believe it will do, I will return unused portion for my money back. But the enlargement mirror is mine to keep anyway.

QUEEN HELENE PRICE LIST (Check size desired)

- \$3.98 (plus Fed. Tax) enough for 42 home treatments at less than 10c a treatment.
- \$5.95 economical professional size (plus Fed. Tax) enough for 90 home treatments for one person—enough for 45 home treatments for 2 persons at less than 7c a treatment. (You save \$2.01.)

Name..... (Please print in pencil)

Address.....

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

Add \$1 in Canada; send to: 29 Melinda St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada



If your hero's cronies leave you cold—

- Hold your fire Demand a showdown

Though your new Sigh Man's old friends may be sterling characters—seems to you they could do with plenty of polish! Of course, you could ignore the guys. Yet wouldn't it be nicer to try winning them over, for his sake? (You'll boost your rating!) And win yourself an A for "assurance" at problem time, with the comfort of Kotex. For Kotex is an old friend you trust for softness that holds its shape; absorbency that saves panicky moments.



What can't a sharp dresser do without?

- A wolf call Knit wit Cashmere

You needn't put all your cash in cashmere! Just put your wit to knitting your own sweater wardrobe: those new, long, bulky jackets that copy-cat your beau's. Nylon and wool; won't stretch; wash easy. So, for a "purl" of little price—needle up! But on certain days, *bulk's* what you don't want—napkin-wise. Choose Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And Kotex gives extra protection.

Are you in the know?



How to cut a gabby phone belle short?

- Drop dead Disconnect Thank her

Connie's got you hooked—for hours. Just when you're expecting a *Very Important Call!* Wriggling off the line would be easy, if you knew her better. But try this: At the first semicolon, thank her for calling; say you'll see her soon. To free yourself from calendar dilemmas (such as which absorbency of Kotex to choose)—try Regular, Junior, Super. You'll find the very one you need.



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

U. S. PAT. OFF.

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- Ramea & Juliet Kotex and Kotex belts Moon 'n' June

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



Information Booth

No Relation

Dear Editor:
Could you please tell me if Perry Como and Dean Martin are brothers?
D. A. H., Attleboro, Mass.

No, they are not related. Como is Perry's real name and he was born in Pennsylvania. Dean Martin's real name is Dino Crocetti, and he was born in Ohio. The idea that they were related may have come from the fact that Dean was the son of a barber and Perry was once a barber himself.

Pretty Panelist

Dear Editor:
I think June Lockhart on Who Said That? is terrific and would like to know more about her background. Is she married, does she have any children, and does she appear on any other TV shows?
R. O. B., Ladoga, Ind.

Born into the theatrical family of Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, June has made the most of her "inheritance." Starting when she was eight years old, June has appeared in many movies and plays. She made her Broadway debut in 1945 as the ingenue in "For Love or Money," which won stardom for her almost overnight. Her movie credits include "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "The Yearling." TV viewers have also seen her on *This Is Show Business*, *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *Studio One*, and *Lux Video Theatre*. In 1951, June married Dr. John F. Maloney, and last September they had a daughter, Anne Kathleen. In addition to her role as panelist on *Who Said That?*, June lends her beauty and wit to another panel show, *Quick As A Flash*, which is heard Thursday nights over the ABC-TV network.

Marital Mix-up

Dear Editor:
Will you please tell me to whom Joan Alexander and Meredith Willson are married? Some friends of mine are under the impression that they are man and wife, but I don't think they are. Am I right?
L. B. C., Franklin, Ohio

You certainly are. Joan Alexander was married to a Dr. Crowley, a surgeon. Meredith Willson is married to Ralina "Rini" Zarova, a former concert singer who appears with him on his radio show, *Ev'ry Day*.

Edward R. Murrow

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some vital statistics on Edward R. Murrow? I think he's one of the most interesting personalities in radio or television.

M. G., Indianapolis, Ind.

Born Egbert Roscoe Murrow on April 15, 1908, Mr. Murrow grew up in North Carolina and Washington. After graduating, a Phi Beta Kappa, from Washington State College, he was president of the National Student Federation of America for two years. Next, he was with the Institute of International Education for three years and traveled extensively in Europe. In 1935, Mr. Murrow joined CBS as Director of Talks and Education. In 1937, CBS sent him to Europe, where his career as a newscaster was launched. During the war, he became famous for his broadcasts from London. Since World War II, he has concentrated on news-casting, and in addition has covered stories around the world, including the coronation of Queen Elizabeth and the Berlin story. In addition to being a member of the Board of Directors of CBS, Mr. Murrow is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Institute of International Relations, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He married Janet Huntington Brewster in 1934 and they have an eight-year-old boy, Charles. His main hobby is golf, but he also enjoys a good hand of poker now and then.

(Continued on page 13)



Edward R. Murrow

Now... Control those "Calorie-Curves"!



Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

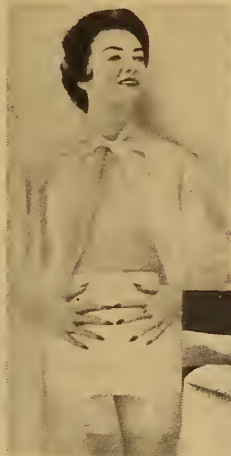


New Playtex[®] Magic-Controller!

(FABRIC LINED)

Now available in all **3** styles:

Garter girdle — Panty with garters — Panty brief



With freedom and comfort you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—gives you "Calorie-Curve Control"!

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.



Playtex Magic-Controller*...Now in all 3 styles

Garter Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

Panty Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

Panty Brief, \$6.95

Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from \$4.95

Other famous Playtex Girdles, from \$3.50
Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

MASTERFUL JON MASSEY



Active sideline: Jon does illustrations for the Department of Labor.

IF EVER anyone in show business is nominated for a Distinguished Service Medal, Jon Massey should be among the first mentioned. For he has served his country and fellow men well, with a list of talents that is spiced with variety. This master of all trades first distinguished himself in 1944, while studying at North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College. He wrote a play that was accepted for the *Dr. Christian* program. That same year, three of his poems appeared in the *Avon Poetry Anthology*, and Jon was hailed as "one of the most promising young poets in the nation." Next on his list was service in the Army Intelligence during World War II.

After the war, ex-Master Sergeant Massey came to Washington with one purpose in mind: to make people happy. "My idea," he says, "was to give away money on a continuous basis." Somewhat skeptical, Station WWDC hired him on a trial basis and aired the *Jon (\$100) Massey Show* for two hours, one night a week. That was five years ago. Since then, Jon's show has become a nightly two-hour affair, and the ante has been raised to \$500.

But that's only part of the story. In addition to his deejay duties, Jon has a permanent job as graphic designer for the Department of Labor, and also does surgical drawings for Johns Hopkins University. Many of his cartoons and feature articles have appeared in magazines such as *Colliers* and *Esquire*. Music-wise, Jon has written several songs to be recorded by Perry Como and the Four Aces, among others, and his fine baritone voice is heard in night clubs, theatres, and at charity benefits. And finally, Jon is husband to the former Jeanne Shields and father of three-year-old Elizabeth.

When asked if he has any spare time for other things, Jon replies: "I'm now writing a novel, and a publisher is interested in it." All of which sums up, in short, the masterful man Jon Massey is.



When Billy Eckstine visited Washington for personal appearances, Jon was his official escort.



Jon plays Santa at WWDC's annual Christmas party at Washington's Home for the Aged.



Lucky lady: Mrs. Glenn Franks of Washington was the first winner on the *Jon Massey Show*.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)

Leading Ladies

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if the woman who plays Sunday on Our Gal Sunday also plays the role of Laurel in Stella Dallas. Also, are the parts of Wendy Warren and Ellen Brown in Young Widder Brown played by the same person? Could you tell me something about the latter, and print a picture of her?

B. S. R., Seattle, Wash.

You have good ears and are right in both instances. Vivian Smolen plays both Sunday and Laurel Grosvenor. The part of Wendy Warren is played by Florence Freeman who, until recently, also was Ellen Brown in *Young Widder Brown*. The latter role is now played by Wendy Drew.

Florence Freeman is a veteran radio actress and has played in many daytime serials including *Criminal Court*, *Valiant Lady*, and *A Woman Of America*. She has always been interested in the theatre and, except for a year and a half of teaching English, has devoted her career to acting. She is married to a clergyman and they have a son and two daughters.

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.



Florence Freeman



Never let them go!



Beauty Bargain! 9-oz. DeLuxe bottle with handy pump dispenser . . . 69c; other sizes, 25c and 47c

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds
• is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!"
Specially formulated to vanish instantly. . . leaving no sticky feel, no oily film . . . just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

cashmere bouquet
HAND LOTION

She has a tremendous
beauty advantage—she uses

Helene Curtis **spray net**
B R A N D



No other way keeps hair so softly in place all day...

And won't dry hair—adds flattering silkiness...

because it contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion

In just one magic moment Helene Curtis SPRAY NET gives your hair day-long smoothness. Simply press the button—and this invisible mist keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally. No more straggly wisps nor unruly end curls.

And SPRAY NET won't dry hair. Contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion. Imparts silkiness and luster. Can't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET in the pastel green Aero-sol container today.

NOW... Costs less:

New Large Size, (4½ oz.) \$1.25

Giant Economy Size (11 oz.) \$1.89 (plus tax)

Helene Curtis
spray net
B R A N D



Created by Helene Curtis, Foremost Name in Hair Beauty

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What's

By CHUCK NORMAN

WELL, Christmas has passed, but record collectors from coast to coast are still spinning the Glenn Miller Memorial Albums they got from Santa, and will be doing same for many years to come. For those who still have gift money jangling in their jeans, these sixty-odd echoes from Glenn's green years are a fine investment in good listening.

One of the most interesting things about the album is the way youngsters, who were still singing nursery rhymes when Miller's men were college prom-enading their way into the hearts of millions, sing and sigh along with the tunes, just as if they had been among the crowds at Glen Island Casino in 1937. But that's the way it was, and always will be, with Miller's music.

To the kids who grew up in the uncertain era preceding World War II, Miller was a symbol of something they could all hold on to, the maker of music they could take with them wherever they went. He was the star of high-school record dances, king of soda-joint jukeboxes, part of their suppertime menu through his daily radio show, and the maker of many romances when his organ-like sax section flowed its mellow melodies through the gymnasiums, ballrooms, and parlors.

The live tape recordings in the album are guaranteed to crack the memory of the most sophisticated listener. There is no more fitting memorial to Glenn Miller than his music.

Two choruses of the minute waltz—Don't know if you've noticed, but records are getting shorter. A few years back, popular records, almost without exception, took at least three minutes to spin the route. Now, for several reasons, the trend is to end in two minutes.

Musically speaking, there is an argument against the two-minute limit. Musicians and arrangers say that it's too restrictive, that they can't tailor all their numbers to fit into a narrow slot. Jazz artists claim they can't get started in that time, that they're just "going" and not "gone" when the red light flashes. The fact that some of the best jazz has been made on 12" standard discs and LP's seems to back up this last plea.

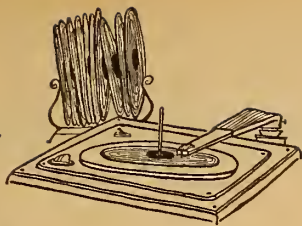
Sales-wise, however, the argument is that people won't go stale on tunes so quickly when they just hear one chorus.

On this same side of the ledger, and strictly business, is the strong lobby of jukeboxes and disc jockeys. Juke owners buy and play the records, and the jocks promote them over the air, and they both have some touching pleas of their own.

Coin-machine operators want the two-minute standard because customers can play thirty of them in an hour as compared to but twenty of the longer offerings. If they ever stopped buying records, the companies would have to look for another market for 50,000,000 discs. So the waxeries are listening.

The lads from my lodge, the Benevolent Knights of Jive and Java, have a similar pitch. With three- and three-and-one-half-minute sides, the number of times

Spinning



per hour which we can "plug the product" is limited. (Wonder how many record firms will get letters requesting five-minute records, after divulging that?)

However, I love music as well as food, so I'll remain in neutral, waiting to see which way they shift.

Looking backward—Does anybody ever look backward when facing a new year? I did, and it brought a bit of nostalgia and a return bout for the old argument, were the old tunes better? Helping to brighten the new year fifteen years ago were such new tunes as "Thanks For the Memory" and "Dipsy Doodle." Ralph Flanagan passed that information on to me, but he must be wrong about these next ones from 1936—it couldn't have been that long ago, Ralph—"Red Sails in the Sunset," "Moon over Miami," "Dinner for One, Please, James," and "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round." So does the clock.

But they were great tunes. And if anybody asks why I know, tell them that my nurse used to hum them to me.

Highbrow, hi-fi, and high-priced—Every few years or so, the record and music bizzes go on what *Variety* calls "a kick." Swing, Dixieland, sweet, bop, boogie, Latin American, novelty, juvenile, all styles have had their time on the throne, but the latest is the healthiest and solidest trend to come from the platter-presseries in years.

Long-haired music has gotten a crew-cut! Attractive packaging, LP convenience, and the boon of hi-fi (high fidelity) tonal reproduction are mainly responsible, because the music, and most of the artists, have been around for a long time.

Up to now, classical music has not had a chance to make popular headway in the commercial mass market. The quick, easy sale of popular music has been too attractive, and though a steady market has always existed, a firm's classical issues were often subsidized by million-record sales of jive-and-dance tunes. Now, sparked by such factors as artistic and imaginative album cover designs, the fact that there will be high-fidelity phonographs in over a million homes this year, and the convenience of easy listening uninterrupted by the frequent clanking of changing records, there is a tremendous and steadily increasing sale of semi-classical and classical recordings.

Some say that it is an indication of an uplift of taste among Americans. More likely it is just the fact that an untapped market is suddenly being catered to. There is nothing mysterious about classical music, as a few hours spent with some of the selections I have had passed on to me as good starters will quickly show.

Listed below are a few of the most popular classical recordings made by many firms, and all available on LP records.

Symphonies: Tschaikowsky's 5th Symphony; Schubert's 8th Symphony; Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony in D Major."

Concerti: Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto; Grieg's "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A Minor."

Ballets and Suites: Tschaikowsky's

"Nutcracker Suite" and his "Swan Lake" ballet music.

Overtures: Overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser"; Overture to Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet."

Miscellaneous: Johann Strauss Waltzes; Bizet's opera, "Carmen"; Gershwin's operetta, "Porgy and Bess."

A new classical album of special interest to the uninitiated would be Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra in Ottorini Respighi's "Pines and Fountains of Rome." These selections are vivid tone poems, each a musical picture interpreting scenes along the roads and among the sleeping ruins of the Eternal City. Journalist Vincent Sheehan has written a running commentary to accompany the profuse illustrations which make the RCA Victor offering one of the most attractive packages of the season.

Things ain't what they theme—Figure this one out if you can; then wire me c/o St. James Infirmary. Kenny Myers of Mercury records was telling me about that Ralph Marterie disc you've probably heard by now, "The Love of Three Oranges," and it tops anything done yet in the current fad of recording theme-songs from radio shows.

Many listeners, says Kenny, think that it's a variation on the theme from a Lava Soap commercial. Others recognize it as the long-time theme of the popular radio show, *The FBI In Peace And War*. Well, it goes back farther than that, to an opera named "The Love of Three Oranges," written by Sergei Prokofiev. Does this mean that Prokofiev was writing soap commercials—or soap operas—or that he's being investigated by the FBI? Only the Shadow knows . . .

Country and Western 1953 poll—Hank Williams, folk singer, composer, and combo leader, ran off with many of the awards in the 1953 end-of-the-year popularity poll taken among 500 disc jockeys. Hank died in 1952, but he left enough music in his wake to carry his name for a long time.

Williams captured first place in records with "Your Cheatin' Heart," had three numbers in the best song division, tied for third place as best male singer, and his combo placed second in the small unit class. Quite a record.

Best male singer was Eddy Arnold, best gal singer, Kitty Wells, best big band, Pee Wee King. The Carlisles hit pay dirt as the best singing group, and the top tune of the year was "Crying in the Chapel."

No longhair, he—It's not true that Artie Shaw's new version of his old "Gramercy Five" combo is made up of his ex-wives. But it is true that he has shaved his head of all his hair. A bopster walked into The Embers in New York to dig Artie, looked up at the bare noggin and said, "Man, I knew you was temperamental, but you really blew your top, didn't you?"

And, by your leave, I too shall blow for now, staccato and in a minor key, but shall return to blow again next month.

Mary's DULL



PERIODIC PAIN

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

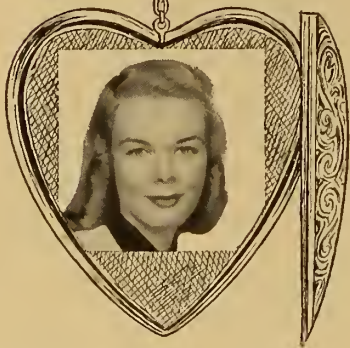
FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. 8-24, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Mary's SHARP WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol.

the girl
you used
to be...



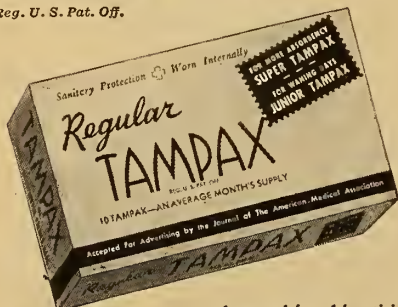
what would she think
of you today?

She looks out at the world through older, wiser eyes... that girl who once was you. Would she approve the way you look at things, or would she miss the fresh enthusiasm that was so much a part of her make-up? Ask yourself the question she would ask: Do you still have a "young" viewpoint?

Part of feeling young is a willingness to accept new ideas. Perhaps that's why so many young people have turned to the new idea in sanitary protection: Tampax*. Because Tampax is worn internally, it avoids many of the discomforts of "those days"—chafing, irritation, the whole bulky belt-pin-pad harness, and odor.

Doctor-invented Tampax is so comfortable the wearer can't even feel its presence. It's easy to dispose of. Can be worn in shower or tub. The Tampax package never betrays your secret. In fact, it's so small a month's supply slips into purse. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; all times given are Eastern Standard Time.

AUNT JENNY When a boy falls in love with the daughter of family friends, and when both sets of parents are delighted with the match, the stage would appear to be set for an ideal marriage. But what happens when the two fathers suddenly find themselves running for the same political office? In a recent story, Aunt Jenny told how this perplexing situation was solved by two of her Littleton neighbors. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble now realizes that, in her desperate attempt to save her marriage from actress Elise Shephard, she leaped from the frying pan into the fire, for her involvement with Lucius Brooks threatens not only her marriage but her husband Larry's Broadway career and her very life. Lucius will stop at nothing to suppress Mary's evidence. Is it possible that Elise can turn even this to her own advantage? 4 P.M., NBC.

THE BENNETTS What happens to a lawyer who won't make deals, isn't afraid to fight, and has a way of sticking to his own principles no matter how ruthlessly they're attacked? Wayne Bennett has no desire to become a martyr, and still less to create danger for his family. But the friends and clients who have come to rely on Wayne's advice now have a new, better-than-ever reason for respecting him. 11:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Once again, the Reverend Richard Dennis and his family set up a new home—this time in the new township of Hope—whose creation caused so much trouble. Unexpectedly, daughter Althea and her little girl, Spring, arrive back East to take part in the adventure, but Papa Dennis soon realizes that Althea, the most beautiful and difficult of his children, is, as usual, involved in a problem of her own. 2:45 P.M., CBS.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART A few short months ago, beautiful Julie Fielding was a pampered, sheltered girl whose chief worry, on getting up of a morning, was the selection of a dress for her luncheon date. Not even Julie herself suspected the strength and stubbornness and fight that lay beneath her attractive surface. Will her sudden, overwhelming love for Peter Davis lead Julie into paths stranger than she can

possibly imagine? 11:45 A.M., NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL One of the strangest cases in crime reporter David Farrell's career leads him into great personal danger as he prepares to write the story that will expose the secret of the crime. David's wife Sally, sensing the desperation of the criminal, is shaken with terror over David's danger as he ignores his own peril in his effort to obtain the last clinching bit of evidence. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT When Dr. Dick Grant and nurse Janet Johnston become a gossip item at Cedars Hospital, Kathy Grant at last realizes what her lies have done to her marriage. It is Dick's cousin Peggy who tells Kathy about Janet. Will Kathy in turn be able to help when a stranger named Dan Peters stirs up trouble in Peggy's heart? And is she mature enough now to understand how young Dr. Kelly feels about her? 1:45 P.M., CBS; 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV.

HAWKINS FALLS A newcomer to Hawkins Falls will find it a pleasant place—if he's patient and knows the ways of small towns. For strangers don't become friends overnight in towns the size of Hawkins Falls. Lona Drewer is so accustomed to her fellow-townsmen's attitude that she generally doesn't think about it. But is it right *not* to think about something that could cause unnecessary heartbreak? 11 A.M., NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Long experience as supervisor of an orphanage has taught Julie Paterno Nixon not to take too seriously the emotional extremes of adolescence. But her uneasiness over teen-age Barbara's worship of Leonard Klagger is more than justified when the full potentialities of Len's precocious brain begin to emerge. Is Conrad really guilty of the crime for which he is expelled from Hilltop House? 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville, has many times used his compassionate, tolerant understanding of human nature to help his friends straighten out their tangled lives. But not even Bill can save himself, his daughter Nancy and her husband Kerry Donovan from

near-disaster when they become the targets of a hate so violent and unbridled that it passes the bounds of normalcy. How will Bill weather this danger? 5 P.M., NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi waited a long time to fall in love but, when she did, she did it thoroughly. Did she and Mac really marry too quickly? Papa David always taught her to think for herself in important matters, but is he sorry this time that her thoughts led her in Mac's direction? Good fortune or bad, Papa David will be there to share it—but Chichi so fervently hopes it will be good! 3 P.M., NBC.

LORENZO JONES Though Lorenzo still cannot remember his marriage to Belle, she finds new hope for the future in his friendship during the difficult early days of the play in which she becomes a Broadway success. Will brilliant, predatory Gail Maddox allow Lorenzo to become ever more deeply drawn to Belle? Or will she make a final attack so desperate and vicious that Belle will be defenseless against it? 5:30 P.M., NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE There is no mystery about Meg Harper's talent for getting into trouble. Willful, spoiled, and filled with resentment at the way fate gave her riches only to snatch them away, Meg almost seems to seek trouble out. But Hal Craig may be more than even Meg can handle. Can Meg's sister Vanessa fight a man like Craig without important help? And even if there is help, can Van herself escape unscathed? 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

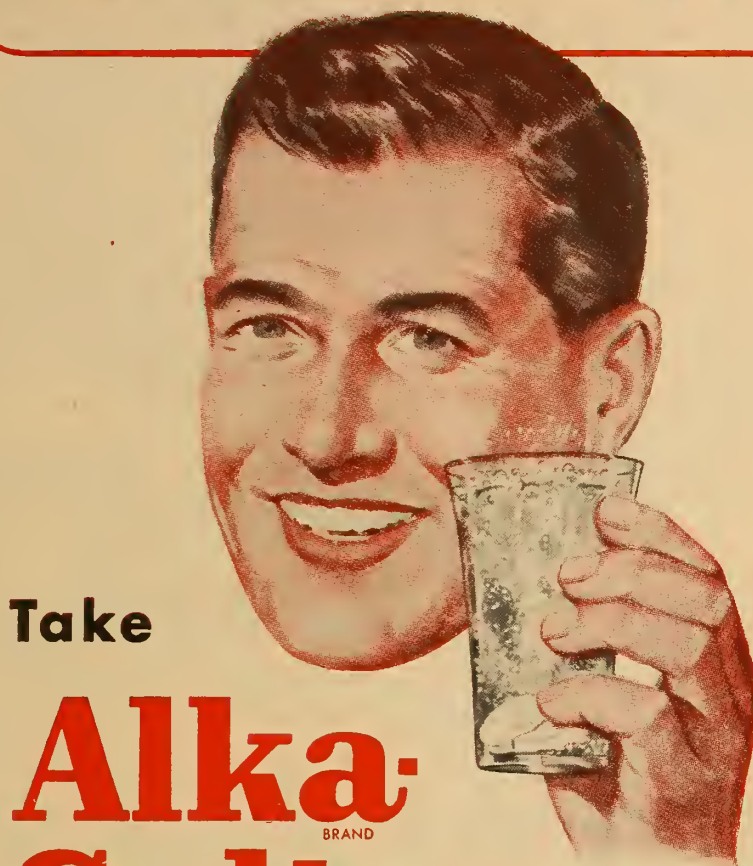
MA PERKINS Over the years, Ma Perkins has learned the wisdom of accepting happiness—and the further wisdom of not expecting it to last forever. But young people have a way of demanding that happiness last, and Ma wonders how she can best help as she sees her loved ones entering on a time of trial which she can do little to alleviate. Will patience and love be enough to help them win through? 1:15 P.M., CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Successful and happy as the marriage of the Brinthropes has been, Sunday has always been aware that there have been many glamorous, worldly women who have tried to win Lord Henry's wealth, charm and title away from her. So far their love has been proof against all attacks, but suddenly Sunday finds herself threatened by a woman so ruthless that the specter of divorce looms over Black Swan Hall. 12:45 P.M., CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda's ecstatic delight with their new home on the farm is shattered when the discovery of oil on the property disrupts the entire Young family in a frightening, unprecedented manner. Is Father Young justified in mortgaging his whole financial position to take advantage of this opportunity? Is he, as Mother Young insists, bedazzled by a mirage that can only lead to tragedy? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

PERRY MASON As lawyer Perry Mason tries to protect the Beekman family from the consequences of Ed Beekman's
(Continued on page 90)

Enjoy that
FEEL BETTER FEELING



Take

Alka-
BRAND
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HEADACHE

Get MORE of the Pain Reliever FASTER!

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COLD DISCOMFORTS

*Guy Lombardo,
the musical wizard, has
hit the jackpot again*



he leads a ROYAL life

GOOD MUSIC, like good wine, improves with age, especially when the maker is a master like Guy Lombardo. Today, Guy, his Royal Canadians, and their "sweetest music this side of heaven" are almost a legend—loved by generations old and young. Of almost equal interest has been Guy's continually close association with his brothers—Lebert, Victor, and Carmen (who's often called Guy, by mistake, too).

For twenty-five years plus, Guy has

stuck to one music formula: to give the public what it wants. He and his orchestra have never tried to be anything but a musical organization. While other bands have tried to push vocalists or use new styles—and have fallen by the wayside in doing so—Guy has stuck to his original format, emphasizing simplicity and melody. Proof of his success is in the listening and the thousands of people who yearly jam the Roosevelt Grill in New York and concert halls across the land to hear and dance to his music.

In every venture he has undertaken—whether it's been as a musician, speedboat racer, or restaurateur—Guy has always come out on top. When radio was in its infancy, Guy was one of the first to take advantage of its unlimited possibilities. And, since television first burst upon the

entertainment scene, he has been following it with a keen eye. Asked many times to do his own show, Guy turned down all offers until he got just the one he knew he—and his audience—would like. The result: a relaxed, informal half-hour of his music—with no gimmicks or extras, as Guy puts it—televised from the surroundings he's so identified with, the Roosevelt Grill. In addition to this new Friday night show over WNBT, Guy still has his weekly *Lombardoland, U.S.A.*, heard on Mutual radio Saturday nights, also broadcast from the Roosevelt.

Guy is pleased and amazed by the wonderful reception his new show has had. And, if the enthusiasm continues, it's certain he'll soon be at the top of the TV list, adding one more honor to his well-deserved and already overcrowded roster.



Time out for a sample of wife Lilliebell's scrumptious cooking, and a "chat" with one of his pets, before racing his speedboat.



What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

seems to be quite a month for anniversaries in the broadcast world. *The Greatest Story Ever Told* starts its eighth year this month for its original sponsor, The Good-year Tire and Rubber Company. *The Second Mrs. Burton* is nine years old, and *Aunt Jenny* starts her 18th year on the air.

Danny Thomas has two personal holidays in January. The 6th marked his 40th birthday, and the 15th his 17th wedding anniversary.

Speaking of birthdays, it's hard to believe that Ray Bolger hits fifty on January 10th. He *certainly* doesn't look it.

Gloria Stroock is one television actress who doesn't believe in idling her time away while waiting for parts to come up. Though she plays Gay Gotham on the weekly *Stork Club* TV show, she also holds down a steady job as manager of The Little Studio, an art gallery in Manhattan. Gloria says she has the nicest boss possible—Richard Kollman—because whenever a good part comes up on *Studio One* or another of the dramatic shows, he lets her take time off.

The Jack Webbs' reconciliation didn't take and their marriage is definitely over. The *Dragnet* star is said to have given his wife, former actress Julie London, a tremendous property settlement, \$25,000 a year alimony for life—or until she remarries—and custody of their two children.

Remember Anna Q. Nilsson, beloved star of silent films? She just landed a small role in the Anne Jeffreys—Robert Sterling television series, *Topper*. And Mae West is said to be looking for a sponsor for a projected video show called *She Done Him Wrong*.

Betty Hutton may be signed to a long-term CBS-TV contract if she and the network brass can get together on salary.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz will have to find a new baby-sitter for their *I Love Lucy* program. Elizabeth Patterson, who plays the part, is planning to return to the New York stage. Speaking of Lucy, did you know that Ricky Ricardo, Jr., is

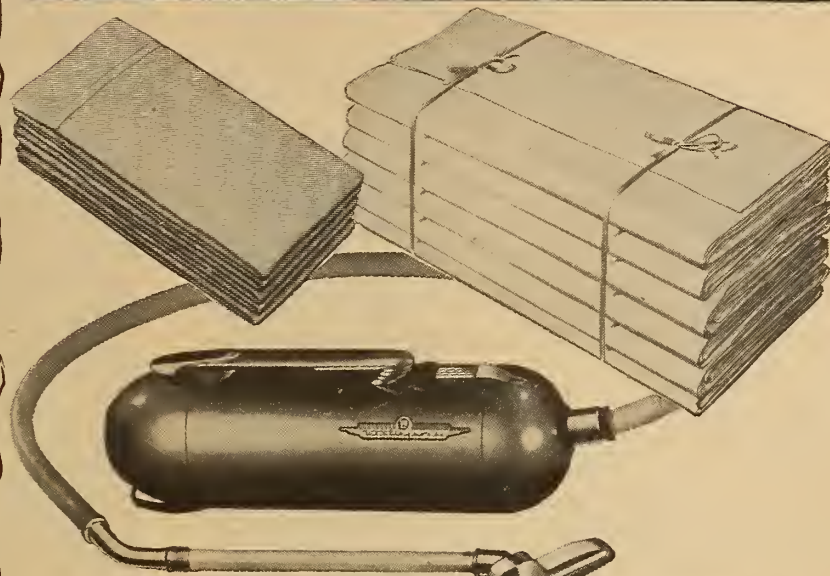
(Continued on page 22)



Jane Pickens proudly displays her guest-of-honor corsage at a Goodwill benefit.

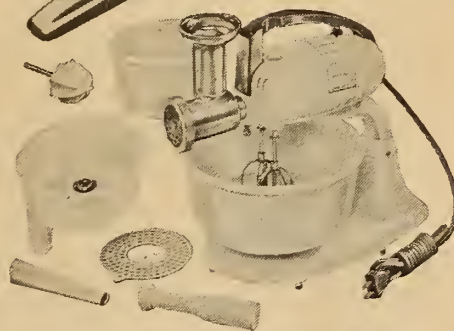
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R
M



First stop, of course, the Empire State Building, with its unequalled view of Manhattan and the harbor.



Then a ride by hansom cab through Central Park—a touch of "country" in the middle of a bustling city.

Sightseeing with Robert Q.

Contest winner Nancy Ann Miller sees

New York—with Lewis as guide

THERE was no more excited twenty-one-year-old in the whole United States than Nancy Ann Miller, when she was named the nation's "Queen of Eyewear." Nancy is definitely a 4-B queen . . . blonde, blue-eyed, bespectacled and beautiful. In fact, she won her title for being the loveliest of all the lovely (and smart) models in America who wear glasses. . . . Nancy's an Illinois girl, who lives with her parents in Mt. Prospect, a Chicago suburb. She's been a model for three years, has worn glasses ever since high-school days—and, Nancy adds, "They've never made a dent

in my popularity with the opposite sex!" . . . As winner of the contest, sponsored by Bausch & Lomb Optical Company, Nancy won an all-expense-paid trip to New York City, \$300 in defense bonds, a complete wardrobe of eyeglasses—"One pair," she says, "is just not enough." She stayed at one of Manhattan's finest hotels, dined at the most famous restaurants, saw the hit shows . . . and was personally escorted around the town one afternoon by Robert Q. Lewis—who is not only a highly eligible bachelor but has become pretty famous in eyeglasses himself!

Robert Q. Lewis is seen on *The Name's The Same*, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M., for Swanson's Foods and American Chicle. *Robert Q. Lewis Little Show*, on CBS Radio, M-F, 4 P.M., for General Foods. *Robert Q. Lewis Show*, CBS Radio, Sat., 10:15 A.M., for Pinesol. (All EST)



Only a Central Park Zoo hippo would fail to smile at lovely Nancy—and laugh out loud at Robert Q!



