

RADIO-TV MIRROR

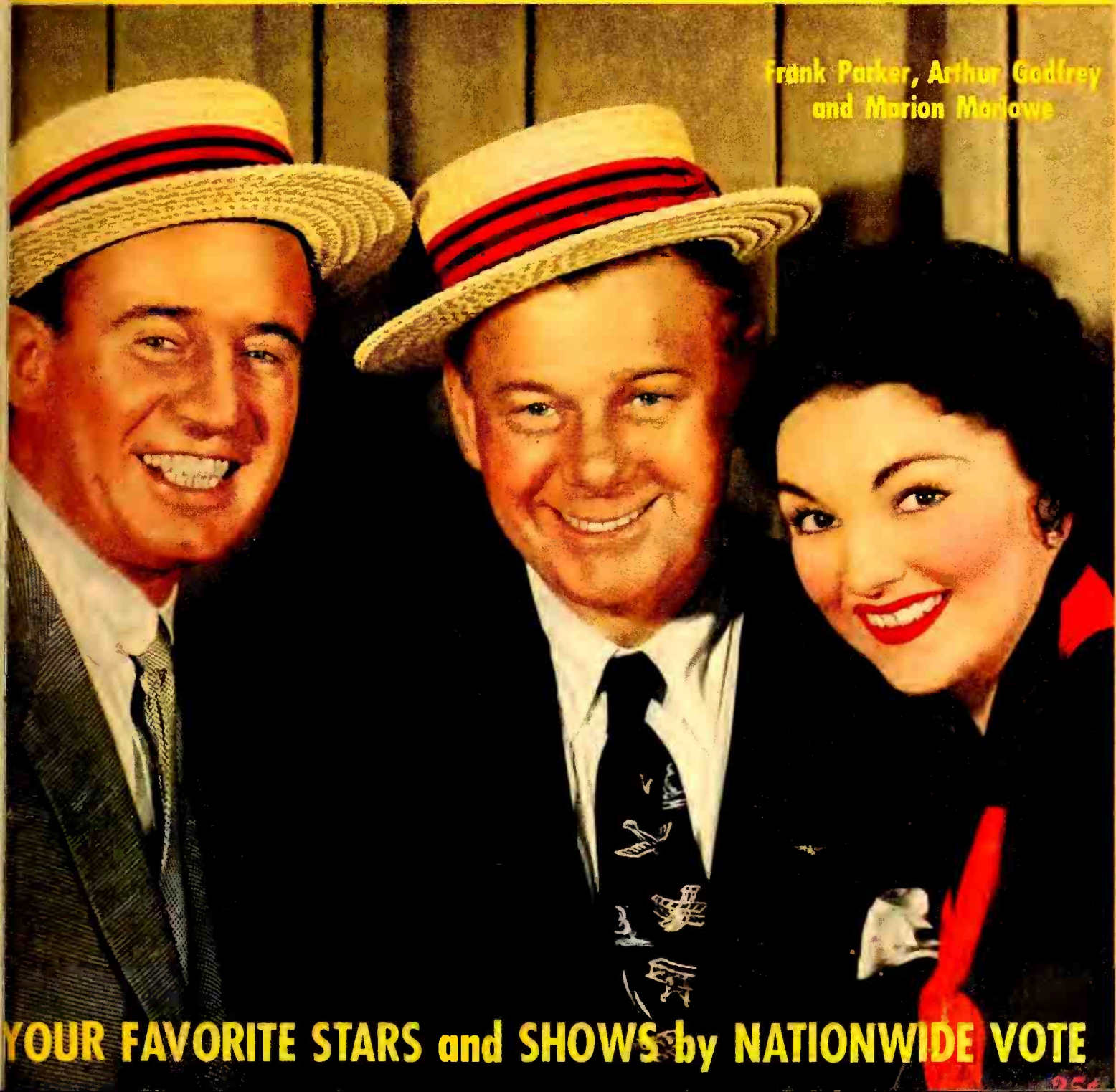
May

N. Y. radio, TV listings

**SPECIAL
AWARDS ISSUE**

Lucille Ball's Baby
Jack Webb • Warren Hull
Jackie Gleason
Bert Parks • Peggy Wood

Frank Parker, Arthur Godfrey
and Marion Marlowe



YOUR FAVORITE STARS and SHOWS by NATIONWIDE VOTE

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath

it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!"



Yes, there's more
lather . . . faster lather . . .
in an Ivory bath!

It's so *relaxing* to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. You don't wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly *bursts* into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

There's Ivory's famous
mildness . . . and such a clean,
fresh odor!

It's pure delight—the gentle caress of silky Ivory suds. For Ivory is 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure . . . mild as mild. Why, more doctors advise Ivory Soap for skin care than any other soap. And that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather leaves you *so* refreshed! All aglow and ready to go!

You get more for your
money, too!

Yes, mild Ivory . . . pure Ivory . . . floating Ivory . . . actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...it Floats



"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!



Does she keep you up late
... or brush you off early?

So much depends on whether your charm keeps on working. Freddy's didn't. Freddy was going great at half-past-eight, but by ten his girl was giving him the definite brush-off. And who could blame her? No girl wants to put up with a case of halitosis (bad breath).

YOU SELDOM KNOW when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath) . . . and even your best friend won't tell you.

Why risk offending needlessly . . . why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end? This amazing deodorant effect is due to Listerine's germ-killing action.



LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste



No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.* Brushing your teeth doesn't give you Listerine's antiseptic protection.

Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

That is why independent research reported Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . *stopped bad breath up to three-to-four times longer than the tooth pastes or chlorophyll products by actual test.*

So, no matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be *extra-careful* that your breath does not offend. Rinse the mouth with it night and morning and before any date where you want to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

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

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

Next Time I'll Bring My Knitting!



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO LET-ALONE IN MY LIFE! DO I HAVE TWO LEFT FEET—OR WHAT?

PEG, HONEY, ALL YOU NEED IS SOME COACHING FROM YOUR DENTIST ON—ON BAD BREATH!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



I'VE BEEN HAVING QUITE A WHIRL SINCE I BECAME A COLGATE GIRL!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** **STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS DECAY!**

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

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the greatest hair-beauty discovery
since the permanent wave”**

Helene Curtis

FOREMOST NAME

IN HAIR BEAUTY



*brings an
utterly new
smoother look to
American women*



Helene Curtis spray net

keeps any hair-do softly in place all day long

Now comes a new way to keep your hair *perfectly* in place—all day, all evening. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally . . . invisibly . . . for that new, smoother look.

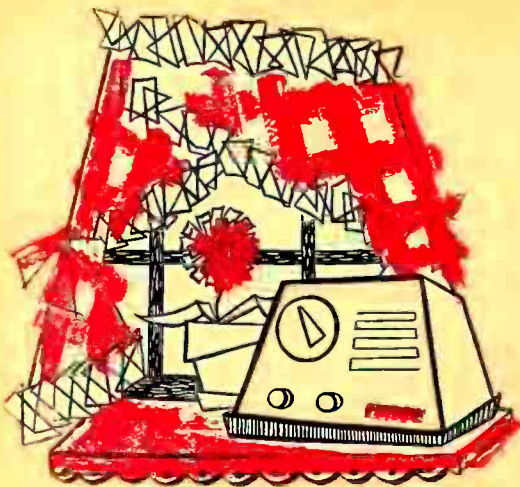
Millions of women are finding that Helene Curtis Spray Net is the perfect

answer to wispy, straggly, unruly hair. Protects your hair-do unfliningly—utterly without stiff-looking lacquers or greasiness. Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Takes less time to apply than lipstick. Keeps hair-do's fresher longer between your regular visits to the beauty parlor. Get Helene Curtis Spray Net today!



Regular Size \$1.25
New 11 oz. Economy Size, \$2

At all Drug Stores,
Cosmetic Counters and
Beauty Salons.



DAYTIME DIARY

AUNT JENNY In Littleton people get up early, work hard, find pleasure in their families, and go to sleep at a reasonable hour. But sometimes the events that fill the hours between waking and sleeping are not quite what one might expect. These are the stories Aunt Jenny tells as she dramatizes the seemingly quiet lives of the neighbors she knows and likes so well. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE As Larry Noble rehearses in a new play, his wife Mary senses that the mysterious, fascinating Lucius Brooks is far too interested in some of her friends. In spite of her suspicions she is drawn to this unusual man, though she does not foresee the influence he will have in her life and Larry's. Will her instinct, always sharpest where Larry is concerned, recognize, in time, the danger threatening their marriage? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY The new dam has caused a lot of controversy in the town of Three Rivers. There are two points of view—the sentimental and the practical. For, after all, the dam will mean a great deal of money and commerce for the townspeople. Dr. Richard Dennis takes the practical side in the fight—and proves to the town that a clergyman can see the merit in affairs of the world. He will show Three Rivers a hidden truth in the matter. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE After the very long, difficult, emotional battle of the past months, Dr. Dan Palmer and his wife Julie are forced to decide that, much as they love young Jigger, the mother who has suddenly reappeared in his life has a better right to his custody. Fighting off the inevitable brooding depression that comes with Jigger's loss, Julie is unaware that her sacrifice is the prelude to the greatest joy of her life. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Crime stories are the specialty of David Farrell, ace reporter for the New York *Daily Eagle*, who has learned through bitter experience two invaluable lessons. The first is that nobody is above suspicion, and the second is that the instincts of his wife Sally are sometimes sharper than his own. Working together, the Farrells have helped police break many a baffling case. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Three happy marriages have been jeopardized by the tragic mistake of young Kathy Grant. Not even the dreadful crime of which she is accused seems as terrible to her as the destruction of the faith of her husband. What does Dick really feel for her now? What are the indirect effects of her selfishness on Bill Bauer, her stepmother's brother, and his wife? What of Meta herself, and Kathy's father Joe? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, having recently come through an unsettling romance, is somewhat wary of emotional involvement. The children of Hilltop House, the orphanage she supervises, are taxing enough—and appealing enough—to fill her life, if she really wants it that way. But does she? An old friend's arrival in Glendale puts the problem squarely before Julie. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL The fanatical, mysterious Captain Everett Nightingale is well on his way to destroying not only his own marriage but the second marriage of his former wife, as he continues his sinister efforts to reclaim his son, Nelson. Trying to keep the Captain from wrecking many lives, Bill Davidson himself becomes a target for the hate of this twisted personality. Will Bill be able to help himself or the others? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Almost anyone can see right through to the grasping soul of Danny Kramer's mother. But is that reason enough to keep her away from her son? Would a mother do more for Danny than the affection of Chichi and Papa David, or the money of Miss Vandebush? Chichi's down-to-earth sense refuses to think so, but the battle over Danny could end by doing the crippled youngster harm no matter which way it turns out. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES The amnesia that separates Lorenzo from his wife Belle has forced each of them to develop a new life. In New York, Belle becomes the valued assistant to Verne Massey, whose new play is going into rehearsal. Meanwhile, in Canada, Lorenzo has fallen in love with brilliant young Gail Maddox. Convinced by Madge Barton, who says she is his aunt, that he is free to marry, Lorenzo becomes engaged to Gail. M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Ma understood perfectly when her daughter Evey was upset by the baby that was arriving long after she and Willy had given up hope, thirteen years after their son Junior was born. But Ma is wondering if the baby is responsible for Evey's sudden discontent with everything. Will Willy do something unwise because of Evey's fretting over money? And where will the Hofmanns, new in town, fit into the picture? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Believing that she is in some mysterious way responsible for the deaths of her two husbands, Eve Westbrook breaks her own heart and that of Ralph Holden, Lord Henry's business partner, by refusing to allow him to become her third husband. Trying to prove to Eve that her dread is based on nothing more than a morbid fancy, Sunday Brinthrope incurs the dangerous enmity of socialite Regina Page. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Linda and Pepper Young have solved an emotional crisis in their marriage by the adoption of a baby whose mother wanted nothing to do with him. But the baby's father, learning the child was a boy, prepares to wage ruthless battle to reclaim the rights his wife signed away. What will it do to Linda's new-found happiness if somehow the infant whom she so dearly loves can be taken from her? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON At last, lawyer Perry Mason is able to convince the police that the poisoner, Emmet, is a more dangerous public enemy than is Perry himself for trying to save the life of an innocent client. With police cooperation Perry feels sure that Emmet is getting toward the end of his rope. Will Ruth Davis be the bait that brings him into the open? And will Perry then have the key to final defeat of Mark Cesar? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Though she knows it is unwise for her to interfere at the present time in certain public affairs,
(Continued on page 6)



TIME AVAILABLE TO
AMERICA'S PRECIOUS BABIES

Playtex[®] Lotion

with the extra protection of Chlorophyll



Soothes...softens...safeguards
—as no ordinary baby lotion does.

Guaranteed to prevent diaper rash or your money back!

Here's the perfectly wonderful way to give your precious baby the head-to-toe skin protection that doctors welcome. Playtex Baby Lotion safeguards your baby, day and night, with prolonged antiseptic action ... keeps your baby flower-fresh. *Safe, even on tender, new-born skin!* PLAYTEX Lotion contains a "Miracle Antiseptic" that guarantees no diaper rash, or your money back. You owe it to your baby to give him the extra protection of PLAYTEX Chlorophyll Lotion. Get a bottle today! At leading Drug and Department Stores.

59¢
(na federal tax)



Playtex[®]

FOR THE NICEST THINGS NEXT TO BABY

DRYPER PANTIES SHEETS BIBS OIL POWDER CREAM LOTION



Are you in the know?

To add "suspense" to a picnic outing?

- Auction the eats Rig up a rope swing

Sold to you bristle bean in the yellow striped tee shirt!—one surprise package crammed with goodies for two. Auctioning the vittles puts bang in a picnic. And pays for Cokes. Keep bidders guessing as to which gal packed which supper box; later, each lad shares the fare with his "mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep *confident*—at calendar time. Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-f-t napkin that *holds its shape*. Made to stay soft while you wear it.



Should this departing guest write a—

- Thank you note Bread n' butter letter

"Dear Joanie—the weekend was *devoon*"—But wait; doesn't Joan's Mom rate your appreciation, too? Write her a bread and butter letter. Lines of thanks for all she did to make your visit fun. You know, there are *some* "lines" you never need fret about: the revealing kind that Kotex *prevents*. (Thanks to those *flat, pressed ends!*)



If your back perspires too freely—

- Put Sis to work Hit the talcum barrel

What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to pat you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for you. And for *problem-day* protection, find the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive *safety center*.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

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

Carolyn cannot sit by calmly when it seems to her that a cruel breach of justice is about to ruin two innocent young lives. As Carolyn decides to take a hand in saving the accused husband of her young and frantic friend, she wonders how her action will affect her own future. Will her husband Miles be further estranged? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE What curious strain of instability runs through the Overton family? Certainly Conrad Overton seems free of ordinary moral and ethical restraints, and both his son Hugh and his daughter Sybil have prided themselves on their unconventionality, which in Sybil's case more than borders on crime. Can Dr. Jim Brent expose the full truth about Conrad before his own personal danger becomes too acute? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC. M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT While Hollywood designer Helen Trent endeavors to ignore the strangeness of her new boss, Kelsey Spencer, and concentrate on her work in his great documentary, Spencer's interest in Helen develops to a point that enrages Carol Scott, his jealous secretary. Meanwhile a new barrier rises between Helen and the man she really loves when ambitious, self-seeking Gladys Larkin sets her cap for lawyer Gil Whitney. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY The dangers through which Rosemary and Bill Roberts have fought their way in recent years have toughened them in a degree unusual in so young a couple. But is Bill tough enough to win the battle he is waging, through his newspaper, against the grafter-Ed Duffy? Has Duffy a weapon he's waiting to bring out at the last moment—a weapon forged by Bill's own past—to deal a final defeat to the Robertses? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON The dreadful tragedy that leaves Terry facing the loss of Stan turns her life upside down. In spite of her independence, Terry has been a wife and mother of the most devoted kind. Without Stan she is afraid, at first, that she cannot go on. But gradually she finds the courage to carry on their project—courage and faith that finally lead to greater joy than she dared hope for. M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Though Stella and Arnold King are unhappy over the postponement of their marriage, they feel the strange death of his sister-in-law, Alida, must be cleared up before they can go on with their plans. Meanwhile Stella is increasingly disturbed by Jerry Lawson's friendship with the mysterious Otis Fernald. Will Stella's intuitive knowledge of human nature help her to avert a tragedy? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

P.S.

To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest* deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors. Buy Quest powder today.

Diary

THIS IS NORA DRAKE When nurse Nora Drake shares her apartment with the unstable teen-age daughter of Dr. Robert Sergeant, she does not suspect her own peril. Grace's involvement with Cass Toder, sinister leader of the city's teen-age underworld, has led her into knowledge dangerous to Toder, who also wants Nora out of the way. Will Fred Molina learn who Sherrill Boller is in time to stop Toder? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN At the very moment when he should be at the top of the world—his new play a smashing success in spite of his fears—playwright Mark Douglas disappears. Remembering how often this has happened before, Wendy wonders desperately if their marriage has worked only harm for Mark. If her love can't help him to stability, is there any use going on? Or will the question be taken entirely out of Wendy's hands? M-F, 12 noon, EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Even if the lives of Joan and Harry Davis are reunited in the happy security they once enjoyed, will the effects of their separation make the future very different from what it might have been? The dangerous, emotionally unstable element that came into Harry's existence with the affections of Claire O'Brien is not the kind of thing that can be lightly erased. Will it prove fatal? M-F, 10:45 P.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Many times Jeff Carter has thought that the more the members of a family fight to be independent, the more they seem to belong to one another. Certainly his brothers and sisters have rebelled frequently and fiercely against their loving and beloved parents. And yet somehow nothing seems to weaken the basic family ties. Now Jeff has cause to wonder if, after all, this is such a very good thing. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE No matter what the final outcome is of Jerry's efforts to help the self-styled young tough guy Pete, the miserable, defiant boy will certainly have an important effect on several lives. Through their relationship with Pete, Jerry's mother, his young daughter Jill, and Jerry himself learn some things about themselves and each other that they might otherwise never have found out. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen, suspected of the murder of Mathilda Maxwell, accidentally involves Ruth Loring, wife of Dr. Anthony Loring, to whom Ellen was once engaged. Knowing Ruth's innocence, Ellen tries desperately to right the mistake, but Anthony cannot understand her defense of his wife. Thus completely estranged from Anthony, Ellen wonders if her fate lies with young Christopher Eliot. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

I was Blind as a Bat about these intimate physical facts



Do You Know or Are You Only 'Guessing'?

Blind is she who refuses to see. The modern intelligent young wife will treasure this scientific information about feminine hygiene (including vaginal cleanliness). Women have observed hygienic laws dating back to biblical times. The important question today for women is 'what is the best product to use for the douche—which one has decided benefits to offer.' Tests prove ZONITE is a perfect solution!

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so absolutely harmless as ZONITE.

Completely Safe to Body Tissues

ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. It is a wondrously soothing-healing agent. ZONITE can even be swallowed accidentally with safety. This is an advantage no other type of antiseptic

with ZONITE's great germ-killing power can offer you.

The Fabulous History of ZONITE

The ZONITE principle was originated by a famous French surgeon and an English scientist. It was truly a miracle! The first antiseptic in the world that could kill the most active bacteria without harming body tissues. Its fame soon spread, and women were quick to appreciate its miracle-working action for feminine hygiene.

Enjoy ZONITE'S Hygienic Protection

ZONITE eliminates all odors. It flushes away waste accumulations and deposits. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE instantly kills every reachable germ. A ZONITE douche after monthly periods is also very important to assure personal daintiness.

Always use as directed.

Zonite

THIS IDEAL 'ALL PURPOSE'
ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE SHOULD BE
IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST



FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. RM-53, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

THE GUIDING LIGHT—

*How could I face my
husband, the man I loved,
when everything that had gone
before was a lie?*

By KATHY GRANT



Happy as my father—Joe Roberts—was with Meta, I persisted in closing my eyes to her fine qualities.

I CAN'T remember ever having been a liar. No child grows up without telling at least a few fibs, but looking back I think I was more on the priggish side than otherwise. I can remember lacing into my brother Joey, with all the moral and physical superiority of a typical older sister, for telling a couple of fibs to Dad which I considered beyond the pale.

So I wasn't a liar by habit. Indeed, I would have scorned even the idea of fibbing to Dad. Ever since Mother had died, years ago, Dad and Joey and I had been closer than the average family—as close as friends. And you seldom lie to your friends.

Perhaps if the things that hurt hadn't both come at once, it would have been different. If I hadn't fallen in love with Dick Grant before he was quite ready to do anything about it . . . and if Dad hadn't married Meta White over my bitter, unyielding opposition.

Not quite seventeen, and just getting out of high school, you do take yourself much too seriously. I couldn't believe Dad would give Joey and me such a stepmother—a woman who'd been in a bad scandal just a short time before; a woman who was so beautiful that it couldn't help causing trouble. My real objection, I suppose, was to a stepmother of any kind. Dad and I had been so close. Stubbornly I refused to admit what my heart really knew . . . that Dad needed the love and companionship he could only get from a wife who loved him as Meta did. Even when it was over—a fact, and I had to accept it—I closed my eyes to the happiness he could have had if I had been just a little nicer to Meta. The lying began right there, I think . . . right there when my conscience would whisper, "But you can't refuse to understand Dad. You know he's not doing this to hurt you, but because he loves Meta. Love . . . the thing you feel for Dick. Why should you be entitled to it, if Dad isn't?"

No, it's different, I'd (Continued on page 10)

The Guiding Light, M-F—CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—both EST, for Procter & Gamble. Seen here in their roles: Ellen Demming as Meta, Herbert Nelson as Joe, Susan Douglas as Kathy, James Lipton as Dick.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL

Love walks with trouble



Only Dick and I, I thought, were really in love and really entitled to happiness!

(Continued from page 8)

answer back stubbornly. Dick and I are young, just starting out. We're entitled to happiness that will hurt nobody. Dad's hurting Joey and me out of pure willfulness . . . It was all nonsense. I knew it. But I closed my eyes to it and continued to treat Meta as though she were an intruder bent on evil. And the lying began, the lying to myself that was at the root of all the trouble.

I said I didn't lie to Dad, but there was one thing I'd kept from him. He knew about my meeting Dick Grant some months before, and that I corresponded with him. But he didn't know how completely the world had changed for Dick and me almost from our first date. At first I didn't tell him because he would have said, "Kathy, you're too young. And Dick's got to graduate and go through his internship before he can think of marriage . . ." And later on I didn't tell him because it was a secret that might become a weapon, a way of hurting him as he had hurt me by marrying Meta. Oh—I didn't want to hurt Dad, really. I just wanted to show him I could go out and lead my own life; that I wasn't any longer a child dependent on his arrangements. We had made no plans, Dick and I. But warmth and understanding deepened with each letter. It was as though he in San Francisco and I in Los Angeles were nevertheless holding hands, looking breathlessly and almost fearfully into a future that promised heaven. I should have been building, that last half year in high school, towards graduation, the big day. All my friends were. But my sights were set on something beyond . . . the weekend I'd arranged to spend with a friend in San Francisco. The weekend from which I was to come back engaged, to tell Dad that my life had a new center now and a new plan. Just as his had.

It was a wonderful weekend. We danced and we rode together through the soft night and we knew the letters had all been true. The future was going to be heaven . . . only Dick wasn't quite ready for heaven. He told me about it, in painful words that begged for understanding, because I could hear his own doubts, his own misery, running beneath them. His family had talked him into this . . . not his father, perhaps. But from the moment his mother and I had touched hands, I'd known her implacable resolution that Dick would not be taken from her. I'd recognized it—the same resentment I'd felt toward Meta.

I went back home feeling that the whole world had won an obscure battle against Kathy Roberts. Beneath my confusion a terrible anger was stirring. I'd been hurt—yes, but I would hurt back. I'd learn how! There was one sure way, anyhow. One sure victim. Dad's plans for my college career, maybe later on for a career in journalism that would make me a bigger, better reporter than even he was—I knew he wanted that. And in my heart I wanted it, too.

But left and right, like a child playing soldier with a sword too big and too sharp for him to wield, I kept on denying the truth. With efficiency born of my bitter humiliation, I found a job in a department store and a place to live; and before any of us really believed I meant what I said, I moved out and shared an apartment with a girl named Alice Graham. Contact with home was maintained through an occasional telephone call. I was officially on my own.

I wouldn't even admit that I was lonely. When Bob Lang turned up, I gave myself lots of other reasons for dating him. I'd never much enjoyed dat-

ing Bob when I'd been at home. How could I, with Dick in my heart? But Dick was a closed chapter, I told myself. Why not Bob? It was something to do. And I just didn't want to be left altogether without company, sincere affection, tenderness. . . .

But still I can't make myself believe I was in my right mind when I married him. I can't even remember his asking me, or my saying the actual word *yes*. But it happened, all right. Suddenly, overnight, we had a slip of paper to prove it, and a shared memory of the words that had been spoken over us and by us to each other. Almost at once my mind started working busily, frantically to find a way out. I'd been insane, beside myself, to do such a thing. Bob couldn't understand why I insisted on keeping it secret, but he was so grateful for the brief time we could have together, and so hopeful for the future, that he didn't protest too much. He was willing to wait . . . And in the meantime, I was building up my courage to tell him the truth, and ask for my freedom. Too late I really understood what I would do to Bob, what I'd been too wrapped up in myself to see before. When I was with him in his tiny apartment, shame for myself and pity for him choked back the words that had to be said, and little by little I began making excuses for cutting short our time.

And yet, in spite of all my heart-searching, I still believed it would be only a matter of words. The right words, that was all—the simple, straightforward admission that I'd made a mistake and that I couldn't stay married to him. Time after time I tried, but they wouldn't come. Finally, though, one night as I got into the car beside him, I really had my little speech all prepared.

It was a hot, sticky night, and Bob headed for the outskirts of the city. After a while, I said, "Bob, I must tell you now. I don't want to hurt you, but I know it will be hurting you less this way. Bob, I want a divorce."

I tried to explain. Not about Dick, but about ourselves—that I didn't and couldn't love him as he deserved.

He said little, but his lips were white and his foot on the gas pressed harder and harder until the telephone poles were literally flying past.

"You're going too fast," I said automatically. Even as I spoke he pressed down even harder, and suddenly a wave of terror washed over me.

The wind roared in my ears, stung my eyes. I couldn't see, couldn't cry out. I thought I couldn't move, but something moved—something happened. The wheel came up and hit my chest, and flung me to the opposite door. There was a hideous screech, a tearing, splintering crash . . . There was nothing.