Strolling down Fifth Avenue, they meet comedian Al Kelly—who says he should be "King of Eyewear."



Nancy Ann Miller herself is the undisputed "Queen of Eyewear." For dinner with Lewis at Toots Shor's famous restaurant, she wears semi-rimless, rhinestone-trimmed evening glasses—just part of the eyeglass wardrobe she won!

(Continued from page 19)

played by twins? They are the 15-month-old sons of Mr. and Mrs. Max Mayer of Montrose, California.

Eddie Fisher is laughing over a letter he received recently from one of his feminine fans. "Dear Eddie," she wrote, "I think you are the best singer in the world. You're handsome, you're a doll. I adore you. Would you please send me a picture of your brother, Alvin?"

Speaking of fan letters, *Make Up Your Mind*, the Monday-through-Friday daytime radio program emceed by Jack Sterling over CBS, receives 10,000 letters a week, believe it or not. Many of the letters submit hypothetical problems to be presented on the show, but the majority of them are from folks who have disagreed with the panel, which only goes to prove that listeners often do speak their minds.

Recently, someone asked Groucho Marx if he had seen his old movie "Copacabana" on television. "Yes," he answered. "I got a lot of fan mail about it—all threatening."

Helen Ward, who first won fame as the songstress with Benny Goodman's band several years ago, is making a comeback. As a result of an album she made for Columbia Records, "It's Been So Long," she has had many radio and television offers and will probably be set for a show in a few weeks.

Peggy Lee was out of commission for more than a month due to illness which forced her to cancel many bookings. Peggy was extremely nervous and upset at the time of her divorce from Brad Dexter, and her physician ordered her to take a complete rest. She should be back in action very shortly. If and when Jack Webb does his projected new television series, *Pete Kelly's Blues*, Peggy is slated for the lead.

Mulling the Mail:

Miss E. Y., Richmond, Virginia: Ethel Merman is not signed for any regular TV series, but she is set to do the *Comedy Hour* on Sunday, January 24, from Hollywood. Mary Martin's video appearances



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helped my rough, blemished* skin look much smoother, clearer," says Cathy Brown, Toledo, Ohio.



Dry skin: "Noxzema's new routine helps keep my dry skin looking smooth and fresh," says Eleanor Jones, Brooklyn, N.Y.C.



Look lovelier in 10 days with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

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

● If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion, here's important beauty news! A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream.

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!

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

Start tonight! Just do this:

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'!

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

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

It works or money back! In clinical tests Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems have lovelier-looking skin. If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time you get the 40¢ size Noxzema only 29¢ plus tax. Get this *trial* jar, then get the economical 10 oz. size for only 89¢ plus tax at all drug, cosmetic counters.

*externally-caused.

NOXZEMA *skin cream*



Herb Shriner shows his RTVM life story to Wisconsin friend Thomas J. Dorff.

from Coast to Coast

will be limited to extra-special guest shots only, because of her Broadway show, "Kind Sir". . . Mr. J. E. M., San Diego, California: No, singer Andy Russell is not retiring from show business, but his wife, Della, is. They worked together as an act for four years and played their last engagement a few months ago at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. Andy will continue on alone and Della will devote her time to a new dress shop she has opened in Hollywood. . . Mrs. M. K., Chicago, Illinois: Yes, you are right. Homer Fickett did pass away in November, in New York City, and his death was a sad blow to the radio world. For the past eight years, he had directed *The Theatre Guild On The Air*, and had previously been associated with *Cavalcade Of America*, *The March of Time*, and the Helen Hayes radio series. . . Mr. K. O'C., Albany, New York: Shirley Harmer is from Toronto, Canada, and is considered to be one of the most promising young singers on the air today. She is just twenty-one, and has been signed for *George Jessel Salutes* and *The American Music Hall* programs on ABC. Shirley was discovered by Paul Whiteman, musical director for the network, after he heard a record she made for a local radio station in Canada. . . Mrs. H. B., Dallas, Texas: June Valli is very much alive and singing, but the reason you haven't seen her on TV is that she's been busy touring night clubs and theatres, in addition to making records. Her disc of "Crying in the Chapel" was a recent big hit.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Marion Hutton, the songstress, who used to be heard on many radio programs and who also made numerous personal appearances? For the past couple of years, Marion has been in semi-retirement, living on Long Island with her husband and two children. But when her sister, Betty, was in New York recently, Marion confessed that she missed show business and that she might return to the bright lights in the near future.

Beatrice Kaye, the gal who specialized in Gay Nineties songs and comedy and was a big name in radio a few seasons back? Beatrice has done little work on the air or in TV lately, but has appeared in supper clubs, mostly in and around the West Coast. She has a beautiful ranch outside of Reno, Nevada, and spends most of her time there.

Freddie Stewart, the tenor, who was very popular with the teen-age crowd a while back? Freddie is currently singing at the Celebrity Club in New York City, and occasionally does a guest appearance on radio and television. In answer to those of you who wrote about seeing him on TV movies, those are the films he made several years ago for Monogram, and they have recently been released for television.

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.

*I dreamed I was an eskimo in my *maidenform bra*

Guess whose figure is going around in Arctic circles!

It's mine and it's marvelous—

so sleek and smooth, so fabulously curved—

who ever dreamed the bear facts could be so beautiful!

Here on top of the world we know


what makes the world go round

. . . it's Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Chonsonette,
in favorite fabrics . . . from 2.00
Send for free style booklet,
Maidenform, New York 16
There is a MAIDENFORM for
every type of figure.*



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1954 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.



**NO
GAUZE**

because

Only **NEW DESIGN MODESS**
gives you the luxury of a new
whisper-soft fabric covering . . .
no gauze . . . no chafe.



Godfrey has always believed in learning new skills—such as handling a huge Navy transport plane.

Arthur Godfrey's Story

Work and play are the same thing to Arthur.



Man of the Moment. Whispered about. Shouted about.
Exciting giant of entertainment in our time!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

TWO SHORT MONTHS AGO, Arthur Godfrey and Julius La Rosa came to the parting of the ways—a parting which splashed across the nation in enough newspaper ink to rival the reporting of the Korean prisoner exchange. Since then, Godfrey has rebuilt portions of his show, Julius La Rosa has begun the long, hard climb to success on his own with a radio show and personal appearances. The after-effects of the split remain, however, with a Chicago woman protesting, “Arthur Godfrey is a tyrant”—a Delaware woman defending, “I worship Arthur Godfrey. He is our greatest American and should be President of the United States.”

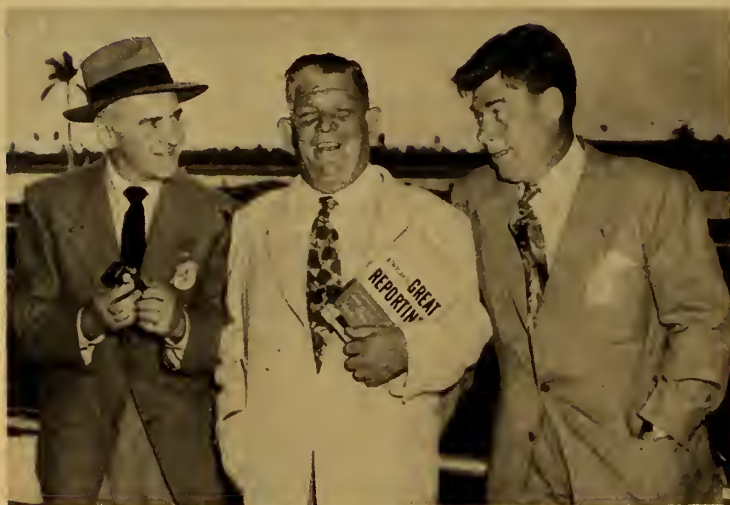
Each has reason to believe she is right, for actually the

See Next Page 

Arthur Godfrey's Story



Schoolboy: Godfrey (in white) with classmates at Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.



Friends: Walter Winchell, left, gave Arthur his first buildup. (Center, President James Don of the Gulfstream Park in Florida.)



Salesman: Godfrey, ably abetted by Frank Parker, likes to kid commercials—and sponsors couldn't be happier with the results!

puzzle remains. What manner of man is Arthur Godfrey? What is he really like?

First of all, Arthur Godfrey is a human being—a human being with a strong character which was formed long before he came to broadcasting. It's a character which was forged in the fires of adversity. From a minus-zero start he has climbed to affluence and influence, and twice, at the pinnacle of success, he has been struck down by near-fatal physical adversity.

FROM childhood, Godfrey, when beset by problems, has taken strong, impulsive action to solve them.

At fourteen, that action took the form of running away from home. The financial difficulties of the Godfrey family, then living at Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, had reached a point where the small sums Arthur earned as a delivery boy made no dent in the total need. To friends, he said, "It's best that I get out on my own. I can't continue to be a burden to my family."

Getting out on his own led him to many strange places. For two years—the formative years from fourteen to sixteen—the lonely red-headed kid batted around the country. He was an office boy, a laborer, a lumberjack. Often he was hungry, cold, homeless. He had little education, much ambi-

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts is simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M., over CBS Radio and CBS-TV, for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. *Arthur Godfrey Time* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, seen on CBS-TV, M-Th—both 10-11:30 A.M.—for Kellogg, Kleenex, Snow Crop, Esquire Boot Polish, Star-Kist, Toni, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, and Chesterfield. *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* is seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Pillsbury, Toni, and Chesterfield Cigarettes. *The Arthur Godfrey Digest* is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Fiberglas. (All times are EST)



Family man: A rare photograph of Arthur and his wife, Mary.



Beginner: The redhead in his early radio days.

tion and only his nerve as an asset.

He broke the aimless cycle by joining the Navy. But, after his discharge, the same spirit-breaking whirl recurred. He went to Detroit to work in an automobile plant. It wasn't his kind of job. He turned wanderer again, washed dishes for meals, learned to be a chef, got fired, finally made his first real money by selling cemetery lots.

Promptly, he lost this money in striving to be an entertainer. He bought into a vaudeville act, got stranded in the wilds of Wyoming, was brushed off by Hollywood, hitchhiked back to Chicago, drove a taxi—and this time, reaching again for security and order, joined the Coast Guard.

Perhaps in his own personal satisfaction, which he found in Navy service, there is an answer to the charge that Godfrey is a tough disciplinarian. For, in order to maintain perfection on his show, Godfrey brooks no interference.

Some indication of this reaches the air. Last summer, when he had sufficiently recuperated from his operation to be able to rejoin the show through a remote pick-up from his Virginia farm, viewers saw him glance at a monitor and call for a camera shot they weren't seeing. "Take Two," he ordered. (Continued on page 81)



JULIUS LAROSA
Sitting
on a
Rainbow

La Rosa has the world on a string and is neatly wrapping it around his finger

By **GLADYS HALL**

JULIE is sitting on a rainbow, as the old song goes. He has the world by a string—several strings, in fact. He has fame, for instance, of the kind that rates front-page headlines from coast to coast. Money, such as the simple boy from Brooklyn never dreamed he'd have. Applause, adulation, and even the adoration of the kids

who flock around any theatre in which he is singing. And love—the love of the girl he loves.

But has Julie already found—too soon for a boy of twenty-three—that a rainbow is a lonely place? That the strings go both ways, and are tied in a knot around him? That, if the girl he loves is not to be his girl, for

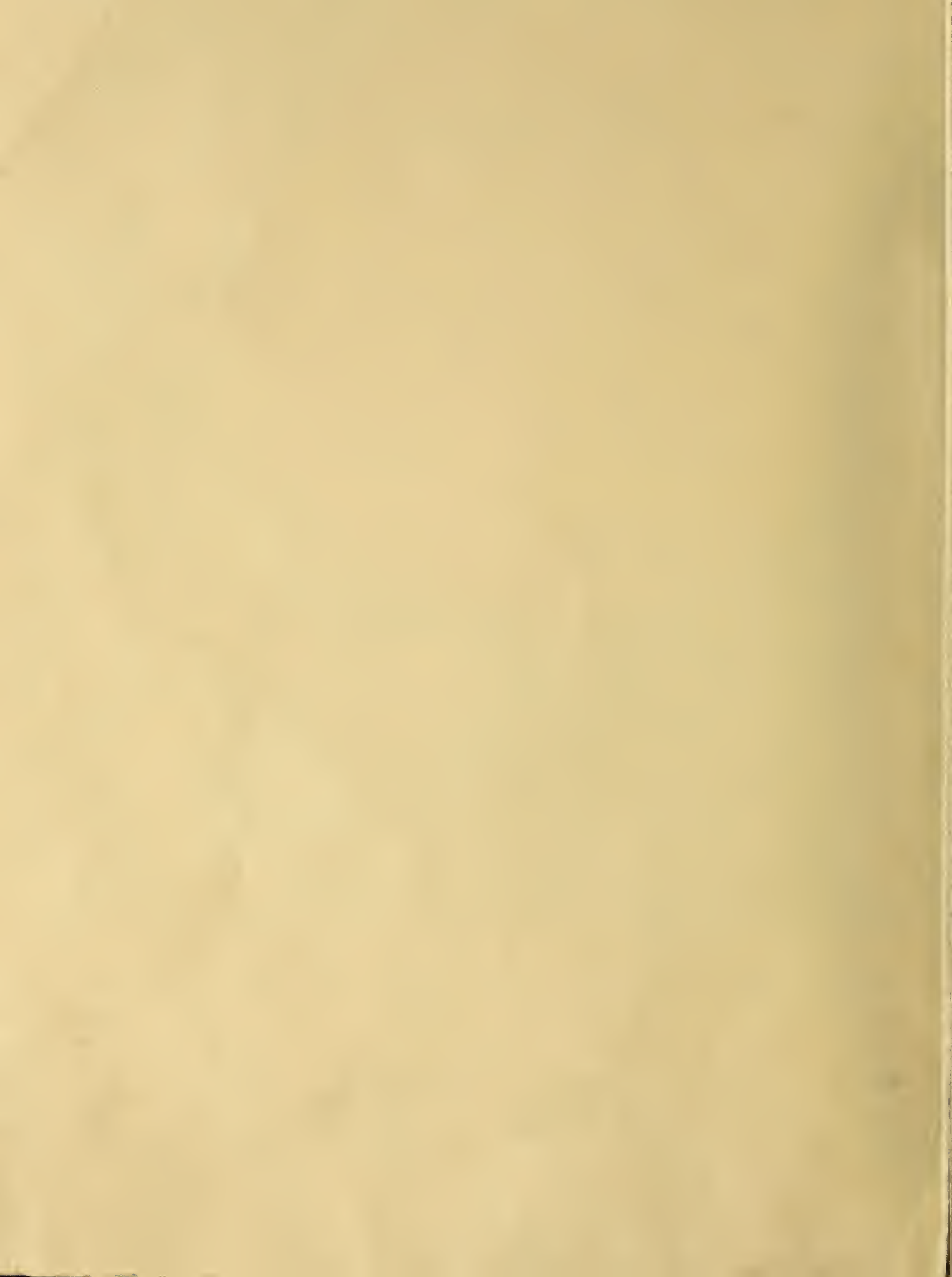
Julius La Rosa is heard on his own show, over CBS Radio, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:35 P.M. EST.



Strange new world for Julie . . . crowds demanding autographs (as he himself did, not long ago), his name in lights, lonely hotel rooms . . . and dreams of a girl named Dorothy!



See Next Page 



JULIUS LAROSA

Sitting on a Rainbow

YEA!
JULIUS



Strange new world for Julie . . . crowds demanding outographs (as he himself did, not long ago), his name in lights, lonely hotel rooms . . . and dreams of a girl named Dorothy!



La Rosa has the world on a string and is neatly wrapping it around his finger

By GLADYS HALL

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Julius La Rosa is heard on his own show, over CBS Radio, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:35 P.M. EST.

See Next Page ▶



Julie loves good clothes, finds it hard to believe he can now have his suits tailor-made.

JULIUS LAROSA *Sitting on a Rainbow*



Not much time for fun and relaxation—but he does get in a game of Scrabble with his lawyer, Frank Barone, and a visiting reporter.

all time to come, fame and fortune are worth little?

When Julie prays, as he does so faithfully, is it to give thanks for all that has come his way? Or is it to ask for Divine guidance in the problems he has faced ever since Arthur Godfrey spoke the words that shocked and stunned the listening world: "That was Julie's swan song with us." Almost before they left Godfrey's lips, those seven words sent Julie skyrocketing to the top of the rainbow on which he is perched today—and started the problems coming his way.

What thoughts are uppermost in Julie's mind today, what emotions in his heart? Gratitude? Pride? Regret? Elation? Fear? Confusion?

It's likely that he feels the same mixture of all these emotions that any nice, normal American boy would feel if he were suddenly thrust into such a spot.

Before those seven words shivered the timbers of the networks, Julie was just one of the "Little Godfreys" along with Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, Janette Davis, the McGuire Sisters, Lu Ann Simms and the others. Because of his melodic voice, his youth, his dark good looks, his boy-next-door appeal, he came a little closer to the heart, perhaps, than the others. But in terms of build-up, billing, importance and money, he was just one of Papa Godfrey's "family" and, as such, was treated with neither more nor less

partiality than the others on the Godfrey programs. When his heart first turned, as it did, to Dorothy McGuire, and hers (there seems no doubt of it) to him, no one outside the tight little Godfrey circle was any the wiser. Nor did the other Little Godfreys take it seriously. He was just fooling around, they thought and said. Julie always had fun with the girls—the kidding, practical-joking kind of fun. Julie and Lu Ann Simms, for instance, had been kind of coltish together. People tried to make a romance of it, but there was nothing to it.

THEN there was the more serious rumor about a girl in Washington who wouldn't marry Julie because, she felt, it might interfere with his career. Julie, it was hinted, had taken that hard. If he had, it didn't show on him.

Dottie McGuire and Julie? When their names were first linked, the other Little Godfreys considered it kid stuff. Sure, Julie and Dottie had a few laughs together. And why not? They were thrown together for most of every working day, five days a week. True, she was separated from her husband and therefore vulnerable. Sure, Julie was heartfree, and vigorous, and Italian blood runs hot. Still, everyone gave it a laughing brush-off.

"Kid stuff" was what Arthur Godfrey called it, too,



It seems as though Julie lives his life in the headlines these days—this one from Boston is particularly exciting!



From Julie's own scrapbook, while he was still in Navy uniform: Above, celebrating on leave with his family and friends. Below, that fateful meeting with Godfrey—when the rainbow first started to gleam.

after the headlines had indicated it was something more mature. "We all knew Julie was crazy nuts about her, like a kid in high school is crazy nuts over another kid," Arthur said.

Perhaps that is all it was, at first. Perhaps it would never have amounted to more than this if it could have remained a private matter, as affairs of the heart should be. It might then have run its normal course and ended with no more serious aftermath than a sentimental memory, with neither youngster hurt and no harm done.

Or if, in calling it "kid stuff," Godfrey underestimated the depth and strength of the emotion between Dottie and Julie (as now appears to be the case), the problem might have been worked out, in private, by the three young people concerned. Dottie might have got her divorce quietly, and she and Julie might have gone from working and laughing together to making a home and life together.

This happy ending, we hope, may still be possible.

But with Godfrey's summary firing of La Rosa, the romance exploded onto the front pages, for all the world to read about. Seldom have two young people in love had their intimate feelings so publicly discussed. All of this has only served to add to the complications already confronting Dottie and Julie.

Will Sergeant John Henry (Continued on page 102)



Wanda Lewis, of the Paul Dixon Show, loves every action-packed moment of living!

By DICK ZAVON



Portrait of a very happy artist—Wanda Lewis.



Sis Camp, Paul Dixon and the cameraman wore hospital masks

WANDA was just putting the finishing strokes on an African motif in the elaborately self-decorated rathskeller of the Lewis household in Mt. Lookout, a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio. She heard a soft noise and turned toward the wooden staircase that leads to the basement in time to see her three-year-old daughter, Diane, seating herself on one of the steps. Barefoot and in pajamas, chin in hand, Diane was settling herself to watch her mother carefully using an artist's brush. "I only wanted to see what you were painting

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE



At home: Daughter Diane, 3, watches Wanda painting . . . Granny and Mommy feed Sharon Ann her formula . . . Mama and Papa Al Lewis hear Diane's prayers.



so fans could get a close-up of Wanda's Sharon Ann at four days.

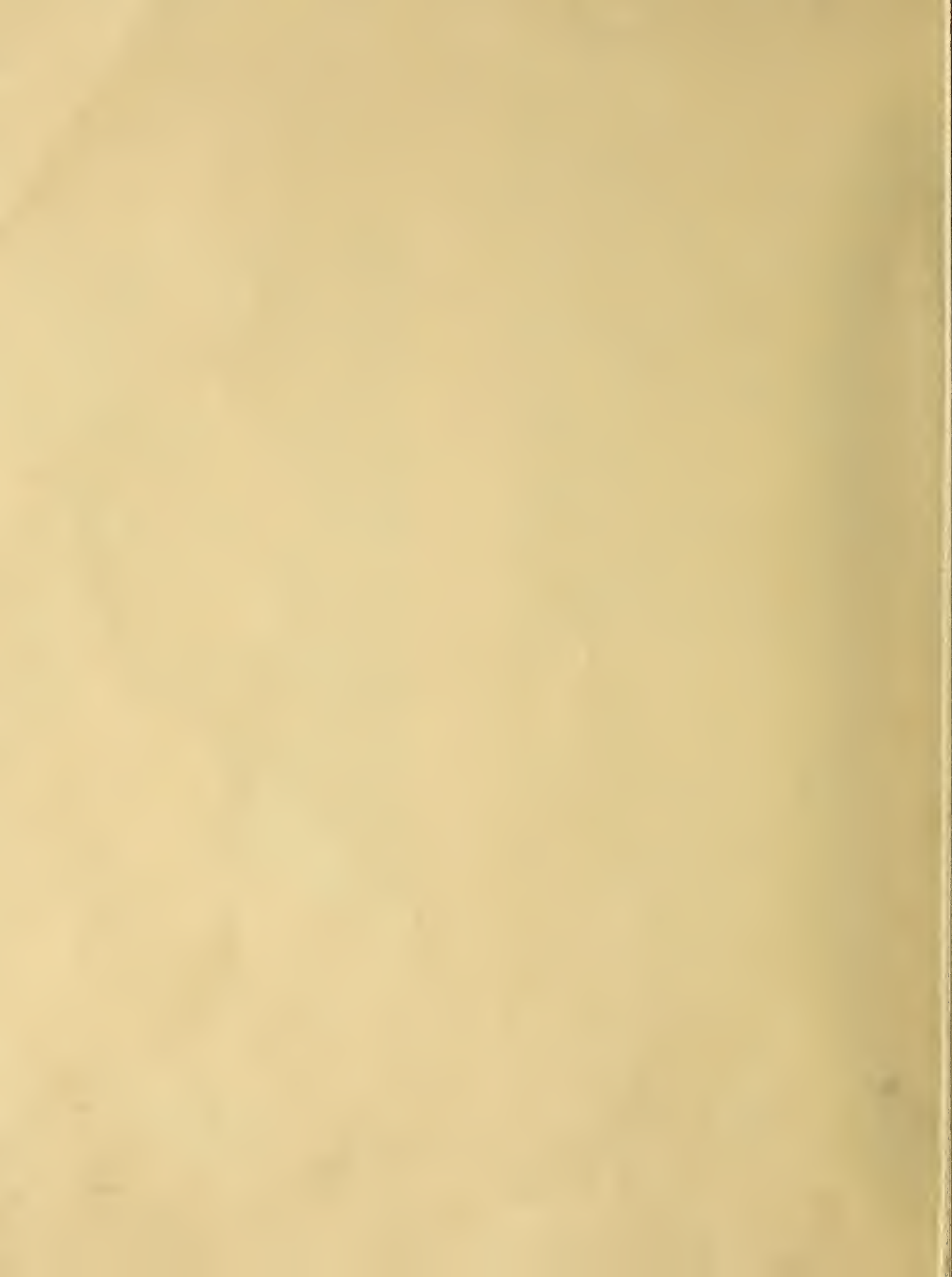
before I went to sleep," argued Diane, as her mother kissed her and shooed her off to bed.

Actually, Diane Lewis could have viewed her mother's artistic displays any weekday afternoon simply by turning on her television set at home. Wanda the artist, Wanda the pantomimist, and Wanda the comedian are all on *The Paul Dixon Show* from WCPO-TV over Du Mont each day. (Continued on page 105)

The Paul Dixon Show is seen over Du Mont TV, Monday to Friday, 3 to 4 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.



ARE FUN



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THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FUN

EVERYONE LOVES HOLLY

By MARTIN COHEN

THE GAL who plays Pearl on *The Road Of Life* just happens to be a fabulous female. Superlatives fit Hollis Irving like a tailor-made suit—she is a true beauty with reddish blonde hair and green eyes, she is a fine and experienced actress with Broadway, radio and TV credits, she is an accomplished housewife with a devoted, brilliant husband, and Hollis is as bright and gay as a Christmas tree. Yet Hollis Irving is one of the nicest persons to be met anywhere. Her beauty, talent and achievements—combined—don't come close to matching her personal (Continued on page 92)

Holly is Pearl in *The Road Of Life*, M-F, NBC Radio, 3:15 P.M.—CBS Radio, at 1 P.M.—for Procter & Gamble. She is also heard as Gertie in *Perry Mason*, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M., for Tide.

She's an actress, he's a producer—so there's many a script to be read by their own fireside.



Holly's a girl of many talents but says her painting is "just a hobby."



She's a real star in the kitchen, according to husband Charlie, who simply dotes on her cooking.



—unlike Pearl's—has been paved with dreams and led straight to home



Household pets Ouida (left) and Salome never lack for attention, no matter how busy the Irving schedule.

WHAT'S STEVE ALLEN'S LINE?



By ELIZABETH BALL

He's a man who lives alone



Informality's the keynote of his show on WNBT—but naturally.

FIVE NIGHTS a week, from 11:20 to midnight, Steve Allen comes into East Coast living rooms, courtesy of WNBT, and sends lucky listeners to bed laughing. On Sunday evenings, Steve joins moderator John Daly's panel on *What's My Line?* and furnishes more belly laughs, for the whole nation, these courtesy of CBS-TV. But . . . what about Steve Allen? Is he laughing? What manner of man is it who has become known—as Groucho Marx puts it—as “the best Allen since Fred”? What manner of

He didn't start out to be funny . . .

just couldn't help being funny . . .

for he loves to laugh . . .



What's My Line? calls for quick wit—and gets it—from Dorothy Kilgallen, Steve, Arlene Francis, Bennett Cerf and John Daly.



and doesn't recommend it—meanwhile, the world laughs with him!

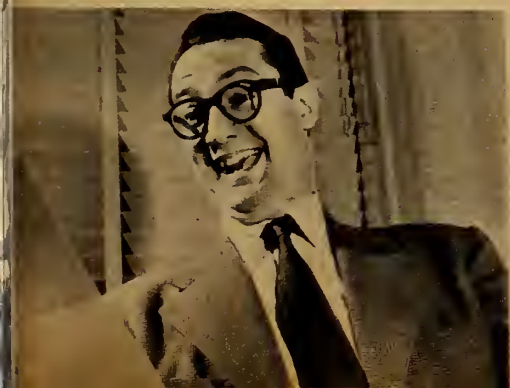
man is Steve Allen, off camera?

I've wondered. But, talking with Steve the other day, having coffee with Steve in the living room of his spacious apartment on New York's upper Park Avenue, I found out.

Over the coffee cups in the big room—a handsome room, but manifestly devoid (*Continued on page 86*)

What's My Line?, CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M., is sponsored alternately by Jules Montenier, Inc. (for Stopette) and by Remington Electric Shavers. *The Steve Allen Show* is seen over WNBT, M-F, 11:20-midnight. (All EST)

and enjoys sharing his laughter.



Serious side: Steve played drama on *Danger*, over CBS-TV. He wrote the script ("Flamingo"), composed the music—and tailor-made the romantic lead for his talented friend, Jayne Meadows.

Brandon de Wilde - JAGUAR

A big star "guns" his sport car—scarcely a British Jaguar—as Eugenia and Frederic de Wilde cheer.



FOR JAMIE

*A pair of astonished,
delighted parents find they
have an actor for a son*

By IRA H. KNASTER

THE GENTLEMAN has clicked on Broadway? In Hollywood, too? And in radio and television? The gentleman gets star billing? That means he's hit the jackpot! It goes without saying, he's living in clover!

Why, even in one entertainment medium, stardom is the magic carpet to luxurious living. Clicking in all of them—theatre, movies, television—well, that just about wraps it up. Goodbye, simple life. Hail, elegance! Bring on the beach cabañas, the town houses, the country estates, the staffs of servants, the private swimming pools. Bring on the gold-plated ninety-horsepower Jaguar! (Continued on page 96)

Jamie, ABC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored alternately by Duffy-Mott Co., Inc., and The Ekco Products Co.



Famous or not, there's still that homework . . .



And pets to care for—hamsters, cats, fish . . .



Portrait of Brandon (above piano) has a "dreamlike quality" which reminds his mother of the fairy tale they've been living. More down-to-earth—but still fabulous—is the model railroad which delights both father and son. Then, in Brandon's own room, a revealing glimpse of a very typical boy—surrounded by typical boyhood treasures.

Red Buttons' girl friend
(and singer on *The Big Payoff*)
has loads of reasons
for feeling as she does



“Love to live with Mother,” says Betty Ann Grove

By MARIE HALLER

OF COURSE, I know some people like to live alone,” smiles petite, auburn-haired, green-eyed Betty Ann Grove, featured singer and actress on *The Big Payoff*, and Red's girl friend on *The Red Buttons Show*. “But not me. I know—I tried it once. For six months in 1948, when I first came to New York, I lived alone at the Barbizon Hotel. To my way of thinking, that's a life strictly (Continued on page 99)

Betty Ann Grove is seen on *The Big Payoff*, CBS-TV, M-F, at 3 P.M., as sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive, and *The Red Buttons Show*, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M., as sponsored by General Foods Corp. for Instant Maxwell House Coffee. (All times given EST)

Mutual admiration—Betty Ann relies on her mother's judgment, Mrs. Grove has complete faith in Betty Ann's.



Above, Cyrano "arfs" politely to a fellow dachshund. Below, he and Mrs. Grove wake Betty Ann for a busy day.





Heartbreaks and hard knocks haven't changed Win Elliot's faith in human decency

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

LATE the other afternoon in New York, I slipped into a back seat of the Mansfield Theatre and watched Win Elliot conduct his TV show, *On Your Account*. The idea of the show is pretty simple. People who have been involved in personal tragedies come to the show with the idea of winning or borrowing money. Naturally, there has to be a screening of these people before the show, so that just anybody with a yen for some quick money won't come in with a made-up story and victimize the public.

Three people made their pleas on the show that day. The first (*Continued on page 83*)

On Your Account, on NBC-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M., is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide. Win is also heard on *Sanka Salutes*, CBS Radio, Sat., 8:25 P.M., *Gillette Cavalcade Of Sports*, ABC Radio, Fri., 10 P.M., and *Time For Betty Crocker* (his wife Rita is often heard on this one, too), ABC Radio, M-W-F, 8:55 A.M., 2:30 & 4:25 P.M. All EST.



Good citizen Win Elliot campaigns from door to door.

Happy husband helps wife Rita weed out that garden.



Family pets: Irish setter, Sean; cat, Paddypaws.

TRULY,



Win Elliot with an armful of his dreams: Sons Peter (left) and Rickey, and daughter Susie (Sue Ann).

ON YOUR ACCOUNT

**She's exciting,
breath-takingly lovely, with
the biggest heart
in the whole, wide world**



Daughter Susan's interests are Mary's interests. For her, the children—and their smiles—always come first.



Scripts first brought Mary and Harry together.

Susan plays for her favorite (and proudest) fan.



By **BUD MARTIN**

SOME TEN years ago, Mary Shipp—who at present plays Marie Wilson's roommate.

Kay Foster, on *My Friend Irma*—was standing at a microphone pouring out teen-age emotion. A shy young man came out of the radio sponsor's booth and, with a quiet step and a still quieter manner, approached the pretty redhead.

"I'm sorry, Mary," said Harry Ackerman, the agency man for the show, "but I don't think you're right for this teen-age part. You're great just being yourself, but you'll never be able to play a youngster. By the way . . . uh . . . have you got a ride home?"

Mary didn't voice the thoughts that went spinning through her mind, but they approximated something like: How can anyone with such a nice face say a thing like that? How can a man with such a nice voice have such a contrary opinion? Doesn't he realize this is the most important thing in my life?

"I don't see how you can say that, Harry," she exclaimed aloud. "I wouldn't have asked you to listen to me if I thought you were going to disagree!"

"There goes your feminine logic," Harry replied in the same unruffled tones. "You did ask me, and my personal opinion is—you can't play that part!" (Continued on page 70)

Mary Shipp is seen in *My Friend Irma*, over CBS-TV, Fri., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Kool Cigarettes.

My Friend Irma is heard on CBS Radio, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EST, for The Toni Company and Carter Products.

IRMA'S FRIEND, MARY



Meet the Ackermans—Lincoln-enthusiast Harry, pianist Susan, fisherman Stephen, and actress-mother Mary Shipp!

You asked for it!