Later—I never knew how much later—the world rolled in on me again. The world crowded in, pressed sickeningly on my chest, on my head, until it forced me to open my eyes. Shivering and nauseated, I crawled slowly to my knees, then to my feet, and stood dizzily trying to focus on the nightmarish wreck. The car lay on its side, the upturned wheels still turning very slowly. Everything was very slow—the realization, the movement toward the window from which Bob's hand dangled. Very slow . . . very deliberate. The one thing I didn't feel was surprise of any kind. I knew what had happened. I knew before my icy fingers found his pulse, his heart, that Bob was dead.

Stumbling, sobbing, blind with horror, I did get away—somehow. The next thing I really remember is the heat of a cup of coffee Alice Graham forced between my icy hands, my teeth chattering against

the china, and Alice's voice saying, "But how could you be sure! He might not have been really—"

"He wasn't breathing. His heart—he was dead, dead, dead, and I killed him!" Alice grabbed the cup as it lurched.

"What a crazy thing. Crazy." She gave me a sharp look. "Kathy, are you sure about all this?"

"But it's true! It happened—right after I'd asked for a divorce. I told him—" Suddenly the room swelled and dimmed, and I felt sick again. Alice grabbed me before I fell.

Bright and sharp as a sword, the sun woke me. There was no interval—I remembered everything at once. But Alice was wonderful. She called the shop to say I was ill, forced me to eat some of the breakfast she made, and steadied me each time hysteria threatened again. How I talked her into my own state of insanity, I don't know, but after a time she reluctantly agreed that if I could possibly wipe all signs of Bob out of my life, things would be simpler. Nobody need ever know of the marriage, but I could only do it with Alice's help. Finally she said, "All right. I see your point. If you told the police you were with Bob, reported the accident, it would certainly come out about your marriage . . . I'll fix it with George." We rehearsed it till it was perfect. There could be no trouble. I had spent the night before with Alice and her boy friend, George.

It was a couple of days before I felt steady enough to come out into the world again, but in that time a kind of self-hypnosis took control. The small, inconspicuous story in the paper helped, too—about the accident, the identification of Bob's body. No mention of anyone else.

I thought it would be written all over my face, for Meta to read, when I first went home again. But evidently it wasn't, and anyway she had something to tell me that momentarily startled me out of my preoccupation. A boy named Dick Grant had called, trying to reach me . . . "Dr. Dick Grant," she emphasized, smiling. "He's interning at Cedars, right here in town, and he sounded terribly anxious to get hold of you."

I don't know whether it was Dick or the family that gave me the slow, almost furtive sensation of well-being during the next few days. The family, I think. I didn't call Dick back right away. That was too tremendous a hurdle to my shaky self-control. First I wanted to bring myself back into the framework, as well as I could. Their affection hypnotized me into a kind of loss of memory. Bob Lang had no place in their past and the necessity of keeping it that way—keeping them ignorant—helped me almost erase him from mind. Not erase . . . push down out of sight, cover over with hope and a prayer that Dick's call meant that I'd been forgiven. . . .

I couldn't be sure that he wasn't getting in touch just to say hello. I let time go by in order to steel myself to that possibility, too. But from his first words, from the first time we saw one another again, there could be no doubts about the future. He'd had it all out with his family. With his graduation, and the right to put *Dr.* before his name, the exhilarating sense of his own maturity had swept all his doubts away. He said, "When I knew it was going to be Cedars, up here so close to you—Kathy, I prayed. I was so darn scared it would be too late. . . ."

I touched his face, thinner, older than I remembered. "It was too late," I said dreamily. "But it isn't any more. . . ." I stopped myself. Crazy! A crazy thing to say! Above everything else, Dick must

never, never know. I could never tell him. Meta was really the staff of my life in that period. No questions, when I told her Dick and I wanted to get married as soon as possible. She got between me and Dad's questions, too. If she'd been my real mother, she couldn't have done better for me than she did on the day Mrs. Grant came to call—a poison-sweet call that left no doubt that her feelings hadn't changed. In the end, Mrs. Grant pulled her furs around her shoulders and said goodbye with a compliment she'd never expected to utter. "I'm so sorry we haven't met before, Mrs. Roberts," she said over Meta's handshake. "I do hope we will be seeing a good deal of one another from now on."

The things she had said about Meta, the things Dick had told me! Meta's modeling in New York, the scandal she'd been involved in, the terrible woman who was the stepmother of the girl Dick had the bad taste to want to marry. . . . Gleeefully, after she'd gone, I hugged Meta for the first time. "You made her look like a fool," I exulted. "I was so proud, Meta—"

And so at last we were friends. It was Meta I was thinking of, Meta I had to go to, a week later when I left the doctor's office with his confirmation of my suspicion still ringing in my ears. I was going to have a baby.

Meta was stunned. I had dragged her up to my room, locked the door, and poured the whole story out in frantic haste. Bob Lang, the marriage, the accident . . . the way I'd behaved . . . "I know it's true if you say so," she said in a muffled voice. "But I can't take it in. . . ."

"There's no time to take it in! Meta, you must help me—you said you'd be my friend! I've got no one else! Meta, I can't have this baby."

Meta shook her head slowly. "You've got to have it. There's no other way. Go to Dick, tell him all about your marriage, as you should have done at the very beginning."

"Tell Dick I was married before—that I'm going to have another man's child? Oh, Meta, I can't!"

"You've got to be honest with the man you're going to marry, Kathy. You can't possibly build a life on a deception of this magnitude! You've still got a little chance left, dear. Tell Dick the whole thing now. That's the only solution I can offer you."

I said with all the bitterness I could muster, "Then you can at least promise me you'll forget what I told you. Nobody is to know! Do you understand—nobody is to know! I'll work it out myself, without your help!"

But how? After Meta left me, sitting before my mirror, staring at a face that already looked different to my panic-stricken gaze, I saw that there was only one way out. The faster I married Dick the better. Maybe I'd lose the child. Maybe I'd get sick or have an accident. But if I didn't, why should Dick think anything except what another husband would think if his wife became pregnant?

Timing—it was all a matter of timing. Sometimes I felt like a hardened criminal working out a plan for the perfect murder. If we got married at such and such a time . . . if I waited just so long before starting to knit little garments. . . . Choking bitterness would fill my throat as I watched Dick's happiness. I felt a hundred years older than he, incredibly weary, but sharply alert as well, alert to so many threats. A word from Meta, an accidental word dropped by myself . . . so many dangers! Not until we were safely married did I relax a little. I did love Dick so very much!

An intern's salary is pretty close to non-existent. With some help from Dick's

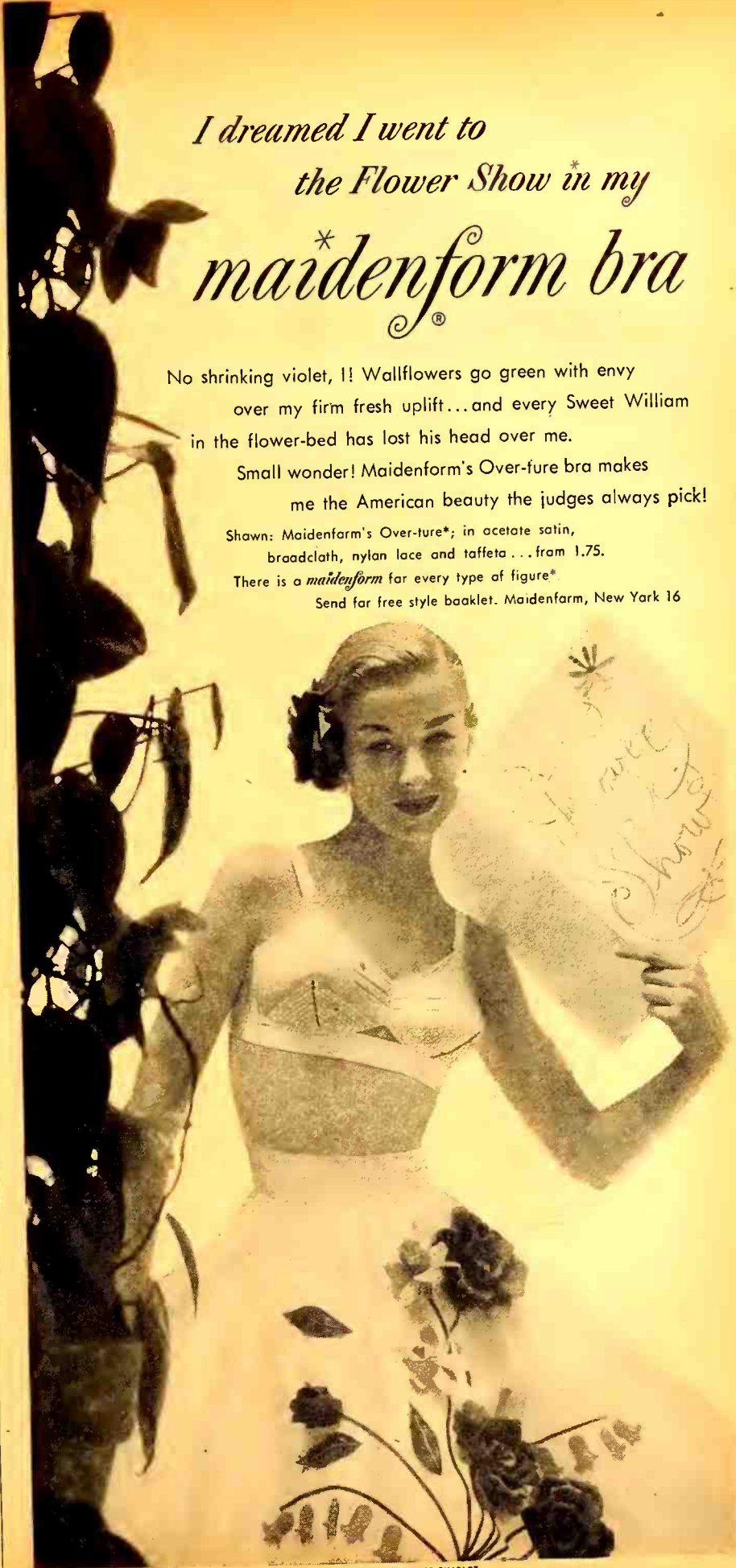
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M

father, we managed a microscopic apartment, just a room and a place to cook and a bathroom. Dick thought it was wonderful because it was ours alone, and I tried hard to think so too. But I couldn't let him know how dreary it was to be sick in that one room, with its ugly scrappy furnishings and its air of bleak poverty. I couldn't let him know about feeling sick at all. Not until I finally decided the right time had come to tell him about the baby.

It turned out to be a grim business, that telling him. A strange white line pinched his mouth, and his eyes looked incredulous.

"Kathy . . . are you sure?"

"The doctor says so."

"What doctor?"

I told him, and instantly I sensed the mistake. My husband was a doctor, with dozens of doctor friends. Why had I gone without telling him to a strange doctor?

"Dick," I stammered. "You don't look glad. Darling, if you aren't happy about it, I'll—I'll die!" I began to shake, fighting for control, knowing hysteria was just over the line.

Dick jumped up, came over, and pulled me into his lap. His arms protected me, his voice was full of love. "Dearest Kathy, darling, are you crazy? You just got me between the eyes for a second. I wasn't expecting it—so soon." Too soon. I knew he was thinking that, in spite of himself.

Dick's lips warmed my forehead. "Sweet-heart, stop. How can you think anything else? Our baby, Kathy! What else could I be but happy?"

The taut line snapped, and I buried my head in his neck, sobbing uncontrollably. I knew I was frightening him but I couldn't stop. Our baby. Oh, God, I prayed, never let him find out. I can't stay alive if he ever finds out. I can't live without Dick's love. Now I really know what it means to me. . . .

Strangely, now that Dick knew, I wanted to stay in the little apartment. I felt safe there, locked away from everyone but him with my secret. But it was much more sensible to go back home, where there was so much room and comfort, and I wouldn't be alone when Dick was on duty several nights during the week. Passionately, now, I regretted telling Meta. She was wonderful to me always, but in every kindness I read pity, in every act of helpfulness I saw reproach. But Dick was happy! After the first shock he went around exalted with happiness. I wanted to fling that at her for my justification. I'd made Dick happy, hadn't I?

And then, inexorably, the world I'd tried so hard to shut out began closing in on me. I think in my heart I had always known it would.

One day, Alice Graham came to see me. She asked me a question. It was an innocent enough question. She asked me if I remembered what had happened to the cigarette lighter she'd loaned me. "It was a long time ago," she said, her narrow blue eyes watchful and pitying. "Think, Kathy. The night you . . . the night it happened."

The night it happened. I pressed my eyes shut, trying to remember. I'd been late, I'd snatched up cigarettes to stuff into my bag. No matches anywhere . . . but Alice's lighter was handy.

I didn't want to think. But Alice's brilliant, prodding gaze forced me on. I'd lit a cigarette for Bob while he was driving, one for myself. I'd thrown mine away when I began to talk to him. . . .

"I don't know where it is!"

She nodded. "No, you don't. But the police do, Kathy. That's what I came to tell you."

Yes, it had caught up with me. Somebody hadn't liked the look of the accident. Somebody hadn't been satisfied with that

short newspaper notice. A reporter named Crane, a young ambitious fellow looking for a chance to shine. He'd latched onto it somehow. He'd learned, the way a reporter always does, that the police had picked up a silver lighter at the scene of the crash. A woman's lighter. Painstakingly, with terrible patience, he'd tracked it down to Alice.

The first time he came to see her she stood on her rights and practically threw him out. But he came again, with more information. My name had come into it. And the next time he called he told Alice he'd found the record of a marriage. Katherine Roberts to Robert Lang . . . and did she have anything to say before he took his information to the police?

"I stuck to my story of knowing nothing about it," Alice said unhappily. "But—Kathy, it's no use. Crane's got the idea you were in that car with Bob. He's had it all along—that someone was with him. And I'm pretty sure there was a detective around asking questions. . . ." She put a hand on my shoulder. "I'll stick to my story, and so will George. But Kathy—you'd better tell your father."

Tell my father. What about my husband? The eggshells I'd been tiptoeing over for so many weeks finally gave way, and I seemed to be falling slowly, slowly away from Alice, from the world. What now, I wondered? *If I don't find the courage to tell Dick, he'll learn it some other way now.* And I knew in my heart I didn't have that courage.

It seems queer now that all that mental anguish, all that torturing fear, grew out of the knowledge that my husband would have to know the truth. It never occurred to me that I might have a great deal more than that to worry about, and very soon. . . .

Very soon. It was astonishing how time telescoped after Alice's visit. I slept very little, alone in my room, alternately thanking heaven that Dick was on duty, and then finding my face wet with sudden tears because his comforting arms weren't around me when I needed them. Night slipped into day; time rolled over me as though I weren't living by the same clock as others. Somewhere in that lost interval, Dad learned from his editor, one of his oldest friends, about busy little Mr. Crane's activities. All the details—including the photostat of a wedding license that was now in the hands of the police.

It wasn't as bad as it might have been, if you don't count breaking Dad's heart. Meta got to him before he got to me, and told him everything. I knew by the way Dad was calmed down, by his grim but unapproachful face, that Meta had done her best to excuse me. But Dad's eyes bored into my guilty heart, and I let them. It was all true—true as far as it went. But it didn't touch the secret center of the truth. I'd been guilty of a terrible sin against a human being who had loved me. I'd been guilty of a crime that was even, surprisingly, a legal crime. . . . But Meta hadn't told him about the baby. That, at least, was still between her and me.

A legal crime. Somehow, although I'd always known vaguely that it was illegal to leave the scene of an accident, that I should have reported it, I'd felt guilty only toward Bob for that part of what I'd done. Knowing about Crane, I was braced for what came—a request from the police for me to come down and answer a few questions. This time I'd tell the whole truth, much as it would hurt. I had to; they knew it anyway. "I won't lie," I promised Meta as I left the house with the courteous Lieutenant Connors who came for me. She answered quietly, "No, of course not. The time for that is over." Lowering her voice, she added, "Dick has to know now, Kathy, before they. . . ."

The next time I saw Dick he did know. We looked at one another with different eyes. I saw the haggard lines that had carved themselves overnight around his mouth. I saw that he didn't seem bewildered, or even miserable and hurt, as I'd expected. Instead he looked . . . well, wary. As if I were a stranger from whom he no longer knew what to expect, though he still hoped and loved. What did he see in me? I wondered half hysterically. A liar whom perhaps he might still love, but would never again, as long as he lived, be able to trust. . . .?

But once again the very climax that was tearing my sheltered life to shreds was in a queer twist of fate acting as my protection. There was no time for examinations of the past, for long explanations, questions that I could only answer in a way that would expose my selfish, cowardly actions for what they were. For on the heels of the simple, seemingly straightforward interrogation by the police came another kind of summons. This time it was the District Attorney who wanted to ask me a few questions.

Sick with fear, I was barely conscious of what they wanted to know. My mind hammered insistently *tell the truth, the truth, it's the only thing that will help you.* . . . Mr. Hanley's blue eyes seemed to know the answers before I gave them. Yes, I'd regretted my marriage to Bob. Yes, I'd always been in love with Dick Grant. Yes, I'd begged for a divorce. I had to get free. Hanley's voice joined the hammering in my brain—"At any cost? You had to get free, you couldn't live with this boy, you had to get free?"

"Yes! I didn't love him, it wasn't fair—" "No matter how it hurt him. You wanted divorce, annulment, anything to set you free. Is that right?" The slightest of pauses . . . "You're free now, Mrs. Grant. His death set you free. You were glad the boy died, weren't you?"

Tell the truth . . . Glad? How could you be glad of another person's death? But if he hadn't died I wouldn't be married to Dick! The secret guilt in my heart quivered and began to unfold. I couldn't stop it. Hanley seemed to know it already! My dishonesty had killed Bob—my cruelty, my selfishness!

Did you kill Bob Lang? the voice hammered. The voice in my brain, or Hanley's voice—I couldn't tell. Hands over ears to drown it out I screamed my answer, "Yes, yes, yes! I'm guilty. I killed him!"

Absolute quiet. Only the rustle of a paper, a finger spotting the line where I was to sign. . . . The voices had stopped altogether. I could breathe again. Exhausted, but grateful for the relief, I went quietly where they led me, did as they told me to do. It was only after I'd slept and wakened again that realization flooded in on me. I was in jail, in a cell. I was Kathy Roberts Grant, held on suspicion of murder!

Two days later I was home again, out on bail that Meta had provided. The comfortable living room looked like a stage set. Was the real world still going on? It was so impermanent—it was cruel for them to release me this way, knowing that in a few weeks they could snatch me back again for God only knew what climax! For Mr. Laurence and Dad and Dick together had finally made it clear to me just what the District Attorney had built up. It was incredible that the guilt I'd admitted could have been twisted so. Guilty, I'd said—yes, and I was. But not of the kind of murder they meant! Once again, it seemed, a lie had reached out to trip me. Once again when the truth would have saved me, a lie was going to condemn me. For Alice Graham had still stuck

to the story that we'd thought would place me beyond involvement—the story that I'd been with her the night of Bob's accident. And the District Attorney had deftly taken that lie and twisted it into premeditated murder. The state was going to charge that I had tampered with Bob's car in such a way that an accident was inevitable. But—if that were true, of course I wouldn't have ridden with him that night, knowing what must happen!

Meta did what she could for me. Finally she drew Dad away, and Mr. Laurence left. Finally the moment I'd dreaded was there. There was nothing between me and Dick now. Nothing but the naked deformed monster I'd made of our marriage. *And he still didn't know about the baby!*

I sat stone-still while he walked around the room, pushing his hair off his forehead in a gesture that was new to me. Finally he said, "One thing for sure, Kathy. As far as they're concerned, I knew about this Lang. Do you get that? *I knew about your marriage.*"

"Oh, no!" I drew in my breath. "Dick, no—no more lies! Please. I can't stand any more lies. I'm so terribly afraid of them!"

"I can't see it any other way." He frowned down at me. Then almost unwillingly he touched my shoulder. "Never mind now, Kathy. I'll talk to Mr. Laurence, see what he says. Don't worry about that now."

"No. There are so many other things." So many more vital things. The words burned in my throat. "Dick. I've done enough to you. I want you to know that if you—if you want to be free, I'll understand."

He looked at me in silence. A slow flush darkened his pale cheeks. "You're so great with the truth, can't you tell it now? If you want to get rid of me, Kathy, just come out with it. If you don't love me—"

Not love Dick? My heart turned over. I cried wildly, "I love you with all my heart! You know I do! Never for one minute since we met, never once have I stopped loving you! I don't care what else you think about me, you must believe that at least!"

Dick's arms lifted me, my tears were dampening his face. "Then let's quit kidding around," he said huskily. "We've got a fight on our hands, Kathy. Not just for ourselves, remember—for him, too." For him . . . *the baby.* Oh God, I cried out silently, is there no end to the lies? When and how and where would I tell him? Where would I find the words, the courage?

Against my hair, Dick was talking softly. "I'm not supposed to talk to you about it, honey, but I'm going to. You're not to worry. Mr. Laurence has the outline of the D.A.'s case pretty well figured out, and we've got the one big thing we need—we know the whole thing's preposterous. And your Dad's got an idea, Kathy. The car. If he can get to Lang's car, what's left of it—we're certain that's all we'd need. The right kind of mechanic could tell in a minute if it had been tampered with in any way. . . . But you must not worry, Kathy darling. It's bad for you, now."

It was queer that the words didn't sound foolish. Dick is with me, my heart whispered. Dick is with me in spite of everything! I can't let him down again. I must live for him, I must and I will. And from somewhere the knowledge came to me that I would. I didn't deserve it, but Dick did. We had gone through a lot, all right, and there was more to come. But the truth was stronger than any lie. Lies didn't work, for me. But the truth would. Slowly, almost peacefully, I began to drowse off in Dick's arms, conscious of the gentle strength I loved. It was going to be all right. Somehow, sometime not too far away. . . .

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THELMA RITTER GOES THROUGH A LUX REHEARSAL



Thelma Ritter and Bob Wagner are greeted by director Earl Ebi for the first rehearsal of "With A Song In My Heart."

IN PICTURES, follow Thelma Ritter through a rehearsal and performance of "With A Song In My Heart," the Photoplay Gold Medal Award picture starring Susan Hayward as singer Jane Froman. Thelma portrays Jane's nurse, Clancy. No newcomer to radio, Thelma used to be a daytime serial actress on programs like Aunt Jenny, The Second Mrs. Burton, and Our Gal Sunday. Her career as a serial player started when Thelma was already married and the mother of two small children. Her husband Joe Moran, an advertising executive, had been working very hard, and his health was suffering. The indomitable Thelma decided to get a job and help out. "Miracle On Thirty-fourth Street" was her first movie, and the critics' reaction to her performance got her a seven-year contract in the movies. Thelma flew to Hollywood from her New York home for the Lux production. When she's not working on a picture, Thelma's a real home-body.

Lux Radio Theatre is heard each Monday evening at 9 P.M. EST, CBS Radio, sponsored by Lever Bros.



Sandy Barnett, whose job it is to adapt a screenplay into an hour's radio fare, runs through the script with Thelma.



Back from a luncheon break, Thelma says hello to Irving Cummings, producer-host, before famous Lux "call-board."



Before Sunday afternoon dress rehearsal, David Wayne, Irving Cummings and Thelma enjoy an informal gab-fest.

LUX RADIO THEATRE



Backs to camera, director Ebi and adapter Barnett put cast through first reading of the script. David Wayne, Thelma, Rory Calhoun and George Offerman, Jr., on cue.



Backstage before performance, Susan Hayward and Thelma Ritter chase stage-fright with java in a Cup of Fame.



The rehearsal is over and this is it—Thelma Ritter "on mike."

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goes to bat
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Seeing and believing



MEL ALLEN is a man who loves sports. He especially loves baseball—Mel's the voice of the Yankees. But no matter what the sporting event he's one guy who hasn't become blase because he's in the business. Maybe that's why you readers chose him your favorite radio sportscaster. It's fun to listen to Mel get all excited about a play. When he lets go with one of his now famous "How-about-that!'s" the radio audience says it right along with him.

But this story isn't about Mel as a sportscaster (or as a handsome eligible bachelor). That story has been told before. This is a story about seeing and believing. Maybe because he's so crazy about sports and athletics, Mel has always been acutely aware of how tough it must be never to be able to swing a bat or a tennis racket or just about anything that takes a keen eye. In a country like this, where so much emphasis is put on games and sports of all kinds, the boy who can't participate is in a pretty unenviable spot. And that brings us to the story of Mel Allen's work to help people who don't have a keen eye. Matter of fact, these people can't (Continued on page 91)

The Mel Allen Show is on CBS-TV, Wednesdays at 10:45 P.M. EST, for White Owl Cigars. He announces Yankee baseball on WINS and WPIX-TV in New York for Ballantine Beer.



FAVORITE RADIO SPORTS ANNOUNCER

June Haver

starring in 20th Century-Fox's
"THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"

Color by Technicolor



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

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



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



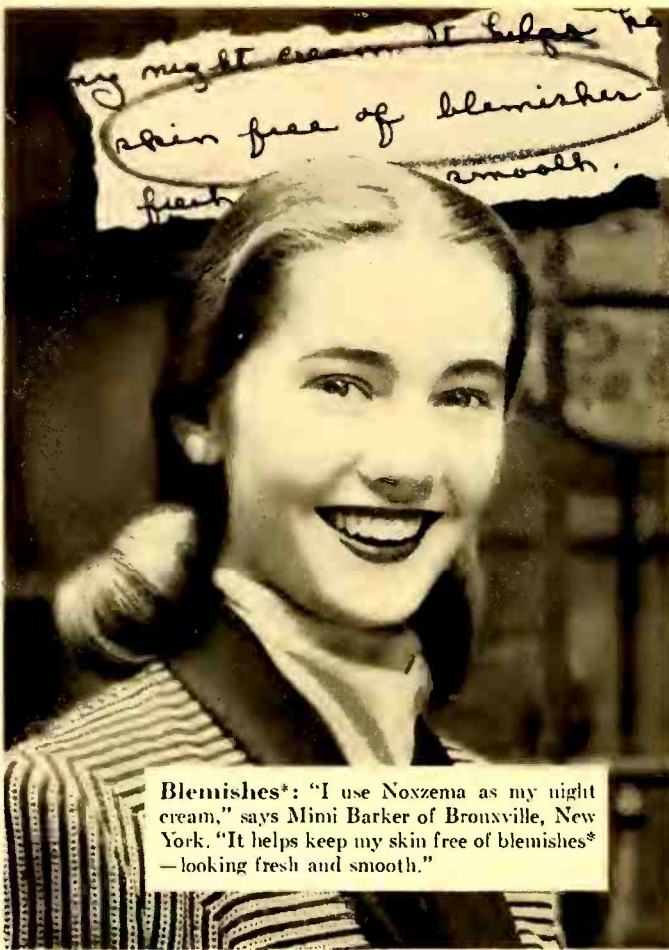
Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



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

. . . and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to \$1.00.





Blemishes*: "I use Noxzema as my night cream," says Mimi Barker of Bronxville, New York. "It helps keep my skin free of blemishes* — looking fresh and smooth."



Dry Skin: "Noxzema does wonders for my dry skin," says Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass. "'Cream-washing' soothes, refreshes — helps skin look much softer, smoother!"

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier — and helps you keep it that way!

You should see our mail! Thousands of letters from all over the country! You should read how thrilled women are with Noxzema's new, home beauty routine . . . how their fresher, lovelier-looking skin is winning them compliments . . . bringing new self-confidence!

It's big beauty news!

Mimi Barker of Bronxville, N. Y. and Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass., are just two of thousands who report thrilling results. This new beauty care was developed by a noted doctor and owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema.

This famous *greaseless, medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems: rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes; and that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of so many

so-called normal complexions. Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How clean and fresh skin looks after you 'cream-wash' with Noxzema. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them — fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary face!



3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash', apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

It works or money back!

In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back!

*externally-caused

Look lovelier offer!

40¢ NOXZEMA only **29¢** plus tax

1. use this trial jar — see how much lovelier it helps skin look
2. then save money by getting big 10 oz. jar only 89¢ plus tax! At drug or cosmetics counters!

Powerhouse on the Campus



WHERE would be the most unlikely place to look for a broad-shouldered former football player, who has spent the best years of his life in the world of he-men? Why, it's obvious—or is it?—in a girls' school, of course. At least that's where you'd be likely to find Jimmy Powers, your favorite TV sportscaster. Jimmy is a professor at Marymount College, Tarrytown, New York. It's quite a change from the boxing gang at Stillman's Gym to the young ladies at the college, but Jimmy makes the transition painlessly enough.

He teaches journalism there, but—according to Jimmy—the girls (Continued on page 89)

*Sportscaster Jimmy Powers—
or Professor Jimmy Powers!*



Professor Jimmy Powers conducts a discussion with one of his classes at Marymount College.

FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

Cavalcade Of Sports is on NBC-TV, Fridays at 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Gillette Safety Razors. Jimmy Powers also has three local five-day-a-week programs over WPIX-TV in the New York area.



Dora's DOWN



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-53, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

DORA'S UP WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

What's New from Coast

By JILL WARREN

LUM AND ABNER, two famous names in radio, are back on the air over the ABC network with a fifteen-minute show Monday through Friday. Chet Lauck and Norris "Tuffy" Goff created the popular characters of Lum and Abner and started their original radio series in 1931, but the program has been off the networks for the past few years, because of Goff's illness. However, when many of their old movies were released to television stations throughout the country, fans began to clamor for their radio return. So they're back, along with their "Jot 'Em Down Store" activities, in their original Pine Ridge, Arkansas locale. As in the past, Lum plays Grandpappy Spears and Cedric Wolfgang Weehunt, while Abner portrays Squire Skimp and Dick Huddleston.

Television executives continue to sign famous creative talent. The latest to be signed is Robert Nathan, who has been set to write the forthcoming video series, *The Mark Twain Television Theatre*. Nathan, one of the most important writers to enter television to date, has written such novels as *The Bishop's Wife*, *Enchanted Voyage*, and *Portrait of Jennie*. The programs will be shot in Hollywood by Filmcraft Productions, with thirty-nine films scheduled. The first one will go before the camera this month. Material for the Mark Twain series will be taken from the entire Twain library, including thirty-six major works, 250 articles and 2,300 published letters.

Still the letters keep coming in, asking about Ted Mack and his *Amateur Hour* show. Unfortunately, the program is not back on the air, nor is it set to go back in the near future. Recently there have been rumors around the radio trade that Mack was offered a Monday-night time

spot which would have been opposite *I Love Lucy*, and it is said he felt that was much too tough competition, so he turned it down. However, Ted himself has just made arrangements with the William Morris Agency to make personal appearances in night clubs around the country. His first booking, with amateur talent, was at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, in March. Other dates are set to follow.

CBS is all excited about Dean Miller, a comedian emcee whom they have signed to an exclusive long-term television contract. He recently substituted for Art Linkletter on the *House Party* daytime show when Linkletter took a vacation, and the network's big brass seem to think he will be a strong name in television by next fall.

With Hollywood stars being dropped from contract lists and studios constantly wielding the axe to trim expenses, M-G-M has up and signed Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz for a big Technicolor movie, *"The Long, Long Trailer,"* and at the modest little price of \$250,000 for the picture. Desi and Lucy will have as their director Vincente Minnelli, the man who did *"American in Paris,"* *"Father of the Bride"* and other hits. Though the popular pair were both under contract to M-G-M a few years ago, the *"Trailer"* movie will mark their first appearance together in a motion picture. Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz also have just signed a fabulous television contract with their cigarette sponsor which will guarantee televiewers two-and-a-half years' more of *I Love Lucy*. It is supposedly the largest single television contract ever signed for the length of time involved, calling for a total payment of \$8,000,000 to the stars. Out of this, of course, they must pay all the salaries of the entire cast and crew, plus all production costs.



Mr. and Mrs. Dennis James, who celebrate their first anniversary this month, grab a snack prepared by their favorite cook, Lucille.

to Coast



American Airlines control agent—Bill Skowronek. Kibitzer—Rosemary Clooney.

This 'n' That:

Rosemary Clooney and her studio, Paramount Pictures, have agreed to agree on her television appearances. When Rosemary signed her movie contract, she retained her television rights but, inasmuch as her first film try was so successful, the studio did not want her to do a regular show, feeling it would cut down on her box-office draw. So her proposed starring program for a soft-drink sponsor was cancelled, and now she has promised to make occasional guest appearances only.

Patsy Lee, former vocalist on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club show, who left the program to marry Rick Livendahl, is expecting a baby in the near future. She and her husband are now living in San Francisco.

The rumor bird has it that Dick Haymes and his wife, the former Nora Eddington Flynn, are having marital troubles again and this time may head for divorce.

Dennis James and his bride celebrate their first wedding anniversary April thirteenth and on May fifteenth Dennis cuts another anniversary cake for his ABC television show, Chance Of A Lifetime.

In answer to many readers who have written to inquire whether Perry Como and Dean Martin are brothers—the answer is no—definitely. Neither Dean nor Perry can imagine how such a silly story ever got started. They are both baritones and both Italian, but there the similarity ends. By the way, Dean and his wife, Jean, are separated at the moment and friends are still hoping to reconcile them before their break becomes more serious.

The month of May is birthday month on ABC's Life Begins At 80 program. On the thirteenth, Paolo Gallico will be 85 years old. On the seventeenth, Georgiana Carhart hits 88, and on the twenty-fifth the "youngster" of the program, Fred Irving Cox, becomes 83. And the next time you decide you're getting old, think of George Worcester, who will celebrate his one-hundredth birthday on June thirtieth. In honor of the occasion, this oldest member of Life Begins plans to take his first drink.

There is talk around Radio City that Imogene Coca is not anxious to re-sign (Continued on page 25)

ONE MILLION FACES CHANGED IN 30 DAYS!



AMERICA's having its face changed, and *loving* it! Women of every age are getting the beauty thrill of a lifetime with Coty's new "CREAM POWDER" COMPACT*!

It took only thirty days for the first million women to discover how "CREAM POWDER" differs from ordinary make-ups that accent lines and pores. How fine and poreless it makes skin look. How long it *clings!* Now, all America is clamoring for this spill-proof blend of "Air-Spun" Face Powder and sheer cream make-up base. How about you?



Hats by Lilly Daché



125
plus tax

complete with mirror and puff

Cream Powder
COMPACT

COTY

*Choose your favorite fragrance:

L'AIMANT • L'ORIGAN
EMERAUDE • "PARIS"
MUGUET DES BOIS

Compounded and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U.S.A.

EXCITING NEW MUTED SHADES

MUTED COTYROSE • MUTED BEIGE • MUTED SUN • MUTED BRONZE



Joey Walsh gives a touching performance as a reformed delinquent in "The Chess Game."

Happy Birthday —

ON MAY 7, Kraft Television Theatre will have six candles on its birthday cake, making it the oldest dramatic program on TV. And, in six years, Kraft has distinguished itself for some of the finest live drama around. . . . Although many bright stars have lighted the show's firmament, the chief emphasis has been on the plays chosen for production. Of these, one hundred and sixty-five have been borrowed from Broadway, forty-nine from London, twenty-five unproduced plays intended for the stage, twenty-one classics, and thirty-one plays written especially for TV. . . . This year, you readers have chosen the NBC-TV show your favorite dramatic program and, in so doing, have proved that home-viewers are the best critics, because the critics have to agree with you that Kraft has brought consistently fine entertainment to the TV screen. When the production teams and actors gather around the cake, the nation's viewers will be wishing them many more happy birthdays—which means many more years of TV's finest plays.

Kraft Television Theatre can be viewed over NBC-TV, Wednesday evenings at 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Kraft Foods Company.



Kraft goes Shakespeare with "The Comedy of Errors," starring Jim Daley, Stewart Bradley, Harry Townes and Kurt Richards.



John Baragrey and Stella Andrews in scene from "She Stoops to Conquer."



FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC SHOW

KRAFT TV THEATRE



Charles Taylor and Susan Harris as Tam Sawyer and Becky Thatcher



A Shakespeare thriller, "Macbeth," with E. G. Marshall and Uta Hagen.



Dickens' "Christmas Carol," with Geoffrey Lumb and Geoffrey, Jr.



A lusty crew of hearties in "The Fire Below and Devil Above," starring Thomas Coley and Bethel Leslie.

IN THE PAST twenty years, a strange new breed of world-beaters has entered the American scene. Their characteristics are easy to identify. They have usually migrated from smaller towns and cities to very large metropolises, and they are young. The name of the species—"bright young men." Such a young man is Douglas Edwards, your favorite TV news commentator, who—at the age of thirty-five—is at the top of the TV news heap.

Doug was born in Oklahoma, but spent most of his youth in Birmingham, Alabama. (He went to the same school Mel Allen attended.) According to Doug, there was never any doubt in his mind as to what he wanted to be. Radio fascinated him right from the beginning. Until he went "network," he worked on local stations, and then came a few real breaks, which led to a permanent job with CBS. When TV came along, Doug really found his element. His newscasts have made the most of the sight side of TV, and he believes TV can really do a better job than radio when it comes to news coverage.

Like other members of the "bright young men" club, Doug is married, has three lively youngsters, and has just built a new home in West-on, Connecticut. We asked him if his children got much notice in school because their dad's on TV. "Not on your life," he laughed, "Connecticut's full of celebrities." Besides, the Edwards children favor Captain Video, when it comes to stars!



Bright young man

At 35, Douglas Edwards—tops in his field



At left, Doug and his daughter Lynn have a record session in the den. Below, the whole family—Robert, Doug, Lynn, Soro (the Mrs.) and Donno.



FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR

Douglas Edwards With The News is on CBS-TV, M-F, at 7:30 P.M. EST, for Pall Mall Cigarettes.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 21)

her television contract with Show Of Shows because she wants to do a Broadway show on her own. This, of course, would mean a break-up of the popular Coca-Sid Caesar laugh team.

Raymond Knight, radio-TV writer, producer and playwright, passed away a few months ago in New York City. At the time of his death he was chief writer for the Bob And Ray programs on NBC. Years back, in the thirties, Knight was a well-known radio personality with his morning Cuckoo Hour and his Good Morning, It's Knight shows.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Bob Poole, the disc jockey whose Poole's Paradise program used to be heard on the Mutual network? Bob gave up his show and left New York City to settle in Greensboro, North Carolina. He now has his own programs heard locally on both radio and television on Station WBIG in Greensboro.

Bill Slater, formerly heard on the Twenty Questions and Luncheon At Sardi's shows? Bill has not been in the best of health lately, so he has given up most of his radio work. At the present time he is still doing the Broadway To Hollywood television show on the Du Mont network. His brother, Tom Slater, who is vice-president of one of the top advertising agencies, is subbing for Bill on the Luncheon program, and announcer Jay Jackson is doing Twenty Questions. His many fans are hoping that Bill will feel better shortly and be able to return to his full schedule again.

Peg Lynch, who was Ethel on the Ethel And Albert program which was such a popular part of the Kate Smith Show a few seasons back? Peg and her husband are living in Stamford, Connecticut, and she is not active in radio at the present time. Peg, who originated and wrote Ethel And Albert, may be persuaded to put this show back on the air one of these days—which would be good news to its many long-time fans.

Dorothy "Dottie" Schwartz, former member of the Chordettes, vocal group on the Arthur Godfrey programs? Dottie, who was lead singer, left to await the arrival of her baby. She and her husband, Bill Schwartz, a non-professional, have retired permanently to Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Lynn Evans took Dottie's place with the Chordettes.

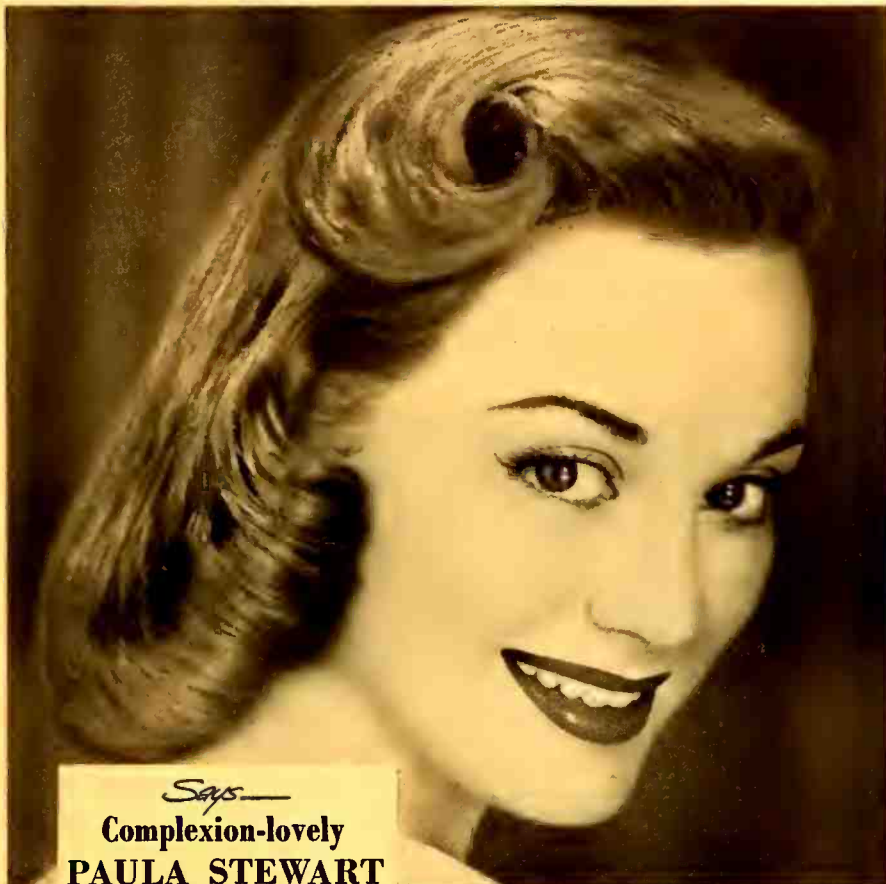
Jone Allison, who was heard and seen regularly on both the radio and television versions of The Guiding Light? Jone left this program because, with such a heavy daily rehearsal schedule, she was unable to do other shows, and felt it was much too confining for her. She is now appearing on various programs and says she likes the free-lance routine much better.

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 do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

"My Skin Thrives On Cashmere Bouquet Soap

because it's such wholesome skin-care!"



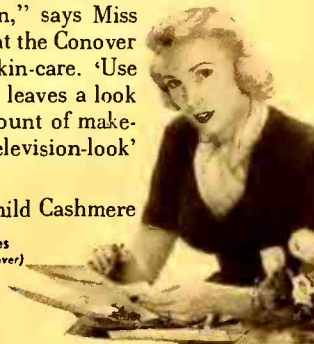
Says—
Complexion-lovely
PAULA STEWART

Read How This Glamorous Young TV Actress Was Helped By Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director.

"I always was interested in acting on television," says Miss Stewart, "but I was afraid of close-ups. I enrolled at the Conover School where Candy Jones taught me proper skin-care. 'Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day,' she said, 'it leaves a look of fresh, radiant, *natural* beauty—such as no amount of make-up can!' Today I attribute my clear-skinned 'television-look' to this wonderful, wholesome care!"

Why not do as Miss Jones advises? Use gentle, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day!

Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)



Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips For You!

1. Bed-time beauty care for elbows, knees and heels. Saturate cotton pads with Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion. Attach with tape and leave on overnight!
2. Never apply or remove make-up without first thoroughly washing your hands with delicate, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

More later, *Candy*



Ten years ago Joan Alexander dreamed of a bright future, and most of her dreams came true

She knew what she wanted



BACK IN August, 1942, RADIO-TV MIRROR ran a column all the way in the back of the magazine on a young radio star. She was new in the field then, and didn't rate a full page, but she had already proven herself a fine actress. At the top of the story, there was a picture of a lovely girl. Her hair was done softly, framing her face in a velvety light. The title under the picture read, "Debutante in Radio." That young star has matured into a charming woman—and, ten years later, her face is still highlighted by beautiful wavy hair. But today people recognize her at once. That actress is Joan Alexander, who has reached the top of her profession and, this year, was your choice for "favorite dramatic actress on radio."

It's fascinating to look into the past, and to read of the dreams and aspirations of a youngster who is now a full-fledged star. That year, Joan was still very much awe-struck by her new career. Shortly before that time, she had been only an adolescent dreaming of a dramatic career on the stage. Joan can say now, without the pangs of disappointment and bitterness, that those years when she was trying to get into the theatre were some of the saddest in her life. Her stepfather was so opposed to this career that he did everything in his power to stop her from going on the stage. At times, she felt that life would never straighten (Continued on page 93)

Joan is heard M-F as Maggie Fallon in Wendy Warren And The News, 12 noon, for Maxwell House—as Della Street in Perry Mason, 2:15 P.M., for Tide—and as Althea Dennis in The Brighter Day, 2:45 P.M., for Cheer—and also heard often on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, Saturday, 12 noon: all EST. on CBS Radio. She is seen in The Name's The Same, ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, for Swanson's Foods, Johnson's Wax.



FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTRESS

Information Booth

Dr. Browning

Dear Editor:

Can you please print a picture of the actor who portrays Dr. Jeff Browning on the daytime radio play, *Hilltop House*?

E. B., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Jeff is portrayed by Robert Haag, who also plays Bill Roberts in the daytime drama, *Rosemary*. A native of Cullom, Illinois, Robert Haag thought he would be a politician when he was a youngster. He enrolled for a law course at Northeastern University. But Haag the politico became Haag the actor at the insistence of a summer theatre producer-director in Northampton, Massachusetts. It turned out he was a natural actor and, after the first time behind the footlights, Robert knew he wouldn't be happy doing anything else. He stayed with the company until the end of the summer, and then quit school and joined a national stock company. The bright lights of Broadway lured him to New York, where he appeared in several plays. During a brief respite from the theatre, he did a few parts on radio, and this medium finally won his talents completely. At one time he played the title role in the CBS Radio *Death Valley Sheriff* series. The six-foot-three, broad-shouldered bachelor lives in a studio apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. He spends a good deal of his spare time helping friends remodel their apartments.

Godfrey's Theme

Dear Editor:

What is the theme song that is played before Arthur Godfrey's entrance on the *Talent Scout* show over TV?

C. G., Philadelphia, Pa.

Arthur walks on to the strains of an old favorite of his—"Seems Like Old Times."

(Continued on page 28)



Bob Haag

Everyone is talking about
THE SHAMPOO WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN

A SHAMPOO THAT WON'T LEAVE HAIR WILD—? THAT'S FOR ME!

NO WONDER! ... WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN AS ANY OTHER SHAMPOO.

—WISH IT WOULD TAME KIDS LIKE IT DOES HAIR!

GEE, YOUR HAIR IS SOFT AND SHINY SINCE YOU'VE USED THAT NEW SHAMPOO!

YOU'RE SWEET! IT GIVES HAIR TWICE THE TWINKLE WITH TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN—

DOESN'T HELENE CURTIS CREME SHAMPOO HAVE SCRUMPTIOUS LATHER?

YEP! MOM SAYS IT LATHERS BETTER THAN ANY OTHER IN OUR HARD WATER!

GOLLY, MOLLY—I JUST LOVE YOUR HAIR!

THAT "EXTRA LANOLIN" SHAMPOO WORKS WONDERS FOR MY WAVE—

FROM 49¢

Helene Curtis
creme shampoo



R
M

Ask Your Stanley Dealer how You can get these
and many other



**A Treasure Trove Of Presents For
12,000 Stanley Party Hostesses Every Day**

Wouldn't you like to have the big, fluffy-headed STANLEY Dry Mop and its twin work-saver, the STANLEY Split Duster shown here? Well, these are typical of the wide selection of splendid gifts from which your STANLEY Dealer rewards you for being a STANLEY Party Hostess. Other Hostess Gifts include handsome Meadowbrook pattern silverware, beautiful table lamps, many attractive rose-pattern plastics, wonderfully serviceable kitchen cutlery and steak knife sets. Do such gifts sound alluring? Then invite your STANLEY Dealer to arrange a STANLEY Party in your home right away.



IT'S EASY and a lot of fun to give a popular STANLEY Hostess Party. To arrange for your STANLEY Party, just phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or write direct to STANLEY'S Home Office in Westfield, Mass.



STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products: Dusters, Mops, Brushes, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals to make housework easier. Toilette Articles, Bath Accessories, Personal and Clothing Brushes, many other grooming items.

**Originators of the Famous
Stanley Hostess Party Plan**

Stanley Home Products, Inc., Westfield, Mass.
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont.

(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1953)

Ethel Merts

Dear Editor:

Can you please give us the lowdown on that adorable gal who portrays Ethel in I Love Lucy?

F. S., Wilmington, Del.

Vivian Vance, Ethel in I Love Lucy, was born in Cherryvale, Kansas. It was in Albuquerque, New Mexico, that Vivian's career really began. There, she appeared in several productions at the Albuquerque Little Theatre, directed by Katherine Kennedy and her husband, James O'Connor. The O'Connors felt that Vivian's talent deserved a real opportunity, so they organized a performance of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," starring Vivian, and sent her to New York with a letter to Eva LeGallienne and a blank check against the proceeds of the benefit performance. Miss LeGallienne's apprentice roster was filled when Vivian arrived in New York, so—armed with a letter from some substantial citizens of Albuquerque—Vivian was accepted at the MacDougal Street Girls Club. A dismal two weeks followed, but then an acquaintance told her that there were to be auditions for "Music in the Air," by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein. Vivian had sung once in a while at the country club back home, so she decided to take a crack at the part. The role called for a light opera voice, but Vivian wowed Messrs. Kern and Hammerstein with her version of "After You've Gone." They hired her and, after the two-year run of the hit, Vivian was on her way to success in musical comedy. In 1938, she started doing dramatic roles and, when Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz first saw her, she was portraying Olive in the hit play, "Voice of the Turtle." Vivian is married to Philip Ober.

Don's Johnny

Dear Editor:

I have always loved the voice of Johnny



Vivian Vance



Booth

Desmond, on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. Can you please give me some vital statistics?

Z. A., Charlotte, N. C.

Idol of over 100 fan clubs located in countries throughout the world, Johnny has been "sending" teenagers from the time he first joined Bob Crosby's Bobcats in 1939 as part of a vocal trio called the Bob-O-Links. Later, while singing solo with Gene Krupa's band, Johnny really gathered a solid following. In July, 1949, Johnny joined the Breakfast Club, and has continued on the program ever since. Johnny is married—his wife's name is Kay, and there are two little Desmonds—Dianne, six, and Patti, three. In addition to song-writing, Johnny has two hobbies. One is dancing and the other is painting.

We Like Jan Miner

Dear Editor:

We, here at St. Elizabeth's hospital love to listen to Jan Miner on Hilltop House since hers is the only program we are allowed to tune in. We children gather every day to hear it, and we would like to start a fan club in honor of this wonderful actress. How can we go about it?

N. K., Yakima, Wash.

Write to Personal Service at 417 West 50th Street, New York City. You'll get the information you need.

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.



Johnny Desmond

The Look He Loves...

"Petal-soft and faintly glowing!"



Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

You'll be so beautiful! With complexion so alive-looking . . . so soft—so faintly glowing! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is wonderfully fine in texture—and it clings and clings! Just puff it, fluff it on . . . then smooth it out . . . no flaking, streaking, or shine! The colors are as natural as Nature—there's one for every type of complexion—and exquisitely scented with the "fragrance men love"!

6 GLORIOUS COLORS
"NATURE-MATCHED"
TO YOUR SKIN



Look your loveliest with
Cashmere Bouquet



Talcum Powder
All-Purpose
Cream
Lipstick
Hand Lotion

Just 29¢

R
M

New! a shampoo that

Silkens your hair!

Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!

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

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

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its *lightning-quick lather . . . its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .
See your hair left silky bright!
This new formula flashes into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so quick, yet so thick!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!



This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



RADIO-TV MIRROR AWARD WINNERS, 1952-53

Some long-time favorites continue to lead the list—and some popular newcomers spring a surprise or two in their fields!

THE TIME has come for the presentation of RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine's sixth Annual Awards. You the readers chose your favorite stars and programs and we herewith give you—the winners:

Arthur Godfrey, King of the Airwaves, held the same spotlight in your hearts for two consecutive years. Godfrey, his shows and his stars, Julius La Rosa, Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker, were voted eight awards, tying their record of last year.

In the daytime serial field on radio, vivacious, blonde Jan Miner won for the second consecutive year for her role in Hilltop House. John Larkin, as Perry Mason, was again voted top daytime serial actor. On television, Mary Stuart of Search For Tomorrow and Lyle Sudrow of Guiding Light were your choice as daytime drama actors. Your favorite daytime serial program on radio was Guiding Light and, on television, Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200.

Lux Theatre on radio, now under the excellent direction of Irving Cummings, took your award for the best dramatic show for the sixth consecutive year. Kraft Theatre on television won tops in this field for the first time, topping such rival shows as Studio One and Robert Montgomery. Jack Webb, Dragnet's hero, is a two-time favorite as top dramatic actor of TV and radio. Beloved Peggy Wood once more won as your favorite dramatic actress for her role in Mama. Joan Alexander won for her portrayals in Wendy Warren, Perry Mason, and Brighter Day—the first time a daytime serial actress has walked away with the straight dramatic award.