By ELIZABETH GOODE



Query: "How does Santa do it?" Art checks up with balloon-toymaker Trebor, for a report to the children.

YOU CAN depend on Art Baker," Wayne Steffner, television producer of ABC-TV's *You Asked For It*, said at rehearsal.

"It doesn't matter when the TV cameras roll, he's always ready. He and his smile are as dependable as Standard Time."

Art's smile says, "I'm glad I'm living!" It's a smile that comes from the heart and reflects his attitude toward life. Art will always be wearing that smile, for he says, "I am convinced that our happiness depends more on the way we meet the jobs of life than the nature of the jobs." (Continued on page 106)

Art Baker is host-emcee of *You Asked For It*, as seen on ABC-TV, Sun., 7:00 P.M. EST, for Skippy Peanut Butter.



Research: Art studies his script on his way to work—and gets doggy data from Mrs. Chips.



**ART BAKER
GIVES YOU
THE SMILE
YOU WANT—
BECAUSE HE'S GLAD
EVERY DAY'S
A HAPPY DAY**



Fan mail: Baker gets it a ton at a time—and everyone wants his autograph!

Favorite: He loves this Burroughs portrait, called "Papita"—but hopes to dry those tears.



Hobby: Even the flowers smile for Art—who knows the sun must shine after rainiest days.



**what marriage
can do for a guy!**





No limit to Mike and Buff Cobb Wallace's view from their rooftop! (Left—with cats Clyde and Cassandra.)

By FRANCES KISH

WHEN Mike Wallace, emcee of *I'll Buy That* and *Stage Struck*, looks at his petite, beautiful wife, Buff Cobb, he's apt to shake his head in wonderment and think to himself: That's what marriage can do to a guy! Buff has the kind of sabre-sharp mind that belies her kitten-soft prettiness, and the kind of determination to work out their dreams that gives Mike the incentive to know what's right for him.

When Mike and Buff first met in Chicago, he was already a successful young man-about-radio. Buff was a few years younger, just twenty at the time, and already well known (*Continued on page 103*)

Mike Wallace is emcee of *I'll Buy That*, CBS-TV, Tu and Th, 2 P.M. EST (first 15 minutes for Air-Wick and Nylast)—and of *Stage Struck*, CBS Radio, Fr., 9 P.M. EST.



Tough game like chess should be easy for Buff, who has helped Mike solve much harder problems.



Family conference table, where Mike and Buff make many a key decision—both personal and professional—together.

THE SKY'S THE ONLY LIMIT WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR LOVE BY YOUR SIDE

Honeymoon House



Joan Caulfield, heroine of *My Favorite Husband*, finds life like a TV script—



Davey's a very special breed—a sort of "script dog"?

By BETTY MILLS

DAVEY the Airedale came bounding into Joan Caulfield's bedroom. He came to make an announcement, for Davey is a bright dog.

"Wroughf!" barked Davey.

"Really!" said Joan.

"Wreouuff!" barked Davey again. With another "wouff" and a wag of his tail, he emphasized his announcement: Joan's husband, movie producer Frank Ross, had just arrived home after a two-week trip for his New York premiere of "The Robe."

With the second (Continued on page 75)

Joan Caulfield in *My Favorite Husband*, over CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, under the alternate sponsorship of the Simmons Co. and the International Silver Co.

Joan studying her lines for *My Favorite Husband*, which sometimes parallels her home life—accidentally?



Husband Frank Ross helps Joan with scripts, too.



Wedding day—April 29, 1950. Since Joan and Frank cut their cake, they have known fulfillment of all their dreams—except one.

amusing and completely delightful!



Search for tomorrow



1. The new-found happiness of Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate (opposite page) is threatened by Higbee, who has sinister plans for using Hazel, a woman from Tate's past.

2. Unaware of Higbee's scheme, Joanne and Arthur happily announce their wedding plans to their friends Marge and Stu Bergman, as Joanne's daughter, Patti, listens.



A BRIGHT ray of happiness shone in Joanne Barron's life when Arthur Tate finally proposed to her. But, unknown to her, there were clouds of conniving and deceit—created by people determined to satisfy their own greedy desires at anyone's expense—threatening to destroy all her hopes for the future. Most mysterious were the reasons behind both Mortimer Higbee's and Carlton's desire to buy the Motor Haven and Higbee's purpose in bringing a woman named Hazel, who somehow figures in Arthur Tate's past, to Henderson from Los Angeles. Higbee,

See Next Page →

Search for tomorrow



3. Higbee goes to see Joanne and Arthur and offers to buy the Motor Hoven, but they refuse, telling him of their marriage and plans to make Motor Hoven their home as well as their business.



4. After Arthur leaves, Joanne stores fondly of the picture of her dead husband, Keith, feeling that she is doing what he would have wanted.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Joanne Barron.....	Mary Stuart
Arthur Tate.....	Terry O'Sullivan
Marge Bergman.....	Melba Rae
Stu Bergman.....	Larry Haines
Irene Barron.....	Bess Johnson
Patti Barron.....	Lynn Loring
Mortimer Higbee.....	Ian Martin
Hazel.....	Mary Patton
Pearl March.....	Sylvia Field

Search For Tomorrow is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, for Spic and Span, Cheer, Joy, and Shasta.

a suave member of an underworld "organization," had been challenged by Carlton, a punk apparently on his way up, who owned an interest in the "organization's" billiard and bowling emporium. But Higbee proved to be smarter than Carlton thought, and managed to get Carlton out of the way by forcing him to fly to Mexico. He decided to ship Hazel back to Los Angeles, but, at the airport, she saw Arthur Tate and tried to follow him. Higbee restrained her, however, because he had a better plan in mind. He took Hazel back to her room, planning to keep her there until he was ready to



5. Joanne and Arthur have set the wedding date far early in January, and preparations begin in full force as Marge helps the excited Joanne choose her trousseau and make other necessary arrangements. Meanwhile, Higbee tells Hazel of the forthcoming marriage, which Hazel is certain will not occur.

fit her into his new scheme. . . . Back at the Motor Haven, Joanne and Arthur excitedly-discussed their wedding plans with Marge and Stu Bergman, as Joanne's daughter Patti listened. . . . On her way up to bed, Patti answered the doorbell and found Higbee standing there. He tried to pry information out of her, but then Joanne and Arthur appeared and he quickly switched the subject to his buying the Motor Haven. Joanne and Arthur refused the offer, explaining that it was now to be their home as well as their business. Higbee congratulated them, then returned to Hazel's room with

a bottle of whiskey, allowing her to drink a toast for him—since he didn't drink—to the happy couple. Hazel smugly assured him they wouldn't be so happy when she went to see them the next day, but Higbee told her she would stay put until he gave her the word. . . . After Higbee had left them, Arthur finally had the long-awaited opportunity to place his mother's engagement ring on Joanne's finger. Tears sprang to her eyes as he removed the wedding ring that had been so symbolic of her first marriage to Keith, who had died so tragically after an automobile accident. . . . Later,

Search for tomorrow



6. Hazel gets drunk and prepares to go see Tate, but Higbee catches her in time. He hires a companion to make sure Hazel is kept under control until he needs her evidence.



7. Meanwhile, Irene Barron, Joanne's former mother-in-law, is secretly staying with Pearl March and plans to do her part in ruining Joanne's future.

after Arthur left, Joanne, alone in her room, stared at Keith's picture, recalling their deep love for each other and saying she knew this was what he would have wanted for her. Then she slipped the ring and his picture into the bureau drawer . . . With preparations for the wedding in full force, the darkening clouds of impending trouble continued to gather . . . Higbee had trouble keeping Hazel in line, especially when she managed to get hold of a bottle of whiskey and get drunk, then prepared to head for the Motor Haven. Higbee caught her in time, however, and put her under restraint in care of a woman capable of handling her . . . Then, too, Irene Barron—having recovered from a nervous breakdown in Arizona—had returned to Henderson for the purpose of thwarting Joanne's intended mar-

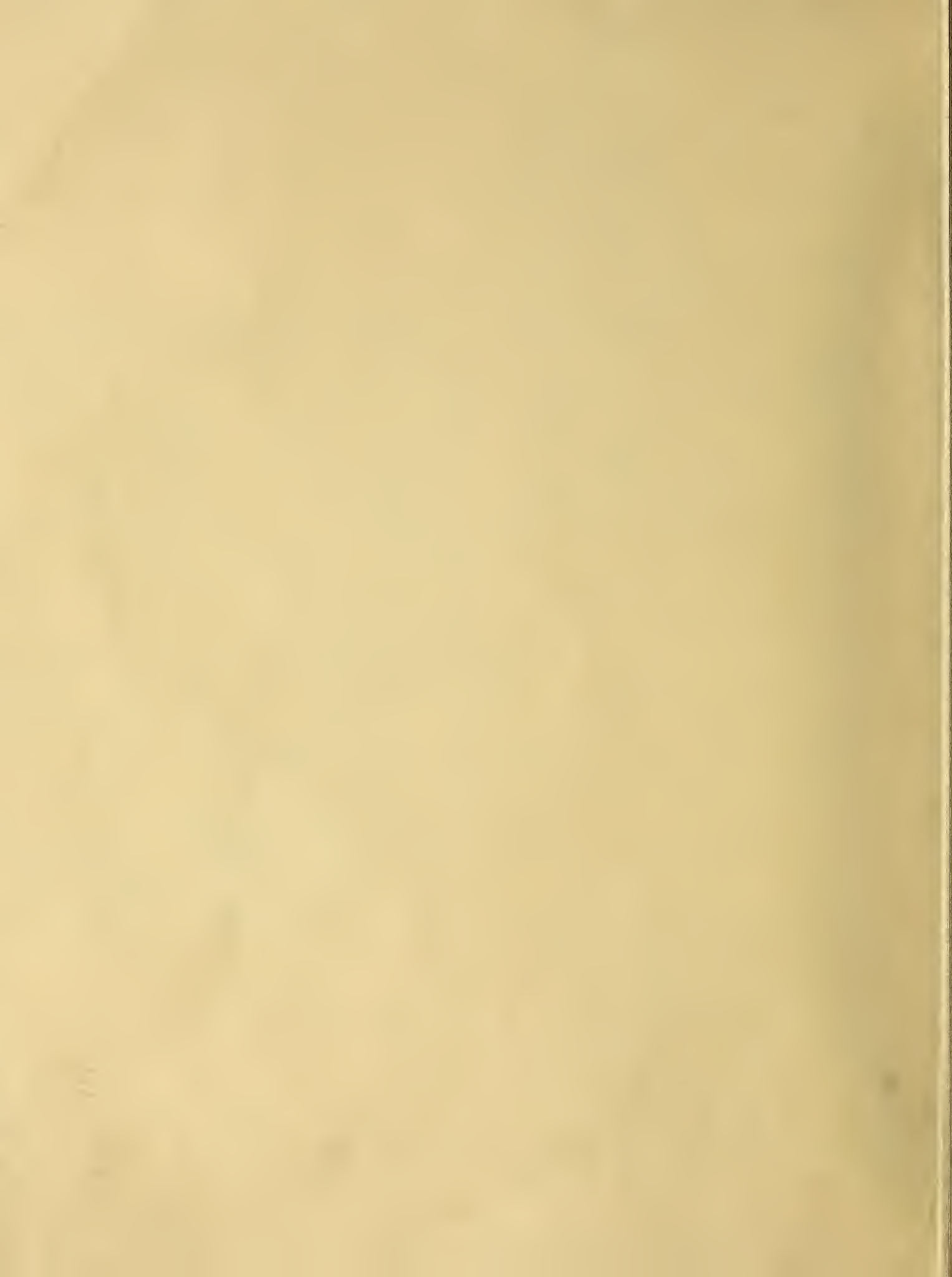


8. The day of the wedding approaches—and Higbee prepares to act. He dismisses Hazel's companion, gives Hazel a drink, and sends her on her way to Tate.

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9. Hazel confronts Arthur at last. Is her mysterious connection with his past about to be revealed? Will the evidence she furnishes stop his marriage to Joanne?



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BOB CROSBY—the boy

*There was a time
when people said he'd never
be successful because of
his brother's fame—
but how wrong they were!*

By TONI NOEL

FROM the pinnacle of his success today, Bob Crosby can look back on the doubtful yesterdays and smile with confidence, with well-earned triumph. Today, Bob has his own big television show every weekday afternoon . . . plus his regular Sunday-night stint on the *Jack Benny Program* over CBS Radio . . . plus frequent appearances on the *Jack Benny Show* over CBS-TV. He has his own instrumental group—the Bobcats. Above all, he has his own niche as a singer—Bob (Continued on page 94)

The Bob Crosby Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 3:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. Bob is also heard on the *Jack Benny Program*, over CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M., for Lucky Strike. All EST.



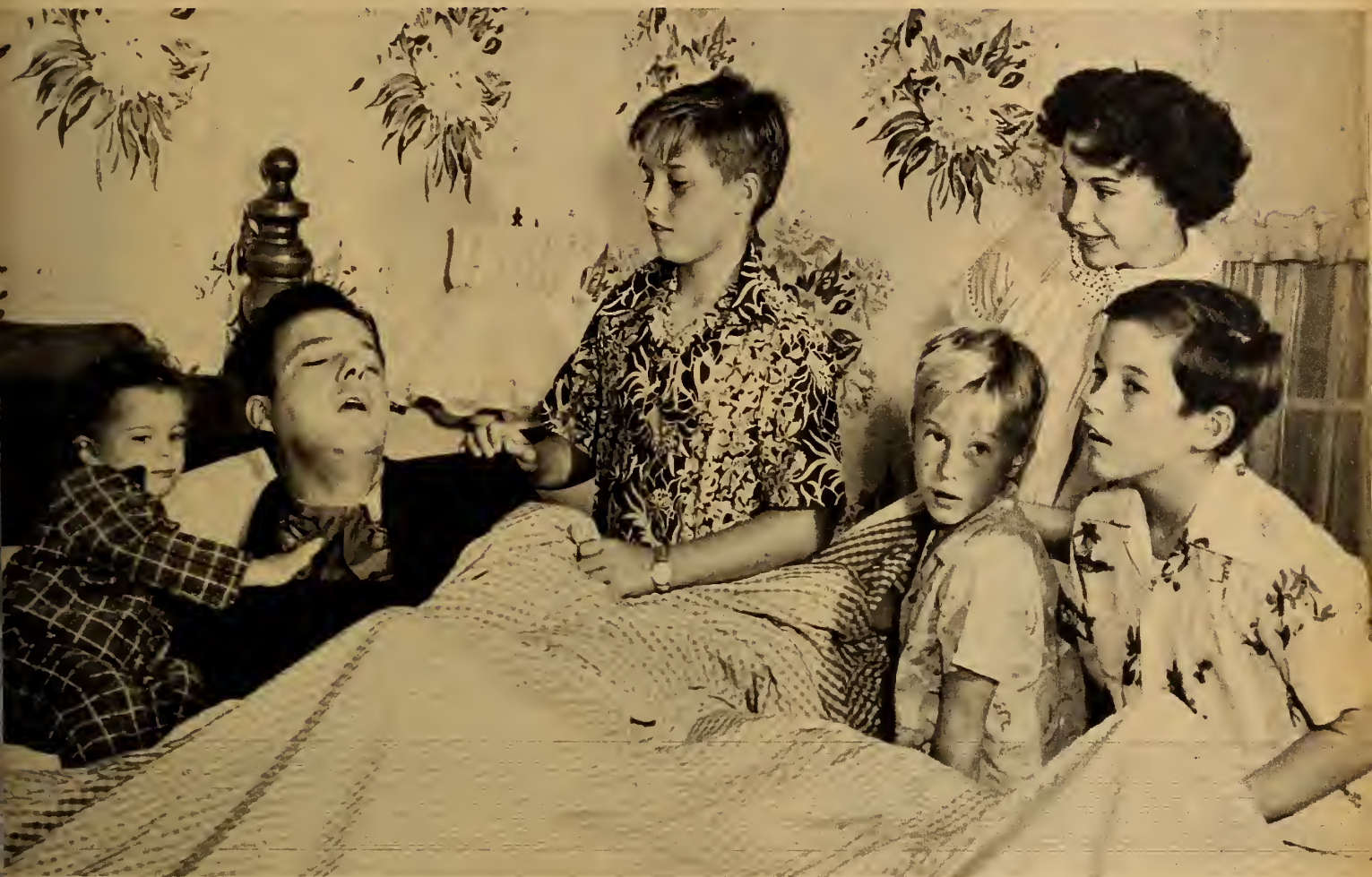
Brightest star in Bob's happy heaven is still his wife June, who never lost faith for a moment.



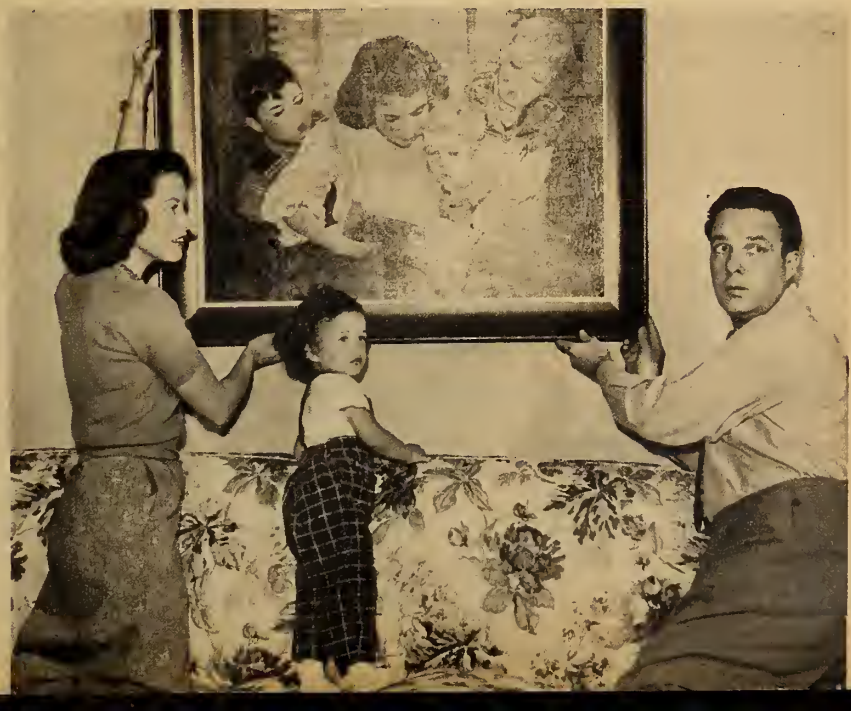
Bob's not around home as much as he'd like these days, is glad June has her special studies.

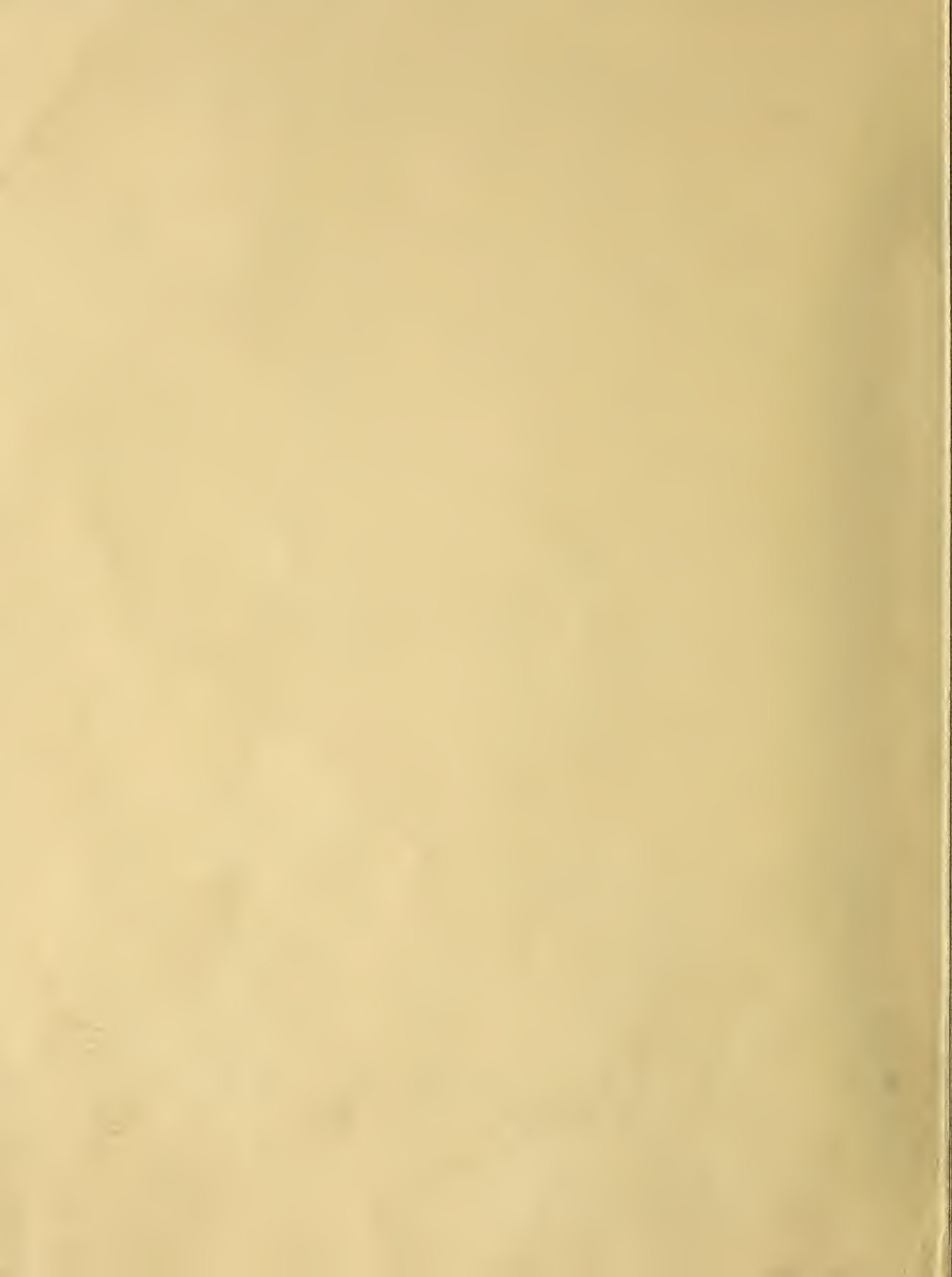


who could work miracles



Busy Bob could use some more sleep, but he's just playing possum before romping with his young 'uns (baby Junie at left, Chris and Cathy at rear, Steve and Bob Junior in foreground). Below, left—Chris, Junie and Bob; right—June, Junie and Bob hanging a family portrait painted by Mrs. C. herself.





BOB CROSBY—the boy who could work miracles



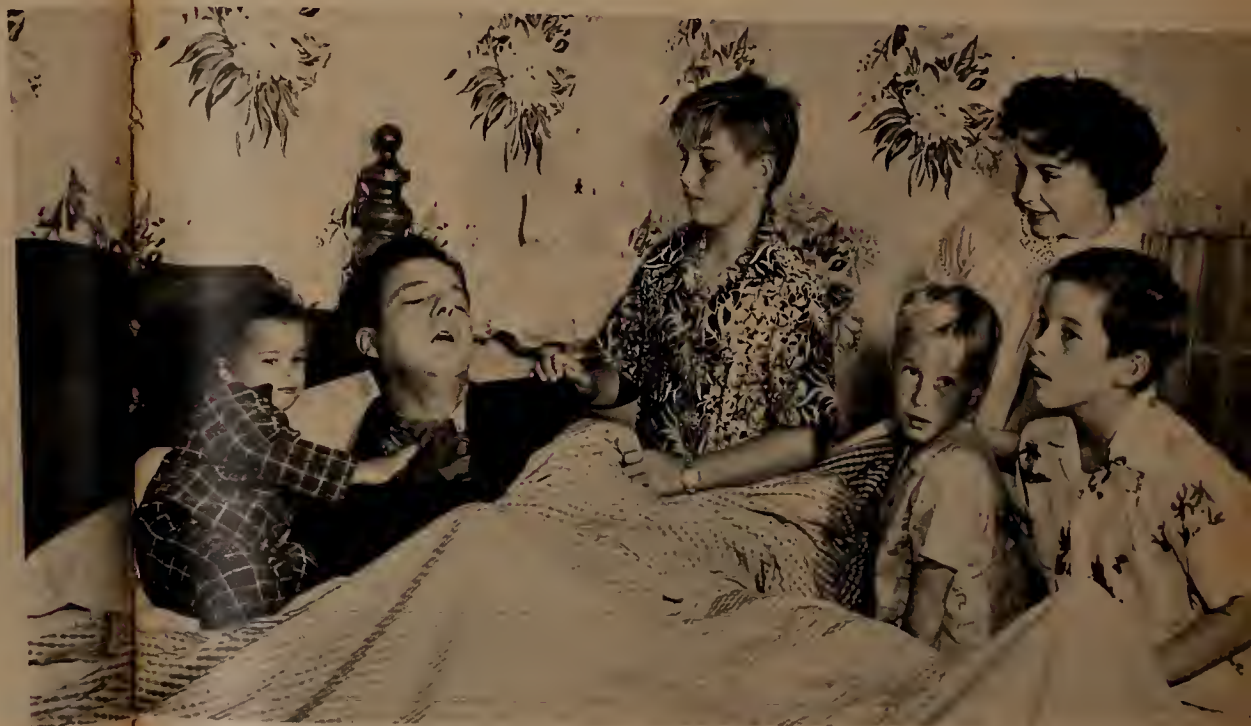
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There was a time when people said he'd never be successful because of his brother's fame—but how wrong they were!

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FROM the pinnacle of his success today, Bob Crosby can look back on the doubtful yesterdays and smile with confidence, with well-earned triumph. Today, Bob has his own big television show every weekday afternoon . . . plus his regular Sunday-night stint on the *Jack Benny Program* over CBS Radio . . . plus frequent appearances on the *Jack Benny Show* over CBS-TV. He has his own instrumental group—the Bobcats. Above all, he has his own niche as a singer—Bob (Continued on page 94)

The *Bob Crosby Show* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 3:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. Bob is also heard on the *Jack Benny Program*, over CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M., for Lucky Strike. All EST.



Busy Bob could use some more sleep, but he's just playing possum before romping with his young 'uns (baby Junie of left, Chris and Cothy of rear, Steve and Bob Junior in foreground). Below, left—Chris, Junie and Bob; right—June, Junie and Bob hanging a family portrait painted by Mrs. C. herself.



Bob's not around home as much as he'd like these days, is glad June has her special studies.





Young Kate Beekman, Gordy Webber and sultry Tony Fascina made up a triangle which pointed straight toward danger!

Perry Mason

Can Kate Beekman escape from a web of violence and murder?

OF ALL the unfortunates whose cause Perry Mason has championed, Kate Beekman is one of the youngest, most helpless, and most desperately in need of his unusual talents as both criminal lawyer and sympathetic human being. It's a heavy burden which Kate carries on her youthful shoulders, and there's nothing surprising about the fact that—at nineteen—she doesn't always make the wisest decisions in handling her problems. For three heartbreaking years, Kate has had to live with the knowledge that her beloved father, Ed, was in prison . . . and her realization that Ed is basically an honest man—who had become involved in a marijuana ring through desperate circumstances, and who had voluntarily confessed his guilt and taken his punishment like a man—can't wipe out the shame which she and her lovely mother, Audrey Beekman, have had to endure. Now that Ed is home with them again, both Kate and Audrey realize their abiding love for him—but Kate, at least, cannot quite forgive her father for shattering her dreams of a successful career. As far back as she can remember, Kate has always wanted to be a dancer and has shown great talent. She had even won a scholarship to a famous dancing school—and then had to give it up, because of the disgrace when Ed was sentenced to prison. Little wonder, then, that she eagerly grasps at Gordy Webber's offer of a job as dancer in the suburban night club he manages. . . . What she doesn't know is that Gordy is the insidious serpent threatening the whole Beekman family. Gordy is a hoodlum of the worst type, whose one faint claim to respectability is that he met Ed Beekman while in prison and—since getting out—has been in a position to offer employment to both Ed and Kate. Actually, he has been trying to involve Ed in his nefarious schemes—and, while Ed has thus far eluded Gordy's most deadly traps, his parole officer has become suspicious of Ed's actions and it will be hard to prove Ed innocent if any crime occurs. . . . Violence and crime are very much in the cards, just now. Kate is only beginning to realize the dangers inherent in Gordy Webber's attentions to her—particularly the jealousy she has inspired in Tony Fascina, a temperamental beauty who plays the piano in Gordy's night club and has marked Gordy for her own. An

explosion of some sort is bound to occur—and not only because of Tony's violent resentment. Towering in the background looms the menacing figure of "The Big Fellow," the master criminal who pulls the strings manipulating Gordy and wants Ed Beekman to be his puppet, too. . . . Tony doesn't care what happens, if she herself can only win Gordy away from Kate—and "The Big Fellow," of course, has no pity for those who stand in the way of his own evil plans. No matter which way the wheel turns, Kate is bound to be hurt. Her only ray of hope is the interest Perry Mason has shown. And even the skillful Perry will find his wits tested to the utmost as, once again he finds himself defending a client who, to all appearances, is guilty of murder!



Perry Mason, on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST; Procter & Gamble for Tide. As pictured, John Larkin is Perry; Madeleine Sherwood, Kate; Lyle Sudrow, Gordy; Adrienne Bayan, Tony.

Crime—and innocence—are challenges to Perry.

HER HEART



Rehearsing or performing, Bernardine is literally Lana Drewer, grows with the part.



Vic And Sade: Art Van Harvey—who still acts with Bern—was Vic when she was Sade, in that lang-popular radia serial.



Hawkins Falls' congenial co-workers: Van Harvey (who plays Calvin Sperry), director Frank Pacelli, Bern herself, Jim Bannon (Mitchell Fredericks), assistant director Marilyn Lassen, wardrobe head Joan King, Vivian Lasswell (May Shipley).

FINDS TIME

*First lady of Hawkins Falls,
real-life wife and mother,
Bernardine Flynn is never too
busy to help others*



Small neighbors Tony Eben and Ronny Holm occasionally play in *Hawkins Falls* and love to go over scripts with Bernardine.



Ronny Holm plays his latest piece—and Bernardine couldn't be more interested if he were her own son.

By LILLA ANDERSON

THE UNIVERSAL WAIL, heard from nearly every television star, is: "I never get time to do anything."

Days and evenings, they often find, are shred into confetti by the rush from rehearsal to camera, from camera to conference, from conference to costuming.

An exception in this hectic flurry is Bernardine Flynn who—on *Hawkins Falls*, over NBC-TV—portrays Lona Drewer, business woman, mother and community confidante.

Serene and gracious, Bernardine contrives her multitude of activities with sense and satisfaction. Unruffled as her own smooth brown hair, and without a worry line on her heart-shaped face, she sails through her schedule with time to spare.

How she does it is the marvel of her associates. Says Ros Twohy, the young actress who plays Millie Flagle on the show, "She never seems to hurry, either. Sometimes I think her hours are 120 minutes long."

Toni Gilman, (Continued on page 100)

Bernardine Flynn is seen as Lona Drewer in *Hawkins Falls*, NBC-TV, M-F, 11 A.M. EST; program sponsored Wednesday and Friday by Wesson Oil and Snowdrift.

PRISON

THE MAN BEHIND THE BADGE spotlights a woman warden and her gallant



1. As warden of a woman's prison, Florence Monahan has made many reforms. Her assistant, Dora Shelby, disagrees completely with her "soft" policies—and warns her not to accept newcomer Erna Peterman, a "dangerous firebug."



2. The waiting Erna seems oddly frightened by prisoner Mickey Phelps's cigarette. Unknown to Mickey, Erna had set fire to the school she attended and has been convicted of arson.

As a warden and as a woman, Florence Monahan has always believed that there are no bad girls—only girls who need a better chance to remake their lives, to develop the finer qualities which exist in all human beings. Her struggle to defend that belief, under highly dramatic circumstances, is pictured here, just as it unfolded on TV. It's a typical tribute to America's guardians of law and justice, as they are saluted each week on *The Man Behind The Badge*.

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Florence Monahan.....Ruth Matteson
Erna Peterman.....Bethel Leslie
Dora Shelby.....Peg Hillias
Mickey Phelps.....Ruth Manning
Milly Yarbo.....Jane Seymour



6. To bring Erna together with the others, Florence assigns her to the kitchen, where inmate Milly Yarbo is head. Milly secretly sides with Dora Shelby and "frames" Erna by pouring kerosene on the stove so that it flares up the moment Erna lights the gas.

The Man Behind The Badge is seen on CBS-TV, Sundays at 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Ipana A/C and other Bristol-Myers products.

WITHOUT BARS

struggle to prove that no girl's past is one-half so important as her future



3. Florence welcomes Erna, sure that Erna made her one mistake because of too much pressure at home and school.



4. Erna is assigned to library work but is lonely, as the other girls shun her—they're afraid she will burn the building while they sleep!



5. Florence wants to reconcile the girls to Erna's presence, but Dora Shelby disagrees—and threatens to take her case to the prison board.



7. Milly quickly quenches the blaze, but the panic-stricken girls threaten violence unless Erna is sent away immediately.



8. Florence investigates and learns that kerosene had been used—that it came from a container Erna knew nothing about, kept in a place Erna couldn't reach. Everyone realizes Milly's the guilty one. Once more, the warden has kept faith with her girls—and proved that circumstances are not always what they seem.

Dr. JEFF- in Person

*Robert Haag of HILLTOP HOUSE
is six-foot-three, broad-shouldered,
blue-eyed—and an eligible bachelor*

By MARY KELLAR



Says Bob: "I never expected to be an actor—was studying law, until that summer in Massachusetts."



Handyman: "Haven't any hobbies, outside my work, but have enjoyed remodeling every place I've lived in New York City."

BUT I HAVEN'T any story! *Really*, there's nothing about my life that's one bit different from anybody else's. Just eat, sleep and work . . . like everybody else. Nothing exciting. Nothing unusual. Just eat, sleep and work. I'd love to help you if I could . . . but, honestly, there's no story in me. Don't even have an honest-to-Pete hobby you could talk about . . . dabble in a couple of things, but I guess my work is really my hobby. You see, there's nothing unusual about me. Certainly wish I could give you a story, but there's really nothing to tell."

Which is strictly one man's opinion . . . strictly Robert Haag's opinion of Robert Haag, Dr. Jeff in *Hilltop House* (CBS Radio), Tex Mason in *The Bobby Benson Show* (Mutual), and narrator of *Call Me Freedom* (ABC Radio), to name a few. Strictly the opinion of a modest, affable, six-foot-three, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed bachelor—about himself.

It just doesn't seem to occur to Robert Haag that there's anything unusual about a chap who was born on a farm in Cullom, Illinois, started out to be a lawyer-politician . . . and wound up an actor. The fluke by which he became an actor doesn't in the least seem to impress him. "Well,

Continued →



Meals: "Like most bachelors, I can cook—though my specialties have more substance than glamour!"



Clothes: "Wouldn't care how I dressed, if it were not for my work—what man needs more than one suit?"

Friends: "No family of my own—so I like to visit, seem to get along all right with children."



Dr. JEFF—in Person



More about Bob: "Born on a farm in Illinois, I can still stoke a furnace. But I'd rather delve into history—fascinated by antiques, old times, old places."



no," explains Bob. "Lots of people wind up in their professions by means of a fluke. In my own case, it happened while I was studying law at Northeastern University. During a summer vacation at Northampton, Massachusetts, I stopped in to see a show put on by the Louise Galloway Stock Company. Well, to make a long story short, I met Miss Galloway and in nothing flat she persuaded me to take a small part in the following week's play. Not that she had to be particularly persuasive . . . I thought the experience would be a barrel of fun and well worth the ride I was sure I would take. But she clinched the deal with the argument that every public-spirited citizen should have experience in facing an audience. Surprising as it may seem, from the second week on, she had me playing leading roles. Not so surprising is the fact that I never returned to the University. But, of course, lots of people make shifts in their intended careers . . . there's no unusual story there."

Certainly, lots of people shift from one possible career to another. Actually, some try their hands at several before settling down. But how many people do you know who were "found" by absolute strangers and *immediately* thrown into a completely different—and utterly correct—profession? In Robert Haag's case, the acting profession was one he had never even thought of . . . he had never participated in church pageants, prep school or college dramatics, or any of the usual things that budding young actors generally rely on to fill the need until such time as the professional theatre recognizes them. With Robert Haag, it was a casual visit to a summer theatre which changed the entire course of his life. In him, a producer-director sensed a "natural" actor . . . and, in the space of a few short weeks, she had him headed from the courtroom to the theatre. No story? Well. . .

That fall—the fall of 1935—Bob came to New York to try his luck in the theatre. "If quantity is any criterion," he laughs, "you could say I was successful. During the course of the next three years I was in a raft of Broadway plays . . . none of the names of which I can now remember—since, almost without exception, they all closed within a week of opening. I'm sure it was good experience, but it certainly made living rugged!

"In between shows . . . and meals," Bob continues, "we of the great unemployed actors' army used to hang around a Broadway drugstore and discuss the state of the theatre . . . or lack thereof. Every once in a while, the subject of radio would enter the conversation . . . speculation as to what went on in that phase of the theatrical world. None of us knew a thing about the medium, the heart of which was located only a few short blocks east of our drugstore. We had heard it was a pretty tight corporation . . . small chance (Continued on page 88)

Robert Haag is Dr. Jeff on *Hilltop House*, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., sponsored by Miles Laboratories for Alka-Seltzer—Tex., on *The Bobby Benson Show*, Mutual, Mon., 5 P.M.—narrator of *Call Me Freedom*, ABC Radio, Sun., 9:30 P.M. All EST.



"I used to hate the way my skin looked!—peppered with coarse, dark pores—and so dull!"



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outdoor exposure, normal tensions and fatigue. A velvety Pond's Cold Creaming *gives back* to your skin softening oils and moisture—helps keep it velvety-smooth, supple, young-looking.



1. Every night, circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream briskly from throat *up* to forehead. This circle-cleansing releases embedded dirt. Stimulates circulation. Tissue off well.



2. Now, "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off *lightly*—leaving invisible traces of Pond's to soften and protect your skin.

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Irma's Friend Mary

(Continued from page 44)

Perhaps it was her feminine reasoning, perhaps feminine intuition, which led Mary to bow out graciously with an outright change of subject to the fact that she would accept that ride home after all. She hadn't gotten a good opinion out of him about her characterization, but she had gotten what she started out for in the first place—to call his attention to the fact that she was alive. For Harry was the agency representative on the show, and he had sat in the sponsor's booth week after week, never saying a word—he was that shy! This shyness had intrigued Mary, and she wanted more than anything else in the world to know this man.

As is the way of the world—at least in show business—Harry Ackerman listened to Mary playing the teen-age part for the next eight months and, as each show was over, he drove her home. At the end of the eighth month, they decided to be married, and a wedding was duly arranged at St. Kevin's Catholic Church in Los Angeles. And, for the next four years, Harry continued to listen to Mary in her teen-age role—in spite of the fact that Mary missed a few performances when their daughter Susan, now eight, and their son Stephen, now six, were born.

And, as if this weren't enough, when *The Aldrich Family* had a vacancy, Mary was auditioned for the part of a teenager and played that role, too, for six years.

Like all just-married couples, when Mary and Harry first started out, their shows, their scripts, were the only things that mattered in life. These were the center of attention, the subject of debate, the stimulus for arguments. But, when Susan and Stephen came, life took on a different perspective.

"Take that teen-age part, for example," says Mary. "Before I was married it was the most important thing to me. If I didn't get it, my world would collapse. I stayed awake nights worrying that I wouldn't be able to read the lines right, or maybe would miss my bus, thereby missing the audition entirely. My whole life was wrapped up in a couple of pages of script!

"Now, though I still have scripts—like the *My Friend Irma* show—I also have the children. It may sound corny, but the most important thing in life today is to keep the smiles on the children's faces. This is something that completely dwarfs any other problems we ever had.

"Take this house," says Mary. "We rented it for one year and fell in love with it. We desperately wanted to buy it. But the former owner said we'd have to take the furniture with it.

"We already had an apartment full of furniture in New York. Since we couldn't afford two sets of furniture, this easily could become a man-sized problem. But do you think it bothered us? Not a bit. How could it? Every night when we came home, there were the children waiting for us with grins. When you get a daily dose of sunshine like that, *nothing* can be a problem!"

Mary was born and raised in Southern California. She began her acting while still a child. As an eight-year-old pupil of Immaculate Heart Convent in Los An-

geles, she toured Southern California in a stock production of "The Little Princess." She loved to dance and was an apt student of ballet. After finishing school at Los Angeles City College, she won the radio role of Becky Thatcher in *Tom Sawyer's Adventures*. From there she went into teen-age radio roles—and met Harry.

"Show business and its problems," she says, "are now secondary. I think the children have taught me that. Their problems seem to be far more meaningful. The fact that Stevie loses his toy gun, is crying and must be soothed, somehow seems more important than whether I play another teenager or not!"

Though Mary finds her fun with the children, she feels that her husband still takes things very seriously. She has been trying to get him to relax more. "It's too bad," she says, "that he didn't have the children!"

Harry does have other interests outside his work. He's devoted to fishing and to early Americana. He's especially interested in Abraham Lincoln.

Some time ago he bid, by mail, on Lincoln's leather brief case. Mary says, "He was thrilled to find he'd been high bidder. When the case arrived, he fished around in it and was more thrilled when he came up with a pocketknife with A. Lincoln inscribed on the handle. According to Harry, the knife was far more valuable than the brief case!" Both items are now under glass and proudly on display in their living room.

"Since Harry likes to fish," Mary went on, "we often go deep-sea fishing and, if I do say so myself, I sometimes catch more fish than he does."

Fishing has also shown Harry to be a wonderful father. The first time the Ackermans took their children pier fishing, Harry *did* catch more than Mary did—and he caught twice as many as the two children together.

This upset young Stephen. Each time Harry pulled out a perch with an eager hand and a smile on his face, little Steve would look at his own empty bait pail and dangling line—and scowl.

Harry saw this and realized that Stevie was jealous. He figured he had to do something to straighten out the situation—but there was nothing he could do to keep the fish off his line. He was wise, though. On the way home, they stopped at the Sportsman Lodge, where customers catch their own dinner and all the fish are guaranteed to bite. There Stevie proudly caught dinner for the four of them.

The next weekend, when they took the children to the pier, Harry didn't catch a thing. His line was in the water all day but he got nary a bite. Stephen, on the other hand, was quite successful. He pulled in thirteen perch and, with each one, let out a shout of glee, "Look, Daddy! Look at me!"

At the end of the day, Mary saw why Harry hadn't caught any fish. He hadn't put a hook on his line! Why? "Because," says Mary, "he wanted to make sure Stevie caught more fish than he did!"

Which only proves a man will do *anything* to keep a smile on his children's faces. And that's as it should be.

DAVE GARROWAY

All about the debonair Dave, the beleaguered bachelor,
in the March issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR
at your newsstand February 5

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Meet Heinie II, the chimp imp whose self-styled tricks usually lead to unpredictable—and precarious—antics that amaze Director Perkins!



YOUR ZOO PARADE

HE WEARS clothes the other kids have outgrown. His every new accomplishment, from tricks to intelligence tests, is compared with records set by his elders. Even his name is borrowed from the thirty-two-year-old patriarch who has become the oldest chimpanzee in captivity and, to avoid confusion, he must be designated Heinie, *The Second*.

His reaction is exactly the same as that of a small boy beset by similar woes. Says R. Marlin Perkins, mentor of NBC's *Zoo Parade* and director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, "Heinie II is out to prove he's no carbon copy of anybody." Ruefully, Marlin grins and shakes his head. "When I think of the mischief that guy can get into. . . ."

Some manifestations of that mischief have been excruciatingly public.

When J. Fred Muggs, "animal editor" of Dave Garroway's *Today*, came to Chicago to celebrate his first birthday with his simian cousins, the table was set, the cake was cut. Ling Wong, the orangoutang, Sheba, the chimpanzee glamour girl, and other members of the Lincoln Park family wore their company manners as well as their company clothes.

But not Heinie II. While it is true that Heinie still regards Sheba, his probable future bride, strictly as the girl next door, he failed to relish Muggs' flattering attention to the young lady.

With his hair standing out straight as a comic strip character's, he swung at his guest. Held back by Perkins and Jim Hurlbut, *Zoo Parade's* inquiring reporter, Heinie chattered profanely. Says Perkins, "It's lucky no one could translate monkey talk. We'd have been off the air."

Usually, however, Heinie's mischief takes an affectionate turn. With Perkins and the four handlers whom he sees daily, he is gentle, friendly, good-natured and appreciative when they tell him he's a good fellow.

But Hurlbut, when he turns up for his once-a-week visit, falls into the class of a fond, indulgent pal. At sight of him, Heinie goes "Mmmm—mmmm!" He jumps up and down, lunges into Jim's arms, pulls his tie, musses his hair, steals pencils from his pocket and tickles him. Once, just

once, Heinie managed to sideswipe Jim with a kiss. Says Hurlbut, "It was like being attacked by a suction pump. He darned near pulled my eye out."

In his Lincoln Park Monkey House quarters, Heinie has about eighty neighbors, including his playmate, Ling Wong. He eats fruit, vegetables, milk, meat, and gets eggs as a treat. Vitamins keep his eyes sparkling and his coat glossy. He likes his two baths a week and the olive oil rubdowns which follow them, but he sputters, small-boy fashion, when his handlers wash his face.

Now five years old, Heinie II weighs 55 pounds. Full-grown, he is expected to reach 125 pounds and stand four feet tall on his hind legs. On attaining that growth, gregarious, mischievous Heinie will be a much lonelier monkey, for then his strength will be too much for a man, even a skilled handler, to control.

He's shooting up so fast that it's difficult to keep him in clothes. He's gone from rompers through overalls and sweaters, and now wears the full-dress suit he inherited from Sinbad, the gorilla. Already he's past the stage where he likes to dress up, and has rebelled entirely against wearing his custom-made shoes, even the pair with roller skates attached.

Inquisitive, alert, Heinie has learned most of his tricks himself. No attempt has been made to turn him into a performer. He plays dead, does back flips, loves to write with his own paper and pencil, and rides his bike.

But the self-taught trick which sometimes throws the NBC staff into a tizzy is Heinie's effort to join the production crew. Not content to nibble at the microphone like a stick of candy, he also tries to chew the rubber-insulated wires along the floor.

Says Producer Reinald Werrenrath Jr., "Once, to get a laugh, Dave Garroway signed off his *At Large* show with a make-believe hatcheting through the coaxial cable. But, if viewers ever see *Zoo Parade* go black, it may not be make-believe. If Heinie ever manages to chomp through our cable, that black is for real, brother!"

Zoo Parade, Sun., 4:30 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV.

Honeymoon House

(Continued from page 51)

"wouff" Joan was off the bed and into her waiting husband's arms. Davey the Airedale didn't say anything for the next few seconds, because he understands about these things. But after a minute and a half he "wouffed" again, because he wanted some attention, too.

Frank and Joan had gifted one another with Davey, an orphan from the dog pound, just a few days before their wedding three and a half years ago. Davey is their baby, for as yet no children have graced their home in three years of waiting.

Since their marriage, Joan has felt a need for work to fill this empty place in her life. She had wanted children very much. She had retired from motion picture work and had planned to be only a mother and a wife. But, so far, her dreams have not been fulfilled, and she's turned to outside work to keep herself occupied.

Their home is Frank's and Joan's pride and joy. Sitting like an eagle's nest high above Beverly Hills, it commands a view of all of Hollywood. The house, though small by other standards, has a thirty-year history. Built by Hollywood director King Vidor, it was once John Barrymore's home and, later, Katharine Hepburn's.

"Some people," says Joan, "may not like this house. They may think it's too far from town, it's too isolated, or that the thirty-seven steps that lead up to it are just too much. But this isolation gives us a sense of security, for it's what we want."

This is their honeymoon house. With the help of a decorator, Mrs. Belzer (Loretta Young's mother), they have filled it with a combination of comfortable "modern" and rare antiques.

"Frank is a man of definite opinions," says Joan, "and his strongest opinions concerned our selection of furniture. Some of those early scenes when we were both picking out tables and chairs were much like scenes from the show which I play in, *My Favorite Husband*."

There was the time, for example, when Mrs. Belzer brought in the dining-room table. It was an Early American piece, built like an old English draw table, and was about two hundred years old.

Frank didn't like it. When he came in from the studio that night and saw the new table, he let his opinion be known. "It's not even a foot wide!" he exclaimed. "How could you sit eight people at a table like that!"

"That's the beauty of it," said Joan. "It's narrow now but it unfolds to seat twelve."

Frank looked at the table with new eyes. But he had already committed himself; he had said he didn't like it. There's no retreat for a man with decided opinions, so he had to follow along the same tack.

"Well, you'll just have to keep it folded up. Tell Mrs. Belzer I don't like it."

That was Frank's opinion of the table. But it took Joan a week to get the moving men to come pick it up.

They finally came Saturday afternoon and had the table halfway down the thirty-seven steps when Frank came home.

With great surprise he said, "Where are you going with our table?"

"Mrs. Belzer was led to understand you didn't like the table. We're taking it back to the shop."

"Didn't like it! Where'd she get that idea? Why, that's a terrific little table. Believe it or not, it opens up to seat twelve. We used it the other night and it worked fine. I love that table and wouldn't part with it for the world!"

The moving men turned around and marched back up the stairs with the table.

Then there was the scene with the draperies. But it came after the table affair,

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

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The juice of a lemon and ½ tsp. bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in ½ glass of water is an excellent neutralizer... helps reduce acidity. Liquids are important in easing cold discomforts, so take lemon and soda several times a day. See if it doesn't help you feel better!



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Bicarbonate of soda used as a gargle is another effective measure against colds. To cleanse the throat and help remove accumulated mucus, dissolve 2 tsp. soda in ½ glass of water. Makes a cleansing alkaline mouthwash, stops bad breath that originates in the mouth.



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Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand Baking Soda are pure Bicarbonate of Soda, U.S.P. Free Booklet! Write: Church & Dwight Co., Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York 5.

and Joan had already learned her lesson.

Frank wasn't in the house when the draperies arrived. If he had been, he wouldn't have let them be put up. When he came in from work, the draperies got the same reaction as the table. He didn't like them.

"You call those draperies? They're terrible. Take them out and get something else."

But Joan had heard that song before. She didn't call the drapery people. She just waited a week, then—one day in the living room—said, "Dear, what kind of draperies do you want?"

Frank looked up at the already hanging draperies as though they were rare Chinese brocade. "What do you mean, 'What kind of draperies do I want?' What's wrong with these?"

"Oh, you like these draperies?" "Of course," said Frank. "Why you women can't make up your minds on anything is beyond me!"

The house is built in a U-shape around the swimming pool. With its single master bedroom and one guest room, it is relatively small. The guest room and bath are separated from the main house by a covered runway. The doors with the great wooden B (emblematic of Barrymore) give an air of a medieval setting to the home.

The pool in the patio is interesting, too. It has a two-story sundial, ten feet in diameter, in its center. The sundial was a Barrymore idiosyncrasy. When Frank and Joan wanted a pool, the only place to put it was in the patio. Rather than tear down the colossal sundial, they built the pool around it!

"It doesn't seem to get in the way," says Joan. "None of us swims fast enough to get hurt even when we do bump into it. Besides, it's the only pool in Hollywood where you can float on your back and tell if you're late for rehearsal!"

Now that she has *My Favorite Husband* to keep her busy, Joan doesn't have much time for floating. She rehearses four days a week, spends one day on publicity, and the rest of her time on learning lines. For her thirty-minute show, she's found she has to shoehorn ten days' work into seven days' time.

Joan's new television career began by accident. She had done two or three shows in New York, and then Ralph Edwards picked her as a subject for *This Is Your Life*. By chance, Harry Ackerman, a CBS vice-president, saw her and knew immediately that she was the girl for the up-

coming *My Favorite Husband*. He sent her a script, she read it, liked it, and once again was busy in show business.

For the first few shows, Joan learned her lines by reading them to Frank, who cued her. But Joan felt it was unfair of her to take up Frank's time. After all, he was working all day at the studio, too, preparing his motion picture, "The Robe." She realized it couldn't be much fun for him to come home for a rest and have to read her lines with her at night.

Besides this, she knew Frank enjoyed watching the show. If he knew what was coming, it took away from his pleasure.

Fortunately (or unfortunately), she discontinued their rehearsals together during the week of the third show. This was the program where Liz Cooper (Joan) used tears to blackmail her TV husband (Barry Nelson) into buying her a new dress in exchange for his hunting trip. It was also the week that Frank Ross took a trip to San Francisco on business—promising to bring Joan a present on his return.

Frank came back from San Francisco without a present. Joan didn't say anything—but were those tears Frank saw in her eyes? If they weren't, they were the next thing to it. When Frank saw those soulful eyes and the quivering lip, then he remembered the forgotten gift.

"Oh, my goodness, sweetheart, I'm sorry. I forgot the present! Tell you what, we'll do. Tomorrow we'll go on a real spending spree. You can have anything you want. Anything!"

Joan hadn't said a word!

That evening, *My Favorite Husband* was on. Frank watched as Joan's television husband prepared to leave home on a trip. When the trip was ended, and the show over, Joan had a new dress and TV husband Barry Nelson didn't even know if he'd been taken or not. Frank Ross was even less sure.

Now Joan reads her scripts to Davey. He "wouffs" in all the right places, for he's a very bright dog. This reading is fine with Davey, who loves the attention. But if the writers ever add a dog to the script, Frank Ross would like to warn Davey. Frank feels it will somehow cost Davey—in dog biscuits, if nothing else.

But you can't worry Davey. He sits at Joan's feet and, with a wag of his tail, punctuates every line of the script.

'Cause Davey thinks his mistress is the most wonderful woman in the world... a thought heartily seconded by Frank Ross—even in his most doubtful moments!



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"REEFER PARTY"—the sensational story of teens lured into the dope habit—is "must" reading in February TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, at newsstands now.

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

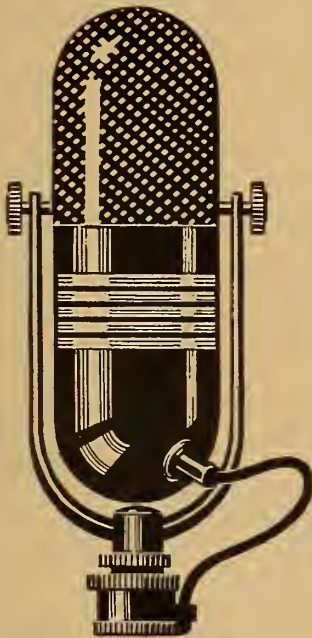
8:30	Egbert & Umily		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing	Milton Cross Album	The Music Room
9:15	Youth Brings You Music			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival Of Books	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	Galen Drake
9:45	Faith In Action			E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message Of Israel	Church Of The Air
10:15	Art Of Living	Voice Of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:30	News, Peter Roberts			
10:45				
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Frank And Earnest	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Viewpoint, U.S.A.	English Cathedral Music		
11:30	UN Is My Beat	Northwestern	Christian In Action	News
11:45	Air Force Chorus	Reviewing Stand		11:35 Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Music By Mantovani	College Choirs	News	Washington, U.S.A.
12:15			Gloria Parker	
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Time Capsule	Howard K. Smith, World Affairs
12:45		Music Box		News Report
1:00	Better Living	Keep Healthy	Herald Of Truth	Man's Right To Knowledge
1:15	Ask Hollywood	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	Syncopation Piece
1:30	Univ. Of Chicago			
1:45	Round Table			
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Healing Waters	Symphonette
2:15			U.S. Military Band	
2:30	American Forum	Military Band	Wings Of Healing	N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony
2:45				
3:00	Golden Voices, with Lawrence Tibbett	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines In Review	N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony (con.)
3:15		Lanny Ross		
3:30	Golden Treasury		Hour Of Decision	
3:45				
4:00	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Counter-Spy, Don MacLaughlin	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Twentieth Century Concert Hall
4:15		Nick Carter		The World Today
4:30		4:55 Ed Pettit, News		
4:45				
5:00	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow	News	Music For You
5:15		True Detective	5:05 Evening Comes	Quiz Kids
5:30		Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	5:55 Cedric Adams
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Considine	Bulldog Drummond, Sir Cedric Hardwicke	Monday Morning Headlines	Gene Autry
6:15	Report On America	6:25 Cecil Brown	Paul Harvey, News	
6:30	NBC Symphony, Toscanini	Squad Room	George Sokolsky	Our Miss Brooks
6:45			Don Cornell	
7:00	NBC Symphony (con.)	Rod And Gun Club	What's The Name Of That Tune?	Jack Benny
7:15	The Marriage	7:25 Titus Moody	This Week Around The World	Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	7:55 News	Chamber Music		
7:45				
8:00	Six Shooter	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall, Burgess Meredith	Bing Crosby
8:15	8:25 News	Enchanted Hour	emcee	My Little Margie
8:30	NBC Star Playhouse	8:55 News		
8:45				
9:00	NBC Star Playhouse	Oklahoma City Symphony	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant	Hallmark Playhouse
9:15	9:25 News		Call Me Freedom	Edgar Bergen Show
9:30	Stroke Of Fate			
9:45				
10:00	Last Man Out	News, Hardy Burt	Paul Harvey, News	Man Of The Week
10:15	10:25 News	Hazel Markel	Alistair Cooke	News
10:30	Meet The Press	Men's Corner	Outdoors, Bob Edge	10:35 UN Report



Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Victor H. Lindlahr News, Home Edition Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh 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	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:30 10:45	Bob Hope Break The Bank— Bud Collyer	News	When A Girl Marries	
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies' Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Modern Romances Paging The Judge	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays	Queen For A Day	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 Lee Higgin 12:20 Guest Time	12:25 Jack Berch Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45			Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Cedric Foster 1:25 News, Sam Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45				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 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News, Everett Holles John Gambling Show	Martin Block (con.) Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	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 Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner John Conte	News Oklahoma Wranglers Curt Massey Time

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Three Star Extra	Local Program		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News News The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Les Paul & Mary Ford 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon	Henry J. Taylor Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Suspense Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Hollywood Show case Band Of America	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Reporters' Roundup	Celebrity Table	Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Can You Top This? Music	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Deems Taylor	Headline Edition Virgil Pinkley Turner Calling	Vaughn Monroe News, Robert Trout 10:35 Cedric Adams

Tuesday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Beth Holland	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Victor H. Lindlahr News, Home Edition Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh 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	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:30 10:45	Bob Hope Break The Bank— Bud Collyer	News	When A Girl Marries	
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies' Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Modern Romances Paging The Judge	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Queen For A Day	Double Or Nothing 11:55 Turn To A Friend	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15		Curt Massey Time Capitol Commentary with Lee Higgin 12:20 Guest Time 12:35 News, Holland Engle	Turn To A Friend (con.) 12:25 Jack Berch Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45			Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Cedric Foster 1:25 News, Sam Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45				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	Beth Holland 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News, Everett Holles John Gambling Show	Martin Block (con.) Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
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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 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet News, Swazy 9:35 Rocky Fortune with Frank Sinatra	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ends	Town Meeting Erwin D. Canham, News	Johnny Dollar My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Can You Top This? G. I. Joe	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat State Of The Nation	Headline Edition Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill	Louella Parsons News, Robert Trout 10:35 Cedric Adams

Wednesday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
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8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile Quiz Great Gildersleeve	Deadline	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	F.B.I. In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Family Theatre	Philo Playhouse	Onstage
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Can You Top This? Report From Wash- ington	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Sounding Board	Headline Edition Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill	Rogers Of The Gazette News, Robert Trout 10:35 Cedric Adams

Thursday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

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3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News, Everett Holles John Gambling Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party
			Martin Block (con.)	Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Music	Jack Owens Show 4:25 Beth Holland Music In The Afternoon	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	Sgt. Preston Sky King 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner John Conte	News Oklahoma Wranglers Curt Massey Time

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke	
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45 7:50	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Vandercook, News News Starr Of Space 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Choraliens 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 Junior Miss
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Truth Or Conse- quences News, Swayze 9:35 Eddie Cantor	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel My Little Margie	George Jessel Salutes Horatio Hornblower	Meet Mr. McNutley Time For Love, with Marlene Dietrich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Can You Top This? Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Deems Taylor	Headline Edition Virgil Pinkley Edwin C. Hill Answers For Americans	The American Way, with Horace Heidt News, Robert Trout 10:35 Cedric Adams

Friday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	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	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:30 10:45	Bob Hope Break The Bank— Bud Collyer	News		
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies' Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Modern Romances Paging The Judge	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance		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 Higgin 12:20 Guest Time	12:25 Jack Berch Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Cedric Foster 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens 2:55 News, Banghart		Betty Crocker 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	News, Everett Holles John Gambling Show	Martin Block (con.) Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party Wizard Of Odds 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Music Welcome Ranch, Vic Bellamy	Jack Owens Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Music In The Afternoon	Robert Q. Lewie 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 Wijd Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon And Sparkie Westernaires Lum 'n' Abner John Conte	News Oklahoma Wranglers Curt Massey Time

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Three Star Extra	Local Programs		Jackson & The New Dwight Cooke
7:00 7:15 7:30	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News New Lone Ranger	Family Skeleton Beulah Les Paul & Mary Ford 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
7:45	One Man's Family	Perry Como	7:55 Les Griffith, News	
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Sings Bob Hope Show	Take A Number Starlight Theatre, Madeleine Carroll	Three-City Blyline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show News, Swayze House Of Glass with Gertrude Berg	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Great Day Show	Ozzie & Harriet Corliss Archer 9:55 Sport Report	Stage Struck
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Can You Top This? Listen To Wash- ington	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Deems Taylor	Cavalcade Of Sports	Capitol Cloakroom News, Robert Trout 10:35 Cedric Adams

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business My Secret Story			News Of America Garden Gate 9:40 Les Paul & Mary Ford
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Woman In Love Mary Lee Taylor Show	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	Space Patrol	Galen Drake Robert Q. Lewis John Henry Faulk 10:35 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 12:15	Big Preview (con.)	Man On The Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Noon News 12:05 Theatre Of Today Stars Over Holly- wood
12:30 12:45		Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour News	Music Symphonies For Youth	Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital Music With The Girls 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15	Road Show	Symphonies For Youth (con.) 2:25 Headline News	Metropolitan Opera	Lee Paul—Mary Ford 2:05 Alfredo Antonini Orch. Make Way For Youth
2:30 2:45		Ruby Mercer		
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Road Show (con.)	Ruby Mercer (con.) 3:25 News	Metropolitan Opera (con.)	Report From Overseas Adventures In Science Farm News World Assignment
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Road Show (con.)		Metropolitan Opera (con.)	The Chicagoane Soldier Serenade
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Road Show (con.) Ask The Sport World	News 5:05 Show Shop 5:55 News	Tea And Crumpe Paulena Carter Club Time	Treasury Bandstand At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News H. V. Kaltenborn Know Your NBC's	Dance Orch. Dinner Date	Labor And Manage- ment Bob Finnegan, Sports Una Mae Carlisle	Sam Jones, Politics UN On Record Sporte Roundup News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Baron & The Bee NBC Lecture Hall	Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 Cecil Brown	Disaster Strikee Walter Trohan, News Dinner At The Green Room	Johnny Mercer Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	College Quiz Bowl Theatre Royal	20 Questions Virginia Barn Dance	ABC Dancing Party	Gunsmove 8:25 Win Elliot Gangbustere
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Hollywood Story Grand Ole Opry	New England Barn- yard 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	News 10:05 Anonymous Orchestra	Country Style (con.) News

R
M

Arthur Godfrey's Story

(Continued from page 27)

The director was slow to respond, and a Godfrey ultimatum sizzled for all to hear: "Do as I say. What's the matter with you? Either punch it up or punch out."

A more drastic incident occurred when he objected to the *Talent Scouts* line-up he saw on closed circuit. On the afternoon of the broadcast, he threw out the planned program, announcing that it fell short of his quality requirements. At the last minute, he summoned his regular cast to stage an impromptu replacement.

Such incidents, it is true, are rough on the pride of performers. Yet, to his detractors, there is an obvious answer: Godfrey, through his Navy experience, learned what tough discipline could accomplish. He has also seen, in show business, that putting a cast before the cameras is not too different from sending a crew into battle. If the command is strong, each one knows what is expected of him and accomplishes it. From sharp attention to trifles comes that smooth integration which is a trademark of the Godfrey shows.

Out of his Navy experience, also, may come the explanation for what some have called Godfrey's interference with his cast's private lives. He demands that they study to prepare themselves for new ventures. Julius La Rosa objected to taking the ballet and skating lessons required of all the cast. Lessons, however, are not new to Godfrey associates. Marion Marlowe takes singing lessons. Tony Marvin takes skating lessons.

What many lose sight of is the fact that, to Godfrey himself, the chance to study has always been a privilege leading to new opportunities. During his first Navy hitch, he made up for the two high school years

he missed and thus qualified for appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis—then passed up the appointment in favor of what he hoped would be active service, when a Navy patrol was sent out to prevent a squabble between the Greeks and the Turks from turning into a general war.

He followed the same pattern of study while in the Coast Guard, graduating with commendations from the Radio Material School. As a reserve officer, he has returned to active duty for further training in aviation and at an age far past that of the average student, qualified as a jet pilot. In this demand that his cast continue learning, he asks less of his employees than he does of himself.

Yet, for all his reliance on discipline, another side of Godfrey rebels violently against being confined either by a situation, a behavior pattern, or a place.

It is significant that his earliest and most horrible memory is that of being lost in the maze of tall grass in the meadow which fronted his childhood home. As the tangle closed over him, he thrashed about and screamed frantically until his mother, rescuing him, pointed out that he was only twenty feet from the front porch.

He thrashed about equally blindly through the maze of unskilled, unprofitable jobs during his years from fourteen to twenty, but it was only after he found himself in radio that the thrashing about was done with some purpose.

Then it was the pattern of the exaggerated commercial which overwhelmed him. In the announcing fashion of that period, Godfrey, for a time, solemnly read—as ordered—the sonorous ads. Then came the

moment when he couldn't stand it any longer. One morning, after proclaiming the enticing qualities of "filmy, clinging, alluring silk underpants in devastating pink and black," he exploded, "Whew! Is my face red!"