In the comedy field, Bob Hope of the ski-nose and Eve Arden of Our Miss Brooks were voted tops on radio, and Our Miss Brooks was chosen as your favorite comedy show. On television, I Love Lucy ran away with the comedy show award for the second consecutive year. You picked Jackie Gleason and Imogene Coca, star of Your Show of Shows, as your top comedians. Dragnet won as your favorite TV mystery melodrama and Suspense's radio version was tops in the mystery field.

Art Linkletter was your choice as Master of Ceremonies for radio, winning for

see following pages for AWARD WINNERS



RADIO-TV MIRROR



FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY SHOW

Suspense (CBS Radio): Winning combination—stars like Agnes Moorehead, plays like "Sorry, Wrong Number."



FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ SHOW

Break The Bank (ABC Radio): Win Elliot, left, acts as host, Bud Collyer quizzes, Lew White makes the music.



FAVORITE TV QUIZ SHOW

What's My Line? (CBS-TV): Only John Daly knows the contestant's trade—his panel has to guess it.

the second time in as many years. He is Master of Ceremonies for House Party. On television, of course, your favorite was Arthur Godfrey.

The Garry Moore Show on television you consider the best daytime non-serial show, and your choice on radio was Arthur Godfrey's show. On radio, Groucho Marx was given top honors for his vitriolic humorous quizzing on You Bet Your Life. Your choice of quizmaster on television was Bert Parks, who employs a gay, heartwarming approach to contestants. Your favorite quiz shows were Break The Bank on radio, What's My Line? on television. Of course, Bud Collyer stars on Break The Bank and John Daly on What's My Line?

Best talent shows were Paul Whiteman's radio show and Dennis James's Chance Of A Lifetime television show. Your favorite variety shows were Arthur Godfrey's show on radio, and Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town on television. Don McNeill's Breakfast Club once again won as best audience-participation show and Warren Hull's Strike It Rich was your favorite on television.

Best program on radio also went to Strike It Rich and Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts won on television. Your favorite women's program is Queen For A Day on radio, Kate Smith on television. Producer Ted Collins, whom you know as the genial host at the Cracker Barrel

AWARD WINNERS, 1952-53



FAVORITE DAYTIME NON-SERIAL TV SHOW

Garry Moore Show (CBS-TV): In the line-up—Ken Carson, Garry, Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, Ray Malone, Howard Smith.



FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S SHOW

Queen For A Day (Mutual): Jack Bailey's crowned many a lucky lady—like college-girl Sara Ann Starry.



FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S SHOW

Kukla, Fran And Ollie (NBC-TV): Burr Tillstrom's the boy with the ideas—Fran Allison's the girl with his puppets.



RADIO-TV MIRROR



FAVORITE RADIO TALENT SHOW

Paul Whiteman's Teen Club (ABC Radio): Pert Nancy Lewis is one of Paul's many "discoveries."

portion of the show, can be justly proud—Kate Smith is a six-time winner, two consecutive years winning as your favorite women's program. In the children's field, on radio, the late Nila Mack's Let's Pretend was tops and Kukla, Fran And Ollie once more was your choice of favorites on television. Nila Mack's award will be made posthumously to those who carry on her show and the work she started. The best musical show award was won by Arthur Godfrey on radio, Paul Dixon on television. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were your favorite husband and wife team on TV, Ozzie and Harriet on radio, for their Nelson family adventures. In the sports field, it was Mel Allen for radio, Jimmy Powers for TV. Douglas Edwards on TV, Walter Winchell on radio, were your favorite news commentators. And—just to wind up the Awards list with a sweet musical note—the ever-popular Dinah Shore was voted "favorite female singer in radio" by the discerning RADIO-TV MIRROR readers who make these annual polls such a success!



FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S SHOW

Kate Smith Show (NBC-TV): With Ted Collins as her pilot, Kate steers straight to the nation's heart.



FAVORITE RADIO CHILDREN'S SHOW

Let's Pretend (CBS Radio): The late, beloved Nila Mack left a heritage of youthful tales and talent.

AWARD WINNERS, 1952-53



FAVORITE TV MYSTERY SHOW

Dragnet (NBC-TV): Jack Webb is Joe Friday, Ben Alexander's Frank Smith.



FAVORITE TV DAYTIME SERIAL

Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 (NBC-TV): Bernardine Flynn and Frank Dane star.



FAVORITE TV VARIETY SHOW

Toast Of The Town (CBS-TV): Ed Sullivan is host to guests like Bea Lillie.



BEST RADIO SHOW • FAVORITE TV AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SHOW

Strike It Rich (NBC Radio and CBS-TV): Warren Hull asks questions, makes "Heartline Calls" for eager contestants.

"my brother,

Kathy Godfrey

tells the story of the amazing
family which had nothing—
and yet had everything!

Two little Godfreys before fame
touched them—Kathy and Arthur at their
home in Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.



— FAVORITE TV MASTER OF CEREMONIES • FAVORITE RADIO NON-SERIAL SHOW •

ARTHUR GODFREY!"



Now Kathy's a TV star in her own right, the idol of Arizona youngsters who crowd the KPHO-TV studios to listen enthralled to Story Time—and to tell some "small tales," too.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Seems like old times, having you to walk with—

Seems like old times, having you to talk with—

And walking and talking he came into the room, a familiar fellow with a little limp and a large grin, bringing his own warmth with him. A fellow who believes in living humbly, and who daily encourages his sponsors to live likewise.

He looked at the announcer, at his ooke-

layle, at a few of his friends. And finally he warmed himself up to looking at the audience out of half an eye—

"I'll always love him for that," Kathy Godfrey was saying now slowly. "Even if he is my brother. I'll always love him for that look—"

That look which seems to say, "Well, isn't all this amazing!" (Continued on page 99)

Kathy's Story Time and Swap Shop telecasts can be seen over Station KPHO-TV—check Arizona papers.

BEST TV SHOW • FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL SHOW • FAVORITE RADIO VARIETY SHOW



"my brother ARTHUR GODFREY!"

Kathy Godfrey

tells the story of the amazing family which had nothing—and yet had everything!

Two little Godfreys before fame touched them—Kathy and Arthur at their home in Hosbrouck Heights, N. J.



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FAVORITE TV MASTER OF CEREMONIES • FAVORITE RADIO NON-SERIAL SHOW

BEST TV SHOW • FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL SHOW • FAVORITE RADIO VARIETY SHOW

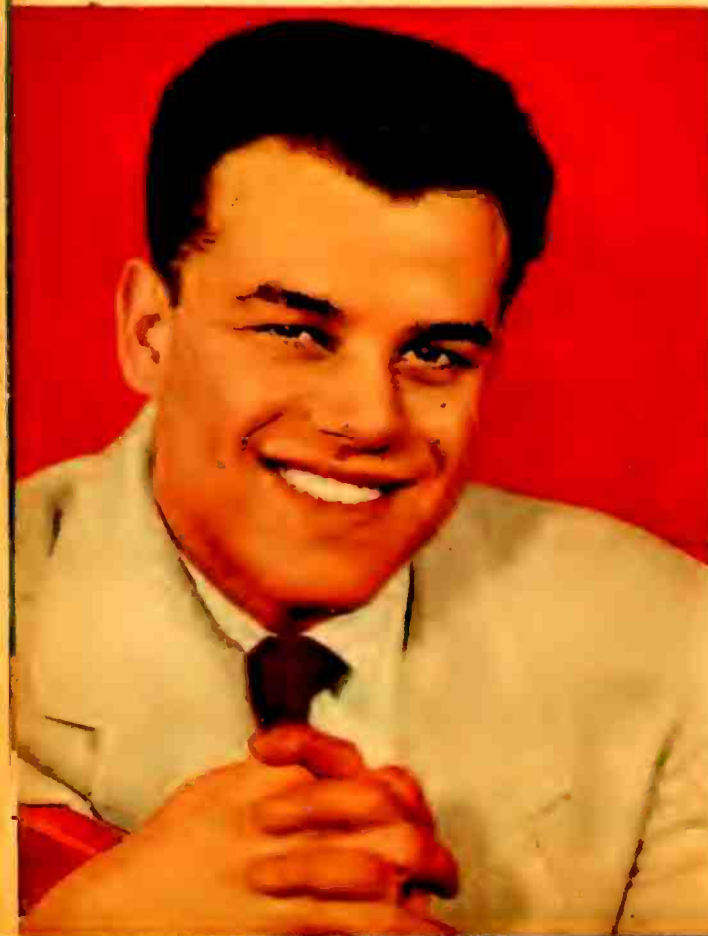


FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER

Frank Parker—a musical favorite for many years.

FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER

Julius La Rosa—a newcomer to the radio-TV ranks.



LITTLE GODFREYS

...and how



FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER

Marion Marlowe—glamour girl of the Little Godfreys.

Arthur Godfrey Time, on CBS Radio, M-F, 10-11:30 P.M. (simulcast on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-11), for Snow Crop, Lanolin Plus, Fiberglas, Star-Kist, Pepsodent, General Motors, Pillsbury, Toni, Nabisco, Chesterfield—King Arthur Godfrey And His Round Table, CBS Radio, Sun., 5 P.M., for Kingan & Co.—Arthur Godfrey And His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield, Toni, Pillsbury—Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, both CBS Radio and CBS-TV (simulcast), Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. All times given EST.

they grew

As Frank Parker says, they've
all won success—"on Arthur's time"

By MARIE HALLER

THE FIRST thing Arthur Godfrey ever said to me," reminisces lovely singing star Marion Marlowe, "was, 'Young woman, you really can sing a song. Would you like to come to New York and sing on my show?' Imagine! I was so thrilled, I was nearly paralyzed. In fact, I was doubly thrilled, because I realized that, even a few weeks before, this could never have happened. You see, at the time I was (Continued on page 81)



One a discovery, the other a comeback—for both Marion and Frank, Godfrey had the magic formula.

Little Godfreys like Janette Davis helped furnish inspiration, too, for Julius and Frank.





“She’s a has-been,”
they said. Then Imogene
Coca made her TV debut
and the world was hers

FLIGHT from FEAR

By GLADYS HALL

THE LITTLE actress sat on the sidelines, quiet as a mouse, watching the others at work before the television cameras. She was so quiet and so small (five-foot-three in her ballet slippers, 109-pounds sapling-slim, with doll-size hands and feet) that no one seemed to know she was there.

She shivered a little. She thought, *Something is awfully odd here. . . .*

She couldn't quite determine what was odd, or why. Everyone was nice to her. And kind. Almost too kind. Perhaps that was it. In the attitude of her (Continued on page 84)

Imogene Coca in Your Show Of Shows, NBC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST (Camel Cigarettes, Benrus Watches, S.O.S. Magic Scouring Pads, Griffin Shoe Polishes, Lehn & Fink Products, Prudential Insurance Co. of America).



At home—with husband Bob Burton (top), her dog Apry (above).



FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE

Women just "know"

John Daly gives the girls the edge when it comes to judging people



Mrs. Daly provides a coffee break for her appreciative spouse—a very helpful gal, Kit.

AS MODERATOR of What's My Line? John Daly has had many opportunities to observe the approaches used by the men and women on his panel in determining the occupations of the guests. This started John thinking about men's and women's reactions to people in general. For example, he noticed that on the What's My Line? show, Dorothy Kilgallen and Arlene Francis were usually much better at finding out what people do for a living than Hal Block or Bennett Cerf were. According to John, one of the reasons for this

is that, in Dorothy's case, she takes the game a lot more seriously than either of the men. "Dot works harder at the game," John points out. He noticed that the famous columnist takes notes during the questioning. With Arlene, who doesn't actually seem to take the game more seriously (*Continued on page 89*)

What's My Line? is on CBS-TV, Sundays at 10:30 P.M. EST, and on CBS Radio, Wednesdays at 9:30 P.M. EST. The sponsor is Jules Montenier, Inc., for Stoptette.

FAVORITE TV QUIZ SHOW



Learning to live a little



It was for Sharon's sake that John and his wife, Teri Keane, "went to the country"—and found a new happiness.

by John Larkin

Perry Mason on the air

(John Larkin in private life)

discovers the value of

"just being neighborly"

DISCOVERED it last summer, and it's great! Discovered that "small-town friendliness" can have real meaning, and it's real great. One hour out of New York, and you're swapping local news with a neighbor, giving and asking advice of your neighbor, personally taking part in local activities . . . living in another world. Yes, it's great, real great. It's for me!

You'll just have to excuse me if I seem to go overboard in my enthusiasm for my recent discovery . . . *re*-discovery to be more accurate, since I was not born to the cliff-dwelling mode of metropolitan living. You see, I was born in Oakland, California, (*Continued on page 74*)

John Larkin stars as Perry Mason, CBS Radio, M-F, 2:15 P.M.; also as Miles Nelson in *The Right To Happiness*, NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. All EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide, Dreft and other products.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR





George and Dinah Shore Montgomery: A pair of parents any four-year-old would love to have—and to imitate.

Sing a song of MISSY

Checkmates: Dad and Mom at their favorite game.



Dinah Shore has a sterling-silver voice—and a little girl whose silence can be positively golden!

By ELSA MOLINA

MOST four-year-old children are little hams. They go into a singing and dancing routine at the drop of a hat. Missy, Dinah Shore's and George Montgomery's sweetheart of a little girl, is no exception.

Missy, like all four-year-old children, however, can be unpredictable. You can drop a hat, a horse—or a house, for that matter—and nothing will happen . . . no song, no dance, no nothing!

Dinah knows this. She also knows that talent is pretty well distributed among children at four years (*Continued on page 94*)

Dinah Shore is heard on NBC Radio, Mon. and Fri., 10 P. M. EST, and seen on NBC-TV, Tues. and Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Chevrolet and Chevrolet dealers.



FAVORITE RADIO FEMALE SINGER

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW

"Joanne Barron and I are alike.

We both believe in a woman's courage," says Mary Stuart



Housewife at home: Mary with husband Richard Krolik (above)—and with kitchen stove (right).



Actress in character: Mary as Joanne Barron, with little Lynn Loring as Joanne's daughter, Pati, and Terry O'Sullivan as their good friend, Arthur Tate.

By MARY TEMPLE

MARY STUART, who plays Joanne Barron in Search For Tomorrow, is amazingly like this girl she portrays on television. She herself explains it this way: "We're alike because, in a way, I helped create Joanne. She expresses the things that I believe in. I feel I know what she is like, from the inside out. She's so much me that I'll still want to be playing her when I'm eighty! We can grow old together, Joanne Barron and I."

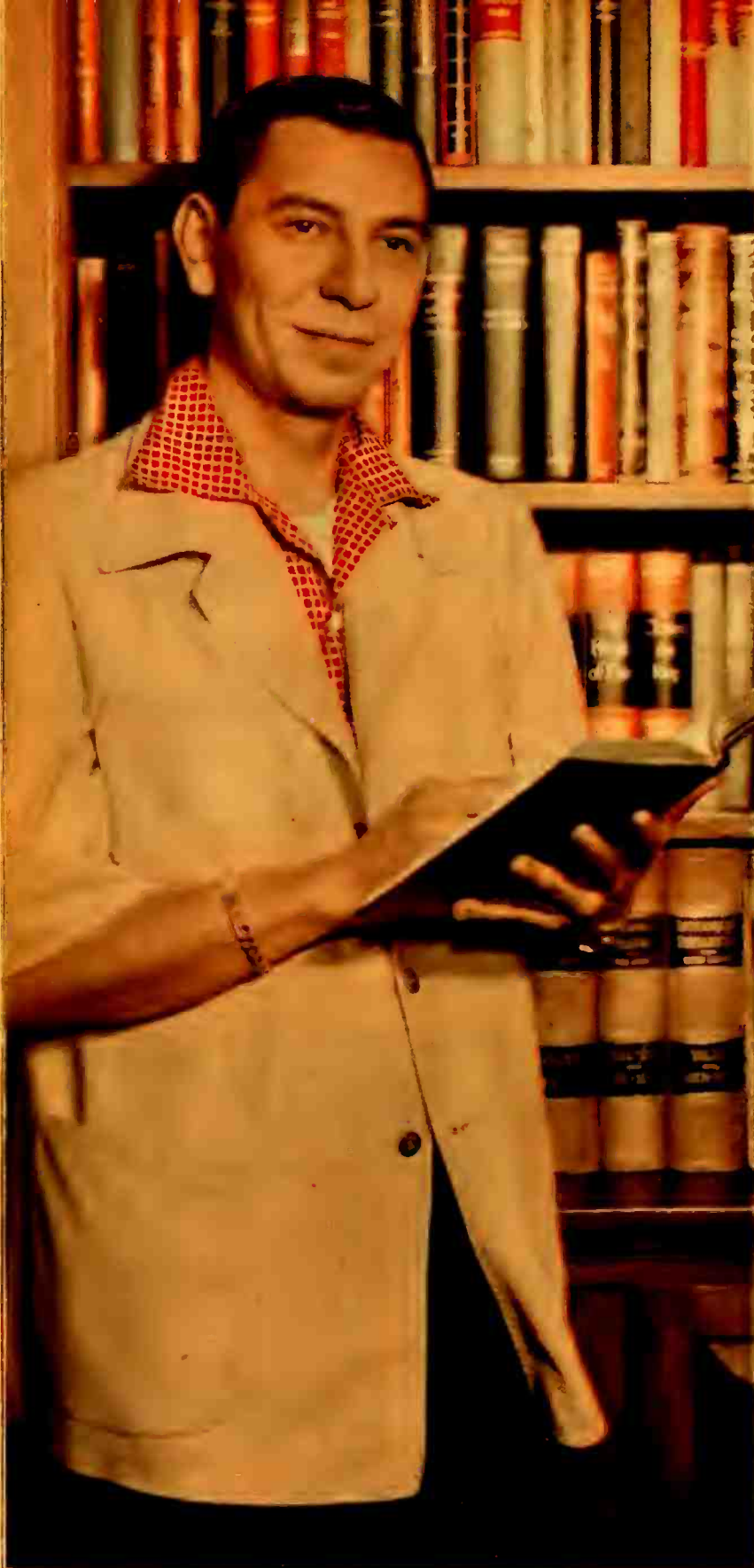
It was Mary who inspired the idea for Joanne and her search for tomorrow. The whole thing began as a conversation between Mary and advertising (Continued on page 102)

Mary Stuart is seen in Search For Tomorrow, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, for Joy, Spic & Span and Cheer.



FAVORITE DAYTIME TV SERIAL ACTRESS





"I WANT

*Jack Webb, Dragnet's
hero, helps others
to help themselves*

By BETTY MILLS

JACK WEBB was tired. He looked little like the composed, cool, Sergeant Friday of *Dragnet*, but rather like a weary young man who needed rest. He had been working steadily for three days, getting the San Francisco Cerebral Palsy telethon set up, working with the Cerebral Palsy board, arranging publicity, checking the station facilities, and setting up the performers.

He had been on stage now for nearly seventeen hours. He was more than physically fatigued; he was emotionally wrung out. But with it all he was grateful in his heart to the people of San Francisco for their wonderful support (they had given nearly two hundred thousand dollars). He was grateful, too, to the performers who had given so much of their time without thought of personal reward. Of all the performers, Jack—who was emceeing the show—had not left the stage in those seventeen hours, and he wondered where he would find the strength to finish.

According to Vincent Francis, General (Continued on page 72)

Jack stars in *Dragnet*—on NBC Radio, Sun., 9:30 P.M.—on NBC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. Both EST, sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes.

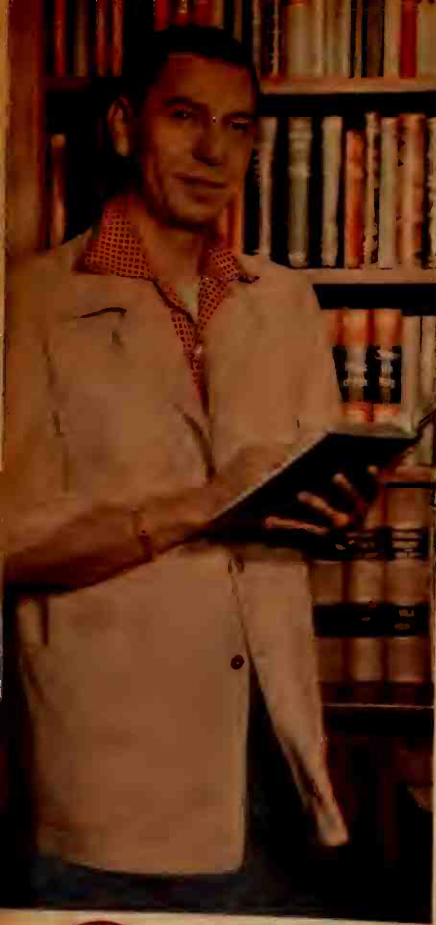


FAVORITE RADIO and TV DRAMATIC ACTOR • FAVORITE TV MYSTERY SHOW

TO GIVE YOU THIS . . . ”

Children have a special meaning for Jack and Julie Webb—and not only because of their own Stacey and Lisa.





"I WANT TO GIVE YOU THIS . . ."

Children have a special meaning for Jack and Julie Webb—and not only because of their own Stacey and Lisa.

*Jack Webb, Dragnet's
hero, helps others
to help themselves*

By BETTY MILLS

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FAVORITE RADIO and TV DRAMATIC ACTOR • FAVORITE TV MYSTERY SHOW

Guiding Light's Lyle Sudrow reveals—

LIFE'S TURNING POINT

By ELIZABETH BALL



Guiding Light couple: Lyle as Bill, with actress Charita Bauer as Bill's wife Bertha.



ACROSS the television studio with its cameras and cables, its milling crews of technicians and scarifying white lights, Lyle Sudrow watched the girl's face. She was charming; she was interesting; she was a competent actress. But she was obviously new at her job and—beneath the gay, assured surface—it wasn't hard to see she was badly frightened. She was the kind of a girl people would consider it fun to be with, Lyle thought, and these qualities fitted to the hilt the part she was playing. But she was trying too desperately to "do the job" perfectly—and everything was going wrong. She was acting mechanically instead of trying to create, to project her own personality. Everyone was nice to her. The director was more than patient with her. Everyone was saying: "Take it easy. Relax. Doing fine." They went all out to help her, but it seemed to have a reverse effect—she kept getting more and more nervous, more and more tense.

Watching her, Lyle realized it was simply a case of stage fright but severe enough to make it almost certain that she would go to pieces soon, unless somehow she could relax a bit. Then it came to him—something he had almost forgotten. He decided to try it as (Continued on page 83)

Lyle Sudrow in *The Guiding Light*, M-F—CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—CBS Radio, 1:45. Both EST, for Procter & Gamble.



FAVORITE DAYTIME TV SERIAL ACTOR



*No one,
nor any event,
has ever weakened
Peggy Wood's
belief in the
Ten Commandments*

PEGGY WOOD— Mama's a great human being

By MARGIE HALE

"THERE is, perhaps," sighs Peggy Wood, RADIO-TV MIRROR's favorite TV dramatic actress, "just one thing I actively resent—lack of time.

There are so many more things . . . neighborly things . . . I would like to do if I could only stretch the hours of the day, and the days of the week."

To her many, many friends, it's hard to conceive of one person successfully devoting time and energy to as many projects as does this talented Great Lady of the theatre. The idea of *more*—even if the hours of the day and the days of the week could be stretched—is preposterous. Already she verges on the super-human . . . the fact that she's no longer a young woman leaves no mental or physical impression on her, except, perhaps, to reflect one of her reasons (*Continued on page 74*)

Peggy Wood stars as Mama, on CBS-TV, Friday, at 8 P.M. EST: sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee and Minute Rice.

Connecticut wedding—Peggy's husband is William Walling.



FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTRESS



From my **HEARTLINE**

"Strike It Rich has a fan club and it's in honor of you—and the love



to yours

you feel for your fellow man . . .”

By WARREN HULL



Jinx Falkenburg personally brought George Jackson to see Dennis James and me—a real honor for us all.

DEAR FRIEND:

This is something I should have done long ago—but don't we always start off by apologizing to friends for not writing oftener? And this is in every sense a "fan letter," for I intend saying just what I think of you, your children, your neighbors, even the stranger you see on a bus or train just once in your life, and the celebrities you admire from a distance. Some of these things may shock you, certainly some will come as a surprise, but after three years on Strike It Rich, my observations add up to quite a picture.

You see, I get a question thrown at me often. It may be, "Warren, how (Continued on page 88)

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



Honesty and pride are rewarded when people like Mrs. Hartsgrove and her girls come to us.



Stories of contestants like Fred Myers and his wife (above) and Doris Puckette (below, with producer Walt Framer) start out with their courage—and continue with your own generosity



BEST RADIO SHOW • FAVORITE TV AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SHOW



The Poor Soul. Jackie runs afoul of the law, as portrayed by Art Carney. (This is the Gleason role Audrey thinks may be closest to the Gleason heart.)



Reggie Van Gleason. In his most "opulent" role, he's a middle-aged playboy—much to the dismay of his parents (Art, of course, and Zamah Cunningham).



FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN

THERE ARE AS MANY SIDES TO



The Loud Mouth. Jackie gets even with Art, now playing poor, talked-to-death Clem. Below—Gleason as Rudy the Repairman, Jerry Bergen as tiny Whitey.



Joe the Bartender, below. Left—"And a-w-a-y we go!" That's Gleason in typical form, and pretty choreographer June Taylor in the cheer-leader pose.



JACKIE GLEASON AS THE ROLES HE PLAYS—AND THEY'RE

ALL FOR FUN!

By
Audrey Meadows

I HAVE a theory about Jackie Gleason, and every once in a while I get to laughing when I think of it. Jackie may laugh, too, when he reads this. Because my theory is that being a comedian and having a big program on television isn't really a profession to him. It's completely fun. It's like going to a big party every week. It's like being a child again and playing games, and dressing up in grown-up clothes and pretending to be someone else. Ever since I began to play. (Continued on page 85)

The Jackie Gleason Show is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 8 P.M. EST, for Schick Shavers, Silk 'n' Satin Lotion, Ipana Tooth Paste.

And this is the way "The Honeymooners" look, when not battling before the cameras: Author Audrey with Award-winner Jackie.



Ozzie and Harriet discover

By
**HARRIET HILLIARD
NELSON**

TELL ME," I said one day, peering at my sixteen-year-old son, David, "do you have any complexes?"

"Oh, Mom," he answered with great patience, "you've been reading those teen-age articles again!"

David was partly right. Actually, I hadn't been reading teen-age articles, but a friend had asked me how Ozzie and I were "keeping up with David's teen-age problems." That started me thinking—and I arrived at the same old answer I always get. Ozzie and I, as parents, and David and Ricky, as children, know each other *too well* to have any sudden problems or hidden complexes pop into the light.

I've sort of figured out that some parents suspect their own teenagers of having complexes because they don't know them. Know them really well, that is. This is really a full-time job in itself—getting to know your children.