The station waited for the store to sue. Mr. G. waited to be fired. Instead, buyers stamped the sale and the Godfrey style of kidding the commercial was born.

Similar evidence piles up. When Godfrey couldn't bear being shut in, in Manhattan, and had equally strong objections to whittling his schedule of shows, he solved that problem by reaching into the skies. Flying his own plane, he can spend weekends at his beloved Virginia farm and still dominate the airwaves in New York.

But his most notable efforts against a sea of troubles have come through his violent objection to physical injury and illness. Here the toughness of the Godfrey character is revealed in stark, strong outline.

Years ago, when that oft-mentioned truck swerved across the road and struck his car, Godfrey sustained injuries which might have killed him. He had lacerations of the left arm, left hand, left leg and left side of the head. He had a fractured pelvis, a dislocated right hip, and fractures of both kneecaps. He spent nearly a year in the hospital. He came out of it, the doctors said, because he *willed* himself to recovery.

Viewers have watched agonizing evidence of the same determination being exerted now as he wills himself to recover from his recent operation.

The inner struggle was there for all the world to see during his famed broadcast

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



1. Antiseptic (Protection from germs)

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

2. Deodorant (Protection from odor)

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

3. Convenient (So easy to use)

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

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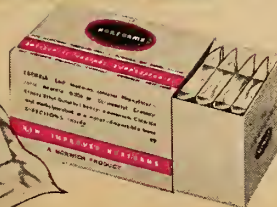
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-42
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

New Improved
Vaginal Suppositories

NORFORMS

✓ TESTED by Doctors
✓ TRUSTED by Women



A Norwich Product

from Miami just prior to that operation. There were those smarty-type critics who, for the sake of a gag, said he looked like a snorting gawumpus as he swam in from the surf.

There were others who will always remember the look on his face. It was the face of a man chilled with cold, aching with pain, aware that within a few short days he might be dead or crippled for life, yet fighting back fiercely against the strongest of adversaries. Viewers who saw it remember, too, that he came out of the water, squared his shoulders, grinned, and ran briskly down the beach into the cutting wind.

Now, when the recovery from that operation is slower than Godfrey had hoped, viewers see the same determination exhibited on a long-term basis. They've seen him devise ways to move about without the aid of self-propelling feet; they've seen his little car, his bicycle, his reach for an assisting hand. And they have also seen him resort to crutches. "My sticks," he called them—as, after wobbling a bit, he braced both in front of him and leaned against them as nonchalantly as though they were a new kind of stage prop.

Rebelling, as he must, against this most imprisoning of conditions, it's small wonder that, when organizational problems also erupted, he flared out with what he himself has since admitted was less than good judgment. For the Godfrey temper is as real, as driving a force as his courage.

His temper has often got him into trouble, but it also is on the record that this same temper precipitated what became the best break in the Godfrey career.

Starting commercial broadcasting as an unknown Coast Guardsman who won an amateur contest by plinking a banjo, Godfrey had worked to build up a following for his programs. He had reached his first crest of popularity at the time of the accident. Absent from the air for months, he had it all to do over again when he returned to the National Broadcasting Company's Red and Blue network stations, WRC and WMAL, in Washington.

Then, as now, he stacked up more air hours than anyone else. On January 2, 1934, extra assignments produced a day which extended from 6:00 A.M. to well past midnight. He told the station manager that he needed sleep. He thought the manager agreed that someone else could pinch hit for him on his early program.

At 5:15 P.M., when he showed up, the hassle was on. The station manager and Godfrey exchanged insults. Godfrey shouted back the well-known suggestion as to what the station manager could do with his job. He stormed out.

Hours later, when he realized that in a few minutes' blaze of anger he had destroyed years of work, he came back to

apologize. Coldly, the station manager accepted the apology, but added that Godfrey was fired. Harry Butcher of WJSV (now WTOP), a rival station, was ready with an offer for young Arthur. He could have a morning show, starting immediately.

Then WMAL threw a punch. They would bring in a big name to take over Godfrey's former duties. That gave Godfrey an idea. To catch his own audience, he'd go on earlier. Earlier, to him, was 12:01 A.M.

The decision produced dramatic results. At 12:01 A.M., other stations had signed off. WJSV had a clear channel. At distances, people picked up Godfrey's kick-off program. Among those so doing was Walter Winchell. He telephoned to compliment Arthur, then, in his column, advised the smart operators of radio that here was big-time talent. When a snow storm of telegraphed offers blew in, he helped Godfrey sort them out and choose CBS.

In addition to Godfrey's determination, discipline and temper, other characteristics remain from those turbulent years.

Perhaps it is the realization of how much energy and talent he himself poured into his work that makes him cast a canny eye toward the unknown or down-on-his-luck performer. Perhaps it's an honest, warm, human desire to pass on to someone else the break that is needed. Perhaps it's a practical blending of the two attitudes.

Godfrey's critics gleefully cite the fact that Mug Richardson, the Chordettes, Bill Lawrence, vanished as abruptly from his cast as Julius La Rosa and Archie Bleyer.

Yet on the other side is the record concerning Janette Davis, Frank Parker, Marion Marlowe, The Mariners, Lu Ann Simms and La Rosa himself.

Janette Davis, let us hasten to state, was neither unknown nor has-been when she came to the Godfrey programs. But she was a stormy petrel of broadcasting. She had sung many programs in many styles on many stations, but not until she joined up with Godfrey did she find the niche which exactly suited her.

The Frank Parker story has often been told. A top broadcasting star in the 1930s, he was flat broke in 1948 and nobody wanted him. Godfrey and Frank had exchanged favors when Parker was a star and Godfrey unknown. Godfrey gave him a guest spot on a program, later added him to the cast. Today, Parker states he holds "the best contract I ever had."

Marion Marlowe was brought up to be an entertainer. In childhood, she sacrificed all fun, all friends, preparing to be a star. The offer of a screen test left her sitting in Hollywood, futile and frustrated for months. Playing a lead role in a London musical comedy sent her home broken in health and in spirit. When she managed a one-shot booking in a Florida night

club, Arthur Godfrey happened to be in the audience. Under his guidance, on his shows, she has bloomed into a delightful soloist and an attractive and happy woman.

The Mariners, an outfit formed while all four members were in the Coast Guard, appeared on Fred Allen's show, then earned steady bookings on Godfrey's. Today, they are in demand for personal appearances and also as recording artists.

Lu Ann Simms is the little girl from Rochester, New York, who first turned up on *Talent Scouts*. The McGuire Sisters also graduated from that showcase.

The La Rosa story has been too much reviewed both by Godfrey and others to need further repetition. Julius came from a Navy chorus. He left, a star in his own right.

Perhaps the very repetition of this rise-to-stardom story became the fuse for the Godfrey-La Rosa explosion. Here was an on-the-air, for-real chapter of "Life with Father."

For it could well be that, in Julius La Rosa, Arthur Godfrey raised up a protégé who is as strong in character, as determined, as hot-tempered, as impulsive as Godfrey himself. Godfrey, like many a fond real-life father, clung to the picture which first had charmed him. He continued to see the young singer as a shy, awkward, stumble-over-his-own-feet, bashful boy.

There comes the time in the life of any young person when a certain amount of rebellion is healthy. To find his own way of life, he must reach out, set his own patterns, make his own decisions, instead of supinely accepting those which someone else plans for him.

At twenty-three, it was high time that Julius La Rosa, a man in years, assumed a man's status in fact.

Godfrey schooled La Rosa and it is to Godfrey's credit that La Rosa has conducted himself so well. For, in the main, the steps of his rebellion have been constructive. Where, in show business, there's many a record of a young person in a similar spot turning into Broadway's best hell-raiser, La Rosa showed his independence in better fashion.

In selecting an agent, an attorney, an auditor, he has chosen what the entertainment world describes as "some of the best people." Now that he is on his own, he's getting his choice of the best bookings. La Rosa has handled himself well and with dignity.

For the public, already a happy ending is in sight. Only a few days following the parting, La Rosa, shopping for ties at Saks Fifth Avenue, encountered a member of the cast who told him that Mr. Godfrey was not feeling well. Without further thought, La Rosa abandoned his shopping, hastened to Godfrey's office to sympathize.

He said nothing about the reunion to anyone. It was only when Godfrey's old friend Winchell reported in his column that "Godfrey and La Rosa have kissed and made up," that Julie's agent found out about it.

"Why didn't you tell me?" the agent demanded.

"What was there to tell?" La Rosa wanted to know. "I heard he was feeling lousy, so I went over to say 'Hi,' just the same as I would with anyone else."

And one thing is obvious—the public, which is fond of both men, comes out ahead. For, instead of one star, it now has two. La Rosa already has a three-times-a-week radio program of his own, has all the TV and theatre bookings he wants, and eventually will probably have his own television show. For everyone who turns a dial, there's a new spot for enjoyment. And Arthur Godfrey's shows continue, tops of their kind, as always.



HELP

... police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program every Sunday afternoon.

\$1000.00 REWARD

... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. There's nothing to buy; no box-tops to send in. Hear the details about this \$1000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries."

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday Afternoon

on Mutual Stations

On Your Account

(Continued from page 42)

was a mother whose son was a polio victim. He had worked for years to earn the money he knew he would one day have to have for a spinal operation, and had been an honor student, as well as president of his class, even though his spine was S-shaped and he was a complete cripple. His mother wanted the final sum that would insure her son's operation.

The second contestant for a prize was the father of a handsome two-year-old boy who had fallen out of a second-story window in Manhattan a few days before. A workman on a scaffold across the street had seen the child playing on the window sill, had let himself down to the sidewalk, run across, and caught the child as he fell, saving his life. The boy's father wanted to win enough money to buy a present for the workman, in gratitude for his child's life, because he couldn't afford to reward him himself.

The third contestant, a woman, had nearly lost her baby in a flood which had wiped out her home, just after she had received word that her husband had been killed in Korea. She'd met an Army sergeant during the days after the flood, and they had fallen in love, and now she was going to join him in England, where he was stationed. But, throughout the young widow's great trial, her mother had worked like a slave for her, and now was trying to rehabilitate the little home that had been ravaged by the flood. She was without funds. This girl wanted to win some money for her mother.

She won the jackpot, with enough refrigerators and what-not to refurnish the entire house.

After the show was over and the audience had left, Win Elliot was sweating and exhausted, but laughing. "Did you see it?" he said to me. "That woman won the jackpot! Isn't that exciting? She's going to get what she wants!"

"Let's go over here and talk," he said. "Can you beat it, she needed that stuff more than anybody, and she got it! Best day I've had in weeks!"

I have been writing about such people in the entertainment business for eighteen years, but suddenly I knew this man meant what he was saying, and I found myself with an unprofessional lump in my throat.

Win Elliot is a lean, adult man with carefully combed hair and very bright eyes. He is nervous but controlled. He's an ex-sports announcer with a TV show that reaches out to women with soft hearts and real feelings. And he touches the heart and the feelings.

Win and I sat down together then, and really got to know each other. It isn't hard to get to know Win.

He wanted to talk, first, about the way in which doing this show has changed his viewpoint about life. "I used to walk along the street," he said, "and I'd pass a thousand dumpy, awkward, badly dressed middle-aged women. I simply didn't notice them. But, since I've been doing this show, I've learned that it isn't only the beautiful, perfectly dressed, wonderful-looking people who are running life. When it comes to strength of character—the sheer ability to go along and cope with whatever happens—these women have it. They may not stand as straight and beautiful as Marilyn Monroe, and their husbands may not look or act like Cary Grant—but, when the time of crisis comes, these women are beautiful. They wade into the crisis with all the stamina of Queen Victoria. They become beautiful in the way they protect their homes and families. They achieve a

Can Excess Fat Ruin a Woman's Chance for Love?



The answer to the above question is naturally a great big—yes! Single women—and married women—all know that ugly fat chases love right into the arms of the other woman.

But do not despair—if you are too fat, or want to rid yourself of overly large hips, heavy thighs, legs or ankles, Daniel C. Munro, M.D. of Utica, N. Y., has good news for you! In his new 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.

New Slenderizing Diet

When you follow Dr. Munro's very simple Slenderizing Diet, you won't have to guess what to eat because this splendid new book contains suggested menus for an entire month. You need not bother with added calories or balancing your meals as you have to do with old-fashioned diets. Dr. Munro's diet is based on the new accepted scientific principle of eating animal proteins and fat (yes, fat) instead of carbohydrates. He tells you in simple language just what to eat—and what to avoid.

Make no mistake about Dr. Munro's Slenderizing Diet—it contains no rabbit food. But it does contain such foods as eggs, oysters, steaks, 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*.

On page 45 of *Slenderizing For New Beauty* Dr. Munro writes: "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."

If you are really sincere about losing excess fat, send for your copy of *Slenderizing For New Beauty*—at once. The price of this remarkable new book is only \$2.50. Get your copy now.

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kind of majesty when they sit here on this stage and tell the problems they've faced and conquered."

Win paused a moment, then asked: "You were in the service, last war?"

I nodded.
 "Well, I was a pharmacist's mate on a ship. Didn't have a darn thing to do and my job wasn't worth the powder to blow me up. But I spent a lot of time with men who were brought in minus arms and legs, men nobody would ever think could live. I watched these pieces of men come in, helped try to patch them up, and wrote them off in my mind as dead men. Then, a few weeks later, I sat with a lot of them and watched them come alive again. They were human beings. They needed and wanted and felt and hungered. You don't ever feel the same about your fellow man after an experience like that."

"No," I said, "I guess not."
 Win was talking on. "Scratch anyone, and he's decent," he was saying. "I've found that out, and it's changed my whole point of view." He went on talking in a similar vein, but I'm afraid I wasn't listening. I was thinking about the story I'd been told about Win's personal life.

There is more behind the deep sympathy, compassion and understanding in Win's voice, as he interviews the people on his program, than just a kind heart and a willingness to listen to the troubles of others. In dealing with tragedy, Win's knowledge of heartbreak isn't secondhand.

Win was born in Massachusetts in 1915, and by the time he learned his first great lessons in pity and compassion, during that stretch with the Navy as a pharmacist's mate, he'd had plenty of years to learn the more cynical side of life. He'd been a zoology major at the University of Michigan, but then he'd decided people were more interesting than animals and went into radio. He was general announcer for NBC in Washington, then a news editor at WFBR in Baltimore. By the time he entered the service he wasn't too sure that the human race deserved to be saved.

His experience with dying and maimed seamen changed all that, however. In 1945, when he returned to civilian life, he had a new outlook—or, rather, part of one. This new TV show has completed the change in his philosophy.

One thing he wanted, besides a lot of hard work, was a family. Getting the hard work was easy. He became one of the top announcers in both radio and TV, doing all kinds of sportscasts, commercial announcing, and emceeing *Break The Bank*.

But the one thing he and his wife, Ruth, longed for most seemed to elude them. It finally began to look as if they just weren't going to have any children of their own.

The idea of adopting a child had been in both Win's and Ruth's minds for some time, but neither had wanted to broach the subject. When at last, one evening after dinner, they finally talked the idea over, neither could later remember who had spoken first. It didn't matter. They both wanted the same thing, a family, and they were both impatient to begin.

That night, they felt closer together than ever before and, a few days later, they went hand-in-hand to an adoption agency. After the usual interminable delays and false alarms, they received Rickey, a good-looking, healthy baby boy. He moved into the New York apartment with a fanfare of lusty yowls, and took over as king of the establishment before either Win or Ruth had yet fully realized they were parents.

And then one day, while Win was at the sink opening a can of baby food and Rickey was chortling and happily tossing spoonfuls of mush around the room, Ruth looked up at Win, from her job of mopping up a

glassful of orange juice and cod liver oil puddled under Rickey's chair, and laughed.

"You can laugh, at this point?" Win asked, grumpily.

"I'd better be able to, and so had you," Ruth said. "Remember what you said about people who adopted babies when they gave up thinking they could have any of their own, and then usually relaxed and started having their own, anyway?"

Win let that soak in. He dropped the can opener. "Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes," Ruth said firmly.
 They welcomed Peter, their own boy, a few months later. But they had hardly had time to try to accept their new happiness when they both realized that Ruth was seriously ill.

You cannot put this kind of thing into words, because this is tragedy in its deepest sense and, in our civilization, it is a matter of taste to glance away at such times with respect and sorrow. Win knew that he would have to lose Ruth, and had already begun to think about the incredible problem of caring for Rickey and Peter and conquering his grief at the same time.

Nonetheless, Ruth's sudden death, six months after Peter's birth, was unexpected and crushing. Win sat in the New York apartment alone and told himself that he had no time to indulge his grief.

In one room was a two-and-a-half-year-old boy named Rickey, as dear to him as if he were his own flesh and blood.

In another room, a six-month-old baby played with his toes and waited for his mother to come to him.

And now we must look at this man, Win Elliot, at the one time in his life when everything he had ever learned in the past, and everything he hoped to achieve in the future, hung in balance. What would he find the strength to do? How would he resolve his problem? Had he the stamina, the will, the philosophical acceptance of his own subjection to God and fate, to rise above this incalculable loss?

Win is not quite sure how he did it. It was not a minute-by-minute thing, nor yet a planned thing. It was just something that had to be done.

"Rickey had to be understood and helped in a mental and emotional way, because he was old enough to know and miss his mother," Win told me. "That was my responsibility. But Peter was six months old, and physically he needed a mother. There is no substitute for the real thing at that age, and I had to realize that."

As he spoke, Win sat back in his chair and rubbed his eyes hard. They had been looking at a span of arc-lights all during the show, and I knew he was tired. Remembering what I was asking him to remember wasn't an easy thing for him. But Win is not an immature kid. Life has hit him in a hundred different ways, some tragic, some wonderful. After unhappiness and near-despair, he has found true contentment, and so is able to go back, reconstruct, and evaluate his own disaster.

Win was doing a series of radio shows at the time, but every moment that he had free he spent in the apartment. He hired a series of nurses for little Peter. They were all good at their jobs, but in his heart he realized that, in the final analysis, they were inadequate. They gave Peter what he must have physically, and they gave him all the affection and good will and emotional care they possibly could.

But a baby senses and understands the difference between a "paid" mother and a mother who is his alone, who adores and cherishes him, who touches him in a certain way, loves him in a special fashion. There is no substitute, ever. And Win, sensitive and intelligent almost to a fault—at least, for his own happiness—knew that only too well.

Rita Barry was a secretary, and a darned good one. She'd played around with acting a little, had a brief success. She really wanted to be in love with a husband, have a family, run a home, and be loved in turn by her husband and family. Win fell in love with her for herself alone. When it turned out that she also adored kids, especially his, that was just an added gift of Providence.

In Rita, Win seems to have found everything he has ever wanted. I have never met a man who was happier in his marriage and in his family. Once he begins to talk about his new life with Rita, his house, his home life in Westport, he becomes the complete sentimentalist.

He loves the house he and Rita and the three children live in, because it is a comfortable house that suits their needs. It is not, he will tell you, a smart house or a glamorous one, just a big square colonial family residence set down in the midst of what used to be expanses of lawn and flower gardens. The lawn is still there, but what flowers are left are pretty straggly.

"You see, when we first moved there, Rita was pregnant and it gave her a lot of enjoyment to work in the garden. But the following year, she had Susie to care for, and there wasn't any time for the garden. Now the flowers come up wherever last year's seeds fell, and sometimes we get a scraggly little bouquet, and sometimes the lawnmower gets it first."

Win laughed. "The walls of the living room are all covered with crayon writing, and you should see the wall-to-wall rug. It started out a uniform pale gray, but now it's every shade of the rainbow. There's a place where Rickey made mud pies one day, and evidence that our dogs and cats were once uncivilized puppies and kittens—and of course the children contributed in that department, too. But we don't care. The kids come first. Later on we can fix up the house, when they grow up."

Win and Rita both take their civic duties seriously. "Since we are living in Westport and raising our kids there, we feel we should do all we can to help with community activities. Democracy only works from the inside out. That's why Rita is publicity director for the League of Women Voters, and I'm campaigning to be elected representative to the Town Meeting."

It isn't hard to sum up Win Elliot in relation to his show and his private life. For once, everything is beautifully related.

Observe Mr. Elliot on his show during the week, talking to people who are victims of misfortune, sympathizing with them, helping them get money or prizes which might help them up another rung of the ladder to rehabilitation and happiness. Then follow him home to Westport, watch him play with the kids for a while and spend a cheerful, conversational few minutes with Rita. What's next?

The campaign, of course. Into the car, down the street to a neighbor's house. "I ring the bell," Win explains. "I tell them who I am, and I say, 'I don't want you to vote for me unless you agree with the way I think.' And maybe—I hope—I've got another vote."

"What do you think?" I asked, seriously. "The platform? First, better schools, better play facilities for the children. Better government generally. Sure, it may mean higher taxes but no real citizen minds paying taxes if he knows he's getting a scrupulously fair deal for his money. The way I see it."

He said a great deal more, but I think you understand what he is driving at. And I hope, by now, that you know Win is what he undoubtedly is: Honest, sincere, a real citizen, and a man who deserves the happiness he's found at last.

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What's Steve Allen's Line?

(Continued from page 37)

of a woman's touch—I learned that, since his divorce two years ago (after eight years of marriage and three children), Steve lives alone and doesn't recommend it.

"I've never been particularly handy," he says, "with a frying pan, screwdriver or anything of that sort. Still, the material things are easy. Easy to manage, I mean. I don't mind getting my own orange juice. I send my laundry out, have a part-time maid and, when I give a party—which is seldom—some obliging young woman volunteers to act as hostess for me. But I'm so busy, out so much, eat dinner out most of the time, that all I actually do here is sleep, work, perhaps open a can!

"I find myself," Steve smiles, "a fairly easy fellow to get along with. I eat almost anything and like it. Only food I don't care about are the things described as 'delicacies.' 'Delicacies' because people don't eat them very often. People don't eat them very often because they're not as good as pork chops and mashed potatoes.

"Not being a collector, I'm not overburdened with possessions of the type that can be seen and must be dusted. Pretty much indifferent to clothes, I don't have fourteen suits. Usually buy just what I need—when one suit wears out, I buy a new one.

"I suppose it's the emotional factor that I miss chiefly. Emotional relationships are important to me. I miss the children a great deal. Miss them so much I wish my show could be moved to Hollywood, where the kids are living with their mother, who has remarried. Usually fly out three or four times a year to see the boys, and the two older ones—Stevie, who is nine, and Brian, six (David is three-and-a-half)—were here with me almost all of last summer. I greatly enjoy their company. Had them on a lot of TV shows. On one of them—*The Garry Moore Show*—the kids were able to see themselves, since it's on kinescope on the Coast. When they were here, I got to see something of the outdoors—boats, you know, and picnics and things—was out in the open more than I ever am when by myself. I miss them very much.

"So I'm glad I'm as busy as I am. A lot of artistic ambition fills up an emotional gap." In his quiet, understated way, Steve adds: "I play the piano." (Mr. A. is a pianist of really exceptional talent.) "I write songs. How many? Oh, about two thousand." (For almost all of his songs, Steve writes both music and lyrics.) "My favorites among them? Well, 'Cotton Candy and a Toy Balloon.' And 'Let's Go to Church Next Sunday Morning.'" (That one sold 300,000 copies!) "And—let's see—'An Old Piano Plays the Blues,' I guess. I've got two new ones that came out around Christmas. One of them is titled 'Can I Wait Up for Santa?' The other is called 'Can Santa Come to Puerto Rico?'"

"Sentimental songs, all of them. I suppose that I am sentimental," Steve says, considering. "Realistically sentimental—let's put it that way. Meaning that if there is anything *real* to be sentimental about, like seeing little kids mistreated or unhappy . . . but I don't make a routine of saving old valentines!

"I write poetry. Just now and again. One book of poems privately published—*Windfall*, it's called. I record for Coral Records. One of my recordings is called 'Be-bop Fables.' It's a group of children's stories—'Little Red Riding Hood' and others—told in be-bop jargon.

"I also fill in on TV programs for other entertainers. Began to be known as the all-American 'replacement,' after filling in for Garry Moore once or twice, and for

Arthur Godfrey on his *Talent Scouts* show three times and *Godfrey And His Friends* twice. Quite a bit of this trading around goes on among us. Only way we can get away for vacations. . . .

"I write some scripts for television, too. Recently wrote one, called 'Flamingo,' for CBS-TV's *Danger* series." (Steve also wrote the music for "Flamingo," and starred in it, with Jayne Meadows playing the lead—a Eurasian girl—opposite him.) "Did a Broadway play last season. A thing called 'Pink Elephant.' And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has offered me a lead in 'Brigadoon.' But," Steve sighs, "since I can't do my show from the Coast, it follows that I can't do 'Brigadoon.'"

"Still, I haven't much time on my hands—so only a very small vacuum in which to be lonely in my heart. Even so—yes, I suppose I'll marry again, feel sure I'll marry again. But no immediate plans, nothing of a definite nature. Meantime, I do a modest amount of dating. Probably see more of Jayne Meadows than anyone else."

It was at this moment, as if on cue, that Jayne (*I've Got A Secret*) Meadows—vivid in a leopard coat, a mass of chrysanthemums in her arms—walked in.

A real bonanza, Jayne, for her girl's-eye view of Steve was one that Steve—for whom it is obviously punishment to talk about himself—would never have given of himself.

As an appetizer: "The first date I had with Steve was—and is," Jayne says, "the most interesting date I've ever had in my life. He took me to the planetarium! Most men would take you to a dark night club," she laughs, "but he took me to—"

"I took you," Steve says gravely, "to the moon."

Concerning Steve's looks in person *versus* on screen, Jayne says: "Much the same, you'd recognize him anywhere—although better looking, I'd say, in person. When you're introduced to Steve, the first thing that comes to mind is that he's tall and he's dark and he's handsome. . . ."

"Added to which," she immediately adds, "he's talented. Multi-talented, as you know. Completely artistic. His head in the clouds. That sums up Steve. Most important of all his facets, however, is his sense of humor. You often meet attractive men, even brilliant men, but with no sense of humor. Or you meet amusing men who are quick—as Steve is quick—with the ad lib but who—like Groucho Marx and Fred Allen—are not good-looking. If, in one man. . . ."

"On mike, he stands there," Jayne continues, "not a nerve in his body. But—whereas most performers are the life of the party 'off,' as well as 'on'—Steve is shy, very shy, unless he knows you very, very well. . . ."

It is difficult to believe that this quiet-spoken, modest-mannered young man, still in his early thirties—December 26, 1921, is his birthdate—is a veteran of ten years' experience on radio and TV and, what is more, spent his childhood on the road with his mother, Belle Montrose, who was a vaudeville comedienne, and his father, Billy Allen, who was a singer and straight man. Which should have made of Steve the hard-shelled trouper he so obviously is not. Perhaps that's because he never meant to be one. A trouper, that is.

"Born here in New York, I used to travel with my mother," Steve recalls, "in the summers. In the winters, I lived with an aunt. Or maybe a grandmother. Or with any relative who came to hand—or to heel. In any town or city of which that season's relative was a citizen. Chicago is about as near as I can come to a home

town, I guess. But I also lived in Phoenix, Arizona, in Des Moines, Iowa, Los Angeles, and many smaller boroughs.

"Originally, I wanted to write. I stumbled into radio more or less accidentally. At Drake University, in Des Moines, where I spent a year taking a course in journalism, I also took a course in radio—announcing, newscasting, writing. From Des Moines, I went to Phoenix, spent about four months at Arizona State Teachers College continuing my studies in liberal arts and journalism. It was at Arizona State," Steve says, "that I met Dorothy. . ."

"Later, I got a job at Phoenix's local station KOY—a job which included playing piano, newscasting, writing, announcing, doing everything you can at a small station except bookkeeping! But I liked it. I'd found it. Easiest way, it came to me, to make a living. Don't have to use your brains."

It was in Phoenix, Steve says, that he began to do what he describes as: "A little tiny bit of funny business. Another announcer, name of Wendell Noble, and I started entertaining at Rotary Club luncheons and the like. Noble sang, I played piano, and now and again we'd try a few little quips. They got a few little laughs. Then Noble quit the station, headed for San Diego or somewhere, and wound up in Los Angeles. I stayed on in Phoenix for about two years, doing daytime radio, singing for my supper at nights, writing radio commercials and newscasts, until I'd saved up a thousand dollars with which I, too, I figured, could wind up in L. A.!"

"Of that two years, I spent five months in the Army. During that five months, Dorothy and I got married. At the end of the five months, I was given a medical discharge. They'd discovered I have asthma. Which is why I went to Arizona in the first place, as," Steve laughs, "I had patiently explained to them!"

In Los Angeles, whither Dorothy and Steve repaired after his discharge, they had what Steve shrugs off as "a hard pull." A new wife. No job. Dwindling bank account. Pretty soon, a baby on the way.

"Then I got together again with Noble," Steve says. "He was an announcer at Mutual, but not too happy about it. We saw ourselves in a way others did not see us—as entertainers. So we started listening to programs, musical and comedy programs. Night and day we listened to programs, good and bad. And we believed—we shook hands on it—we were not that bad!"

"So we sat down and put together two skits, one musical, the other comedy. Two days after we made the transcriptions, we were told that the comedy show had been sold. So we found ourselves—at least on paper—a comedy team. The show, called *Smile Time*, was coast-to-coast network. We had no writers, so I was obliged to write a fourteen-page script every day, five days a week. I began by taking jokes out of old joke books. I learned about jokes that way. Once I'd mastered the technique, I discovered that I was able to make up new jokes. It's just part of the craft. In addition to the scripts, there was the show itself, the broadcasts. That fact that it couldn't be done didn't stop me."

Nor has anything, from that time on, stopped S-is-for-stardom and A-is-for-airborne Steve Allen.

"Pretty soon CBS hired me to do a disc-jockey show," Steve goes on. "At the end of three years, the show had undergone a complete metamorphosis. No records at all. Turned into a comedy show. So I'd launched myself, for better or worse, as a comic!"

Steve's success in California brought him so many offers from Broadway and television that, in 1950—with the reputation of being one of the entertainment

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Now reduce that WAIST AND TUMMY bulging look instantly. Figure-Trimmer literally pushes back in that dropped bulging abdominal protuberance, and then permits you to tuck in your waistline exactly as many inches as will be comfortable for you. Look at the picture and see how it works. Made of the finest materials for long life. Figure-Trimmer corrects the faults of most other appearance slenderizing garments. While some hold in the stomach they push out the waistline. But with Figure-Trimmer you slenderize both the waist and tummy appearance. What a nice feeling you'll have wearing your new Figure-Trimmer.



HERE'S HOW THE AMAZING NEW ADJUSTABLE FIGURE-TRIMMER WORKS!

Figure-Trimmer's novel waistline adjustable feature makes it easy for you to have the waistline the new fashions demand. Figure-Trimmer is an exclusive designing achievement of Ward Green Co. and is sent to you directly. Be the first to wear Figure-Trimmer and you'll be first in the beauty parade.

THE COMPLETE FIGURE-TRIMMER INCLUDING GARTERS (WAIST SIZES 22-36) **\$3⁴⁹** ONLY **\$3.98** FOR WAIST SIZES 37-46

MAIL COUPON NOW— TRY 10 DAYS

WARD GREEN CO. Dept. F-272
113 W. 57 St., New York 19, N. Y.
Rush for 10 days approval the new FIGURE-TRIMMER. I may return it for a full refund of the purchase price if not completely thrilled with results.

(CHECK ONE)
 Send C.O.D. and I will pay postman plus postage.
 I enclose \$3.49. Send it prepaid. (\$3.98 for waist sizes 37 and up.)

My waist measure is.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easy to use Viscose Applications may heal many old leg sores due to venous congestion of varicose veins, leg swelling or injuries. Send today for a FREE BOOK and No-Cost-For-Trial-plan. R. G. VISCOSÉ COMPANY
140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago 2, Illinois

MAKE DRESS SHOP IN YOUR HOME

Fifth Avenue, New York firm desires ambitious women to sell Dresses, Suits, Lingerie in and from their home. As seen in "Vogue," "Mademoiselle." Experience unnecessary. Good Commission. Free Dresses too for personal use as EXTRA BONUS. No investment. Write for Sample Book. Modern Manner Clothes, 260 Fifth Ave., Dept. T-2, New York

AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY!

CURLS and WAVES YOUR HAIR without wetting your head!



DIP CURLER

Not a Cold or Heat Wave!

Gives a Perfect Wave in 5 Minutes!

Nothing else like it! MAGIC CURLER gives a lovely halo of soft ringlets or lustrous waves in 5 MINUTES SETTING TIME!—yet produces a dazzling new culture that's hard to tell from a \$15.00 permanent! NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED! No neutralizers, no rinses.



PLACE IN HAIR

Society Editor, Caroline Tratter, writes—

"Your curlers are all you claim for them. Having fine, problem hair, never had anything more satisfying after a shampoo at home and when dry, I follow simple directions enclosed with curlers. Result—looks as though I had naturally curly hair—no more hot dryers for me. A boon, especially to business women who must be ready for any emergency. They save time, money and freedom from hot dryers."

Simple as A-B-C!

Dip MAGIC CURLERS into solution, place in hair, and presto! in 5 MINUTES the work is done to have your hair at its "crowning-glory" best! This set contains everything you need for 3 to 6 months.



LIKE MAGIC! Lustrous, lovely, shimmering curls and waves.

MAGIC RESERVOIR REVOLUTIONIZES HOME HAIR SETTING!

MAGIC CURLERS have a built-in Dupont Sponge Reservoir that holds special, safe curling solution, then releases it quickly, evenly, smoothly into your hair. Use over and over again. Guaranteed to last 5 years. Makes expensive permanents and messy, time consuming home waves unnecessary. FASTEST, SAFEST HOME HAIR SETTING METHOD KNOWN! "Takes" on all types and textures of hair, dyed, bleached, gray or white, excellent for children. Tested by over 10,000 women. You save money on complete kit (18 large size curlers in each set and many months supply of curling solution only \$1.98). Refills only 30c. Lock your best every day! SEND ONLY \$1.98 or pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on delivery. Delightful, thrilling satisfaction guaranteed on 10 day trial or money back!

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ONLY**

1¢

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CARDS IS YOURS FOR 1¢ ...
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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
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**Just to prove how easily a
few spare hours can earn you**

**\$50⁰⁰
IN CASH!**

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer like this! We want to prove how easily you can make \$50.00 and more—in your spare time—taking orders for exquisite All-Occasion Cards from your friends and neighbors. Here's the astonishing offer we're making:

**Fill out and mail coupon below.
We'll send you a beautiful box of
Greeting Cards as shown, plus
other sample boxes on approval.
And the cost to you is just 1¢.**

**Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY
is all you pay for beautiful cards
that would cost \$2 or \$3 if bought
separately.**

Only 1 to a Family! New Dealers Only!

We're making this unheard-of offer to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Naturally, offer is strictly limited and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments on approval, together with MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But hurry! Offer may end at any time!

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225 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.**

In Canada, write 103 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario

Paste Coupon on Postcard—Mail Today!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.

225 Way St., Elmira, New York

Send sample assortments on approval, plus ONE BOX OF ALL-OCCASION CARDS at your special price of 1¢. Also FREE Personalized Imprint Samples.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____

State _____

world's best ad-libbers already his—Steve came to New York and, by July 1953, had ad-libbed himself into the star spot of *The Steve Allen Show*. It is as the emcee-star of this, his own show, that TV's master comic sends lucky listeners, laughing, to bed...

And, yes, he's laughing, too. . . . "When I'm ad-libbing, I'm happy," Steve says, "and relaxed. It's easier for me than memorizing lines, rehearsing all day. I rehearse the commercials, and with the musicians. But, as far as the entertainment is concerned, it's all catch-as-catch-can!"

"I ad-lib almost anything," Steve says, contentedly. "On the show, I mean. Read letters. Kick any subject I want around, take a hand mike and wander around in the audience. Just say what comes into my mind. At the moment, I haven't any writers on the show, not one. Work strictly ad-lib and like it this way. I'm the sworn foe of what I call the 'prepared gag.' Audiences subconsciously realize when it's ad libs and when it isn't. When ad-libbing is real, people seem to laugh louder. So do I. Inside.

"The average performer has a mental block, seems, about the ad-lib. I don't know why. People ad-lib all day long and never give it a thought. Go to see the butcher, I mean, and you haven't rehearsed what you're going to say to him. Meet a fellow on the street, it's strictly off the top

of your head and the tip of your tongue. The secret of the whole thing is relaxation. . . ."

Steve laughs, too, then adds: "Life has been very kind to me. Especially professionally. A few personal worries, of course, but nothing insurmountable. But professionally, as I say, I never had to struggle very much. I seem to be doing as well on TV as I have a right to expect. From here on in, I'll expand in other areas—pictures, Broadway shows, do some more writing."

Jayne walked to the elevator with me. "Serious-minded, isn't he," she said, more as a statement than a question. "Very serious-minded man, very. Most comedians think seriously, I've found, on all the whys and wherefores of the world and everything. But I guess Steve's even a little deeper than most.

"Perhaps because he's been a little hurt . . . it's when he sees other children that you see his longing for his children. . . ."

"It's his love of mankind, though," Jayne said, "that is, to me his outstanding virtue. Love of mankind with no reservation. He loves everybody. Children. Grownups. Old. Young. And in-betweens. Never have I heard him talk against anyone, ever.

"It's his love of people, I think," Jayne said, "that makes him love to make them laugh, and to laugh with them. . . ."

Then the elevator came. I went home very satisfied that I knew Steve Allen.

Dr. Jeff—in Person

(Continued from page 68)

for beginners such as we were. Which is probably why it took me three years to decide that a 'restricted diet,' as a result of radio, would be no harder on my digestive tract than the one I was undergoing because of the theatre.

"Be that as it may, one day I sat down and wrote reams of audition material . . . loaded with dialects of all sorts and descriptions. Somebody had told me directors were impressed with dialects. In the normal course of events, I managed to land several general auditions. Fortunately for me, the casting director at the third audition took me aside and delivered himself of the suggestion that I drop the dialects . . . they all sounded alike, and were doing me much more harm than good. I'd do much better, he said, if I just stuck to being natural. It was probably the greatest piece of advice I've ever had, and the very next audition—for another casting director—resulted in my first radio role. That first role was a running part on a daytime drama, and I'm happy to say it lasted for quite some time . . . during which I learned what they call the techniques of radio acting. As is so apt to happen, once you're on one show, other jobs seem to gravitate toward you and, without too terribly much expenditure of effort, you find yourself dotting the network shows. But then, that happens to practically everybody . . . nothing unusual with me."

When asked how he, the product of an Illinois farm, likes big-city living, Bob merely smiles and shakes his head, indicating that, in his opinion, we still haven't hit on a real story. "You see," he explains, "we moved East when I was pretty small, so I can't claim any great knowledge of farm life . . . at least, not from my childhood. It is true, however, that—before the war—I had a fairly nice-sized farm in Massachusetts. Even though it was tenant-farmed, I spent most available weekends up there. It's real great to be able to 'work out' in the country over weekends . . . you know, get rid of the

week's accumulation of city-tied knots. During the war I had to give it up and, since I do quite a bit of radio work over the weekends now, there's no point to my annexing another farm. However, some day I think I might like to try it again.

"But don't misunderstand me," he continues, "I love living in New York . . . it has so much to offer. Even though I may go for weeks at a time without 'making use' of New York, I always know its many attractions are here for my enjoyment, and on the spur of the moment I can be participating in some activity that would be forever lost to me were I still on the farm—or, at the very best, would have to wait for a vacation trip.

"Come to think of it," exclaims Bob, interrupting himself, "'vacation' reminds me of the only story about myself that might in any way be different. Up to four years ago, I had never had a vacation . . . that is, since coming to New York. To put it mildly, I was tired! And there seemed to be only one way of getting that badly needed rest . . . severing studio commitments, and just departing. I was so tired that the possible consequences meant nothing. I just needed to get away.

"So I bought a trailer and took off across the country . . . headed for western Canada, meandered on down to Mexico, and returned slowly via the southwest Indian country. When I struck a place that intrigued me . . . the country itself, the people, the mode of living, or whatever . . . I'd just park and stay for as long as the spirit dictated. It might be a couple of days, or a couple of weeks, or even months. You see, history is a subject that's always greatly interested me . . . a large portion of my reading has been devoted to history. I suppose you might say I was attempting to find out what the history of America was all about. It was a really great vacation! And, as it turned out, it was my only vacation! So perhaps it's just as well it lasted a full year . . . at the end of which time I had gotten rid of most of my 'knots'—to say nothing of cash.

The time had come to go back to work. But, when I returned to New York, I found I had to start all over again. In the course of one year, a lot of new faces had entered the radio field, and needs must be to re-introduce myself. However, this time I was wiser . . . this time I knew better than to resort to dialects and gimmicks, and it wasn't too long before I could walk down the street free from fear of creditors."

When asked about hobbies, Robert is inclined to look somewhat taken aback. He really does consider his business his hobby. It's the thing he really *wants* to do. Therefore, the usual need for a hobby—relaxation from the daily money-making grind—has never presented itself. However, when pressed for a rundown on extracurricular activities, he admits to an interesting variety.

"Even though it's never inspired any of the fairer sex into proposals of marriage," grins *Hilltop House's* Dr. Jeff, "I am told I'm not a complete bust in the kitchen. Like most bachelors, out of self-defense—protection from the dullness of restaurant fare—I learned to cook. Don't do very much in the line of fancy cooking . . . am pretty much of a meat and potatoes man, myself. I guess the nearest thing to a 'Haag House Specialty' would be pigs knuckles and sauerkraut . . . what it lacks in glamour, it makes up for in substance.

"Then I do quite a bit of reading and theatre-going. By the end of each season, I've seen just about everything on Broadway that in any way, shape or form seems interesting. But, of course, just about every other actor can say the same.

"As for reading . . . more often than not, it takes the form of history—either historical novels, or non-fiction. When I had my farm, and when I was touring the country, I did quite a bit of horseback riding . . . but, now that I spend all my time in the city, I've pretty much given that up. Riding a path around Central Park is my idea of next to nothing. It may be good exercise, but it's awfully uninspiring.

Then," Bob concludes, "there's always my apartment . . . or somebody else's. With a hammer, saw, chisel and/or paint brush, I'm not at all bad. If the necessity ever presents itself, I guess I could always get a job as a handyman. All of the apartments I've ever had in New York have been of the old 'converted' brownstone type . . . you know, the ones which were once private homes in the Gay Nineties. The managements of this type of building are usually only too happy to have their tenants go to work and improve the places. With the help of friends, I've knocked out walls to enlarge rooms, built in fireplaces, and in general changed the layouts of my apartments.

"But I can't imagine that there's any real story in these activities . . . just about everybody reads, and most people can cook to some extent. As for my being a handyman, most homeowners sooner or later arrive at a degree of dexterity with tools. Honestly, I wish I could think of something about my life that would make an interesting story . . . but it's just as I said—mostly I eat, sleep and work. Doesn't seem to be a thing unusual about me or my life. I'm sorry to give you a hard time, but that's the way it is!"

Robert Haag's modesty may prevent him from seeing the unusual—the interesting—aspects of his story, but I'm sure his fans will not be blinded. Nor will they be disappointed to learn that, in so many ways, he is like a member of the family, or the likable next-door neighbor. Now, more than ever, his fans will be convinced here's a man they would *really* like to know.

Noted Beauty Authority Advises

"Don't Fool With Pimples"

by

MARCELLA HOLMES

(Former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" Magazine)



"As a beauty editor many people have asked me, 'what should I do for pimples?' I always say, don't try just

anything on them! Acne-type pimples are a serious condition that if neglected can permanently mar your looks. So use a medication specifically developed for pimples, and *not* multi-purpose skin creams or ointments that are claimed to be 'also good for pimples.'

"No general purpose cream or ointment provides in a fast-drying greaseless base the specific medical ingredients so necessary in the treatment of pimples. Fortunately, today, there's a modern, scientific medication developed especially for pimples—actually tested and proven by leading skin specialists. This medication is called CLEARASIL.

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"The specific medications in the CLEARASIL formula are contained in a new-type oil-free 'base'. This new 'base' material is not only greaseless but is also oil absorbing. Thus this new scientific formula may be said to actually 'starve' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

"CLEARASIL is *antiseptic*, stopping growth of bacteria that may cause and spread pimples. And since it is non-greasy, stainless, it may be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Skin-Colored—Hides Pimples

"This new CLEARASIL medication is skin-colored to hide pimples while it works, and to end the embarrassment of pimples instantly.

"So again I advise, don't fool with pimples. General purpose creams and ointments have their proper uses, but don't depend on them for treatment of pimples. Treat this specific condition with a *specific* pimple medication."

Proved Effective By Doctors — Guaranteed

In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication. CLEARASIL is *guaranteed* to work for you as it did in the doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. Only 59¢ and 98¢. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.

WHEN NERVOUS TENSION—

INTERFERES WITH YOUR SLEEP . . .
... SPOILS YOUR GOOD TIMES
IRRITATES YOUR FRIENDS



Those occasional nights when you're so nervous you can't sleep—those days when a tense nervous feeling makes you irritable and jumpy—let Miles Nervine help you relax. Follow the label, avoid excessive use.

Get Miles Nervine of your drug store, liquid or effervescent tablets.

MILES NERVINE

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



"But I can't imagine that there's any real story in these activities . . . just about everybody reads, and most people can cook to some extent. As for my being a handyman, most homeowners sooner or later arrive at a degree of dexterity with tools. Honestly, I wish I could think of something about my life that would make an interesting story . . . but it's just as I said—mostly I eat, sleep and work. Doesn't seem to be a thing unusual about me or my life. I'm sorry to give you a hard time, but that's the way it is!"

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DAYTIME

(Continued from page 17)

bad judgment, Ed's lovely daughter Kate comes dangerously close to a terrible fate through her interest in Gordy Webber. Singer Tony Fascina has plans of her own for Gordy. Will this tough, experienced woman allow a girl like Kate to get between her and something she wants? 2:15 P.M., CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS In recent days Carolyn Nelson has often remembered that a great man once said that power corrupts. Has her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, really changed in a fundamental way as the result of his high office? Or are the misunderstandings between them merely the result of the interference of their enemies? What are Annette Thorpe's plans with regard to Miles' future? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton Fuller is caught in her own trap when she learns that a child of her marriage to the late Gordon Fuller would benefit from the Fuller money. Only three people know that the baby cared for by Pearl Scudder is that child, cast off by Sybil in an effort to destroy all memory of her marriage! What happens to Malcolm and Augusta Overton when Sybil learns they have adopted the child? 3:15 P.M., NBC; 1 P.M., CBS.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Not fully understanding the strange ties that bind Gil Whitney to the dangerous woman he married, Helen tried to hurry her hopeless love for him in the renewed excitement of her career as head designer at the Jeff Brady Studios in Hollywood. Brett Chapman's interest has also taken Helen's mind off Gil, though fear of being hurt again prevents her from taking Brett seriously. Will Brett overcome her resistance? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

ROSEMARY On the very brink of the greatest happiness she has ever known, Rosemary Roberts may be plunged into the deepest despair. Will she and Bill find strength in their love to weather tragedy? How will Lonnie and Anna Cisar affect the Robertses' future as the Boys' Club becomes an increasingly important part of Bill's activities? Will he run into the trouble that so many of Springdale's citizens predict? 11:45 A.M., CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Young Patti Barron made a fairly good adjustment to the sudden death of her beloved father, largely because her mother Joanne found the strength and wisdom to guide the child through a difficult time. But, as Arthur Tate takes a significant place in both their lives, Joanne wonders fearfully about the future. Could Patti withstand another emotional upheaval? 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan

and Terry Burton are well aware that for years Stan's sister Marcia has been struggling to escape the domination of her mother's personality and money, and they realize that handsome, magnetic Lew Archer seems like the answer to her prayer. Deeply in love, Marcia and Lew see in each other the fulfillment of their dreams. But they are dreaming different dreams. What happens when they wake up? 2 P.M., CBS.

STELLA DALLAS When Stella's daughter Laurel married into the prominent Grosvenor family, Stella tried to step into the background, fearful of disrupting Lolly's glamorous life. But the loving, devoted Lolly refused to permit Stella to withdraw, and the selfishness of the dowager, Mrs. Grosvenor, has forced Stella to fight for her daughter's happiness. Has Mrs. Grosvenor at last found a way to ruin the relationship between Stella and Lolly? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Dr. Robert Sargent is a bitter, frightened man as he watches his daughter Grace drawn ever more deeply into the pit of ruin and degradation, and knows himself powerless to stop her. Will Grace's love for the young hoodlum, Cass Todero, lead her to the very doors of death? Or is it the one worthwhile emotion in her confused heart, even though it has plunged her into desperate danger? Can Nora Drake save her? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Young Poko Thurmond is a lovely, intelligent, self-reliant girl who has been fighting her own battles for quite a while. But her battle for love and happiness seems to be getting out of hand as writer Bill Morgan remains confused and uncertain in spite of all her loving encouragement. Will the secret Poko is guarding deal a terrible blow to Bill's mental balance? 11:15 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY The sudden death of her husband rips aside the curtain of contentment and security and forces Helen Emerson to face a dark, bewildering future. What will happen to her three children, whose lives must surely change under the impact of tragedy? Mickey, at twenty-one, is almost old enough to fend for himself. But what of Diane and young Kim? Emotionally and financially, can Helen provide what they need? 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN All during the preparation and rehearsal for Mark's new play, Wendy was uneasy over his fanatical loyalty to the young star, Pat Sullivan. When Pat's betrayal sealed the doom of what might have been Mark's greatest success, Wendy was not deceived by his apparent adjustment to the inevitable. Is the damage to Mark's tight-strung nerves

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THIS GORGEOUS BOOK IS REALLY . . .

HOLLYWOOD IN REVIEW

Once again the editors of **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** bring you *Photoplay Annual*. This year *Photoplay Annual* is more glamorous than ever! It is a treasure-mine of information about the stars . . . a real Who's Who in Hollywood. This book is a collector's item. A book that you should have in your possession. Here is just a brief description of this truly glamorous book:

HOLLYWOOD STAR ENCYCLOPEDIA—Vital statistics and pertinent information on more than 550 stars—their roles and lives in 1953. The addresses of the leading studios. Now you will know where to write your favorite stars.

BEST LIKED MOVIES OF 1953—Captivating scenes from the greatest movies of 1953—here are movie memories you will want to keep—forever!

COLOR PORTRAITS OF THE STARS—Gorgeous 4-color photographs of Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, Jane Russell, Robert Wagner, Doris Day and Rock Hudson.

EVENTS OF THE YEAR—The parents of 1953 pictured with their youngsters—memorable weddings of the year—divorces of the year that made headlines—the final curtain, death robbed us of some of the nation's entertainment greats.

THE YEAR'S NEWCOMERS—20 new stars that made their mark in '53. Pictures, as well as a thumbnail description, of these newcomers. See and read about them here, and then follow their exciting careers.

PORTRAIT GALLERY—Thrilling full-page pictures of Charlton Heston, Ann Blyth, Tah Hunter, Rory Calhoun, June Allyson, Ava Gardner, Jeff Chandler and Susan Hayward.

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DIARY

as great as Wendy fears . . . or is it even more terrible than she suspects? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Throughout the years of her marriage to Harry Davis, Joan has never lost a bit of her faith in the power of love. But the Davises have weathered many trials together, and Joan cannot help realizing that, no matter how strong love is, it cannot completely shut out the world. Hatred and envy are strong emotions, too, and people driven by them can be ruthless. Are they at last affecting the Davises? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter may well be proud of the strong ties of love and confidence that hold their children together as a family, even though almost all of them have now embarked on their individual adventures in life. But sometimes the oldest son, Jeff, wonders if there might be advantages in not having a family to fall back on. Do those who are alone find the necessary strength in themselves? 4:45 P.M., NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Time and hard work have helped Dr. Jerry Malone in the difficult task of adjusting after the death of his wife. Having achieved a way of life, and contented that his daughter Jill seems happy, Jerry does not ask happiness for himself, and at first he is confused by the strange effect on him of Tracy Adams. Is she destined to be important to his future? And how will the Williams family fare? 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Heart-broken by Dr. Anthony Loring's marriage to Millicent Randall, Ellen Brown turns to Michael Forsyth for comfort. Michael's friendship has been her bulwark against despair during this time of dreadful trial, but Ellen is disturbed by her knowledge that he wants to offer her more than friendship. Have the long years of her love for Anthony made her incapable of loving another man? Or will Michael help her to forget? 4:30 P.M., NBC.

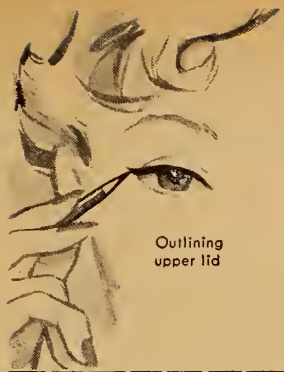
FEBRUARY 5

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RADIO-TV MIRROR



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows

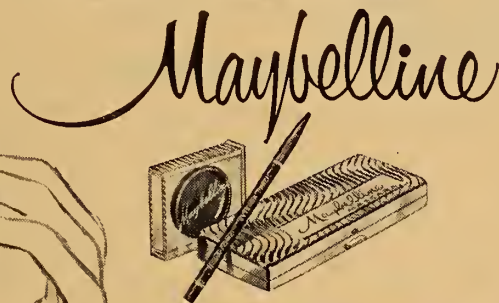


Mascara (plus Eye Shadow)

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

- 1 With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.
- 2 Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.
- 3 Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

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Everyone Loves Holly

(Continued from page 34)

warmth and friendliness. Several hundred friends, as well as her husband, are head-over-heels in love with her.

"Holly is everyone's friend," husband Charley says. "She is considerate of everyone's feelings but her own. The only time she is tactless is when she discusses herself."

Hollis came down to New York in the spring of 1947, and in six months brought the big city to heel. By fall of that same year, she had married one of Manhattan's eligible bachelors, starred in a production of one of the country's most famous repertory companies, and landed acting jobs on several network shows.

"Sounds easy," she says. "But that was my second attempt to storm the city."

When Hollis was graduated from the University of Minnesota Drama School, she made a deal at home. She would go to New York for half a year, with the understanding that she would stay only if she got into a Broadway production.

"And no one could have tried harder than I did," she recalls.

Every weekday, she was dressed and on her way at nine in the morning, making the rounds of producers, directors and casting agents until five-thirty each afternoon. At the end of six months, she totaled up the number of people she had seen at least once. The list came to five hundred. And she had nary a nibble.

She went back to her home in Minneapolis and took post-graduate work at the University, since the school had the only "live" theatre in the city. Her reason was not merely to get more experience. Hollis was and is in love with the stage.

"Talk about child brides," she says, "my wedding to the theatre took place at the age of five!"

She was in a children's play at the Unitarian Church. After the performance, a woman came up to Hollis, put both hands on the child's shoulders and said, "Little girl, you have a great, great talent for acting. You must do something about it."

She did. In her back-yard productions with the neighbors' children, the admission charge was raised to two straight pins.

"There was no lack of encouragement in my home," she says.

Her father, a tall, handsome insurance agent, had once been in musical comedy. Her mother was a concert pianist. And her home was a very happy one.

"Daddy had the knack of making a simple game or trip so exciting," she says. "Mother was my confidante. Mother was a 'progressive parent' before the term was in text books."

Any question, no matter how grown-up or perplexing, got her a straight answer. She was encouraged to make her own decisions. "As a result, I went to my parents for advice more frequently than most children."

She was allowed to choose her own clothes and her friends. As she got older, her parents carefully refrained from telling her the kind of man they expected her to marry. When she talked about her ambitions, her mother said, "All things being equal, you can do whatever you wish in life."

Throughout grade and high school, Hollis snagged lead roles in amateur productions. At the University, she got her first comeuppance.

"As a freshman, I was told we couldn't read for any play until we had completed certain courses."

To stay close to her love, she worked as a stagehand, carpenter, dressmaker, and got down on her knees to scrub the stage. Then came her first audition for a play.

She read for the romantic, beautiful part of Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac." She was cast as a salesgirl, the orange girl. Then she read for the part of a fairy princess, an elegant, wistful role. She was cast as a cat. Her third try was for "Romeo and Juliet." That time, she made it and played Juliet.

From that day on, Hollis was a University star, with the encouragement of her teacher, C. Lowell Lees, who is now head of the University of Utah's drama department.

In between her first and second joust with New York producers, Hollis did more plays and, with a friend, opened a summer theatre which was a smash success and scored a \$2500 profit. When Hollis came to New York again, she had some ninety different roles to her credit.

"I was really en route to London, that second trip," she says. "A friend of mine who had married an Englishman was trying to get me a work permit for the London stage."

When she arrived in New York, she brought with her a reference to Charles Irving. Charley was a graduate of the same university, a successful radio announcer and actor who then played the title role in *Young Dr. Malone*. Hollis had been told to call him if she needed a little cheering. After a month, she did—she did need cheering and did call him.

He made a luncheon date, and she was to meet him at the entrance of the CBS Studio Building. When Hollis got there, two men were lounging just inside the door. One disengaged himself and asked, "Are you looking for Charley?"

He led her over to the other man and introduced him as Charley Irving. But it turned out that the man introduced as Charley was really Richard Widmark, a radio actor himself at the time (now, of course, in Hollywood), and the man who had met her at the door was Charley.

It was all a joke. But Hollis decided Charley must be a little shy, and she was right. However, she found he was just what the doctor—*Dr. Malone*, in this case—ordered for the blues. He was jolly and had a vibrant personality. Charley stands about six feet, has blond crew-cut hair.

They hit it off instantly. Charley's mother and sister were in town, and for a month they were a foursome. When Charley's folks left, Hollis and Charley solemnly agreed they were in love.

"We were quite a conversational two-some," she recalls. "We were in the midst of an intellectual discussion, a few months later, when Charley proposed."

They were sitting over coffee, yaking away, when he suddenly asked, "Now, for example, what would you say if I asked you to marry me?"

"Huh?"
"Same question again."
"I guess I would do it," Hollis said, "if we were compatible."

"That's what I mean," he said quickly. "If we were married, could we get along?"

So, for the next half-hour, they listed reasons pro and con.

"You can bet the scales tipped easily in favor of marriage," she says. "Nothing outweighs love."
They were married in October, and by that time Hollis had done something about her acting career. In the first place, she was no longer Minnie. Her maiden name was Frudenberg (which translates from German into "fruit field") and she had been christened Minnie.

Friends in the business contended "Minnie" was a handicap. There was Minnie-the-Moocher and Minnie Pearl. Minnie

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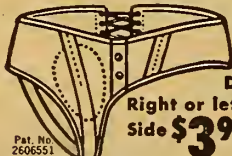


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Irving obviously was like neither of these. "There's nothing wrong with 'Minnie,'" Charley said. "Don't change it."

One day they were in the country and the hollies were in bloom. Minnie Irving turned to her husband, put out her hand and said, "Meet Hollis Irving."

Charley shrugged and said, "I still insist a holly would smell as sweet by any other name—like Minnie, for instance."

But thereafter it was Hollis. As Hollis, she landed radio jobs—her first was in *Gangbusters*. She started at the country's most famous repertory theatre, the Hedgerow, in Moylan, Pennsylvania, in their twenty-fifth anniversary production, with Eric Bentley directing.

Since that first year, she has worked in hundreds of different radio and TV productions—*Suspense*, *Studio One*, daytime dramas. She regularly plays Gertie on *Perry Mason*, as well as Pearl on *Road Of Life*. Last summer, Hollis toured five weeks with Farley Granger in "John Loves Mary." A year ago this fall, Hollis was in her first Broadway production, "Men Of Distinction."

"It took me five years to get a Broadway part," she says, "and the show closed in four days." But Holly's hopes are still high, and she has been studying with David Alexander, noted Broadway director of such hits as "Pal Joey" and "Hazel Flagg."

She has a memento Charley gave her on opening night. It is a pin—a gold star framing a blue background crowned with a ruby. It is inscribed: "To the only star in my blue heaven."

Hollis herself gave Charley a rather unique piece of jewelry which tells the story of the farm they owned. It was a 35-acre farm, with a ten-room house, in Bucks County.

"And we had to enjoy it, once we'd bought it," Hollis says. "We enjoyed it with a vengeance."

They could get out to the farm only on weekends. It was a two-hour trip each way. They toted out groceries for anywhere from two to twenty-five guests. Hollis never got out of the kitchen. Charley found himself wrestling with storm windows, caring for the grounds, sawing and hammering. They would leave New York, looking for a rest after a week's work—and return from their weekend limp and exhausted. Hollis finally prevailed on Charley to sell the farm. He did, and she gave him a tie clasp.

The clasp is a miniature axe. The head lifts up to reveal a picture of Hollis, with the inscription: "And the farmer took a wife."

The Irvings exchange gifts frequently. A gift for Charley on his birthday might be a mocha cake with all the trimmings—or a box of potato chips that he gets to eat all by himself.

"He has everything," she says. "Once I gave him a dozen fine handkerchiefs. Came time for a birthday present and I looked through his things to see what he needed. The handkerchiefs hadn't been touched—so I just rewrapped them and he got them all over again."

On the other hand, Hollis likes quantity in the gifts she gets. A set of six wooden spoons for the kitchen, for instance, Charley will wrap in six different packages. He often gives her kitchen gadgets.

"Why not?" he says. "I like her cooking." Hollis has a special recipe for spare-ribs. She soaks them in honey and soy sauce, then bakes them in a slow oven and serves with a hot barbecue sauce. Most of her cooking, however, is confined to weekends, when the maid is off.

The Irvings' apartment is in New York's fashionable Sutton Place, where they have two top floors in a brownstone. They enter by a private staircase which is painted

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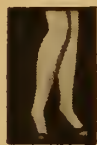
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pink and hung with famous reproductions and some of Hollis's own work.

"My paintings are just a hobby," she says.

Most of her canvases are impressions of Charley at manual labor or in other constructive moods with humorous implications.

The top floor of their duplex has a huge living room. The walls and ceiling and carpeting are in yellow. At the forward end are wall-to-wall windows which look out on the East River and on such neighbors as Billy Rose, Katharine Cornell, Irving Berlin. There are begonias and narcissus on the ledge. Under the window is a handsome ten-foot sofa. Halfway down the room is a pouff—a huge circular hunk of sofa with a semi-circular back.

There is a king-sized, custom-built radio and phonograph to the right of a wood-burning fireplace, and ceiling-high book-cases and a spinet piano. When Hollis lifts her eyes from the music, she looks through a glass panel into the dining room.

The dining room is dark red and yellow with French Empire furnishings of rose and tulip wood. On a summer night, the Irvings walk out their dining room window and up to their roof garden, where they have a dazzling view of Manhattan's skyscraper skyline.

The bedroom and den are on the first floor of the duplex. The den is a catch-all for sewing, ironing, letter-writing and video-viewing.

"We wouldn't have TV in the living room," Hollis says. "It interferes with conversation."

Their bedroom is furnished in French Provincial and boasts another woodburning fireplace, a collection of bells and a luxurious quilt with French figures. Above the bed are 3-D reproductions of Godoy models. The colors here are purple, green and white.

"I love earth colors," Hollis explains. "I like clothes that way, too—yellows, oranges, reds, browns and blacks."

She favors tailored clothes but, as Charley observes, "She dresses to fit her mood—and her moods range from denim to satin."

But Hollis has no time to be really moody. Their life is upside down and, rather than make a distinction between social and business worlds, they wrap each day in one big bundle.

Charley, who produces the TV drama, *Search For Tomorrow*, is up at six-thirty each morning. Hollis doesn't have to rouse herself until nine, unless she is working on a filming of a TV show—such as *Man Against Crime*—and then she, too, is up with the birds.

They may both be out all day, or the home may turn into the site of a conference. People come and go continuously. Several times a week they have six or more guests for dinner. But their home is not a madhouse. Hollis has organized housekeeping so that no one is ever at a loss as where to find either underwear or cheese and crackers. Hollis plans the meals and the house cleaning schedule. Although she has a full-time maid, Hollis herself takes on a lot of the cleaning chores and still wields a mean scrub brush.

"The worst handicap in our work is that we can't make plans in advance."

They wanted a trip abroad, but had no idea of when they could get away. Hollis got the passports and put them in a safe place. Months later, Charley announced that he could get some time off. A week later, they were gone.

Often they don't know by Friday morning whether they will be able to accept a weekend invitation to the country. But they do have fun, and there is only one tragic note in their six years of marriage. Their only child died at three months. Hollis does not talk much about this.

"Hollis doesn't inflict her own sufferings on others," Charley notes. "But, for others, she'll cry her heart out."

It would be hard to draw a parallel between Hollis and the part for which she is known on *The Road Of Life*. Pearl is a poor, harried domestic in the employ of a selfish woman. Any similarity in the lives of Pearl and Hollis is purely coincidental. But Hollis, before all other things, is a warm and understanding woman—and it is these qualities which undoubtedly reach out and capture listeners' hearts.

Bob Crosby— The Boy Who Could Work Miracles

(Continued from page 58)

Crosby himself, not to be confused with any other product with a similar name.

All of which proves that Bob's a boy who can really work miracles. That treasured phrase, "his own," gives the clue. Talent like Bob's should always merit full confidence and win triumphs for its possessor. Yet Bob had to work twice as hard as any other young hopeful. He had to prove to the world that lightning could strike twice in the same family. Brother Bing got there first. Brother Bing made Crosby a name famous around the globe. There was almost no one—except Bob himself—who believed that another Crosby could make the grade.

The road was paved with ifs. If Bob succeeded, people were bound to say: "Well, he must have had plenty of help—must be mighty nice to be related to Bing!" If he failed: "See? That's what comes of trying to ride the tail of your brother's kite!"

But Bob didn't fail. And he didn't have help. Bob Crosby achieved his own success, through his own efforts. A visit to his Brentwood home helps to show just how Bob got that way—and how he's bringing up all his own little Crosbys to have the same do-or-die spirit.

It's a Saturday afternoon and a rainy one, at that. But neither rain nor snow nor sleet can stop these busy Crosbys in their tracks. This just isn't a family to sit around and mope.