In most cases, the parents and children are separated during the day, but in our case we *work* together and, therefore, see much more of one another. I think working with our two boys keeps us from getting complexes—at (Continued on page 86)

Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet—
ABC Radio, Fri., 9 P.M.—ABC-TV,
Fri., 8 P.M. Both EST, under alternate
sponsorship, Hotpoint Co., Listerine.



**FAVORITE RADIO
HUSBAND and WIFE TEAM**

you grow up as you grow old with teenagers in the home—and share their

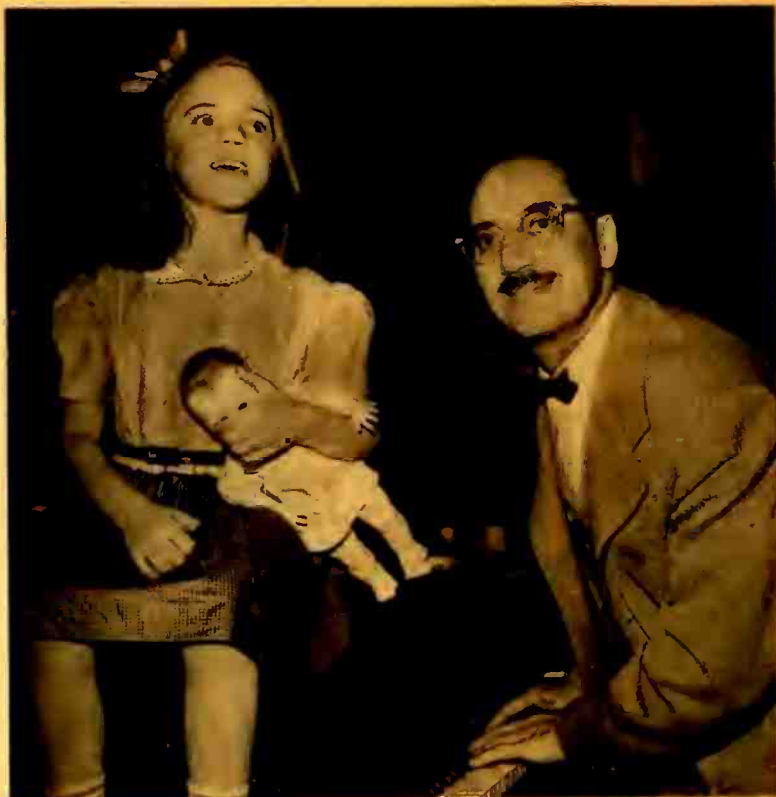
GROWING PAINS

Here are David and Ricky Nelson in all their sartorial splendor—despite the "neat example" set by parents Ozzie and Harriet on opposite page!



You can bet your life
that there's almost
nothing Groucho Marx
wouldn't do—

For love of Melinda



Accompanying Melinda at the piano is—well, child's play—compared with other tricks she's asked Dad to do!

By MARY BETS

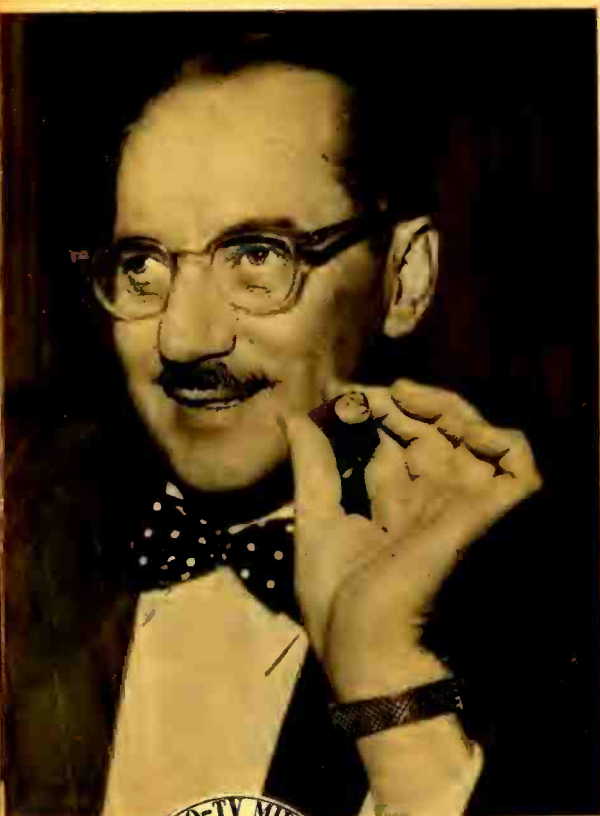
ACCORDING to Groucho Marx, a year in front of the television cameras and radio microphones can be hard work. It can take off weight, put on wrinkles, increase your heart beat, and decrease your vision. But it's a frolic compared to the two weeks of baby-sitting Groucho did with his six-year-old daughter, Melinda.

Groucho hadn't been working too hard—only "half a day." But twelve hours a day are enough for any man. That made it three times too much for him. His doctor suggested he take two weeks' rest.

Since Groucho doesn't see too much of Melinda when he's working, he thought it would be a good idea to have her spend the two-week rest period with him. When he suggested the idea to Melinda's mother, she accepted with alacrity but said, however, that Melinda's puppy would have to come along, too, since they were inseparable.

Groucho says, "I should have been suspicious, but I'm not known as 'Easy Mark Marx' for nothing. In all fairness to Melinda's mother, I must say she asked if I knew for sure what I was doing. I said, (*Continued on page 72*)

Groucho Marx Show—heard, NBC Radio, Wed., 9 P.M.—seen, NBC-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST—for De Soto-Plymouth Dealers of America.



FAVORITE RADIO QUIZMASTER

Chance of a Lifetime

Dennis James devotes his time and talent
to a cause he really believes in

By BETTY FREEDMAN

FOUR years ago a busy TV star dashed out of a train in Philadelphia en route to a benefit telethon being held for the Cerebral Palsy Foundation. Some photographers and a couple of publicity men stopped him just as he was about to step into a cab and asked him to pose for some publicity pictures before going on to the show. Dennis James, the busy TV star (Continued on page 84)

Chance Of A Lifetime with Dennis James is viewed on ABC-TV, at 8:30 P.M. EST each Thursday, sponsored by Old Gold Cigarettes.



Dennis and Mickey James are greeted at airport by cerebral palsied youngsters.

In their colorful studio with a magnificent view of Long Island Sound, Dennis and Mickey paint



FAVORITE TV TALENT SHOW





Three's mighty good company, when Dad sits down to play with Jeffrey (left) and Joel ("the twin with the mole").

By FRANCES KISH

ABOUT an hour's drive from the radio and television studios in New York where Bert Parks does his shows, there is a Colonial-style house, of whitewashed brick, which he calls home. A comfortable, inviting sort of house, set on a high knoll overlooking a pleasant suburban community. A house designed for "family living"—for Bert and Annette; six-year-old twin boys, Joel and Jeffrey; and four-year-old Annette, Jr., who is always called Pet, or Petty.

It's a place where two married persons and their children live a happy life. There are swings and bars out back for youngsters to play on. There is usually a stray ball or a toy lying near the driveway, where a child has dropped it in his eagerness to greet Daddy as the car swings in past the clump of birch trees, beautiful and decorative in summer or winter.

More likely than not, the twins have been trying to outrace each other, (Continued on page 92)

Bert Parks asks the questions on Balance Your Budget, CBS-TV, every other Sat., 10 P.M., for Sealy Mattresses, and Double Or Nothing—on CBS-TV, M, W, F, at 2 P.M.—on NBC Radio (except WNBC), M-F, 10:30 A.M.—for Campbell's Soups. All EST.

*For lucky, talented
Bert, it all balances,
it all goes double—
even to having twins!*

BERT PARKS—



Three's a date, when Bert greets his two Annettes (the small one's "Petty").

the man who has everything

Babies ARE from

It won't be long—Lucille and Desi hope—before their son joins little Lucie in their pool!



Heaven

By PAULINE SWANSON

A FIRE crackled merrily on the hearth in the cheerful little Early American style house in the Northridge foothills in which Lucille and Desi ("now-they-are-four") Arnaz have lived all the twelve years of their marriage.

The room, gay with its rose-splattered wall paper, cranberry-glass chandelier, and inviting easy chairs, seemed completely unchanged (*Continued on page 90*)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz star in *I Love Lucy*, seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.

Just ask Lucy and Desi where home is, and they'll tell you: "Where children and love abide."



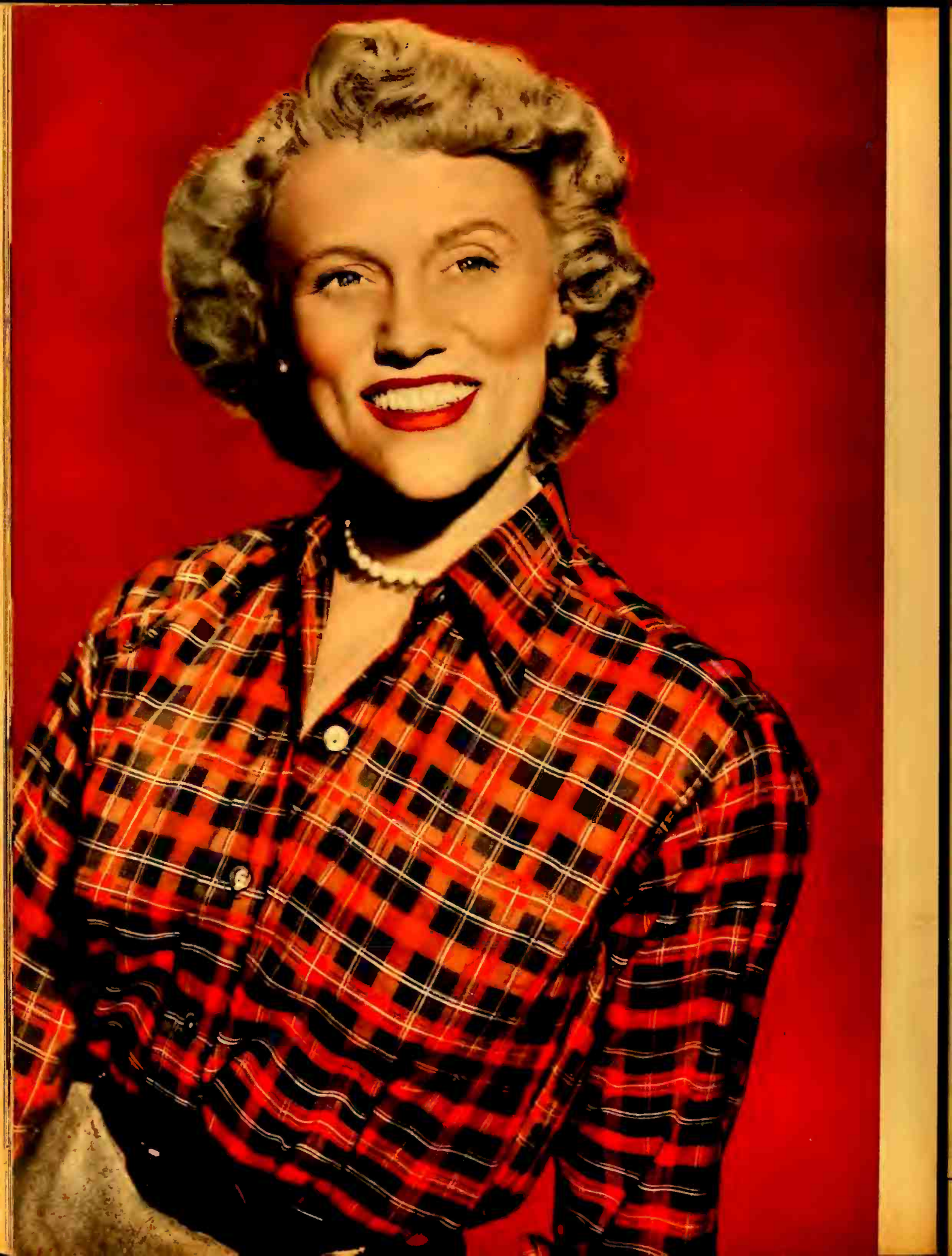
Competition or no competition, daughter Lucie's sure to get a full share of her parents' affection.



Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV is still a bit small for diving in that pool—but no Olympic star ever got a heartier welcome on TV sets!

FAVORITE TV HUSBAND and WIFE TEAM • FAVORITE TV COMEDY SHOW





No such thing as a problem child



1. Ralph Wendell is determined he'll "get back at the world." He steals money from church collection plate and plants it in young Neal's pocket, but his plot fails.



2. Julie believes in her heart that there must be a reason behind Ralph's actions—he isn't just "naturally" bad. She visits Mrs. Wendell to find an upset, unhappy mother.

*Julie Paterno of
Hilltop House establishes
a warm, loving family circle
for an unwanted boy*

As JULIE looked at Mark's torn clothes and the obvious black eye, she thought: There's no such thing as a problem child. Mark was the youngest member of the orphanage in Julie Paterno's care at Hilltop House. He was the only one at the school who had a speech defect and who seemed completely unable to defend himself against attack by other children. The story Julie forced from Mark's reluctant lips had revealed that Ralph Wendell had carried his bullying of Mark to actual blows—and something would have to be done about it. With all of Julie's background in child-care, she knew in her heart that the cause of Ralph's attacks on Mark came from his home, not from Ralph himself. Arming herself with all the anger and outrage she felt for Mark, Julie called on the Wendell household. Mrs. Wendell, she discovered, shared the house with her spinsterish sister, a Miss Lillian Ludlow. Ralph's father had disappeared from



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS

See Next Page ▶

No such thing as a problem child

3. Julie can only guess that one cause of Ralph's being a bully is the domination of his spinster aunt who alienates Ralph's natural affections for his mother.



the lives of these two women several years before. After finally overcoming Miss Ludlow's objections, Julie saw and talked with Mrs. Wendell, a pathetic, weak person who genuinely loved Ralph—but who was completely and utterly unable to comprehend anything about the boy's problem which led him to be a bully. Working to support herself, Mrs. Wendell had turned over Ralph's care to her

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Julie Paterno.....Jan Miner
Mrs. Wendell.....Lucille Wall
Miss Ludlow.....Gladys Thornton
Ralph Wendell.....Larry Newton
Neal.....Dick Wigginton

Hilltop House is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., for Alka-Seltzer.



4. Julie takes over Ralph's care at Hilltop House when his mother sends him to her. It's a battle, but within a few weeks a miraculous change takes place in Ralph.

dominating sister. Between Mrs. Wendell's generosity with the boy, and Miss Ludlow's continual expressed hatred and demonstrated overwhelming love, Ralph had become utterly confused. . . . At the first meeting, Julie merely listened as Mrs. Wendell poured out all her feelings about Ralph. But how she could guide Mrs. Wendell puzzled and worried Julie. In the meantime, Julie sent Neal, one of the older Hilltop boys, to act as Mark's protector. It wasn't long before Neal tangled with Ralph—and, as a result, Ralph stole money from the Sunday-school collection and "planted" it in Neal's pocket. When Mrs. Wendell heard about the whole episode, she came to Julie to beg her to accept Ralph as a member of the orphanage—to be boarded at Hilltop House for a while and gain as much as possible from association with the happy group under Julie's supervision. With angry outbursts from Ralph, Julie took him under her wing, after getting consent from the orphanage board. Miss Ludlow's reaction, however, was even more violent—she promised reprisals. . . . At first Julie was beside herself—no matter what she did she could not win Ralph's confidence. Then, gradually, as days wore into weeks, Ralph became friendly with Dr. Jeff, who seemed to take the place of a father in Ralph's affections, and gradually rebellion gave way to cooperation. Suddenly, Mrs. Wendell's attitude toward Julie's help changed and, under the influence of her sister, she became alarmed at Ralph's affection for Julie and Dr. Jeff. Mrs. Wendell insisted on removing Ralph from the orphanage. The problem was then out of Julie's hands, if not out of her heart. A few weeks later, everything came to an unexpected climax. Julie visited the mother and learned that Mrs. Wendell felt she had lost Ralph forever, because her sister had taken him to another town—convincing the mother that her son no longer loved her. Julie told Mrs. Wendell of her legal rights—but Mrs. Wendell was unable to face another battle.



5. Ralph disappears, and Julie finds Mrs. Wendell in a complete state of collapse. She is convinced her son has been turned against her by her sister, Ralph's aunt.

Through her, Julie learned of the father's whereabouts and, feeling he was an important key to Ralph, Julie contacted him. From him she learned the truth—the appalling, awful truth of a situation which could have been avoided. . . . The separation of husband and wife had been based on a series of lies—lies manufactured by Miss Ludlow out of jealousy for their happiness. In those dim, dark days of the past, Miss Ludlow had forced Mr. Wendell into a compromising situation, and then claimed that it was he who was trying to make love to her behind her sister's back. Miserable, unhappy, unable to explain to his wife the horrible error, Mr. Wendell had left. Over the years he had tried repeatedly to get word to his wife, to see his son, and each time Miss Ludlow had successfully blocked his attempts at a reconciliation. Once the veil was torn from these past events, Julie felt a solution was near at hand. Together, she and Mr. Wendell outlined how Miss Ludlow could be exposed in his wife's eyes, and how all three persons could finally be brought together. . . . A meeting was finally arranged and, at long last, Mr. Wendell stood face to face with Mrs. Wendell, and the talk they should have had—so many years ago—took place. Julie's reward, however, didn't come until weeks later. Miss Ludlow had departed, and, one day, Julie met Ralph. The smile on his face, his warm open-heartedness, would have been enough to tell Julie that some miracle had happened to transform this child. But when he said, very proudly, very seriously, "I have a mother and—and a father now, Miss Julie," the head of Hilltop's orphanage had to turn away momentarily to hide her tears. Yes, Ralph had a mother and a father—and at long last he had love. Happy in the loving family circle, Ralph could afford to be the wonderful, bright youngster he wanted to be—without resorting to bullying. Julie indeed had been right when she told herself: There is no such thing as a problem child.

6. Unearthing a secret of many years before, Julie reunites Mrs. Wendell and her husband. Ralph thus gets the warm circle of family love he so sorely needs.



*One loving couple, two
little girls—and lots of
fun—make a recipe for
living Eve Arden cherishes*

By BETTY GOODE

Back to school go Liza and Connie, heads filled with memories of that exciting trip shared with "Mama Eve" and "Papa Brooks."



Anniversary for Happiness

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS: Mix one generous portion of Eve Arden and an understanding and affectionate husband—name of Brooks West—with one hillside home with a view and two sweet adopted daughters named Liza and Connie. Let stand for one full, joyful year of marriage. Result: A dish fit for a royal anniversary!

"We wanted to take time off for a Honolulu vacation to celebrate our first anniversary," says Eve, "but it would take too long to cross the ocean, and our time together is already so limited that we don't see the children as much as we'd like. So we decided to drive to New York—and to Connecticut, where we were married. Brooks put an airfoam mattress in the (Continued on page 98)

Eve is Our Miss Brooks—CBS Radio, Sun., 6:30 P.M., for Colgate Dental Cream, Palmolive Soap and Shave Cream—CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M., for Instant Sanka and Swans Down Cake Mixes. All times EST.



FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE • FAVORITE RADIO COMEDY SHOW

Father with a Heart

By ELIZABETH MILLER

FEW PEOPLE ever see Bob Hope playing the role of a devoted father. When you hear the name "Bob Hope," you think of gags and laughter; not of gentleness, rock-like strength and security, or parental love.

But what goes to make a father? Isn't it partly that rock-like strength, something safe and sturdy a child can cling to—and, in the clinging, know he's safe and as secure as a ship within a port?

Isn't being a father a gentleness, an understanding—even a willingness to be a child yourself again?

Just ask anyone who knows Bob really well, and they'll tell you the (Continued on page 97)

Bob Hope on NBC Radio—daytime show, M-F, 11:45 A.M.—night, Wed., 10 P.M. Both EST, sponsored by General Foods for Jell-O.



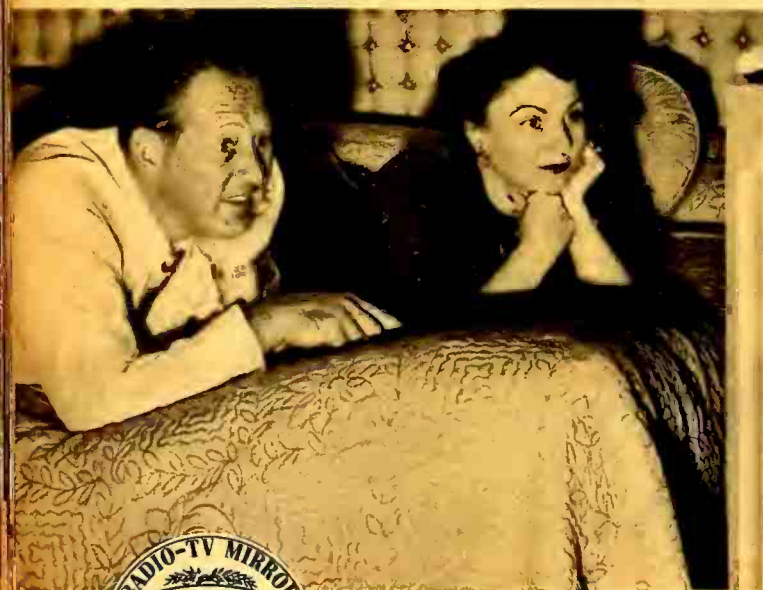
*With Bob Hope and
Delores, four children
have security
and parental love*

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIAN





a permanent HOUSE PARTY



A MELOW moon streaked its golden path out across the Pacific. A boat whistled, beckoning them. And in an old beat-up Benny-kind-of-Maxwell, a pretty young girl with dark hair and wide blue eyes, and a breezy blond young fellow, who even then had quite a way with words, watched two freighters loading on the San Diego dock.

"I'll show you the whole world," Art Linkletter was telling her. "You'll have furs and diamonds, and when we're married—you're going to see everything worth seeing in this whole wide world."

Art Linkletter himself had already thumbed and freighted his way around a good part of it. He'd worked as a bus-boy in Chicago, a harvest hand in North Dakota, a stevedore in New Orleans, and in New York he'd signed on a ship and worked his way across the ocean and back.

But now he was through traveling alone . . . as, in a sense, ever since childhood he'd travelled alone. From now on he would be going with the girl beside



FAVORITE RADIO MASTER OF CEREMONIES

*Art Linkletter had a dream, and it
came true—not quite as he expected*



Despite the gag shot, Art really admires the ties Lois weaves for him. Left—playing with the younger children, Sharon, Diane, Robert and Dawn.

Below—Art helping oldest son Jack with his homework.

By LORETTA LYONS

him, and they were going to go first-class.

At that moment, catching the ferry boat to Coronado was about all the traveling in sight for them. The places Art pictured to young Lois Forester, a druggist's daughter in San Diego, were a matter of small moment, anyway. For they were getting married—and her whole world was him.

They'd been courting for three years then, but Art had been firm about the amount of money he must be making before they could set the date. Not until he was making one hundred and fifty dollars a month, he said. He'd been making one hundred and twenty-five dollars at a San Diego radio station for some time, and now he'd been promised a twenty-five dollar raise. They'd set Thanksgiving for their wedding day. (Continued on page 95)

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





Art Linkletter had a dream, and it
came true—not quite as he expected



Despite the gag shot, Art really admires the ties Lois weaves for him. Left—playing with the younger children, Sharon, Diona, Robert and Dawn.

a permanent HOUSE PARTY



FAVORITE RADIO MASTER OF CEREMONIES

A MELLOW moon streaked its golden path out across the Pacific. A boat whistled, beckoning them. And in an old beat-up Benny-kind-of-Maxwell, a pretty young girl with dark hair and wide blue eyes, and a breezy blond young fellow, who even then had quite a way with words, watched two freighters loading on the San Diego dock.

"I'll show you the whole world," Art Linkletter was telling her. "You'll have furs and diamonds, and when we're married—you're going to see everything worth seeing in this whole wide world."

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But now he was through traveling alone . . . as in a sense, ever since childhood he'd travelled alone. From now on he would be going with the girl beside

him, and they were going to go first-class.

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(Continued on page 95)

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Below—Art helping oldest son Jack with his homework.



PAUL DIXON—"everyone's



Paul, Marge, Pam and Greg see how they look—in a certain magazine!



FAVORITE TV MUSICAL SHOW

a friend of mine”

When people know you, they care what happens to you, and that's important on the Paul Dixon show!



Letters from his fans mean a lot to Paul. They have brought cheer to his mother, sponsors to his show—when both cheer and sponsors were much appreciated.



Lined up behind manager Mort Wotters are Wanda Lewis and Sis Camp, Paul and "Len" Goorian. Below, newcomer Sis gets a warm reception from Paul and Wanda.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

IN WCPO-TV's small studio at the top of one of Cincinnati's highest hills, Director Len Goorian signaled to cast and crew, "We're off the air," then stalked over to Paul Dixon.

He couldn't make up his mind whether he should be angry or admiring, for Paul, in his characteristic way, again had changed the whole plan for the program right in the middle of the show.

The switch was prompted by a letter from a viewer—one of the show's many friends. Paul liked it and instantly acted to carry out the idea the fan suggested. Right in front of everyone who was tuned to the Du Mont network, Paul had called for a recording not on the pre-agreed list, had directed the crew to bring in a new backdrop, had briefed Wanda Lewis and Sis Camp how to do the pantomime he thought would best carry out the idea back of the song, and had even told Len himself (*Continued on page 76*)



The Paul Dixon Show, seen on Du Mont Television, M-F, 3 P.M. EST; sponsored by River Brand Rice and others.

"I Want to Give You This"

(Continued from page 46)

Chairman of the Northern California drive, Jack was giving his heart as well as his talents to the Cerebral Palsy charity. But there were reasons for this.

Jack had known suffering and privation. As a child he lived in a poor section of Los Angeles, went to one of the "downtown" high schools with a mixed racial population. It could be called a "poor" high school; but what its students lacked in wealth, they made up in democratic relationships with one another and in scholastic standing.

Jack was Student Body President of that high school. It helped to fix in his heart a feeling for the problems of the underprivileged. He had never forgotten; that was one reason he was on this stage now.

The Cerebral Palsy telethon was set up in such a way that any San Franciscan who phoned in a donation would get a request granted from the performers. They could also bring in their donations if they wished. At present, the auditorium was filled to capacity and there was a line of people outside that went around the block.

Jack looked out at the studio audience with weary eyes. He was almost ready to collapse when he noticed for the third time a little boy clutching a paper bag and standing with his mother at the edge of the stage.

Jack sent over an usher to encourage the pair. The usher came back with the message that the little boy wanted to talk to Jack. "Okay," said Jack, "send him up."

The boy's mother led him onto the stage and turned him to face Jack. Then she gave him a little push as if to encourage him. Cautiously he went forward a few steps, then paused, still clutching his paper

bag. His mother urged him on. He began again to walk very slowly forward, his head cocked to one side, as if he were listening.

A blanket of quiet fell suddenly on the audience, and the theatre grew still as a church. It was so quiet Jack could almost feel it.

As the little boy approached, Jack held out one hand, as if reaching. Then, when the boy touched Jack's hand, he smiled.

"Hello. What's your name?" asked Jack. "My name's Richard Wuesterfeld," said the little boy.

"And did you bring something for us, Dick?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I brought this . . ." and he held up the paper bag. "I brought this here. I collected it on my block, and I got it from my friends and my dad and mother, too, and from nice people I met on the street."

"How much is it, Dick?"

"It's two hundred and twenty-five dollars, and it's all in there, and I want to give it to the boys and girls who can't run and play the way I do. . . ."

Then Jack saw what it was about the little boy that seemed so strange. He was blind.

He walked with his head cocked to one side so he could hear; he held his hand in front of him as a guide. Yet he wanted to give the money he'd collected on the block to the boys and girls who couldn't run and play the way he did! Jack's eyes filled with quiet tears.

"That's a pretty big gift, Dick." Jack's voice was husky. "What would you like to have the performers do for you?"

"Gee, I'd like you to talk like Sergeant Friday—you know, like Sergeant Friday

talks on Dragnet." The little boy stuck his hands in his pocket and his childish voice mimicked Jack. "I'm Joe Friday," he said. . . . "You know—like that, Mr. Webb."

The audience was visibly moved. They found relief in tears, but Jack himself was too choked up to be able to comply with the child's request.

"Dick, I can't right now, but I'll tell you what I will do. Next time you come to Los Angeles, I'll see that you get to the studio to sit in on one of the shows. What do you think of that?"

"Gee, really? No kiddin'? You bet I'll wait. You bet! So long, Mr. Webb, I'll see you soon. Oh, boy!" And, with one hand in front of him, he ran off the stage into the arms of his mother.

Even with the tears, Jack felt refreshed, thanks to the little blind boy. His gift had put them over the top. The two hundred and twenty-five dollars he'd collected on his block had sent their grand total over the two-hundred-thousand mark.

Jack felt inspired and refreshed. He forgot his fatigue and, with his eighteen hours almost up, went back to the station manager to beg for more time. He promised he'd double the two hundred thousand if they would give him six more hours in which to raise it!

They gave him the time.

At the end of the twenty-four hour period, the telethon had raised better than four hundred thousand dollars! At the end of twenty-seven hours, they had half a million—\$500,000! And the little blind boy's words were still ringing in Jack's ears:

"I want to give you this so the other boys and girls can run and play like I do—"

For Love of Melinda

(Continued from page 56)

'Of course. There's nothing to taking care of a child. The trick is to keep them occupied.'

It was then "early" in the evening (about 11:30 P.M.), and Groucho was watching a late movie. He finally went off to bed and slept soundly until "early" the next morning (about 11:30 A.M.), when his sleep was disturbed by a bad dream.

He dreamt he heard a horse ridden by three wild Indians clattering and galloping up the steps to his bedroom. He opened one eye and peered over the edge of the blankets. It had been no dream. Melinda and the horse (her puppy) had arrived.

"When I opened my eyes," said Groucho, "he was chewing my last box of hand-rolled Havana cigars. I'd been nursing them along for six months, but I wasn't about to lose a hand trying to save them. They must have fed him wheat-germ laced with iron. He was seventeen hands high and had teeth like ten-penny nails."

Melinda was standing at the foot of the bed. She had on a ten-gallon hat, chaps, two cap pistols and holsters, and Roy Rogers spurs.

"Hi, Daddy," she said, "let's play cowboys and Indians."

"Hello," said Groucho. He remembered sleepily that the secret was to keep them occupied. He knew he'd better start "occupying" them right now—or plan on building a new house. "Cowboys and Indians. That's a good idea," he said, "just let me put on a robe."

Groucho got up and put a robe over his pajamas, thinking this was an early hour to get up and certainly a very early hour to play cowboys and Indians.

"I'm the Lone Ranger and you're Silver," said Melinda.

"The horse?"

"Sure. . . ."

"Okay. What do we do now?"

"We gotta ride to the ranch and warn the rancher about the rustlers."

I should have known better, thought Groucho. "All right, Melinda, up you go. . . ."

"Giddap, Silver!"

"Yea . . . okay . . . just a minute, Melinda, while I put on my slippers—I mean horse-shoes. . . ."

"Horses don't talk, Daddy!"

"All right, so horses don't talk. How far is it to the ranch?"

"Thirty miles—and it's all rocks in between. *Hi Yo Silver!*" With that cry she dug into Groucho's silk-robed flanks with her spurs and they were off. The baying of the puppy and Groucho's shout of pained surprise mingled in the morning air.

It was then shortly before noon. An hour-and-a-half later the Lone Ranger pulled up for a picnic lunch. Silver had orange juice and coffee. But the respite was short-lived. The Lone Ranger was devoted to her duty, and there was still the rancher to be warned. As soon as they had finished, they were back in the saddle heading out across the rocks and prairie of the living room.

At about the nineteenth mile, Groucho began to tire. Apparently, the orange juice had been laced with bad alfalfa. With rocks, rocks everywhere, and no prospect of relief, Groucho decided to spy the ranch himself and risk the consequences.

"The ranch! The ranch!" he shouted.

"No, Silver. Not yet!" cried Melinda.

But at this point Groucho decided to call it quits. Feeling of his wounded sides, he said, "Look, Melinda, do you think the rancher can hold out until tomorrow? Silver has just got to have some rest."

On the second day they played cowboys and Indians, too. This time the Lone Ranger became the "squatter" (Australian for cowboy) and Groucho—yesterday's Silver—became Kimbo, king of the kangaroos. Generally, no one knows for sure if kangaroos can be ridden like horses. Groucho can tell you that Kimbo was ridden—and with spurs.

On the third day, Melinda's imagination set down in India. She was now the first spur-wearing Maharanee in the Republic of India, and Groucho became the first sacred white riding-elephant with a Beverly Hills address. Most elephants have flanks which are impervious to spurs. But this elephant was as thin-skinned as Kimbo the kangaroo.

According to Groucho, the international beast of burden, the two weeks passed as quickly as the Thirty Years' War. Eternity having gone by, he returned Melinda to her mother—who solicitously asked, "How was the vacation? Did you get a good rest? Was she any trouble?"

"Of course not," replied Groucho. "How could a six-year-old like Melinda be any trouble? We just saw the world together, and had ourselves a whale of a time."

Funny thing, too. He meant it. That's as sentimental as a quiz-shootin' Marxman ever lets himself get. But every parent knows the spurs of childhood never leave a scar, while the warmth in the heart lasts forever and ever.



The Duchess of Argyll

The Castle of Inverary is her home. People always speak of the Duchess' look of perfection. She is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. "Pond's cleanses my skin beautifully," she says.

*British
Peeresses
of the
Realm
in this
Coronation
Year*



The Duchess of Sutherland

bears one of Britain's most distinguished titles. She and the Duke are world travelers. Wherever she goes, the Duchess cares for her rose-petal complexion with Pond's Cold Cream to keep it soft and smooth. The Duchess says: "I don't know a better cream in the world than Pond's Cold Cream."

"It's my one essential cream"



The Duchess of Rutland

Her husband's family was given a Barony in 1264, an Earldom in 1525 and the Dukedom in 1703. Tall and slender, she will make a striking picture in her crimson coronation robes. This young Duchess gives her lovely skin the meticulous care of Pond's Cold Creamings. The Duchess says, "Pond's keeps my skin immaculate—and feeling ever so smooth and fresh."

So many of Britain's duchesses, like beautiful women all over the world, love this one special cream. They say nothing gives their complexions such perfect care.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's famous Cold Cream. As you use this satin-smooth cream, its ingredients work as a team—in inter-action. They cleanse your skin *immaculately*, and at the same time *replenish* the oil and moisture your skin needs *regularly* to have that fresh, smooth, young look.

And—you help *both* sides of your skin, as you swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face. *Outside*—imbedded dirt is lifted out of pore-openings. And your skin is given softening oil and moisture. *Inside*—circulation is stimulated, helping skin repair and refine itself.

A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face

This double Pond's Creaming cleanses your skin *thoroughly*—gives it needed oil and moisture.

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream *up* over your face and throat. Tissue off *well*.

Soft-rinse quickly with *more* skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off *lightly*.

Start now to use Pond's Cold Cream *every* night (mornings, too). Remember, the constant robbing of your skin's freshness goes on every day. Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream *today*.

Learning to Live a Little

(Continued from page 42)

and spent my childhood and early youth taking for granted all the wonderful aspects of suburban living . . . the wonderful closeness of knowing people in the community in which you live. Even though I had spent years in places like San Francisco, St. Louis and Chicago, I actually never knew what real city living was like until I moved to New York in 1946. Prior to my arrival in the Big City, I had always been on the go . . . never lit long enough in one spot to become a part of it. But New York was different. I hadn't been here very long before I realized that this was where I belonged—from a work standpoint, at least—and soon settled down into being a cliff-dweller, as impersonal about my surroundings as was the city, itself, about me.

Then, a few years later, I met Teri Keane. Back in 1949, Teri was a struggling actress . . . you can now strike out the "struggling." Immediately, she impressed me as being an unusual and happy combination of hometown girl and career girl. If I never have another idea, it won't matter much—that one idea was sensational. On June 10, 1950, we were married, and Teri settled into homemaking just as successfully as she had settled into her career. Our apartment soon took on a personality . . . not a decorator's, but Teri's and mine. In due time, it took on Sharon's personality, too. Considering Sharon—our little girl—that's quite an order. When she's good, she's like Teri. When she's otherwise, she's like me . . . so I'm told. But *always*, she's pure "ham"—needing plenty of space in which to perform.

I guess it was Sharon that really set us to seriously looking, last spring, for a summer home. Teri and I had toyed with the idea before, but it was the realization

of how wonderful a country place would be for Sharon that brought the idea to a head. So, through Carl Eastman—director of the CBS daytime drama, *Perry Mason*—and his wife, we rented a fantastic converted barn in Westport, Connecticut, for the summer.

The "barn" had three stories, the upper two of which were sleeping and eating quarters. The first floor was just one gigantic room which contained three couches, four easy chairs, a piano, a TV set, end tables, lamps, cabinets, and a ping-pong table surrounded by the required footage for easy playing! It was terrific! It met all of Teri's requirements for housekeeping, and the wide open spaces and lack of traffic made it perfect for Sharon—she could run about unescorted.

It was so long since either one of us had lived in a house, much less a converted barn on a piece of property approximating a city block, that I think we both half expected to be lonely just because there was no neighbor on the other side of the wall. How wrong we were! We did know a few people in Westport, and that helped. But what amazed us was the ease with which we got to know—really know—our neighbors and neighborhood.

In the New York apartment, where we've lived for several years, we know our next-door neighbor to the extent of "good morning" or "good evening"—on some of my brighter days, I can even remember the name. But in the country it's different. You actually visit each other . . . casually drop in for brief chats . . . help each other when things like power mowers conk out, lean over the back fence—imaginary or otherwise—to discuss each other's crops and local news, or work up a spur-of-the-moment barbecue. All very friendly. All very casual. All very satis-

fying to a couple of "city-dwellers."

And the country life itself—the manual labor part—was great fun and full of surprises to this lazy apartment-dweller. For example, you'll never know how surprised I was several days after my first bout with the strawberry patch to find I would again be able to stand straight! And the straightening-out process took less and less time after each session. Waltzing around with the power lawn mower was no problem because I've always been strong on walking. But what did surprise me—to say nothing of my wife—was how I handled the spasmodic fits of temperament displayed by this unique invention. I'll admit, however, it was comforting to know that, if the gadget got too far out of hand, there would always be a good-hearted neighbor to the rescue.

Another great surprise and pleasure was my discovery of the town's community spirit. In New York, most of us are arm-chair philosophers when it gets to community problems and civic duties. Not so in small towns. Everybody gets into the act. In almost no time, Teri and I found ourselves completely wound up in the local zoning laws, school problems, and the like . . . enjoying ourselves to the utmost, and developing a personal pride in "our" community. I would like our daughter to grow up with such a feeling of personal responsibility to those in her community . . . a feeling which I don't believe she'll ever develop in a big, impersonal city.

All in all, country living was an exciting and satisfying experience, and I think both Teri and I are convinced that some day we would like to own our own home in a small town outside New York where we can take an active part in community doings and raise our family in the rewarding atmosphere of real "applied democracy."

Mama's a Great Human Being

(Continued from page 49)

for being so civic-minded.

"All people," claims Miss Wood, "eventually arrive at civic-mindedness. At least they do if they are emotionally mature, and I, if you'll pardon a seemingly egotistical statement, think I am emotionally mature. Psychologists list six stages in a well-adjusted life—Shakespeare listed seven, but then he buried his subject with the seventh. The first is the child's devotion to his mother. Then comes his interest in the gang. Third is the child's interest in the opposite sex as a whole, and fourth the interest in just one of the opposite sex. Fifth, naturally, comes marriage and the family, and sixth, the interest in the neighborhood or civic affairs. As I look back over my life, I can honestly say that in due time I stopped off in all of those stages, and have been a member of the sixth for quite a number of years—with no interest whatsoever in the Bard's seventh!"

Going hand in glove with these six stages in human development, of course, is family background and training. Here Peggy was extremely fortunate. Her father, the late Eugene Wood—a newspaperman on a Brooklyn newspaper—sharpened her interest in political affairs as well as the shape of the everyday world. Her mother, with a more spiritual approach to life, taught Peggy the value of abiding by the two great Commandments—to respect the Giver of Life, and to "love thy neighbor." In her years of living and giving, Peggy has never wavered from these beliefs. No one, no event, has been able to weaken her philosophy—she believes these Commandments

present the truth, and the truth can never be turned under.

In good part, Peggy's "neighbors" are her fellow-workers. She has been active in the affairs of such business organizations as Actor's Equity, ANTA and AFTRA for about as long as they have been in existence. Whenever these groups sponsor drives for any of their many worthwhile activities—hospitals and homes for retired actors, schools and other projects—Peggy is one of the first to offer her time and talents—both her professional and business talents, for Peggy is an outstanding business woman as well as an award-winning actress.

As for the rest of her "neighbors," they are the country as a whole. The American Red Cross, the Community Chest and the Salvation Army can always count on her services. Children at the Children's Aid Society, Greenwich House, and the Madison Avenue Boys Club have much to be grateful for in this unusual woman—but, to hear Miss Wood tell it, you'd think it was the other way around. "Next to my theatre groups, I think I enjoy most those activities that have to do with children. Children are so wonderful, so warm, so sincere, so earnest. I am truly grateful to be able to do even little things for them."

Then there are the home-town and church activities to which Peggy devotes a large portion of her time. Besides having a lovely two-story white brick home on New York's East Side, Peggy and her husband, William H. Walling, a New York printing firm executive, have a home outside Stamford, Connecticut, which they

built in 1946 on land Peggy had purchased some twenty-five years before. The town of Stamford has an active Town Meeting organization which lists the Wallings as two of its most active and interested members. As for churches, denominations are a minor matter, for to Peggy it is the spiritual guidance which is the important point . . . name it what you will. She is extremely active in the Episcopal Actor's Guild which headquarters in New York's famous Little Church Around The Corner, the adopted church of the acting profession. In Stamford a number of churches feel free to call upon her time and efforts for their individual drives—as did the Lutheran church for which she raised money by helping to sell a cookbook.

Surprising that a Great Lady of the theatre should endorse a cookbook? Those who know Peggy Wood know that—like the famous role she plays on CBS-TV, *Mama*—she is a housewife of no little skill. She loves to cook and bake. She sews, does needlepoint, knits dresses for herself and sweaters and socks for her husband. She puts up preserves . . . not the least of which is the grape jelly she makes from wild grapes grown in her country vineyard. *Mama's "family"*—who at rehearsals gorge themselves on Peggy's culinary achievements—often find themselves wondering how it is possible that one woman can find the time and energy to be so many things . . . a great actress, a great housewife, and, above all, a great woman and humanitarian. But to Peggy, herself, it's quite the opposite—her problem is to find more time for being neighborly.

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100
BEAUTIFUL
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to choose from!

GET THESE DRESSES— Don't Pay a Penny! and Make Fine Extra Money Even in Your Spare Time

WOMEN LIKE YOU!

(Read these Exceptional Records)

2 Hours Pays \$10.00

My first experience netted me \$10.00 in about 2 hours. It was fun, and I made new friends. Mrs. S. W. COLE, West Virginia.

Made \$30 in Week Spare Time
Imagine! Inside less than a week I made \$30.00 cash, putting in only spare time, as I am a housewife. LOUISE ZULA, Wisconsin.

Hasn't Bought Dresses in 1 1/2 Years

I work only part time and only among friends, and I haven't bought a dress or suit since starting a year and a half ago! ELAINE SCHECTER, Indiana.

No Longer Buys Dresses! The dresses I used to buy I now get without paying for them! And I make \$12.00 to \$15.00 in a week spare time besides! DOROTHY HOUGH, Missouri.

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Send no money! Just write your name, address, and dress size on coupon below (paste it on a postcard) and mail it, and we'll send you the big valuable style display so you can start at once getting your personal dresses without one cent of cost and collecting EXTRA CASH besides. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Dept. J-501, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

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RUSH ABSOLUTELY FREE the big, valuable Harford Frocks Style Display so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one penny for them, and make extra money in spare time besides.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Dress Size..... Age.....

R
M

"Everyone's a Friend of Mine"

(Continued from page 71)

to take off his headphones and come onto the set to act out a fourth character.

It had been fun while it lasted, but, with the show safely wrapped up, Len's sense of responsibility—an attitude born of his own New York big-studio training—came to the fore.

His inner conflict broke to the surface with his statement, "Honestly, Paul, you scare the living daylights out of me."

With the familiarity of years of friendship, Paul took the tension out of the situation with a grin. "We got away with it, didn't we?"

Grudgingly, Len nodded. "That's just the trouble. You always get away with it. But there'll come a time. . . ."

The two girls had joined the huddle, and Paul could tell they shared Len's worry. Affectionately, he put one arm around Wanda, the other around Sis Camp and gave them each a hug. "You were great, kids. And look at it this way. The woman who wrote that letter had a better idea than we had."

He was so serious, so full of admiration for his fan that even Len had to laugh. "I get it at last. You're not a gambler, you're a perfectionist. The only trouble is that you see a whole sequence, instantly, in your own mind, but you don't let the rest of us in on it."

Paul had a ready answer. "There's no need to. I know the way you guys can pick a plot right out of the air."

"Sure," said Len, "but I'll guarantee this is the only show in television that starts out with one plan and at half-time completely changes format."

Paul stared at him with blank wonder. "Why shouldn't we change if we get a letter from a friend who has a better idea than the one we had scheduled? If we miss once in a while, all we have to do is admit it. People understand. Everyone watching is a friend of ours. We have no secrets from them."

In those few words, "We have no secrets," Paul put forth his show's plan and his own philosophy of life.

Instead of adopting show business tradition—where a performer walls off his public appearances from his private life—Paul adheres to his small-town upbringing.

In Albia, Iowa, where he was born—and in Melrose, which his wife Marge calls home—anyone who thought he could keep a secret from his neighbors was only kidding himself. As far as the Dixons are concerned, broadcasting has brought no change. The coaxial cable has simply given them a larger small town.

That happens to suit Paul and Marge just fine. They admit that a small town where everyone knows your business, can be irritating at times, but it also has its advantages. When your neighbors know you, they care what happens to you and you care what happens to them.

Dramatic demonstration of how far this small town manner has reached came last winter when Paul's mother suffered a heart attack. In the course of his broadcasting Paul has often asked for a card-shower for a sick person or a shut-in. But this was altogether different. His mother's illness was too personal a thing to impose on an audience. Explaining he would have to be away from the show for a few days, Paul simply said that he was flying to Albia where his mother was in the hospital.

He had no idea of the consequences of those few words until the town's frantic postmaster delivered a huge pile of mail to him. "Gosh, Paul," he said, "you have

no idea what you're doing to us. We don't have help enough in the whole post office to handle these letters. Nothing like this has ever happened to us before."

That was only the start. Before the week was out, the perspiring postmaster was swamped by five thousand letters and packages, all addressed, "Paul Dixon's Mother, Albia, Iowa." Paul had not even mentioned her name nor the name of the hospital.

In gratitude, Paul says, "You know, having everyone praying for us and hoping for us did help. We all were afraid Mother was going to die. Now she's well again. Isn't it wonderful what your friends can do for you?"

This frank reliance on his friends extends into Paul's professional life and produces a deep humility. Although viewers have seen him impersonate a thousand different characters, many of them on the spur of a moment when he and the girls act out scenes suggested by a recorded song, it would never occur to Paul to compare himself with Skelton, Berle, or any of the other great pantomimists. He does not, in truth, give himself credit for any such talent.

Instead, he says, "I can't even sing or dance or play an instrument. The most I ever could manage was to beat the drums in the high school band.

"Still, I'm crazy about music. That's why I became a disc jockey. Then when television came along, I had to figure out something which would let me stay on the air. I realize my limitations. Pantomime is the only thing I could do."

Rather than talking about his talent, he talks about his audience, saying, "It's the people who make the show. They write it for us with their letters. Sometimes I get impatient about the time it takes to do the musical numbers, for I think the letters are better and a lot of the viewers agree with me."

In his frank appraisal, he gives himself just one thing: "If I have any talent at all, it's the ability to escape self-consciousness and to be myself when the camera points my direction. That's easy. I just feel like I'm visiting friends so I sit down and make myself at home."

That's also the way he wants things to be when he is host instead of guest. Both Paul and Marge love to have people drop in. If you're invited to dinner, theirs is the kind of home where you wander out to the kitchen and perch on a stool while Marge finishes cooking the meal. Paul does his part rounding up four-year-old Pam and two-year-old Greg to wash their hands and get them tidy before they come to the table. No guest ever thinks of settling down in the living room until he also has shared the regular evening task of young parents and helped put the kids to bed. You're part of the Dixon household from the minute you cross the threshold until the time you wave good night.

With this intimate attitude so deeply rooted, it was only natural for Paul to ask his distant friends to give him a hand with a business problem as well.

Daytime television being a comparatively new venture for the Du Mont TV network, the show went unsponsored for much longer than was comfortable.

With honest candor, Paul told the viewers about it. In much the same way he had seen friends back home ask help from their neighbors when they ran for political office, Paul asked for aid.

"It's this way," he said. "The network can't afford to keep us on the air if we don't get a sponsor. It's even worse for Mort Watters, our manager here at WCPO,

because he has to turn down local Cincinnati sponsors when we're on network time. We're looking for a sponsor. We've had nibbles, but I guess the big advertisers are scared to go on the air from anywhere except New York, Chicago and Hollywood where their advertising agencies have offices and plenty of people to take care of things on the show. We want you to know we're trying to get a sponsor, but if some day you turn the dial and don't find us, you'll know why."

Viewers thereupon began taking matters into their own hands. Many, says Phil Haynes, promotion manager at WCPO, must have written letters, for very soon they also began forwarding the replies. Some were on the impressive letterheads of huge corporations, but the duplication was that of a form letter: "Thank you for your interest. We will keep the Paul Dixon show in mind. . . ."

Yet when the first sponsor actually bought time, it turned out that members of his own family were the ones who sold it to him.

James Bergman, who heads a company which packages rice, told Paul the story and as he told it, his manner closely approximated the combined irritation and admiration which is characteristic of the show's director, Len Goorian.

"You don't know it," he stated, "but you've been making my life miserable. It got so I hated to go home at night."

Mr. Bergman, it developed, had two Dixon super-salesmen right in his own household. His four-year-old son and his vivacious small daughter would greet him at the door with the shout, "Daddy, Paul Dixon needs a sponsor." "Daddy, why don't you buy the Paul Dixon show?"

Ruefully he added, "I could shush the kids, but when my mother-in-law said essentially the same thing, I gave up. I had never bought television time and I had no intention of buying any, yet they were driving me crazy, and I had to do something."

The "something" he did was interrupt his own busy schedule to watch the show for three days. To his own surprise, he, too, turned Dixon fan. Phoning his advertising agency, he directed them to have commercials on the show within a week. Agency executives protested it was impossible to prepare proper advertising so quickly.

But by then Mr. Bergman had been infected by Paul's contagious spontaneity. "Forget it," he said. "Just send the guy a couple of boxes of rice and let him do it his own way."

And that's just what Paul did. With the rousing tumult of "Stars and Stripes Forever" crashing in the background, two members of the crew marched into the studio carrying a banner emblazoned, "We've Got A Sponsor!"

Then Paul took over. The thought of cooking the rice and eating it never crossed his mind. Instead, he chose to depict that one situation where rice has an integral part in the high point of every woman's life whether she lives in Albia, Iowa, or in the most fashionable section of Long Island. Paul, Sis Camp, Wanda Lewis and as many of the crew as they could muster, pantomimed a wedding. But when the time came to toss the grains, they pelted Paul with boxes of rice!