Bob and Bob Junior are tossing a football the length of the living room, while table lamps sway precariously. Chris and little Junie, who is easily the most beautiful baby girl in these parts, come in to say goodbye. They're weather-proofed from head to toe, wearing boots, slickers and caps that all but cover their faces, and they're going out to investigate the unusual California weather. Steve is long since gone on some small-boy project of his own. And from the upstairs hall the voice of fourteen-year-old Cathy floats down: "Mother, may I borrow the adding machine to check this problem I'm working on?"

Mother June raises her head from her own homework to answer, "Yes, dear." That's right, her own homework. She's a remarkable girl, Mrs. Bob Crosby. After more than fifteen happy years of marriage and the birth of five children, she is right in the middle of a stiff pre-medical course at UCLA!

"I've wanted to be a doctor since I was

six years old," she says with her shy, warm smile, "and my father, who is one, has been trying to discourage me from it just that long. I took some pre-med when I attended Sarah Lawrence; then, after we were married and Bob went overseas, I got in some more via correspondence courses. And now I'm taking four courses a week at UCLA." She wants to specialize in pediatrics, and is undaunted by the fact that she has approximately fourteen more years of schooling before she is through. "Maybe it's better that way. By the time I'm ready to serve my internship, even Junie will be well into her teens, so I won't have any family problems on my mind."

You'd wonder how she does it, this small, slim girl—how she does it, and where she finds the time and energy. Going to school is only one small part of her daily routine. She does her own housework and the cooking for her large brood. She watches her husband's TV show five times weekly, making intelligent notes of things they might discuss to improve it. She's also an artist of considerable talent; the charming oil portrait of the five Crosby children which hangs in the living room was painted by their mother. And everyone agrees that she's a fine mother indeed; regardless of what she, herself, is doing, she always knows where and how her children are.

June isn't impressed with her staggering schedule. "The housework isn't bad, as each of the children has certain chores to do. Probably it would be easier to do them myself than it is to keep after the youngsters—you know how children are apt to wrangle about things like that—but Bob and I feel very strongly that they should be taught to accept responsibility while they're young. So, eventually, everything does get done. As for the cooking . . . well, I've always loved to cook, and it seems to run in the family. Even the boys come out into the kitchen and help every once in a while."

If the Crosby children, collectively, have a sense of responsibility, they might well have inherited it from their father. Believe it or not, Bob Crosby's family uses every product he advertises for his sponsors. What's more, he goes out and buys them, just like anyone else. "Why, of course, I try my sponsors' products," he says seriously, as if surprised at the idea that any performer wouldn't. "How else could I stand there and talk sincerely to an audience about whatever I'm selling?" What he isn't selling his audience, obviously, is a pig in a poke.

Television has made some big changes in the life of Bob Crosby. For one thing, he says he has never worked so hard as he does now. "Taking the band out on the road for one-night stands seems like a vacation, compared to this!" he says fervently. *The Bob Crosby Show* can be seen over CBS-TV daily, Monday through Friday, which keeps the maestro and his boys pretty well occupied. They do a day's show, break for lunch, and immediately begin rehearsing tomorrow's program. "And when you have five or six musical productions every day, man, you're working!"

"That's one reason I'm glad June has taken up her medical studies again," he continues. "Otherwise, she'd be a television widow for sure. I'm usually bushed by the time I come home, and most of the time all I want to do is sit down and relax. Gosh, I don't even play golf any more—haven't got the time. But I'm lucky. June doesn't mind if we don't go out as much as we used to. There's so much hard work in studying medicine that she really needs these evenings at home for studying. And she loves it, too,

so I don't have to feel guilty about staying home a lot."

Bob is as thoughtful and conscientious a musician as you could find, which is one good reason why his band remains up there on the top. All of the questions that lovers of popular music ask—like "Why don't they write the kind of songs they used to?" and "Why aren't there any outstanding bands, like there were before the war?"—are questions he's asked, too.

"I've talked to the best songwriters in the business, the same ones who wrote the songs we're still playing ten or fifteen years later. They admit that the stuff they put out today isn't as good; they admit that they just knock out some little cutie or gimmick song. Why? Well, they say something new has been added since the days they wrote the songs you remember. Disc jockeys.

"One of our most famous songwriters told me that the life of the average song today is about five weeks. The disc jockeys play a new tune about that long and kill it. This writer told me that, if he worked his heart out on a good song, it would be just as dead in five weeks as something he knocked out in ten minutes. The only hits today are the old ones that were written before, he said, and I guess that's the truth. I keep hoping it's just a cycle . . . but I don't know. I wish I did, because what the public wants means a lot."

He rubs his jaw thoughtfully. "And the bands—they all ask what has happened to the bands of the late '30s and early '40s. That would be a tough one for me to answer, because nothing happens to mine. We've never tried to keep up with the fads, which is one thing that happened to a lot of them. What I mean is, we never switched from sweet to swing to be-bop, just because each seemed hot at a particular moment. We started out as a Dixieland jazz band, and that's what we are today. I don't say that's the only way—sticking to your original formula—but I hope I'm right. Anyhow," he adds with a grin, "at least nobody can say: 'I used to like Bob Crosby's band before he started doing this or that.' 'Cause we've stayed the same through all the trends."

The biggest thing television has done to Bob is to scare the daylights out of him. "Before we started this show, I used to hear all this talk about how TV was ruining the people, how we were becoming a nation of morons because nobody read any more and everybody watched TV.

"I honestly didn't know what to expect from our audience in the beginning. Well, I can tell you right now, those people out there sure made a believer of me! We've never used a hook, asking people to write in and tell us what they thought about the show, so those who write us do so because they want to. The amount of mail we've been getting is wonderful, but the thing that frightened me was the obvious intelligence of these people!

"As it happens, June has never got too close to the profession, so we liked to think that her comments on the show were just about those of Mrs. Average American who was also, I hoped, watching the program. Except that I knew how bright my wife was. Well, so are these other people who write in. And they don't only listen to the music on the show; they listen to what we say. That's what threw me. You know, I always give them a little message at the end of the show, and I was pretty casual about it until the letters started coming in. Now I think about what I say, because—and it awes me to realize it—that message means something to them. It's important."

They couldn't get their message from a nicer guy than Bob Crosby, the boy who could work miracles—and proved it.

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Brandon de Wilde—Jaguar for Jamie

(Continued from page 39)

Brandon de Wilde has achieved stardom in the legitimate theatre, the movies, and now in the title role of *Jamie*, his own network show on ABC-TV.

Now, what about Brandon de Wilde's Jaguar?

Kind of symbolic, that Jaguar. It's an old nail keg and a high-chair seat fastened to a five-foot wooden plank mounted on a set of baby-carriage wheels. Brandon keeps it parked inside the picket fence on the postage-stamp-size front lawn of his home in Baldwin, Long Island.

It's the very same unpretentious house that Brandon's been living in since he was a mere toddler. The same house that Frederic and Eugenia de Wilde (a pair of astonished but elated parents they must have been) brought their boy back to, on that fabulous night of January 5, 1950, after he had shared repeated bows and curtain calls with Ethel Waters and Julie Harris at the Empire Theatre. As of that night, Brandon had a cheering public and critics in the palm of his little hand. At the tender age of seven, he had 'em bewitched, bedazzled and de-Wilde'd.

Proof of this could be read in the newspapers, next day. Glowing words of praise—the kind that usually form the warp and woof of a magic carpet fabric . . . a magic carpet to de-luxe living, replete with private swimming pool.

A mere four years have passed since Brandon's sensational emergence in "The Member of the Wedding." Since then his prestige and stature as a child actor have increased. He was co-starred with Helen Hayes in "Mrs. McThing." With Lee J. Cobb in "The Emperor's Clothes." Again with Ethel Waters and Julie Harris in the film version of "Wedding." Millions of movie-goers saw him play unforgettable scenes with two-fisted, gun-totin' Alan Ladd in "Shane." And now he has *Jamie*, a top-ranking TV dramatic series, as his fame-winning vehicle.

In the lingo of show business, Brandon is "box office." He is a "property," the dollar value of which must be increasing with each new success.

It's hard to say how any other parents of a bonanza like Brandon would behave in the face of such temptation. What Frederic and Eugenia de Wilde have done is perfectly plain to see. They have simply vetoed the magic-carpet, gravy-train route to elegance. Their motto is "Normalcy."

The de Wilde house on Westminster Road is just about as normal as Brandon's dungarees. The width of a garage driveway separates the de Wildes from their neighbors on either side. The little picket-fenced lawn in front (parking area for Brandon's nail-keg sports car) is no contender for a landscaping prize. A small porch leads to a tiny foyer and that, in turn, into a living room . . . comfortable, tastefully furnished, by no means spacious.

Holi-Shan and Luki, two utterly beautiful Siamese cats of blue ribbon caliber, give a mildly inquisitive glance when a visitor enters and then promptly settle back into aloof indifference.

A ring on the doorbell is answered by Brandon's dad, there being no servant or housemaid to attend to the matter. Fritz (as his friends call him) has the appearance of a young leading man or the chap cast as the sympathetic friend in good supporting roles. This first impression is only one step removed from the actual fact, because Fritz de Wilde is "theatre" right down to the marrow of his bones. He has a long list of credits as stage manager for Broadway and touring plays, and he is

presently a partner in the firm of Talent Associates, producers of *Jamie*.

"I'm going to have to tear away pretty soon," Fritz says. "Got to be in on a script conference for next week's show, but Mrs. de Wilde should be along any minute—in fact, here she is now."

Eugenia de Wilde, tall, tawny-haired, extremely attractive, comes in from the street, a bit breathless and with apologies for not being on the welcoming committee. Her reason for being late? She's been at a lively meeting of the local Parent-Teachers Association.

Glancing at a wall clock, Eugenia says, "Brandon ought to be home before long. I doubt if he'll be kept after school two days in a row."

Brandon de Wilde—kept after school? "Yesterday, his teacher reprimanded him for chewing gum in class," Eugenia explains. "Brandon had to write out a note to that effect and bring it home for me to sign."

Aside from an occasional lapse of deportment like that, Brandon does very nicely in his sixth-grade class at Lenox Public School, just around the corner. The school's playground can be seen from the rear windows of the de Wilde house and, during outdoor play periods, Eugenia can glance out and see Brandon romping about with his schoolmates.

"Our Board of Education people have been wonderfully understanding and cooperative about the conflict between school hours and television rehearsal time," she says. "Every Monday, Brandon has a full schedule of camera and dress rehearsal, so he's away from class all that day. Other rehearsal time cuts into only one other school day—Friday afternoon. All of this time is compensated for by private study with a school-approved tutor. The same teacher, incidentally, who's worked with Brandon since all this started. It's worked out very well."

The conversation turns to *Jamie* as a vehicle for Brandon's very special talents.

"We're trying to keep away from 'situation' comedy in the usual sense," Fritz says. "We want honesty to dictate every mood, every conflict, every laugh, every action, wherever possible. In other words, we want the situations to arise out of *Jamie*'s basic predicament—a youngster suddenly orphaned, learning to live with well-intentioned relatives."

In the real-life home of the lad who plays *Jamie*, there is evidence everywhere that Brandon belongs, most importantly. The living room, for instance. In general, the tone of this room is subdued, underplayed. But the eye cannot avoid being drawn to one vivid focal-point of interest—a large oil painting, impressively framed. Brandon's portrait.

In it, Brandon is perched on the seat of a swing. The perspective suggests that he is at a great height because, far beneath, there is a luminous cluster of lights—city lights. And what suspends this swing? A weird array of gaily colored balloons floating, swaying high up in a starry sky.

Eugenia explains that the strange canvas was painted by Lester Polakov, who designed the stage sets for "Wedding."

"Aside from that very good likeness of Brandon," she says, "it's the dreamlike quality of the background, almost bordering on fantasy, that pleases us. It's reminiscent of the collective de Wilde state of mind at that time."

And Eugenia relates the fairly incredible events leading up to "that time." She harks back to November, 1949, a time when Brandon, in the second grade, was preoccupied with learning his three R's. Eugenia, very housewifely, was trying to

get her Christmas shopping list finalized. Fritz, busy in an office off Broadway, was buried in his manifold problems as assistant stage manager of a play soon to be produced. And there was also Robert Whitehead, the play's producer, getting gloomier with each passing day.

"Bob Whitehead had solved all his casting problems but one," Fritz says. "The part of seven-year-old John Henry was auditioned by every professional child actor in town. Not one of them came within a mile of being right for it."

A situation, Fritz explained, which could cause a play to fold even before it opened, because the John Henry part was a key role. Fritz describes the deepening gloom and then touches on a casual luncheon date in town with his little family. Anyway, it started as a casual date.

"We went to Sardi's—Eugenia, Brandon and myself," Fritz continues. "A gal we knew came over to our table—Terry Fay, a casting agent. She stood there for a moment, pointed at Brandon and then said, 'Why don't you have him read for the part?'"

The de Wildes, caught off balance by this suggestion, stared blankly, and then laughed politely. But Terry soon convinced them that she wasn't being frivolous. She argued: Wasn't Whitehead getting nowhere fast? And Brandon, look at him, wasn't he at least physically perfect for the part? Okay, maybe he'll fare no better than the other kids, but why not march him back to the office right after lunch, stick a script in his pudgy hand and let him read?

And Eugenia remembers her amusement as she nudged Fritz and murmured a reminder that Brandon, age seven, hadn't as yet learned how to read!

But Brandon did audition that day, learning his lines as they were read to him—and electrifying the atmosphere in the Whitehead production offices.

A sudden loud clatter—something like a stampede of Shetland ponies—interrupts from the front porch. The foyer door bangs open and slams shut. Four feet, eight inches of compressed energy gallops into the room. Brandon is home from school.

After politely slowing down for introductions, and after his dad departs for New York, Brandon briefly excuses himself for a change from school clothes to more rugged play togs. The sartorial switch accomplished, he re-opens the door of his room. You are invited to enter. The little room tells a lot about Brandon.

Shelves are loaded with books, among them: *Tom Sawyer, Detective*; *Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus*; *The Wind in the Willows*; *The Cowboy Encyclopedia*; Andersen's *Fairy Tales*.

A table is stacked with games, jig-saw puzzles and more games. Slumped grotesquely in one corner is Charlie McCarthy (the dummy, that is). Brandon explains: "I won him last summer when I went to Coney Island."

There's a tank of tropical fish. There's a cage holding two hamsters.

On a shelf beneath a corner window repose more games and a miscellany of possessions prized by most small fry—scale-model ships, trains, autos and planes; a flashlight; a pocketknife; a concertina; a pair of spy glasses; and a signed photograph of Beatrice Lillie.

Eugenia almost giggles as she makes the next comment. "A sight to behold is Bea Lillie at the wheel of Brandon's wooden scooter, driving down our street."

"She doesn't drive," Brandon says. "I have to push her."

A mental picture of any lady astride Brandon's scrap-lumber jalopy, riding it down this staid suburban street, is amusing enough—but it staggers the imagination when you realize that Eugenia and Brandon really mean Lady Peel . . . Bea Lillie, the internationally famous comedienne. She, a visitor to his admittedly modest house on this admittedly unglamorous Baldwin side street?

"Bea's very fond of Brandon," Eugenia tells you. "She's been out here two or three times. Telephones us whenever she's in town, if she can't come out. Bea used to call for Brandon at the theatre, between a matinee and evening show, and whisk him off to some 42nd Street shooting gallery or penny arcade. She's a grand person."

Other stage and screen luminaries like to make the pilgrimage to quiet Westminster Road—Jean Arthur and Julie Harris, among others. They, like the de Wildes, seem to be people whose sense of values doesn't depend on the private-swimming-pool yardstick. Celebrities or not, they visit the de Wilde house because Brandon, Eugenia and Fritz live there. Reason enough.

Brandon completes your tour of the house with a good look at the basement, headquarters for many of Brandon's special hobbies. There's a puppet stage . . . a rack holding several rifles of rare vintage . . . and the pièce de résistance: an almost completed model railroad system with control board, several sets of lifelike trains, tunnels, switches, semaphores, bridges—the works.

Upstairs, in the living room again, Brandon sits restively on the sofa. You've got his politest, best-behaviorish attention, but you know he's anxious to tote his toy six-shooter outside and get going with the game of "pioneer days" with Greg, a chum who waits outside.

Briefly, though, Brandon forgets his waiting pal. For a long time, he squints at you carefully, appraisingly. He's weighing the wisdom of putting you to an acid test. Finally, he speaks.

"Which team did you root for?" he asks with deceptive mildness. "The Yankees or the Dodgers?"

Squirring will get you nowhere. Diplomacy stands only a 50-50 chance of success. You're not clairvoyant. You're on the spot.

Hesitantly, you reply, "The Dodgers."

"Yay!"
Brandon, yelling like a happy little maniac, jumps up and grabs your hand. "You're my friend!" he beams.

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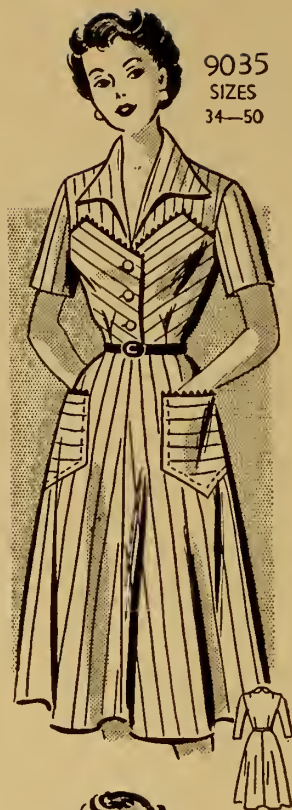
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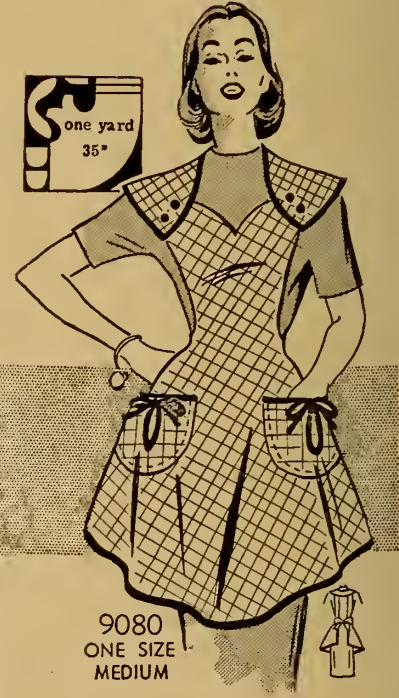
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“Love to Live with Mother”

(Continued from page 40)

for the birds! Then a friend and I wangled a ‘sublet’ for the summer. It was a great improvement over hotel living—but, even though we did have fun, I missed one thing . . . Mother. You see, I really love living with Mother!”

Once having met Mrs. Mabel Grove, it's easy to see why her daughter loves being with her. In the first place, they look more like sisters than mother and daughter. (The fact that they don't often swap clothes is certainly not because it's physically impossible.) Recently, Mrs. Grove went to a costume party in Betty Ann's "Lillian Russell" costume . . . a perfect fit—and a perfect evening was enjoyed by all. "I'll admit," laughs vivacious Mrs. Grove, "I was somewhat reluctant about wearing that particular costume—you know, wondered whether perhaps it didn't make me look a little skittish. Particularly after Cyrano, our dachshund, barked at me as though I were a complete stranger. But Betty Ann assured me that I looked just fine, and I knew she wouldn't give me a wrong steer. And—just as she said I would—I did have such a good time that evening!"

In the Grove household, it is sometimes a bit difficult to tell who takes care of whom. It certainly is not the type of home where Mother lays down the laws for daughter to follow, willy-nilly. "It's never been that way," exclaims Betty Ann, with a bounce thrown in for added emphasis. "And even when I was little and would do something that displeased her, she never stormed off. She would quietly explain why I was wrong . . . and tell me what I might have done in its place that would have been nicer, more fun, or whatever the case might have been. And, if I didn't agree with her criticism or suggestion, she was always willing to take the time to discuss the situation . . . listen to my side of the story, as it were. I suppose in this way we grew to see most things—major things—in the same light and think the same way. Don't misunderstand me—we don't always see eye-to-eye. But our controversies are few and far between and, in the main, we try to be considerate of each other—try to please."

To many people, "trying to please" is just a phrase that connotes effort—in fact, hard work. Not so with the Groves. In their minds, it is, obviously, a way of living . . . the only way of living. Their charming, cheery four-and-a-half room East Side Manhattan apartment has a "pleasing" atmosphere. The Grove home is, quite evidently, one in which contentment is of prime importance, with family strain and nervous tension complete strangers.

"Betty Ann," continues Mrs. Grove, "is under such strain with her work that for me to knowingly cause her additional tension at home would be unforgivable. When I think we're getting a little taut with each other, I take off for Boston to visit friends. Someday—when Betty Ann marries—I'll return to Boston. In the meantime, I keep up with my friends 'at home' and, at the same time, give Betty Ann relief from 'family'—a relief I honestly think all girls should have.

"Her schedule leaves me weak, even thinking about it. Monday through Friday, she rehearses for an hour to an hour and a half on the mornings before *The Big Pay-off*. Then there is a half-hour for the show itself. *The Red Buttons Show* starts rehearsals on Friday afternoons and—between Friday and the following Monday night at 9:30, when the show goes on the air—she puts in a minimum of twenty-four hours of strenuous rehearsals. Of course, the memorizing of lines is done on 'nights off.' In

addition, Betty Ann works in at least two singing lessons a week. If she can sandwich in more, she does. That's just her regular schedule. When she gets calls for 'spots'—well, then she really has no time for herself . . . for relaxation. How she ever does it, I'll never know."

"Why, sure you do," teases Betty Ann, who really doesn't look the least bit beaten by this strenuous routine. "I get my bounce from you . . . I'll bet the day never comes when you stay put for more than five minutes!"

"Seriously, though," Betty Ann continues, "Mother knows all about hard work. Ever since we were left alone, she had to work—that is, up to 1949, when she came to New York to join me. During the war years, she put in dreadful hours in a war plant in Boston, and later became a secretary in an office. Besides that, she kept house for me and did everything any mother could possibly be expected to do . . . in fact, lots more. It was her efforts that gave me thirteen years of dancing lessons. You know, I planned to be a dancing teacher . . . never really thought I'd get the break that would open up a professional career."

But, in the strange-as-it-seems department, it was not dancing that opened up a theatrical career for this rising star. It was singing—a field in which Betty Ann was not formally trained. In fact, it was not until *after* she hit Broadway that Betty Ann had her first vocal lesson. Singing, to her, had always been just for fun . . . all her life, she had sung for anybody who would listen. But she had never planned to make it "pay off."

"From the time she was just a little tot," Betty Ann's mother says, "she loved to sing. When she would go shopping with me, she'd peer over the counter at the salesman and announce in no uncertain terms, 'I can sing!' If he didn't simply swoon with joy over the announcement, she'd open her mouth and prove her point. I guess you'd say she had a natural singing voice and style. But, when she started to sing professionally, it became obvious that she needed vocal lessons . . . needed to learn to control her voice, not have it the other way around, as it had been."

"This is the way the switch in careers happened," explains Betty Ann. "As a teenager, I did some modeling to help pay for my dancing lessons. When I was seventeen, Filene's Department Store in Boston had a big teen-age fashion show. Ruby Newman and his orchestra were engaged to play at the show, and I was hired to model, sing, and dance. Ruby liked my work and asked me to do a number or two with him a few nights later at the Statler, where he was playing. That was the start of it, and I worked for two seasons in Boston and on the road before I came to New York, at Christmas in 1948, to appear with Ed Sullivan on *Toast Of The Town*."

In less than one year from the time this energetic and talented newcomer hit New York, she found herself established in the old *Gulf Road Show* and, shortly after that, on *Stop The Music*. This situation called for rejoicing for two very good reasons . . . with any luck at all, she was "on her way" professionally—and, now she could ask her mother to stop working and come live with her.

"Well," smiles Mrs. Grove, "the 'stop working' part was only a figure of speech . . . I just transferred my secretarial work from a Boston office to a New York apartment. You see, I handle Betty Ann's fan mail, keep her calendar straight, monitor her shows, and the like. I guess you might say I'm my daughter's secretary. A really fine boss she turned out to be, too. I love

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every minute of it, and I'm really grateful that she has wanted me to be with her during her climb. Seeing what a rising entertainer goes through has relieved me of a secret longing I've harbored most of my life. Although I never had the opportunity to come anywhere near it, I always thought I would have liked being in the theatre. Now, after three years of watching the exhaustive effort Betty Ann has put into her career, I know I would never have had the gumption to stick with it. Now, after all these years, I can enjoy watching Betty Ann on the TV set in our living room, and have no desire to be participating myself."

"As a matter of fact," interrupts Betty Ann, "I can hardly ever get her to come to the studios to watch rehearsals. But that's for a completely different reason. Mother has always said parents should not visit their children at work. Makes no difference whether said offspring is a secretary, a saleswoman, or an entertainer. Mother's always been afraid that, if she came to the studio, it would look as though she were snooping. Seems to be a sort of hangover from her office days—she remembers the embarrassment of girls when their mothers dropped in to 'see the office.' Of course, I don't feel that way about it—not any more, at least. . . ."

"Another terrific thing about Mother—and a thing which makes me very proud—is her faith and trust in me. Many mothers would have squelched the idea of a seventeen-year-old becoming a professional entertainer. And, don't forget, I was only nineteen when I left home to come to New

York. We had talked the thing over many times, and on each occasion Mother maintained, to the best of her ability, that she had taught me the right and wrong of things—the true values. If I was going to lose my head, I'd be just as apt to do it in Boston as I would in New York. It was not the location or the profession . . . rather, it was the individual. To wind it all up, she had faith in my ability to keep my perspective and balance.

"I ask you, what can you do with a mother like that . . . except prove she was right!"

"I won't say I was entirely without qualms," confesses Mrs. Grove. "After all, I'm only human, and seventeen is still a little young to ask for complete level-headedness. The strange hours and life of the theatre used to worry me sometimes. But then I thought: If a girl is going to fall to pieces, she can do it any place . . . I've seen it happen. And I thought I knew my daughter pretty well. So I stopped worrying . . . and have no cause to regret it."

This is no mutual admiration society. Betty Ann and her mother know and understand each other very well. They can work together. They can play together. They respect each other's need for privacy . . . for individualism. They share each other's heartaches as well as triumphs. In Mabel Grove, Betty Ann has found all the warmth, love and understanding of a mother as well as the companionship of a sister or best friend. Is it any wonder, then, that she "loves living with Mother!"

Her Heart Finds Time

(Continued from page 63)

another member of the cast, adds: "It isn't just her professional duties she attends to. She's the one who also does the little thoughtful things which we all know we should do for other people but get so busy we usually skip."

Everyone around the Chicago NBC studios has a personal entry for that list.

The stage crew will cite the fact that, when the show moved from afternoon to morning performance, they all found it difficult to eat breakfast and be on the set by 7:00 A.M. Bernardine was the one who prepared a thermos bottle full of coffee and brought it in for all to share.

A switchboard operator adds, "She overheard me complaining, one morning, that I had lost my favorite hand lotion. After lunch, in came Bern with a new bottle. It was the right brand, too."

The young woman responsible for coordinating props, costumes and script says, "Remember the first time Lona planned to marry Dr. Corey? Since all they intended to do was to go to the courthouse, it never occurred to me to discuss what she would wear. But, that morning, Bern turned up in a new outfit. When I complimented her, she looked surprised and said, 'If Lona thought she was going to get married, she'd just naturally want a new dress.'"

When Bernardine, at the end of the day, sets aside her professional duties, her entire attention goes to her husband and her sons.

A competent housekeeper takes care of the family's Near North Side apartment, with Bernardine doing the planning which keeps the family running smoothly.

It sounds simple when she tells how she does it. "You have to think it out, of course, but if you want to be able to enjoy your husband and children, you can do it."

This, to Bern, is the key to all accomplishment, yet she also confesses it took a little learning. The most difficult period of her life, she says, came "when I had

nothing to do but housework and, consequently, got nothing done."

That happened shortly after World War II. Her husband, Dr. Chester Doherty, had just returned from service as a flight surgeon. Their sons, Tony and Ruffin, were small. Bernardine, for the first time in her adult life, was clear of radio commitments. *Vic And Sade*, the show on which she starred, had just gone off the air. This, Bern and Chet concluded, would be the right time to move to the suburbs.

Like most women who have worked after marriage, Bernardine envisioned long, luxurious, leisurely days ahead. Instead, she found herself caught up in frustrations. Her forehead creases as she recalls, "My timing was all off. I'd start my housework at dawn, it seemed to me, yet somehow, at nine o'clock at night, I would still have a washing to do. I just could not make it work out right."

Her solution was to take on more responsibility.

When *Hawkins Falls* went on the air, she accepted the role of Lona. Lona, as early viewers will remember, was not then the principal character. She was only the patient wife who, while caring for an invalid husband, listened when the town's other citizens came in to gossip.

But Lona Drewer changed. The writers of the show—Doug Johnson who originated it, and Bill Barrett who scripts it today—say that Lona grew because Bernardine herself grew.

Outward signs accompanied her inner development. In the early days, she would arrive at the studio looking like a neat, but dowdy, housewife. Her heels were flat, her clothes unbecoming, her hair a little on the lank side. She had the harried attitude of one who had rushed away from undone tasks and was in a hurry to return to them. Even her voice, well-trained as it was, carried the trace of a plaintive whine.

Today, she is brisk, pretty, smart. She dresses to emphasize her willowy slen-

derness. Although three years have been added to the calendar, Bernardine Flynn looks ten years younger.

Bernardine disclaims having found any fountain of youth. "I just had more things I wanted to do—I wanted Chet and the boys to enjoy their home, and I also wanted to stay on the show."

Moving back into Chicago restored some time to her day, but the major adjustment had to come from Bern herself. Her stage experience pointed the way. "I guess I just tried to use the same kind of planning it takes to work out action."

What kind of work that involves is best described by others on the show. She aims, they say, for nothing less than perfection. Mistakes devour time and also upset others.

Mechanical gadgets—even a potato peeler—horrify her. "I'm not clever with my hands," she admits. Yet she has never permitted even the most complicated mechanism to defeat her.

Her supreme test on the show came shortly after Knap's death had thrown responsibility for publishing the *Hawkins Falls Gazette* squarely on Lona's shoulders. To dramatize this, the script required that, in one sequence, she feed paper to a hand press.

The press was a relic even a skilled modern printer would have found troublesome. After one look at it, Ben Park, producer of the show, insisted NBC take out additional liability insurance.

Bernardine was scared to death of the monster. Yet she followed instructions, rehearsed every required movement and, on the air, operated the press as smoothly as though she had grown up in a print shop.

People around her have come to depend on her skills. Ben Park tells how she saved the day when a performer took sick forty-five minutes before air time. No substitute could possibly learn the lines.

"Give me the part," Bern suggested. "I'll just turn it into a telephone conversation. That way the audience will know what was supposed to happen."

Her formula for coping with all problems is simple: "Figure out what is required, learn every part of it, then just go ahead

and do it. You never know how much you can do until you try."

Applying this to her daily life has yielded a bountiful personality dividend.

Ben Park—who, in his work as a producer, has been forced to cope with many a temperamental and demanding performer—points out, "Bernardine is the least actress-y actress I know. She never persists in playing a role off stage as well as on. Her focus is away from herself and toward other people."

Confirmation of this comes from a friend who once saw Bern at a dinner where the rest of the guests were far removed from show business. "There," she recounted, "Bernardine, to use an old-fashioned title, was simply Mrs. Doherty."

Her reticence confused another guest. Seeking out the hostess, she asked, "Haven't I met Mrs. Doherty somewhere? She looks so familiar. Or maybe she just resembles some one I've seen on TV."

This same attribute keys her successful combination of home life with career. The star actress never appears in family relationships.

Mrs. Pat Doherty, wife of one of Dr. Doherty's older sons, says, "You should see her with our little girl. Melinda adores her 'Grandma Bern.'"

The child has learned to dial exactly one telephone number—Bernardine's. Her biggest treat is being permitted to spend the night there. Says young Mrs. Doherty, "Linda and Bern dance around as though both were the same age. She knows instinctively what will please Linda. In fact, for a little while, she is Linda."

This ability to project herself into the experience of others contributes to Bernardine's resources as an actress and also explains how, during her busy days, she thinks of those little things which endear her to the cast and to her friends.

Characteristically, Bernardine disclaims credit for them. "I'm just enjoying myself," she says. "It's fun to move over into someone else's life for a change. You can feel awfully imprisoned in your own, if that's all you think about. Other people have so much to give—if I just open my heart and let them in."

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Sitting on a Rainbow

(Continued from page 31)

Brown, now serving as an interpreter with Army Intelligence in Korea, give Dottie a divorce? When the headlines first broke, he reportedly said he would. "My wife's happiness," Sergeant Brown was quoted as saying, "is all that matters." According to later reports, he will do nothing of the sort. One news story had it that they have agreed in recent correspondence that neither wants a divorce. Is there no truth at all, as Dottie declares, to this report?

Does Julie himself know the answer to the questions posed on the front pages? Does he feel at peace in his heart? If he doesn't know, if the problem is still unresolved, there is bound to be confusion within him—doubt, frustration, pain, and fear, perhaps, of impending loss. Or does he console himself with the thought that the path of true love never runs smooth?