Thanks to the unknown friends he took into his confidence, Paul has his first network sponsor. With his ability to turn his viewers into both writers and salesmen, perhaps he's right when he puts people ahead of pantomimes in his show.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Thy Neighbor's Voice Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double Or Nothing	Cecil Brown Music Box News 10:35 Jack Kirkwood Show	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Bob And Ray Bob Hope Show	Ladies Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Curt Massey Time	Don Gardner, News 12:10 Jack Berch Valentino	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capital Commentary with Baukhage		Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:55 Music Box	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Home Edition Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon With Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Read Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15	Pickens Party	Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45 2:55	Dave Garroway Kukla, Fran & Ollie News, Banghart	Mac McGuire Show* Music By Willard	Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Cameo Talks 3:05 John Gambling	Tennessee Ernie (Cont.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Home Folks 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00	Backstage Wife	Music By Bob And Dan	Cal Tinney Show	Robert Q. Lewis Show
4:15 4:30 4:45	Stella Dallas Young Widdier Brown Woman In My House	Lucky U Ranch	4:25 Betty Crocker Jack Owens Show	4:05 Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson* Wild Bill Hickok† 5:55 News, Cecil Brown W—Songs Of B-Bar-B Fri—Songs Of B-Bar-B ‡Wild Bill, M, W, F Sky King T, Th	Big Jon And Sparkie Fun Factory Lum 'n' Abner	News 5:05 John Falk

*T, Th—Paula Stone

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Jackson & The News Cooke Interviews Asia Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Hall Of Fantasy	Henry J. Taylor Field & Stream Concert Studio with Jan Peerce
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry Reporters' Roundup Off & On The Record	Freedom Sings
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Dinah Shore Show News, John Cameron Swayze Encore	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show Dance Orchestra 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Time For Defense

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter:	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Hazel Markel Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade Of America Red Skelton Show	That Hammer Guy High Adventure	Sparrin' Partners Paul Whiteman Teen Club	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05	Martin & Lewis	News, Bill Henry The Search That Never Ends Off & On The Record	America's Town Meeting Of The Air E. D. Canham, News	Luigi My Friend Irma
9:30 9:45	Fibber McGee & Molly			
10:00 10:15 10:30	Two For The Money News, John Cameron	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Bands For Bonds	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill	Louella Parsons Robert Trout, News
10:35	First Nighter	10:55 News, Singiser	10:35 United Or Not	Cedric Adams

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Men's Corner Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Walk A Mile Great Gildersleeve	Crime Files Of Flamond Crime Fighters	Mystery Theatre Life Begins At 80	FBI In Peace And War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05	You Bet Your Life— Groucho Marx	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre	Mr. President	Playhouse On Broad- way 9:25 News What's My Line?
9:30	Big Story	Off & On The Record	Crossfire	The Line-Up Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Show News, John Cameron	Frank Edwards Elton Britt Show Swayze Dangerous Assignment	News Of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Latin Quarter Orchestra	

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Allen Stuart Show	Jackson & The News You And The World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeysor Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective John Steele, Adven- turer	Top Guy Heritage	Meet Millie On Stage
9:00 9:05	Truth Or Conse- quences	News, Bill Henry	Tales Of Tomorrow	Time For Love— Marlene Dietrich
9:30	Eddie Cantor Show	Bishop Fulton J. Sheen Off & On The Record	Time Capsule	Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Judy Canova News, John Cameron Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orchestra 10:55 News, Singiser	News Of Tomorrow Three Suns Edwin C. Hill	The American Way with Horace Heidt Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	News Parade News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Beulah Junior Miss Jo Stafford Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	All Star Band Parade Name That Tune	Movie Quiz True Or False	Adventures Of Michael Shayne Fun For All	Mr. Keen Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Your Challenge	News, Bill Henry Rod And Gun Club Off & On The Record	Ozzie And Harriet Corliss Archer 9:55 News	Music In The Air— Donald Richards, Alfredo Antonini
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Dinah Shore Show Words In The Night News, John Cameron Swayze Bob MacKenzie	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys Dance Orchestra 10:55 News, Singiser	Fights News Of Tomorrow Edwin C. Hill	Capitol Cloakroom Robert Trout, News Cedric Adams

Inside Radio

Saturday

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

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man On The Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre Of Today
12:15	Public Affairs	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:30	Coffee In Washington			
12:45				
1:00	National Farm And Home Hour	Music	Navy Hour	Fun For All
1:15	U.S. Army Band	Symphonies For Youth	Shake The Maracas	City Hospital 1:55 Galen Drake
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	U.S. Marine Band	2:25 Headline News Georgia Crackers	Music	Music With The Girls Make Way For Youth
2:15				
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	What's The Score?	Bandstand, U.S.A. 3:25 News, Frank Singiser Sports Parade		Overseas Report Adventures In Science Farm News Correspondent's Scratch Pad
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Treasury Of Music	U.S. Army Band		Treasury Bandstand Washington, U.S.A.
4:15		College Choirs		
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Big City Serenade	Preston's Show Shop	Tea & Crumpets	Eddie Fisher
5:15	Author Speaks	5:55 News, Baukhage	At Home With Work Club Time	At The Chase
5:30				
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	News, George Hicks	Dance Orch.	Una Mae Carlisle	News
6:15	H. V. Kaltenborn		Buddy Weed Trio	UN On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony,	Country Editor	Bob Finnegan, Sports	Sports Roundup
6:45	Arturo Toscanini, Conducting	Preston Sellers	CIO And You	News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	Women In Uniform	Broadway's My Beat
7:15		Pentagon Report	Dinner At The Green	Vaughn Monroe
7:30	Public Affairs	Down You Go	Room	
7:45	Who Goes There?	7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Inside Bob & Ray	20 Questions	Margaret Whiting's	Gene Autry
8:15	Reuben, Reuben	Virginia Barn Dance	Dancing Party	Tarzan
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Pee Wee King Show	New England Barn-	ABC Dancing Party	Gangbusters
9:15	Grand Ole Opry	yard Jamboree	(Cont.)	9:25 Win Elliot
9:30		Lombardo Land		Gunsmoke
9:45				
10:00	Eddy Arnold Show	Chicago Theatre Of	At The Shamrock	Country Style Music
10:15	Meredith Willson's	The Air	Perspective	News, Ed Morgan
10:30	Music Room			

Sunday

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

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Sammy Kaye	College Choirs	News	Bill Costello, News
12:15			Brunch Time	Story
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith, News
12:45		Merry Mailman		Costello, News
1:00	Youth Wants To Know	Fred Van Deventer	Herald Of Truth	String Serenade
1:15		Lanny Ross	National Vespers	Syncopation Piece
1:30	Univ. Of Chicago	Lutheran Hour		
1:45	Round Table			
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Pan American Union	The Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	American Forum	U.S. Military Band	Wings Of Healing	New York Philhar- monic Orchestra
2:45		Dixie Quartet		
3:00	Elmo Roper	Top Tunes With	Marines In Review	
3:15	Youth Brings You	Trendler	Hour Of Decision	
3:30	Music			
3:45	Bob Considine	Musical Program		
4:00	G.I. Joe	Under Arrest	Old-Fashioned	America Calling
4:15			Revival Hour	Godfrey's Sunday Hour
4:30	Jason And The Golden Fleece	Dear Margy, It's Murder		
4:45		Ed Pettit, News		
5:00	The Chase	The Shadow	This Week Around	Godfrey Hour
5:15			The World	(Cont.)
5:30		True Detective	Greatest Story Ever	Choral Symphony
5:45		Mysteries	Told	5:45 News, Robert Trout
				5:55 Cedric Adams

Evening Programs

6:00	Hy Gardner Calling	Nick Carter	Drew Pearson	Theatre of Stars
6:15	Meet The Veep	6:25 Cecil Brown	Don Gardner	
6:30	Counter-Spy	Squad Room	George Sokolsky	Our Miss Brooks
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		
7:00	My Son, Jeep	Treasury Varieties	American Music Hall, Burgess Meredith, Emcee	Jack Benny
7:15				
7:30	Aldrich Family	Little Symphonies		Amos 'n Andy
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris And Alice Faye	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall (Cont.)	Bergen & McCarthy
8:15	Theatre Guild On The Air	Enchanted Hour		My Little Margie
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Jazz Nocturne	Answers For Americans	Walter Winchell Taylor Grant, News The Adventurer, Burgess Meredith	Hallmark Playhouse
9:15	Dragnet			Escape
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Barrie Craig	Great Day Show	Paul Harvey	Music For You
10:15	Meet The Press	Music From Abroad	Alistair Cooke	News, Ed Morgan
10:30			World And The West	10:35 Listen To Korea

TV program highlights

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

Baseball at Home and Abroad

Exhibition Games:

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Sat., Apr. 11	1:30 P.M.	Yanks vs. Dodgers	9
Sun., Apr. 12	2:05 P.M.	Yanks vs. Dodgers	9

Official League Games:

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Mon., Apr. 13	2:30 P.M.	Yankees at Wash.	11
Tues., Apr. 14	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9
	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	11
Wed., Apr. 15	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9
	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	11
Thurs., Apr. 16	1:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Yankees at Wash.	11
Fri., Apr. 17	8:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Sat., Apr. 18	1:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Sun., Apr. 19	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Mon., Apr. 20	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Tues., Apr. 21	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11
	8:30 P.M.	Giants at Boston	11
Wed., Apr. 22	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11
	8:30 P.M.	Giants at Boston	11
Thurs., Apr. 23	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	11
Fri., Apr. 24	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11
	8:00 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
Sat., Apr. 25	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11
Sun., Apr. 26	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11
	2:05 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
Tues., Apr. 28	8:00 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
	8:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
Wed., Apr. 29	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
Thurs., Apr. 30	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Dodgers	9
	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
Fri., May 1	8:00 P.M.	Chi'go vs. Dodgers	9
	9:30 P.M.	Yanks at Chicago	11
Sat., May 2	1:30 P.M.	Chi'go vs. Dodgers	9
Sun., May 3	2:00 P.M.	Cinc. vs. G'nts (D)	11
	2:05 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
Mon., May 4	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11
	8:00 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
Tues., May 5	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9
	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11
	8:15 P.M.	Yankees at Cleve.	11
Wed., May 6	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
Thurs., May 7	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
Fri., May 8	8:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
	8:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
Sat., May 9	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
Sun., May 10	2:00 P.M.	Bost. vs. G'nts (D)	11
	2:05 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9

(D) Means double-header

Announcer Lineup: For the Dodgers, Red Barber, Connie Desmond and Vince Scully; for the Giants, Russ Hodges and Ernie Harwell; for the Yankees, Mel Allen and Jim Woods.

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6**
Early-bird news and interviews with Garroway and Lescoulie.
- 10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Show • 2 & 6 (M-Th)**
Behind the radio curtain, to watch Arthur's gang in simulcast.
- 11:00 A.M. One In Every Family • 2 & 6**
Great fun as Dean Miller emcees audience participation quiz.
- 11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6**
Warren Hull lends a helping hand with quiz earnings up to \$500.

- 12:00 Noon Bride And Groom • 2**
You're a guest as young couples are joined in matrimony.
- 12:15 P.M. Love Of Life • 2 & 6**
Peggy McCay stars as sympathetic careerist in daily story.
- 12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow • 2**
Serialized drama of the conflicts between two generations.
- 12:45 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 (& 6 at 2:30 P.M.)**
Stirring daytime drama with Ellen Demming and Herb Nelson.
- 1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6**
Sly humor by Garry and Durward; songs by Denise Lor and Ken Carson.
- 2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing • 2 & 6 (M,W,F)**
Ebullient Bert Parks with exciting quiz and interviews.
- 2:30 P.M. Linkletter's House Party • 2**
Art's lively wit makes this one of the best daytime get-togethers.
- 3:00 P.M. Break The Bank • 4**
Bud Collyer and Win Elliot come up with TVersion of radio quiz.
- 3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 2 & 6**
Breath-taking prizes (minks, trips abroad, wardrobes) to lucky contestants. Randy Merriman emcees, aided by Bess Myerson.
- 3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4 & 6**
Homey chitchat as Tommy Bartlett greets travelers en route.
- 4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6**
The grand lady jam-packs the hour with enchanting variety.
- 5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4**
Humorous and suspenseful drama picturing small-town life.
- 7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M,W,F)**
Gaiety and guffaws with vocalist Martha Stewart, comic Pinky Lee.
- 7:30 P.M. Broadway Theatre • 9**
Hit plays in original versions. Matinees: Sat. & Sun. at 3:00 P.M.
- 7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M,W,F)**
Top tunes of today and yesteryear sung by Perry and the Fontanes.
- 7:45 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2 (T,Th)**
Ever delightful and impressive song magic starring Jane Froman.
- 7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6**
Pictures and terse comments of the day's events by Swayze.

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7**
Neil Hamilton's "stairway-to-stardom" for aspiring dramats.
- 8:00 P.M. Burns And Allen Show • 2 & 6**
It's Gracie's meddling that muddles the way for laughs.
- 8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4**
Clever comedy variety-quiz starring Paul W. and his little man.
- 8:00 P.M. Homicide Squad • 7**
Suave Mark Conway as the Inspector harassing killers.
- 8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2**
A good luck show for you and hopefuls displaying their talent.
- 8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6**
Weekly festival of fine music performed by renowned artists.
- 9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6**
Rocking laughter assured by antics of Lucy and Hubby Desi.
- 9:00 P.M. Eye Witness • 4**
Robert Montgomery adds to his TV chores with off-beat mysteries.
- 9:30 P.M. Red Buttons • 2 & 6**
Hilarious action with Red, Beverly Dennis and Pat Carrol.
- 9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4**
Handsomely done, hour-long drama with Mr. M host-director.
- 10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6**
Absorbing and rewarding plays on this well-established hour.

Tuesday

- 7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7**
Louise Beavers, in title role, is guaranteed to tickle you.

R
M

TV program highlights

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
Miltie and his great cast berle 'em over with laughs. Once a month, Circus Hour, with Joe E. Brown and Dolores Gray.
8:00 P.M. Life Is Worth Living • 5
Inspiring, non-sectarian talks by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.
9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2
Semi-documentary exposes, alternating with City Hospital.
9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Melodramas and lighthearted comedies for your weekly pleasure.
9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Acting in a taut atmosphere assures stories of strong impact.
9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Wholesome stories for the entire family to enjoy.
10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Thirty-minute melodrama with a real sock, excellently produced.
10:00 P.M. Two For The Money • 4 & 6
Herb Shriner pays off with hearty laughs and hardy cash.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Drew Pearson • 5
News commentary and predictions of things to come.
7:30 P.M. Date With Judy • 7
Laugh-laden episodes with Judy and adolescent Romeo Oogie.
8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 6
Happy dancing and musical spree with the great Godfrey family.
8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
Chaotic situations and laughter with comedienne Joan Davis.
8:30 P.M. Music Hall • 4 (& 6 at 7:30 P.M.)
Great songs (Patti Page) and big laughs (Frank Fontaine) against a colorful background. Alternating, Cavalcade Of America.
9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
People in need tell their stories and try for huge cash awards.
9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Engrossing, worthwhile, adult drama on this weekly hour show.
9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Ralph Bellamy as citizen pitting his all for lawfulness.
10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4
Ralph Edwards' unique and emotional drama of a person's life.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 (& 6 at 9:00 P.M.)
Vivid, human drama cast with big names of Hollywood and Broadway.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
Groucho's stinging wit but soothing cash for lucky contestants.
8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2 (& 6 at 9:30 P.M.)
Hijinks in Harlem, alternating with Four Star Playhouse.
8:30 P.M. T-Men In Action • 4
Crime-busting based on actual cases from Treasury Dept. files.
8:30 P.M. Chance Of A Lifetime • 7 & 6
Personable Dennis James, with guest star, showcases new talent.
9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4
Police sleuthing, documentary style, starring Jack Webb.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Adventures of Steve Wilson, newspaperman extraordinary.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4
Original, thirty-minute teleplays filmed in Hollywood.
10:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 2
Gratifying, humorous situations with Gale Storm, Charles Farrell.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
Whodunit drama with Lee Tracy in title role.
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)
Highly recommended espionage drama, starring Jerome Thor.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
Stu proves that a household divided makes for gay viewing.
8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
Gracious Peggy Wood stars in this delightful series.

8:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
Dennis as good-natured but bewildered bachelor in comedy.
8:00 P.M. Ozzie And Harriet • 7
Highly rated family comedy with all Nelsons playing real life.
8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Marie Wilson slaughters English language and her boss's morale.
8:30 P.M. Life Of Riley • 4 & 6
Inimitable William Bendix as Riley in this ever-popular comedy.
9:00 P.M. Schlitz Playhouse • 2
Outstanding short stories adapted and cast to televiewing.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Bold drama of real reporters uncovering headline stories.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Explosive laughter as Eve Arden plays a schoolmarm.
9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
Bobby Ellis in Henry's riotous, screwball misadventures.
10:00 P.M. Mr. And Mrs. North • 2
Handsome duo, Barbara Britton-Richard Denning versus crime.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade Of Sports • 4 & 6
Feature boxing events from Madison Square Garden.
10:30 P.M. Down You Go • 5
From Chicago, bright panel quiz with Dr. Bergen Evans, moderator.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. Stork Club • 2
Mr. Billingsley's unique interviews with glamorous guests.
7:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Pop Whiteman's lads and lassies entertain like pros.
7:30 P.M. Beat The Clock • 2
Couples try manual stunts for big prizes. Bud Collyer emcees.
8:00 P.M. My Hero • 4
Filmed situation comedy starring Robert Cummings as realtor.
8:00 P.M. Jackie Gleason Show • 2
Grand music, lovely gals in dance, Jackie, and away we go!
9:00 P.M. Your Show Of Shows • 4 & 6
A gala revue spotlighting Caesar and Coca with fine variety.
9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2
Wonderful guest entertainers. Clifton Fadiman, host-moderator.
9:30 P.M. Meet Millie • 2
Exercise for your funnybone as Elena Verdugo plays silly Millie.
10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
Musical dramatizations of hit tunes by Snooky, Dorothy. June.

Sunday

4:30 P.M. Omnibus • 2 & 6
A ninety-minute treasure of brilliant, sophisticated entertainment.
6:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Ed Murrow's superb, fascinating weekly video review of the news.
6:45 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7 & 6
Your New York reporter with exclusives and inside information.
7:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4 & 6
Comedy dominated by Red in his many famous impersonations.
7:30 P.M. Mister Peepers • 4
Mild but highly amusing Wally Cox in school situation comedy.
8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 6
Extravaganza from all corners of the earth with Ed Sullivan.
8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
Reigning clowns of the country take turns at this Sunday spot.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)
The Pennsylvanians with song and dance of great music.
9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6
Your Sunday night theatre, excellently cast and produced.
9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5
Police at work. Follow this one with the Plainclothes Man.
9:30 P.M. Ken Murray And Alan Young • 2
A million laughs with these comics who alternate every Sun.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Psychological melodramas likely to make your hair stand up.
10:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Party • 5
Kathryn Murray, your hostess to a jubilee of variety.
10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
The guess-your-occupation panel show with John Daly, emcee.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
Stu proves that a household divided makes for gay viewing.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
Gracious Peggy Wood stars in this delightful series.

Little Godfreys

(Continued from page 39)

in Florida resting and regaining my health . . . actually, regaining my desire to sing again. Two strenuous years of singing in London had not only broken my health, but dented my spirits. It had been just two weeks before this meeting with Arthur that, at a party at the Kenilworth Hotel in Miami, I had suddenly been inspired to sing—the first time in nearly a year that I had wanted to sing. My friends were celebrating their Silver Wedding Anniversary, and softly I sang a song just for them. Well, to make a long story short, the owner of the hotel overheard me and asked if I would like to sing for the Saturday-night dinner guests two weeks hence—on January 6, 1951, to be exact. Lady Luck—and I confess to being somewhat of a fatalist—was with me, in the form of one Arthur Godfrey in the dining room. And it was in the hotel owner's office directly after the show that Mr. Godfrey invited me to come to New York and sing."

Marion marvels: "At the risk of sounding like a press agent's dream, Arthur—with those two sentences—changed the whole course of my life!"

"I don't mean to grab the act," Julius La Rosa interrupts enthusiastically. "Everything Marion has said is true . . . what Mr. G. does for folks is tremendous. But in some ways Mr. Godfrey's effect on my life was even greater than in Marion's case. After all, Marion had been a professional singer for some years before the boss heard her. Me? I was strictly a radar-operator in the Navy with postwar plans of joining forces with my father in a radio-servicing shop—but, at the same time, with seemingly hopeless dreams of becoming a singer. And dreams of singing was just about all I had. I didn't know a soul in the business, and had no idea of how to go about being heard. I had had no real vocal training. My only credentials were that I had been one of three hundred voices in the All-City Chorus when I was in high school. That was all. You might say, the main training I received was what I absorbed from listening to Bing Crosby—and man, I sure did a lot of that."

"All of a sudden—*wham!* One day . . . September 14, 1950, as if I'd ever forget the date . . . Arthur Godfrey came to Pensacola, where I was stationed. Upon hearing that Mr. G. was due to report to receive his Navy wings, a pal of mine—an old Brooklyn neighbor—had written Mr. Godfrey asking him to hear me sing. When, in the middle of his own entertainment for the boys at the base, Mr. Godfrey called out for me to come up and sing, I came close to leaving this world. When, after my song, Mr. G. 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 the ether. 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. Tremendous! Real tremendous!"

"If you'll allow an older and more seasoned member of this clan to get a word in edgewise," smiles Frank Parker, the third of these Award-winning Little Godfreys, "I've a thing or two to add to what you have to say. You know, I'm the only member of this troupe to make a comeback because of Arthur. You, Julius, were discovered. And you, Marion, were helped along. But me—well, Arthur helped me make a comeback. I had been retired from the stage for quite a number of years. I had made what I considered my 'fortune' and had hied me off to live on it in comparative peace and quiet. Just, I thought,

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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*) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

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to keep from twiddling my thumbs and to satisfy my love of horses, I had become the proud—if losing—owner of a string of race horses. After that I went into the night-club business in Hollywood, Florida.

"Obviously, I should have remained on the stage—the only spectacular thing about my business career was the day in 1950 when I found I was broke. Flat broke. Literally, I was left with the fare back to New York . . . which is exactly the way I used the money. Friends in radio and TV were courteous, but reluctant to risk a flier on a comeback. Finally, I stopped in to see a friend of long standing who had by now climbed to the top of the ladder . . . Arthur Godfrey. When I told him my voice was as good as ever, and I needed a job, he very quietly but quickly replied, 'You're on television next Wednesday.' That 'next Wednesday' was back in June of 1950. It was the start of the comeback trail for me . . . and all because of Arthur.

"Sometimes I wonder just what it really was that led Arthur to giving me my big opportunity when others had turned me down. Whenever I try to discuss it with him, he merely mutters something about returning a favor. Even though I know for a fact he has a memory like the proverbial elephant when it comes to remembering good things, I can hardly believe that was the real reason. Honestly, the few things I can remember doing for Arthur, when I was on the top and he was a comparative newcomer, were so insignificant—certainly insignificant compared to what he has done for me—that I know there must be something else behind the boost he gave me."

"I agree with you," chimes in Marion. "I think there was something else. In fact, offhand I can think of two other reasons besides gratitude for whatever it was you had done for him in the past. These two reasons are a part—a large part—of his philosophy: Have faith in yourself, and be yourself. I know you'll agree with me that these two points are of utmost importance to Arthur. I'm sure he looks for them in everybody he meets, and I would imagine, Frank, that in you he found both. With good reason, you had faith in yourself—your voice and your ability as an entertainer—and you were yourself. No great show of bravado or utter despair. No great effort to impress him. I'm sure you were just yourself then, as you are now, and the combination of this—plus your faith in yourself—were your two great selling points to Arthur.

"I often think that one of the main reasons we all—the whole Godfrey gang from the doorman to the crew to the entertainers—get along so well is because we're all

imbued with this philosophy of Arthur's. Of course, I couldn't know about you or Julie, but I do know about myself . . . know how Arthur drove home his 'be yourself' philosophy with me.

"Right from the very early days of my being with the show, I sensed this 'be yourself' philosophy . . . Tony Marvin, Janette Davis, The Mariners, in fact, the entire troupe were just that—themselves. They all worked happily with and for each other. Nobody tried to impress the next fellow. There were, and are, no prima donnas—male or female. Well, even though I sensed this fact, I still had to learn it. One day I decided I wanted to sing 'Love Is Where You Find It'—a lovely but very difficult ballad. A much more difficult song to sing, in fact, than anything I had ever sung on the show—Arthur likes me to sing uncomplicated numbers that everyone can enjoy. So, I practiced and practiced, and when I thought I had mastered the song, I gaily asked Arthur to listen to me. The moment he sat down and gave me the go-ahead, my throat froze with fright.

"Now the strange thing is that, even though at the time I couldn't for the life of me have explained it, I think subconsciously I knew what the trouble was. After I had struggled through a few bars, Arthur stopped me and gently but firmly hit the nail right on the head. 'Marion,' he said, 'you're trying to impress me.' Then he said something funny to make me laugh, and after things had quieted down, suggested I try it again—without the fancy-dress approach. Of course I knew he was right, and I knew then why I had frozen—under the guise of artistry, I had stopped being myself. I had tried to impress. Yes, the second try—the plain-clothes version—went well, and then and there I made up my mind to *always* be myself. Then and there I grew up quite a bit, as I think people always do when they've really learned a lesson. I had learned something that would make me a better person—professionally, too. It was at this point that I first *really* knew and understood the secret behind the spirit of the Godfrey group."

"What do you know!" explodes Julius, who has sat still for as long as his eighteen cylinders will allow. "Mr. Godfrey said almost the same thing to me after my first appearance on the show. After that show I went up to his office to thank him for this tremendous opportunity, and to assure him that I would keep on trying to do my very best. I hope I never forget his reply, 'Julius, remember one thing. Never put on any false airs . . . eventually they'll out.' Now, I know that that is one of the

main reasons why working on the Godfrey shows is so wonderful. There isn't a false air in the whole group, and, believe me, it takes a greenhorn like me to appreciate that. Right from the very beginning, not one person has ever upstaged me—and that wouldn't have been hard to do. The only thing I knew about a mike was how to spell it, and a 'boom' to me was strictly out of a bomb. At some time or other, every member of the Godfrey gang has taken it upon himself to help me, and if my stage presence is now somewhat less like that of an octopus it's strictly the result of the combined efforts of Mr. G.'s Friends. I hope that one day, when I've grown sufficiently with the group, I'll be able to give the same helping hand to a newcomer that was given to me . . . with the same terrific spirit!"

"There's one thing," continues Marion, "we've all been skirting . . . probably because we don't feel it's polite or in good taste to mention the material gains that have resulted from our association with Arthur Godfrey. Frankly, I'd like to talk about it. I'd be hypocritical if I said money didn't mean a thing. In the main, what it has brought me is of utmost importance. But first you should understand my weakness—my family. When I was three years old, I lost my father, and Mother and I moved in with my grandparents . . . Pinkey (Grandmother) and Bullfrog (Grandfather). I grew up with Pinkey, Bullfrog and Mike (that's Mother) sharing the blame and sacrifices. And sacrifice they did, to give me singing and dancing lessons. We were a very close family . . . undoubtedly there are those who feel we were—or are—too close a family.

"Be that as it may, whenever I've been away from them—and that's been often since I graduated from high school—I've been homesick for the folks and for the old days when we were all together. So, perhaps, I won't be blamed too much for coveting the money I have made because of Arthur—a year ago November, on my grandmother's seventy-first birthday, it enabled me to bring my family to New York and put us all under one roof again. For that I'm truly grateful and ecstatically happy."

"I don't suppose," injects Julius, "anybody looking at us would take me for your shadow, Marion, but I do seem to be dogging your verbal tracks. By this time you and Frank are probably real tired of hearing me talk about the nine-room house in Mount Vernon I just bought for the family. Boy, what a bang I get out of watching the folks in their new diggings—you know, they never really had enough room before—and a large yard and garden is something they're dreamed about, but never really expected to have. Mom's real funny—she's so excited and working so hard on the decorating end of this deal, that I have to occasionally tell her to slow down so she'll live long enough to enjoy it. Of course, I always expected to do what I could to contribute to the family's well-being, but if, a couple of years ago, anybody had told me a man would enter my life and enable me to do this for the folks, I'd have said, 'Brother, you're for the medics!'"