There are other complications. Julie's religion forbids marriage to a divorced person who had been married by an ordained minister. Dottie is the daughter of Mrs. Asa McGuire, an ordained minister of the Church of God. Although not of Julie's faith, she was raised, as he was, to believe in God, in prayer, the Golden Rule, the sanctity of marriage.

By whatever means Dottie and Julie work out their problems it will be, you may be sure, with the help of their churches and the earnestness of their prayers. It is because of their hope—and need—of finding a solution acceptable to their faiths and their families that Julie and Dottie now spend much of their time in prayer.

Meantime Julie must be asking whether the fame, the money, the acclaim are worth having if he can't have his girl. Without her, he's just a lonely guy who sits in his dressing-room and plays Scrabble (the board is always set up) with his manager.

Money is fun, of course—especially the fabulous kind that has come to Julie so easily since Godfrey's seven little words put him up with the top names in show business. Only a few short years ago, after graduating from Brooklyn's Grover Cleveland High School, Julie was earning 50 cents an hour in a radio tube plant. He ran a stencil machine in an office and worked for a brief time with his father, a radio-TV repairman, because Pop said he ought to have "a good solid trade."

No one in Julie's close-knit, affectionate family considered Julie's singing, much as they liked to hear it around the house, the makings of "a good solid trade." During his hitch in the Navy, which Pop (an ex-Navy Seabee) persuaded him to take, Julie's pay was never more than \$220 a month. Nor were Julie's hopes of future income much higher. . . .

"Me, I was strictly a radar operator in the Navy with post-war plans of joining forces with my father in a radio-servicing shop. Sure, I had dreams of singing. But they were seemingly hopeless dreams. I didn't know a soul in the business. Had no idea of how to go about being heard. I'd had no real vocal training. The only training I received was absorbed, you might say, from listening to Bing Crosby—and man, I sure did a lot of that! No experience, either, except that I'd been one of 300 voices in the All-City Chorus in high school."

Julie started with Godfrey at a little better than \$400 a week. When he left (by request of the management) he was earning between \$900 and \$1000 a week. To Salvator La Rosa's little boy, \$1000 a week must have seemed like all the money in the world. But, once he was disowned as Papa Godfrey's little boy, it turned out to be but a fraction of the golden harvest

he's reaping on his own. He got \$3000 for his first independent show on Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town* and is wanted by Ed for more of the same. His take was \$7,500 a week plus a percentage of the profits for two weeks at the Chicago Theatre, where he played day and night to SRO. He's made other appearances, at similar stipends, in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, et cetera and et cetera. During Christmas week, he played La Vie en Rose night club in New York. For the coming year his take, if not his take-home, will be, his talent management figures, around \$100,000. An engagement at the Paramount Theatre may start, according to present plan, the new year for Julie. "Boy," sighs the boy, with stars in his eyes, "will that be the culmination! Me, Julie La Rosa, singing at the *Paramount!*"

Julie was one of the youngsters who, a few years ago, used to open and close the Paramount Theatre, never missing a show, when Sinatra was singing there. "There were plenty of discussions at home when I would disappear for the day," Julie laughs, "to go downtown to the Paramount. I worship Perry Como. Perry is a saint. But Sinatra is my idol. I still have the autograph he gave me when, along with several hundred other kids who were mobbing him at the stage door, I thrust my dirty little scrap of paper in his hand!"

Sure, Julie thinks money is fun. He's a robust kid, with plenty of appetite for life and the good things thereof. A Paul Bunyan eater, six eggs for breakfast with all the trimmings is normal fare for Julie. Double sirloin steaks go down as if they were hamburgers! He's got the solid build of a prizefighter. And, like a prizefighter, he burns up energy quickly. In this last hectic few months of his life, however, he went from a 31-inch waistline to 28—about which he joked: "I'm waisting away!"

He likes good clothes. It's fun, now, to have his suits custom-made by a good tailor. Yet the first thing he did when he appeared in two performances for the Navy Relief Ball in Washington, soon after his now historic ousting, was to don his old blue sailor suit. "Isn't he cute," said First Lady Mamie Eisenhower, as she watched him rehearse for the Relief Ball. He was. Between shows, he still changes to sports clothes, and he will not have a "dresser" or valet as most stars do. Once or twice, he's had a barber come up to his hotel room to shave him. That was when kids were jamming the lobby and he couldn't get out. He got a thrill out of that. Having the barber come up was big-time stuff for Julie. He's thrilled by the police escorts he sometimes gets. Staying at the best hotels is still a big kick for him—and eating at places like Toots Shor's, "21," and The Stork. So is meeting celebrities. During his Chicago engagement he met Tony Martin for the first time, as well as sports writer Jimmy Cannon and actor Horace McMahon. And when Eddie Fisher came backstage to see him, Julie talked about it for days.

He's still the shy, even naive 23-year-old that he was, although he'll tell you, "I aged ten years in ten days."

During his out-of-town bookings, Julie calls his folks every night. Ordinarily, he speaks on the phone with people around him. But when he makes that call to his mother and father each night, he goes into another room and closes the door. For Julie, a talk with Mom and Pop is a personal and private matter.

Money is something more than good-time fun for Julie. As early as he can remember, his mother had worked in a factory making women's coats—until the

day Julie burst in waving his first Godfrey paycheck and shouting, "You quit work! We can buy the world now!" Mom was skeptical about their ability to buy the world, but Julius did manage to convince her it would be "safe" to quit the machines. A little later, quite a wad of Godfrey paychecks went for the purchase of a home for the folks in Mt. Vernon, New York. It's Julie's home, too, from which he commuted, while on the Godfrey show, morning and night. In this pleasant house Mom still does the cooking, although Julie keeps urging her to "get help." His next project: "As soon as I get squared away with all this excitement, I'm setting my father up in a radio-TV repair business of his own. It's something he's always wanted."

The family bond is very strong. Julie described himself accurately when, in rebuttal to Godfrey's accusations about his "lost humility," he said: "I'm just a mother-and-father kid. I'm no wise guy. They wouldn't let me be."

Julius gets a kick out of the adulation of the fans, too. He's a good boy and he's still a modest boy, but he's growing up professionally as well as personally. He's learning to handle himself with the press, the public, with live audiences that whistle, scream and stomp. He knows the value of having 3000 adoring fans meet him, as they did, at the airport in Boston, what it means to be mobbed by crowds of three to five hundred youngsters at stage doors, in hotel lobbies, the street. He talks to the kids from the window of his dressing-room. He gives as many autographs as time (and writer's cramp) will permit. His only reservation is his fear that someone, in the eager crowds that mob him, will get hurt. He knows that most of his fans are teenagers as he, so short a time ago, was a teen-age fan of Sinatra, of Como, of Crosby. He loves the kids. He feels for them and, what is more, with them. But when adults, middle-aged folk and old peo-

ple stop him in hotel lobbies and on the street to say "Good luck, boy, keep your chin up!" he's all but speechless. This, to him, is touching and wonderful. It's no kidding, and he doesn't kid it. "Thank you, sir," he mumbles, shy as a boy, or "Thank you, ma'am."

Julius has found that freedom from the Godfrey routine, though not of his asking, is serving him well. Nor has he lost gratitude for the man he might have come, in the heat of battle, to resent. He never will lose it. He remembers:

"It was one night in Pensacola, Florida—September 14, 1950, as if I'd ever forget the date—that Mr. Godfrey, at the request of an old Brooklyn pal of mine, listened to me sing. It was in the middle of his own entertainment for the boys at the base that Mr. Godfrey called out for me to come up and sing. I came close to leaving this world! When, after my song, Mr. Godfrey asked me to come to New York on my next leave and do a number on his show, I was sure I was operating in outer space, where things, we're told, are not as they seem. Then, just as suddenly—exactly ten days after my discharge in November, 1951—there I was, a Little Godfrey. Me, Julius La Rosa, the kid from Brooklyn with the hopeless dream!"

This is the story Julie has told, in various versions, time and time again. It's the story he'll be telling, it's a safe bet, to his children and his grandchildren.

"I was as close to Mr. Godfrey as I was to my father," he said, when, as suddenly as he'd been hired, he was fired. "My father used to hurt me sometimes when he'd hit me when I didn't think I should be hit. But I never stopped calling him Daddy . . ."

We wish Julie Godspeed and good luck and the happiness in love without which fame and money and applause will be too high a price for this "mother-and-father kid" to pay.

What Marriage Can Do for a Guy!

(Continued from page 49)

in her own right as a screen and stage actress. She had a role in the stage play, "Private Lives," which was then playing in Chicago and starring Tallulah Bankhead. When the *Melody Lane* radio program wanted an actress from a current hit show to appear in a five-minute dramatic skit, Buff was asked to do it. Mike played the male lead.

Buff saw a good-looking, well-built, dark young man with a smooth voice and an engaging smile which he didn't turn on her overmuch at rehearsal. Mike had formed his opinions before they even met, opinions running something like: "Hm! Buff Cobb. Hollywood playgirl, I suppose. Probably another little blonde with a little too much make-up and too little gray matter." As rehearsal progressed, he began to amend this to: "Blonde, but natural. Maybe more make-up than such a pretty girl needs, but on her it looks good. Wonder whether you'd call her eyes gentian—or sky-blue? Cute nose. Cute smile. Cute girl. Pretty sure of herself, pretty positive in her opinions . . . but pretty smart. . ."

They ran into each other occasionally during the weeks that followed. Buff left her show and went to California. When she came back to Chicago early the following summer, she saw Mike again. The following March 11—this was in 1949—they were married.

The wedding took place at a friend's house, at seven in the evening. The wedding supper was at the Blackstone Hotel. Mike had a radio show which originated there, and Buff had been a guest on it

shortly after their first meeting. The honeymoon was over at seven the next morning. Mike was due at the studio by eight-thirty.

The man Buff married was born Myron Wallace, in Brookline, a suburban community near Boston, the youngest of four children. He was a freshman at the University of Michigan at sixteen and wanted to teach college English.

Halfway through his sophomore year, Mike began to get interested in college dramatics more than anything else, and did some acting in school plays. He was influenced by such Ann Arbor classmates as Arthur Miller—a budding playwright then, later to write, among other things, the fine play, "Death of a Salesman" and "The Crucible"; Robert Q. Lewis—later to star on radio and TV; Peter Arnell—now the producer of Mike's TV panel show, *I'll Buy That*. Several of his professors encouraged him, too.

Mike was helping to put himself through college, and a job was a must right after graduation. Either teaching, or show business—and, by this time, he knew it had to be the latter.

In his senior year, he enrolled in the college radio courses, formed a friendship with the director of the music camp at Interlochen, Michigan, taught radio there during his senior summer by keeping one jump ahead of the students—what he didn't know, he found out fast from his professors. One of the professors heard that auditions for an announcer were being held at Station WOOD in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and sent Mike a wire at the camp suggest-

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ing he try out for the job. Mike got a day or two off and made the journey.

"It was a hundred-mile trip, and all the way I had stars in my eyes. My first job interview. Was I ready for it? Could it possibly happen to me? When I found seventy-five other guys wanted the job as much as I did, and were all being auditioned before a choice would be made, I calmed down a little. The chief announcer put me through my paces, was swell to me, but I had to go back to the camp not knowing whether I had won or failed, the stars dulling a little more every hour of every day. Three days later, I got another telegram, this time telling me the job was mine. I did newscasts, a little acting, a little 'selling' of sponsors' products, a little writing, a little of everything required around a local radio station. With three years out later, for the Navy, that was the beginning of ten years of announcing and miscellaneous chores. I know now it was too long to spend that way."

Mike had begun his radio career at \$20 a week. Nine months later he was up to \$50. He went to Detroit and almost tripled that within a year. In Chicago, he doubled his Detroit salary, and that figure rose steadily to a four-figure check. "You get on the trail of money after a while," is how he feels about it now. "You forget the things you started out to do. Not only in my business does this happen, but in other businesses. Lots of young fellows go off this way, and lots of wives like Buffie help to get them back on the right track. I happened to have a good voice for radio—what we call 'a good set of pipes'—so I moved up fast. Then Buffie came along and saw what I was doing to myself. She got me out of it."

Buff—who was born Patrizia Cobb Chapman, daughter of musician-writer Frank Chapman and writer Elizabeth Cobb, and granddaughter of writer-humorist Irvin S. Cobb—was a young lady of vision and determination, particularly where someone she loved was concerned. That someone being Mike, she turned all her energies to making him see the light. "It was a case of my being putty in the hands of my wife!" he says. "I would have done anything to please her, but it was the other way around. It was she who was trying to make me happy. She said I didn't fully appreciate my responsibilities as an intelligent young man, or I wouldn't be wasting my talents. She said that just reading other people's words was too anonymous and that my own personality was completely submerged. She said I should be writing and producing and saying my own words on radio. And she never stopped telling me so, until I began to remember that was exactly the way I had intended things to be."

After they were married, Buff had decided to stay home and be a housewife and Mike's guiding genius from afar, but she was too energetic, too interested, too sure that their teamwork required her closer presence. Neither of them wanted to see her go back into the theatre, with different hours from Mike's. So they did a husband-and-wife midnight radio show from the Chez Paree, a popular Chicago night spot, and their own popularity as a team increased with each broadcast. It was the beginning of Mike's chance to do informal interviews, to talk without any script, to plan a show, to be himself.

About six months after they started at the Chez Paree, a couple of fellows from CBS in New York talked to Mike about a job there as an announcer. If Mike had not turned it down, Buff would have. It was tempting, too, because she wanted to live in New York more than anything else in the world right then. She still does. She got there, when—after they were at the

Chez Paree for almost a year—CBS again approached Mike about a New York job, this time one he wanted with a contract he liked.

The first job for Mike under his new contract was emceeing a program called *All Around The Town*. He helped with the planning, took viewers on tours of the city via their television sets. He interviewed people who had interesting stories to tell about the places that were televised. He had to think fast on his feet to make all this come alive to the stay-at-homes who watched, and he had the time of his life. When Buff joined him on the program, they both did.

In the meantime, they found an attractive apartment overlooking the East River, fixed it up with some prized possessions of each—which they had already pooled—and some new things they had fun buying, and let a Siamese cat named Valentine queen over the place. (When Val departed this life for greener catnip and softer cushions, Mike replaced her with Cassandra and Clyde on Buffie's birthday.)

When *Around The Town* left the air, the *Mike And Buff* show took its place. This one had a panel of experts on each broadcast, and the broadcasts covered practically every subject under the sun. If other opinions grew too lukewarm, Buff's never did—although, happily, she has a way of expressing them which starts controversy without seeming to make anybody too mad. If Buff's controversial faculties happened to fall below par any day, Mike could be counted on to remedy the deficiency. Neither's ideas being a rubber stamp of the other's—or of anyone else's—it was a lively half-hour of television.

Viewers who were used to the "Yes, my dear" husband-and-wife programs sometimes wrote letters to Buff beginning: "No woman has a right to be as opinionated as you are." Or, to Mike: "Wouldn't it be polite to let your wife speak her mind once in a while?" Lots of letters were complimentary to both, however.

As a team, they covered the Presidential conventions and the Inauguration. Separately, they each did dramatic shows, *Tales Of The City* for Buff, *Suspense* for Mike. This season, Mike began a new daily panel show, *I'll Buy That*. At this writing, the panel consists of Vanessa Brown, Audrey Meadows, Hans Conried and Albert Moorehead. Buff was on the panel of last summer's *Masquerade Party*.

Along with his TV show, Mike started a brand-new radio program last October for CBS. It's called *Stage Struck* and it gets its name from the premise that everybody is—at least, a little.

"So we take people backstage with us, to interview famous stars right in their dressing rooms, and to hear the actual sounds and the excitement of the theatre. The cues, the curtain going up, the music, the laughter, the applause. The backstage stories that Broadway knows but ones that don't usually filter through to the whole country. The color and feel of the legitimate theatre, transmitted magically to every little house in every little village, wherever radio reaches."

Now, with Buffie standing right there next to him—or slightly behind, to give him a little shove now and then—Mike Wallace is doing the things he started out to do when he was dreaming those dreams of show business back at the University of Michigan. In the back of his mind, in the back of Buff's mind, there are millions of things to be done—exciting wonderful things such as youth can only dream of—the kind of things only a wife's encouragement and a wife's determination can help accomplish. That's why Mike can say with a smile: "What marriage can do for a guy!"

The Best Things in Life Are Fun

(Continued from page 33)

All these talents are wrapped up in one lovely package that Paul affectionately calls "little Windy Wandy."

But Wanda, the wife of another television star and the mother of two very young daughters, can only be viewed at home after working hours. Little Diane prefers to see her there.

Wanda, her husband Al, little Diane and baby Sharon Ann make up the family unit, along with grandmother. "Granny," as everyone calls her, takes care of the Lewis children and runs the home while Wandy and Al are at work at WCPO-TV. Faith in Granny and Granny's love for little Diane and the baby gives Wanda the mental assurance she has to have to put her entire effort into her work at the studio. If anyone else took charge of the children, Wanda feels that worry would keep her from doing her best.

With Granny's help, Wanda Lewis has managed to mold her life as a television personality and that of mother and wife into one perfect combination. Apparently she's done a good job at both. The children are healthy and happy, and Wanda has been an integral part of *The Paul Dixon Show* every weekday afternoon for more than four years.

Though Granny takes charge of the children while Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are at work, Wanda generally gets home in time to cook supper for the family and prepare Sharon Ann's formula. Al, in the meantime, either works on a painting or plays with daughter Diane until supper is ready. Al, by the way, is now considered to be the top personality for children's shows in local TV. Every child in the Cincinnati area knows "Uncle Al."

With supper over and the dishes washed, Wanda generally joins her husband at their hobby—which is the same as their careers. Their entire house, overlooking the Ohio River Valley, is decorated with art-work done by the young couple. Designs on many of the walls, the entire rathskeller—which is a combination playroom and workroom—the excellent framed paintings, have all been done by Wanda and Al.

Quite often, in the evenings, Paul Dixon and his wife Marge will drop over for a chat or to discuss the next day's show. Many times, Sis Camp—the other lovely female pantomimist on the show—will visit Wanda at home. Since they've been working together on television, they have developed into the closest of friends. Several times a week, they go shopping together or to lunch or simply visit at each other's home. Each has the same thing to say about the other: Neither ever had a sister, and both remark that the other is "the kind of sister I always wished I had."

The art portion of her life began long before housewife Wanda arrived in the picture. Born Wanda Lou Kesler in 1926, in Struthers, Ohio, near Youngstown, the dark-haired beauty has always loved to draw. From the time she was able to hold a pencil in her hands, her aim has been to become an artist. Little did she know what kind of art she would end up doing and where she would be doing it, with countless thousands of spectators admiring her work!

Wanda could hardly wait for graduation from Struthers High School so that she could enter the Cleveland Institute of Art. It was while she was taking this four-year course that she and Al Lewis met. Miss Wanda Lou Kesler spent many class hours at the school seated next to a good-looking man who also wanted to be an artist. To support his own way through the

course, the Cleveland boy worked at night in the art department of television Station WEWS.

Al and Wanda started dating almost as soon as they met, but it stayed strictly on that level until their senior year. On February 2, Wanda's birthday, Al decided to give her the present she had been waiting for throughout art school. The ring fit perfectly. In June, 1949, they both were graduated and, on July 9 of that same year, were married.

Al was offered a position as art director at WCPO-TV, the sister television station of Cleveland's WEWS. He and Wanda moved to Cincinnati when he began working with WCPO-TV. The newlyweds figured they would settle down to a peaceful home life in their modest little three-room furnished apartment. But the peacefulness didn't last very long. Three weeks after they arrived in Cincinnati, Mrs. Wanda Lewis got her big break.

One day, Wanda happened to be waiting at the station for Al to get through with work. She was in the studio, watching *The Paul Dixon Show*, when Paul noticed her standing on the sidelines. He knew that "the art director's wife" was also an artist and invited her to do a drawing while a record was being played between pantomime numbers. It was more or less a dare, but Wanda took him up on it. The result was a flow of letters from viewers requesting more of the little three-minute drawings. Paul was flabbergasted at the response. Mort Watters, general manager of the WCPO stations, signed Wanda and she's been with *The Paul Dixon Show* ever since.

The first time Wanda drew professionally on television, a near-riot ensued. At the time she was hired, Wanda was told that only her hands would be seen on television. It was felt that the result of just a hand being shown would be more intriguing to the viewers. The only way Wanda could accomplish this trick was to kneel while drawing. The first time she did this, the sketch went fine, though her knees were sore afterward and her arms grew tired. However, as she started to rise after the drawing, her foot caught on the long skirt she was wearing and ripped it off almost completely. Paul and the other people in the studio thought it was the funniest event that had ever taken place on the show. Wanda, though, was embarrassed and insisted that the system be changed. It was, and Wanda has been standing at the drawing board ever since.

Originally, Wanda Lewis was a very shy and introverted young lady. "It was difficult," insists Paul, "to get her to join in the conversation or the comedy." No one can claim that of her now. After four years on television, with hundreds of thousands of people knowing Wanda as well as they know members of their own family, the aloofness and awkwardness are gone. Though still a modest individual, often considered unassuming, Wanda is an important part of *The Paul Dixon Show*, for reasons beyond her art work.

"Wanda," claims Len Goorian, the producer of the show, "is one of the best pantomimists I've ever seen. She's a top comic, too, always coming in with just the right line to make us all laugh. She's a wonderful person to work with, and everybody loves her."

From the mail received, it appears that the viewers feel the same way. A large portion of the fan letters *The Paul Dixon Show* acquires daily are addressed to "Windy Wandy" and "Wandy the Artist," as well as to simply Wanda Lewis.

(Continued on page 106)

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One example of her popularity was seen recently when Wanda went to the hospital to have her second baby. She had worked up until three weeks before the time came to go to the hospital. (For the first baby, she had worked until one week before.) It was quite evident, of course, that she would soon be leaving the show for a while. Paul and Sis both talked with Wandy on the show about her pregnancy, though it was treated with the utmost dignity. They discussed her latest maternity dresses, the date of expectancy, and other topics related to Wanda and the expected child. Paul even initiated a new expression for Wanda's departure for the hospital: "She's going papooseing!"

The expression caught on to such an extent that, when Wandy finally did go to the maternity ward of Jewish Hospital in Cincinnati, thousands of letters and cards wishing momma and daughter good luck and congratulations were addressed to "The Papoose Department."

Thousands of other viewers sent Wanda cards via the WCPO-TV studios, and the demand to find out how she and her baby were doing became so great that Paul decided to do a portion of one show from the hospital the first time the doctors would permit. Cameras, a complete remote telecasting crew from WCPO-TV, and the Paul Dixon staff were bundled over to the hospital. The show was done with hospital masks on Paul's face, on Sis Camp's, and on the faces of the cameramen who were

in the room with Wandy and the baby, so as to protect four-day-old Sharon Ann. Paul was designated at the hospital as the lucky one to hold the tiny tot in his arms for the benefit of the television viewers. Wandy was beaming all over throughout the show and completely overwhelmed by the interest shown in her baby and herself by more than eight thousand letters.

"Babies," says Windy Wandy, now that she's back on the afternoon show, "can be difficult. They don't understand," she kids, "that they're supposed to co-operate with my television schedule. They just don't seem to understand! I have records to learn for the pantomime numbers on the show. Generally, I do that at night in the rathskeller, where the noise won't bother the children. But," she continues, "I have to keep changing my rehearsal hours to fit the baby's needs. And Sharon Ann, my youngest, doesn't seem to realize that I'm supposed to be at work by 9:30 every weekday morning." Wanda sighs heavily as she says, "She keeps changing her schedule of feedings, and I get to work a half-hour, sometimes an hour, late. I really don't mind, though. My children will always come first."

Perhaps it's this warm and human attitude, with feelings just like those of every other mother, which has endeared Wanda Lewis to thousands and thousands—on and off television, in dozens of cities—wherever the informal afternoon pantomime program, *The Paul Dixon Show*, is seen.

You Asked For It!

(Continued from page 46)

themselves. Even if your day holds a problem, when you meet it with a smile, you've got a better chance of making it a happy day!"

Art's an authority, for he's seen good days and bad—but he's never lost his smile. As a result, today he can say, "I'm the happiest—and luckiest—man in the Western Hemisphere. My life is full of the things I love most. I have my work, my wife, my apartment, my garden, and a dog that loves me like I was sugar-cured ham—which," he adds, "I am!"

Art inherited his smile from his mother and father. His mother was a deaconess in the church and his father was the choir leader. His father put Art in the choir when he was a boy. "Reaching for high E," he says, "put a perpetual smile on my face."

When Art's voice changed, it became very much like his father's. "There wasn't an eighth-of-a-note difference between us," says Art, "from the top of the scale to the bottom. I regret to say it got me in trouble once or twice."

Art's church organist was blind. But the blind man had a perfect ear. He could tell the names of every member of the congregation just by listening to their voices. Yet he couldn't tell Art and his father apart. If they were walking down the street, for instance, and Art said, "Hello," the organist replied, "Hello, Brother Baker."

"Yes, but which one?" Art would say. "Well, it must be the younger," the organist would reply, "because the elder would be too much of a gentleman to tease."

At night, Art and his father used to sing through the hymn book from cover to cover to develop Art's voice. He led the choir at sixteen and a year later was church soloist.

As a child, his mother had dedicated him to the ministry. Though Art didn't get to the seminary, he never got far away from the church. During the ten years

from 1920 to 1930, he did evangelistic work with children, working with as many as 500 at a time. This work was one of the most valuable experiences of his life.

It's easy to be nice to children, for they have simple desires. Art found that spreading understanding and recognition won him their affection. It was better than handing out toy trains.

With 500 youngsters of all ages, there are bound to be some troublemakers. Art had his share. But he also had a trick up his sleeve to control them.

After the first meeting in a new town, for instance, he spotted the wild ones. When they came around again the next day, he pulled them aside, saying, "I'm having trouble with some tough kids and I need help. I don't think you guys are man enough to handle them—but, if you want to try, you're welcome."

It never failed. The toughies became the sergeants-at-arms and kept order like Congressional floor leaders.

Art's big break came in 1930. At that time, his children's evangelistic work paid him \$27.50 a week. Then, one day, he went to a meeting at Wynona Lake to hear Billy Sunday, and to sing in a choir made up of choir leaders. The leader, another evangelist, heard Art's beautiful voice and said, "After this is over, I want to talk to you."

Art thought he'd done something wrong. But he went over, after the singing, to talk with the leader.

"I want you to lead my choir and be my soloist," said the evangelist. "No 'ifs' or 'buts'. I'll pay \$150 a week."

Art was stunned. He had thought he was going to be bawled out for singing too loudly. When Art didn't make a reply to the offer, the evangelist added: "... and expenses."

"Well," said Art with a smile, "money isn't everything." He had the job.

Then 1931, and the depression came along. Art lost his job, but he never lost his smile. He spent part of 1932 in Santa Monica, California, putting in cement side-

walks for the WPA. Even when he was the man behind the shovel, he was still the man behind the smiles. Art says, "You can be happy, no matter what you do. It's the way you look at your work that's important, not the work itself."

One day shortly after the shovel incident, he answered an ad and found himself lecturing on The Last Supper at Forest Lawn. He was back to religion again. Then came three years of choir work at the Methodist Church in Glendale, California.

Art had completed the circle. He was back with a choir. But he now knew so much about choir-leading that he could have done it in his sleep. He found spare time on his hands, so he saved up five dollars and sent out three hundred letters with a message that read: "Art Baker, great community sing leader, available—\$5.00 a performance!"

The first month, he had three takers. As each of the three company presidents told three of their friends, Art became an overnight success. Before long, he was leading more community sings and officiating at more company banquets and picnics than he could handle.

Even today, Art has not given up his interest in community singing. He has a song book with 500 of the most popular songs in it. The Southland knows this and, at any hour of the day or night, Art is apt to be called to the phone for the words to an old favorite. He is only too happy to look up the words and sing the tune into the phone.

One night recently, Art was awakened from a sound sleep by a practical joker asking for the tune and first few bars of "Three O'Clock in the Morning." Art could hear sounds of revelry in the background, and he should have known better. But he sleepily switched on the lights, looked into his book and sang the refrain, "It's three o'clock in the morning . . ."

"My watch says three-ten, Art—you're slow!" said the voice on the phone. "Good night!" And, thinking this was a great joke, the unknown caller hung up!

Art doesn't mind. "If they get a good laugh out of it, it's okay by me," he says.

Art has become the fair-haired boy of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartette Singing in America, Inc. There are 60,000 members of this organization, and their contests—called *mow-downs*—are serious affairs.

Art is a soft touch for charities. Since many of these singing affairs are run on a benefit basis, he no longer takes fees for officiating. Recently in Phoenix, Arizona, the singers put on a show, the first of its kind, to fill their blood bank. Admission "tickets" were blood donations. There were 10,000 people at the sing, and 5,156 pints of blood were donated. Though the businessmen of Pheonix wanted to pay Art's way to their town, he wouldn't hear of it. He told them, "When they finish their sing, with 'God Bless America,' you know they really mean it. I feel proud to think they wanted me here as a judge."

Art's early association with youngsters gives him a magic touch with children. His *You Asked For It* counts thousands

of them as his fans. Whenever he goes out on the street, he attracts them like the Pied Piper. Art still carries chocolates and chewing gum in his pockets to pass out, in case he doesn't have time to give autographs all the way around.

As for autographs, they're demanded just as much by the grownups as the kids. But, according to Art, the adults are more subtle than the children. They ask for autographs in an indirect manner. Take the truck driver as an example.

The truck driver met Art at a stop light. Art was in his Chevrolet convertible and no one could miss that shock of silver hair. "Mr. Baker!" the driver called from his truck. "This may sound silly, Mr. Baker, but would you pull over and give me your autograph?"

Art pulled up to the curb and wrote his name on the back of an envelope the truck driver held out. "Of course, you know it isn't for me, Mr. Baker," the driver said, "it's for my kids. They're great fans of yours!"

Sure, Art understood about the kids.

Children have always found a soft spot in Art's heart. He has even surrounded himself with paintings of them in his apartment. There are two heads of which he is especially fond, both done by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Jr. Mr. Burroughs, son of the famed "Tarzan" writer, has a delicate touch with children's faces. He can put expressions on canvas that wring the heart.

When Art first saw the paintings hanging in the Gourmet Restaurant, he didn't know they were for sale. Then one day he came in and saw a "Sold" sign on one of them.

"Sold!" he said to the manager. "I didn't even know they were available!" Whereupon, he berated the manager for not informing his customer that the paintings were up for sale.

Two days later, the manager came up to Art and said, "Mr. Baker, if you want those paintings, you can have them. The young lady who made a down payment on them decided not to take them after all."

Art took them home that afternoon and hung them on the wall in his den. He calls one "Papita." Mr. Burroughs, the artist, put great tears in the child's eyes, tears which sparkle like dew on the morning flower. Every day when Art comes in the den he says, "There now, Papita, don't cry," and he sometimes sings a song to cheer her up.

"It cheers me up to try and cheer her up," he says. "At any rate, I keep up my hope that someday those tears will really go away."

That's the job in life Art has cut out for himself. With his smile, his cheery voice and singing, he hopes to keep the tears from people's eyes. It ties in directly with his philosophy of life, for as Art has said, "Happiness depends on the way we meet our job in life, and not the nature of the job itself."

It's easy to see that Art lives that philosophy, for—whenever the producer on *You Asked For It* says, "Where's Art?"—the answer always is, "Over there, behind that smile!"

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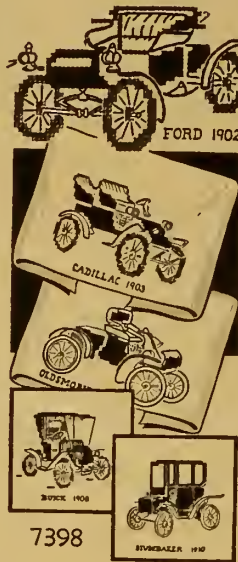
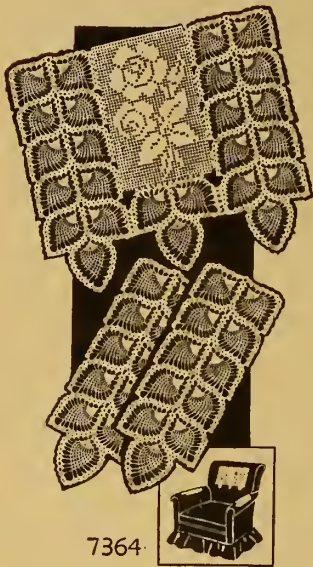
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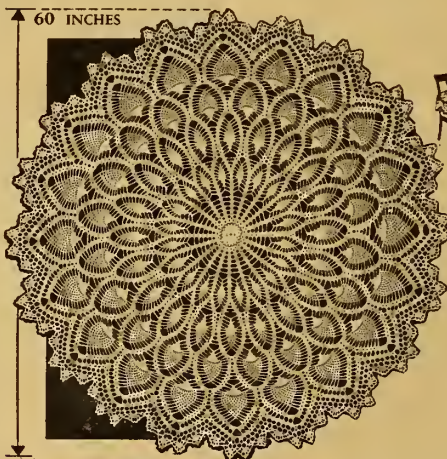
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