"Okay, you householders!" laughs Frank. "Don't think you're too far ahead of me. I may not have a house, a yard, and a family, but I do have very comfortable bachelor's quarters overlooking a charming garden. Perhaps one day I'll enlarge the quarters. Meanwhile, perhaps the fact that I'm not spending my money on a string of race horses, this time, is proof of my growing up. We all have our own ways of doing it, but the truth of the matter is we three Little Godfreys are doing it on Arthur's time!"

"I never dreamt I could be this happy"



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Life's Turning Point

(Continued from page 48)

soon as he got the chance.

The company broke and went down to the studio restaurant for dinner. The girl went along with the gang, trying to keep up, to be one of them. Oh, she was very gay, very insouciant, and yet all she wanted to do, Lyle sensed, was to run away and be alone, and cry.

The girl sat down at one of the tables for two. Lyle, with a brief "May I?" sat down opposite her. He looked across at the bright little mask. *If she tries any harder* he thought, *she'll bust.*

He drew a deep breath. "Do you take your work seriously?" he asked—though it was all too clear she took it with desperate seriousness—"and are you nervous?"

"Yes, of course, I do," the girl said, biting her lips to check their quivering, "and yes, of course, I am."

"I think you should take it more seriously," Lyle spoke with cold precision, spacing his words, "and become more nervous. You know that when you get on the air you're not going to be able to talk, don't you? You know that you're probably going to forget your lines—miss all your cues— Then, of course, you'll probably get a frog in your throat, if you do manage to speak at all. You may have a dizzy spell, too, and faint while you're on camera: I've seen it happen." Lyle paused.

The girl stared at him, at this tall, fair-haired, slender young man with the sensitive face, stunned and puzzled by the savagery of his words! She said, in a whisper, "I suppose you think you're being very funny." "Why, not at all," Lyle continued innocently. "I'm very serious about this—after all we must be serious about it. It would never do not to be serious about a

thing like this, now would it?" Again Lyle paused and then, with great deliberateness, he threw his final barb "As a matter of fact, to be *very, very* serious about this, I think the best thing for you to do is to quit—because I'm just as sure as you are that you'll knock all the scenery down when you make your exit—if you get that far—which you won't, will you?" Now Lyle was smiling.

For a moment, there was silence. In the clatter of the crowded commissary, the little table for two made a pool of silence. Across the table, the girl stared at her tormenter with a sudden blaze of anger in her eyes. Then, suddenly, she began to laugh, then to cry, then to laugh without tears. She was laughing, Lyle realized with relief, with understanding. She was beginning to get it.

When she had stopped laughing she leaned back in her chair and smiled across the table at Lyle. And this time her smile was real, her face was relaxed—her eyes warm and sparkling. She said "You know, for a moment I thought you were the cruelest person I'd ever met. But now I think I understand what you were doing. I guess it was the idea of my knocking the scenery down that did it. It made me realize how silly my fears were."

"Well, I think you'll find that true of most fears," Lyle said quietly. "The trouble with most people is they're afraid others might find out. The funny thing is, as soon as their fears are out in the open and understood—they vanish."

"You know, don't you?" said the girl.

"Yes, I know. About six or seven years ago, on a radio show, I had my first really important part. I knew then, just as you know today if I didn't do that job right,

the world would end. As a result, I tried so hard and became so nervous that, when I got on the mike, the lines came out ridiculously. Well, as I finished my scene and was praying that no one had noticed how bad it was, I heard an actor behind me remark, 'Boy, that was pretty lousy!' He wasn't polite. He wasn't kidding me with kindness as the others had done. He threw what I thought were my hidden fears right in my face. And, suddenly, they were gone. I laughed. 'Why don't you get lost?' I said. The next run-through was fine. This time I played the part. For me, that was the incident. The turning point, I guess you'd call it."

"And then the good roles came," the girl said. "I've heard you, seen you, in so many—on Rosemary, Perry Mason, and Wendy Warren And The News, as Bill on The Guiding Light. Studio One, so many others."

"Yes, they came."

In the studio again, the girl faced the cameras. This time she played the part. She made a few small mistakes but she was able to laugh at herself and it didn't throw her. She was relaxed and human and warm.

"That's what I wanted," the director said.

Then the show was on, and was over. Good nights were said. The girl came over to Lyle. She held out her hand. A firm hand, no longer shaking.

"This is the incident in my life, too," she said, "the turning point. I mean, you are. I'm going to do fine now, I know I am. Thank you."

Lyle smiled down at the girl he knew he would watch again—frequently—in ever better and more important roles, on television.

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Chance of a Lifetime

(Continued from page 57)
in question, walked back to the station with the men, and there waiting for him were some children who were afflicted with cerebral palsy. A little girl was sitting in a wheelchair with a big smile on her face. He picked her up to pose, and she hugged him real tight. While the photos were being shot, Dennis saw someone he knew and said, "Hi ya." The little girl in his arms said, "Hi," too. Dennis was startled, for he hadn't realized that palsied children could talk like other people—he had thought, as did many other uninformed people at that time, that palsy was something like "imbecility."

Now, hundreds of benefit and telethon appearances behind him, Dennis still gets misty-eyed when he speaks of that little girl with the big smile, who hugged her way right into his heart. His Philadelphia telethon was the beginning of what has become for Dennis James his chief interest outside of his personal and professional life. Just as he had made "Mother" take an interest in wrestling in his early days as a TV sportscaster, he has made the whole nation open its heart to the victims of cerebral palsy.

Dennis James is one of those rare people who has never let his celebrity rating interfere with being a regular guy. He laughs at himself and doesn't mind being the subject of a shaggy-dog story. People

on the outside looking in at Dennis James would say, "Now there's a guy that has everything." He has a beautiful wife, and they're terribly in love. He has an exquisite home in a swank suburb. His TV show, *Chance Of A Lifetime*, just won a RADIO-TV MIRROR award as the favorite television talent show. Yes, Dennis James is a pretty fortunate man. But he can still get worked up about a little girl who didn't have the same good luck. His lovely wife Marjorie ("Mickey") goes along with him all the way, too. She's traveled all over the country with him doing telethons for palsy.

Actually, Dennis revolutionized the whole concept of "telethon" as the official emcee for the Foundation. Other stars working for cancer and other such drives have built their shows around personalities, big stars working eighteen hours without a stop. But Dennis made the children—the stars of his shows. He knew that the best way to get people to send money was to hit them the way he had been hit—by actually seeing the youngsters and what the Foundation has been able to do for them. The wonderful part about it is that Dennis was right, because the money has poured in after each telethon. In Miami, so much money came in that the Foundation there will be able to build a hospital. They never dreamed they'd be able to do that much.

Dennis explains his interest in the palsied this way: "When I saw children who couldn't do the simplest things—like buttoning a coat or holding a glass of milk in their hands, who up to a few years ago were treated as mental cases—something just sort of gave inside of me." He's had the thrill of seeing some of these same children after treatment. Now they could do these simple things. What's more, they could talk and make themselves understood—or walk without falling down. "With drives like cancer and heart," Dennis says, "the results of fund-raising aren't quite as tangible as with palsy. Here, the money goes for things that people can see and feel."

It would be pretty easy for a man like Dennis James to spend the rest of his life without ever getting involved with something as tragic as cerebral palsy. He hates to leave his lovely home, even to make money on TV! He likes to paint with his wife in their charming studio overlooking Long Island Sound. He likes to entertain friends, making the house ring with laughter and warmth. But when the Foundation summons, Dennis and Mickey James pack their things and go. They go because to them the tens of thousands who suffer from palsy need them. And, as Dennis puts it, "It's my chance of a lifetime to do good for something I really believe in with all my heart."

Flight from Fear

(Continued from page 40)
colleagues, the director, the producer who had insisted that she be in this show and was her friend, she seemed to detect a feeling of—of sympathy. All the others were gaily at home with one another, talking together, laughing, easy and confident. Only the little actress . . . who was never at home in the world except when she was on a stage, performing; who always sat quietly, not talking; who was—and always had been—too timid, too shy to be easy and confident . . . seemed to be out of it.

Thinking now of the skit she and another comedienne had rehearsed just before the lunch hour, she shivered again. There had been a very funny line in that sketch, a line sure to get a big laugh, and she had delivered it (she thought) as laughably as possible. Yet the producer had taken her aside and said: "That was a very funny line, my dear, but I don't want you to have it. I'm giving it to the other girl in the skit." And the producer, who was her friend and who believed in her, as she had reason to know he did, had given it to the other girl.

But why? And why this eerie feeling of strangeness in the familiar environment of a stage when she, who had started in the theatre at the age of eleven, should have felt so snugly at home?

That day, the first day of rehearsal, the little actress went home and cried on her husband's shoulder. When, tender with her as always, her husband asked, "Why the tears?" she couldn't tell him. Not exactly, that is . . .

"It was just—just something in the atmosphere," she said, thinking aloud. "I can't explain it but I know I didn't imagine it, and for some reason it brought back memories—of the time, for instance, when my mother decided that, since I'd only gone to school through the eighth grade, I should have more education. So when we got back to Philadelphia after a vaudeville

tour, she sent me to the Berlitz School of Foreign Languages to study French. But I only went to class one day, that first day. The next day, and all the other days throughout the course, I sat in the outer office. You see, I'd forgotten in what room the French class was held and I—I just couldn't bring myself to ask the way! That's why," the little actress said—and because her emotions are as mercurial and as various as her talents, suddenly she laughed—"I don't speak French!"

"On that stage today, I kept thinking of all the smoky rooms I've sung in, trembling like soft jelly inside of me. Of the time I auditioned for the part of Ado Annie in 'Oklahoma!' and lost it—deservedly, I must say—to Celeste Holm; I kept thinking of how I don't like to look in a mirror because I don't like what I see! Of how scared I am of so many things . . . of automobiles and airplanes and crowded elevators, and loud noises, and of people—except when 'people' are audiences. I thought of all the times you and I have returned from work to find ourselves locked out of apartments and hotel rooms because we couldn't pay the bill. The years and years, ten of them, when we were so often—too often—among The Unemployed."

"Something in that atmosphere, something about it," the little actress said, "gave me the old, familiar feeling of uncertainty . . . not being wanted . . . which I'd thought the chance to be on this big, new, ambitious television program might take away forever!"

"So it will," her husband said, "you wait and see. Tomorrow is another day on which you'll have another tale to tell."

Tomorrow was "another day." But the strange, strained atmosphere was the same and the little actress did not go home that night with "another tale to tell." Nor for many nights thereafter.

And then, several tomorrows later, the show opened. And astonished viewers—

as well as the show's astonished sponsors—saw the little actress exhibiting her bag of tricks, the infinite variety of them, in a skit; watched her dance her comedy version of "The Afternoon of a Faun."

At show's end, there was none who did not realize that a star had been born on television. In the brief time that elapsed between the little actress's first appearance on stage and her final bow, the atmosphere had changed, cleared, become electric, sparkling, unlit and starlit.

Clearly, too, the producer was tremendously pleased. He seemed to be almost more pleased, the little actress thought, uneasily, than seemed really necessary. She asked him, "Why?"

Then the producer told her. He told her that the sponsors had not wanted her on the show. "She's a *has-been*," they said. But the producer had insisted that she be in the show. He had persisted. With Mary McCarthy and Sid Caesar billed as the top stars, he'd managed to slip the little actress in as a supporting singer. This was why he had given the funniest line in the skit to the other comedienne. He'd dared not give it to her lest he be suspected of bestowing favor where favor, it was thought, was not due. He told her, too, that whereas the other members of the cast had had the routine thirteen-week contracts, the little actress had been given only a four-week contract.

Now she understood. They had felt sorry for her. They hadn't made her feel one of them because they hadn't supposed she would be one of them beyond the fourth and—they'd all supposed—final week.

Now the sponsors understood, too—as did the vast and far-flung galaxy of television fans—of what rare stuff the little actress is really made.

For the little actress is, of course, Imogene Coca. The producer is Max Liebman. And his show, which made its bow as the Admiral Broadway Revue, is now his—and yes—*Your Show Of Shows!*

All for Fun!

(Continued from page 53)

opposite Jackie in our running sketch, The Honey-mooners, I have had a chance to study him. I have watched him play all those other characters he does on the show: Reggie Van Gleason III; Rudy the Repairman; The Loud Mouth, and so on. And I have come to the conclusion that they are all either parts of his own personality, or they represent his own sensitive understanding of other people and the funny things people do. They're real!

How much these Gleason characters and Gleason catch-phrases have caught on was impressed on me not long ago when I did a part in a dramatic show on television. At rehearsal, when a stagehand messed up something he was supposed to do, there were mock cries and threats of "One of these da-a-ays!" A make-up man, bored by the long wait, clapped a black mustache on a prop man and began to call him "Reggie." When an assistant director wanted us to get going on a scene, he yelled, "And a-w-a-ay we go!" Every time I turn around, I see the tremendous appeal of Jackie's characters.

Even my sister Jayne has picked up some of the expressions. One day, when I started to bawl her out, Jayne—acting for all the world like Alice in The Honey-mooners—squelched me by turning on me just as Jackie does, and saying, "Alice, one of these da-a-ays!" I got so hysterical that I forgot what I was getting angry about!

Although Jackie goes through his own part of the show like a romp, there's nothing casual about the way he handles every other detail. He can match technical knowledge with the experts on lighting, camera angles, scenery, staging of the dances, costuming, music, everything. Without being officious about it, he gets his hand into everything, and everything is improved by his touch. When it comes to his own sketches, he rehearses as little as possible and never really directs any of us who play opposite him, in the sense that he does not say how a line should be read. The most he does in the way of direction is to tell us to walk toward a window on a certain line or move back to the table—whatever has to be planned ahead for the cameras.

Surprises and ad libs don't throw him—not for a moment. In fact, they delight him. Sometimes Art Carney, a fine comedian, too, will toss him a line that is completely unrehearsed. Jackie will give him a funny look and a yell, pick up the cue and toss a line right back at Art, and usually this is a high spot of the sketch. Neither could do this if they weren't both seasoned performers. Jackie gets carried away, too, at times, and throws one of us a curve—and how he loves it when we give it back to him! Or suddenly he will run around the stage like a wild man and get us all half-hysterical. Like a kid showing off at a party, and making everybody laugh and have a good time.

Speaking of parties, Jackie gives them for two reasons: Because he loves them, and often because someone he knows needs cheering up. It's his idea that a party is the panacea for practically every ill. When I was going around with an infected eye some months back and was feeling mighty low, Jackie took a long look at me at rehearsal and said, "I'm going to give you a party and you'll have such a good time that all the swelling will go out of your eye." He did, and it did.

He does a lot of kind, generous things that no one hears about, and he always wants everyone to be in on any fun that's going on. One Saturday morning last



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December he phoned the apartment where I live with my sister and asked me to get over to the hotel where he maintains his offices. "Rehearsal's on," he said. It was much too early for rehearsal, so I thought something must be the matter. "Is there something wrong with the script?" I asked him. He said there was—"I'll tell you the changes when you get here." I said I hadn't had my coffee or put my face on. "Grab a lipstick and get over here, and I'll have coffee waiting for you," he told me.

When I got to the hotel, most of the gang was already there. They said they had had breakfast, and they were busy wrapping up Christmas presents. So I sat alone in the big living room that looks way across Central Park, having my breakfast off a tray and wondering what could have been so wrong to make Jackie send for me so early and urgently. I asked our producer if he knew, and he shrugged his shoulders and walked away. I asked a couple of other people who were bustling around and they shrugged off the question.

Everybody was gay and busy, and the whole thing became more mystifying every moment. Jackie was being shaved, but suddenly he showed up, happy as Reggie Van Gleason III. He grinned at me. "Everything's fine," he said. "There's nothing wrong with the script, but we were having so much fun getting ready for Christmas that I wanted you to get here fast and be in on it. Come on and see how swell everything looks." The upshot was that we all got so engrossed in wrapping and decorating that Jackie put off rehearsal as late as he dared.

Later that week, when Jackie was planning a party for twelve of us after the Christmas show, he wanted to know what we should have to eat—"something that

won't make a lot of mess or fuss." Everybody made suggestions, and he decided on chicken. Then he wanted everybody's recipes for fixing it. His producer cooks. His manager cooks. His butler is a good cook. I'm supposed to be a good cook. So we sat around and each told a favorite way to fix chicken. Jackie listened to them all. "You win," he said to me. "Yours sounds the best. You cook the chickens."

On the night of the party I did a double-take when I found eight chickens waiting there for me. Eight uncooked birds! The producer and manager kept coming in to see how I was doing, and laughing at my predicament. Others were asking, "Where's Audrey? Where did she disappear?" Jackie would say, "Oh, she's in the kitchen, cooking," and they thought it was a gag. They didn't know I had "won!" I had to collect pots and pans from every cupboard. Jackie's stove is electric and I'm used to cooking with gas, so that slowed me down. But finally I got through, and half an hour later there wasn't one scrap left.

In the beginning, Jackie wasn't sure I was the right actress to play Alice. He said I looked "too pretty and contented" for the role of the harassed, acid-tongued, sloppy housewife that I'm supposed to be in *The Honeymooners*. My manager and I knew I could do the part, but we had to convince Jackie, so we had a photographer come to my apartment next morning before I had put on any make-up or fussed with my hair. I got into a sleazy, ill-fitting housedress, did my hair in a droopy knot, let myself act just like I felt that morning—tired, wishing I were doing anything but trying out for a job. The pictures were a success. Jackie, I'm told, howled when he saw them. "That's Alice," he yelled. And that's how I got to be on his show.

A lot of people who think they know him

believe that Reggie is the character most like the Gleason of real life. They say Reggie is like the Jackie who walks into Toots Shor's restaurant and makes himself heard from the moment he comes in. "You can't miss him," they complain. These detractors never stop to think that Toots is one of Jackie's closest friends and that his restaurant is one place where Jackie feels completely at home. They never stop to think that, if Gleason came in acting quiet and subdued, everybody would know it wasn't like him and, in two minutes, the gossip would start that he had lost his sponsor or was terribly ill or upset.

They forget that this is a gregarious man who is at his best among people he likes, a many-sided person as well as a many-sided performer. They forget that this is the Gleason who can be a top comedian and, on the side, has taught himself to be a versatile musician—the man who wrote the theme song, "Melancholy Serenade," for his own show, who has recorded a couple of Capitol records leading a string orchestra of forty-six, and who has recently been conducting an orchestra at La Vie en Rose, one of New York's most famous night clubs, as a straight musical performance.

Personally, I believe that the most representative of the Gleason characters, the one most like the real Jackie, is *The Poor Soul*. This is the Jackie his friends sometimes come upon unexpectedly, looking out over the city from his penthouse window, and wondering still how a little boy from a poor section of Brooklyn, who began as an amateur-night performer, ever got to be a star on television. With his own show, and a string of friends who love him because they know him. And even more friends, who don't know him personally, but feel they do through all those wonderful characters he plays.

Growing Pains

(Continued from page 54)

least, it keeps us on our toes.

We find we have to keep up with the times so that we won't seem like "squares" to David and Ricky. We have to know that the fellows are wearing their blue-jeans with a belt this season, what a "bop" joke is—how to tell one is even better—and that the expression "knock me loose" is the latest!

I've come to the conclusion that parents of teenagers are psychologists in disguise. However, I'm not so sure my psychology always works.

David was promised a car for his birthday. This was a big event in his life and I didn't blame him for his enthusiasm. He was bounding around like a French poodle who was expecting to get a bone.

Day before his birthday, we went down to the used-car lot to take a look around. Dave planted his eyes on a little '41 Ford coupe with a cut-down rear end and Cadillac hub caps. "Oh, Mom," he sighed, with a stricken and love-lost look, "that's for me!"

That's when I turned on my psychology. I gave him a choice. (That's what the book says: "Give them a choice to make, and let their common sense help them to make the decision. . . .")

"Do you want to take it now, Dave?" I asked. "Or do you think we should have a mechanic give it a look-see and maybe buy it tomorrow?" (I said this in my best "take-a-choice" voice.)

"Look it over!" David said with disdain. "What for?"

Looking at the outside doesn't tell you what's on the inside, I thought, but I had played according to the rule-book. I had given him a choice—and he'd made it. I

shrugged my shoulders. Some days the psychology doesn't pay off. Resigned, I said to the salesman, "Can we drive it home?"

"Well . . ." he said—with what I now believe was alarm. "How far do you have to go?"

That should have tipped me off, but they don't call me "Gullible" Nelson for nothing! We took it and got it as far as the house. I had to push David into the driveway, where the engine promptly gave up.

Said David, stepping out of the Ford, "You were right, Mom, we should have had a mechanic look it over. But even so," and he stepped back to admire the paint job, "isn't it terrific!"

Now, I'm happy to report, most of the car's engine has been replaced. David's even chipped in to pay for some of the parts. Since the car was a gift, Ozzie ended up paying the bigger bills, while David took care of the smaller ones.

Money problems come up when the boys want a party. They've always agreed to pay for the refreshments and help meet other costs, and I've always been willing to accept their generous offers. Again I figure it's good psychology; helps them to budget and to meet responsibilities.

Last time they threw a party, they did extra jobs around the house for a week. David and Ricky, with the help of the eleven members in the Boys' Club, finally scraped up fifteen dollars which was presented to me with a March-fifteenth look on their faces. Since they love to save the money they earn, it's about as easy to separate them from it as it is to herd buffaloes off nickels.

Ozzie, who was standing by, apparently

felt sorry for them. If they'd worked so hard for the money, he felt they should keep it.

"Now, Harriet," he said, "I don't think you should take it. . . ."

"Oh, yes, I will," I answered. "They've agreed to pay in full, and they have to learn to live up to their bargains and meet responsibilities."

So they threw the party. Naturally there were a few last-minute incidentals—like additional guests. Couldn't, for example, leave out Roger Something-or-other and his girl (Roger had unexpectedly come back from vacation). Then there was John What's-his-name and his brother and their girls (completely forgot to put their names on the original guest list). Then the new guests required more refreshments, and oh, yes, the portable dance floor. Now how do you suppose they forgot that!

Who paid for these last minute incidentals? That's right—I did. However, I still maintain that the psychology, as far as the fifteen dollars will take it, is good.

Now, the boys are fond of one another but they'd rather die than tell you so. Yet their respect for each other is obvious. David enjoys taking his younger brother with him on outings and Ricky still tries to imitate David in his every move and action.

Last week Ricky played football with David's bigger and heavier gang. At the end of five days he had sustained a total of three minor injuries. He came into dinner limping on both legs, and then painfully sat on one side of his chair.

He wasn't about to admit that he was playing over his head. It wasn't that he was too light—oh, no—not at all! "It's

just," he explained, "that I think I'm accident-prone!"

If you'll pardon the expression—it nearly knocked us loose.

We've always encouraged the boys to make their own decisions. If Ricky felt he was big enough for David's football gang, then he was only obligated to himself.

We let them choose for themselves in other things, too. They pick out their own clothes. They have an adequate wardrobe, but sometimes I find it hard to realize. You see, they love to be comfortable—that's another word for "blue-jeans." I think I was at the point once when I wouldn't have recognized Ricky in anything besides blue-jeans. I believe he wore them to bed.

Then there are blue-jeans and Blue-Jeans. I remember last month I was dressed up in a new spring suit ready to drive over to the Farmer's Market with Ricky. I'll admit I was a little shocked when I saw him.

He had on David's tee shirt with a neckline that circled his chest, David's beat-up leather jacket that was two sizes too big, scuffed-up sneakers that I thought I'd thrown out, and a pair of blue-jeans with holes in the knees big enough for the Notre Dame line to run through. He wasn't exactly dressed like the Blue Boy.

I'll admit I felt a twinge of conscience. Things had gone a little too far! Since the boys don't let me mend the big holes or throw away their favorite rags, they wear them without thinking.

Ricky was completely oblivious. He knew some of the shopkeepers and was chatting gaily with them. Strangers recognized him and spoke. He entertained them all, completely assured and at ease. He didn't give his windy knees a thought.

When we got home I decided to call attention to the sad condition of his dress. "You know, Ricky," I said, "you look pretty awful!"

First he looked down and examined the condition of his clothes, then looked back up at me—in complete amazement! "Why, what's the matter with me?"

I couldn't help but laugh. I had felt like scolding him, but suddenly felt proud instead. I conjured up a mental picture of him gaily talking in the market. It made me realize that he was much more interested in other people than in himself. Holes in the knees? Who would think about holes in the knees when there were people to talk to! Here was a picture of a well-adjusted young man. It was the sort of thing that called for encouragement—not a scolding. No, there were certainly no signs of any complexes here.

It made me realize again how few problems Ozzie and I would have in dealing with David and Ricky as they grew up. In fact, Ricky set me straight, if I still had any doubts.

I didn't scold him. Instead, I found myself saying, "Ricky, I've got an extra little job for you. Do you have a few minutes? It'll be worth fifty cents."

His eyes turned on like a brand-new television tube.

"Sure! What is it?"

"I want you to throw away those blue-jeans and go up to David's room and do likewise to anything up there that resembles the pair you have on." His eyes turned off like a burned-out television tube. He was in love with those pants. How much? I wondered.

"One dollar," I said, "that's my last offer!"

"A buck? You bet!" he said and was off like a shot.

Nope. No complexes here!

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From My Heartline

(Continued from page 51)

do you stand it?" Or, "Don't you get hardened to those desperate stories you hear?" To be perfectly frank, it does get under my skin sometimes, but not exactly the way you may think. There's heartbreak, certainly. But there's courage and inspiration, too. There's tragedy—and there's triumph. Let me explain with an example of a family on the show recently.

The story starts off this past winter in Palmyra, Maine, which is 'way up in the woods. Up there the climate is rugged, the living is rugged, and so are most of the people. So, when the deputy sheriff of Palmyra was shocked, it meant a lot. He had driven to the farmhouse of the Hartsgrove family to repossess a car. He found Mrs. Hartsgrove and her nine children, bare-footed and only partly clothed, huddled around an old wood-burning stove. The husband, a World War II veteran, was in a hospital many miles away for an operation. The deputy hadn't the heart to serve the writ and, instead, returned to tell the pastor of the Universalist Church what he had seen.

The pastor investigated further and found that, if anything, the circumstances of the Hartsgroves were worse than they looked. Edmund Hartsgrove, disabled in the war, had purchased a farm with his pension to house his big family. He was earnest, proud, and a hard worker. But he was dogged by bad luck and illness. A little over a year ago, he collapsed on a job. At the hospital, he was prepared for a major operation when he got news of a dreadful accident: His six-year-old daughter had suffered burns over one-fifth of her body while lighting the stove. Hartsgrove, against the advice of the doctors, immediately left the hospital.

The doctors had told him not to work for a year, but what could he do? Besides normal expenses, he now had to finance a series of skin grafts for his child.

The family was too proud to accept charity and, what with the needs of the large family and his recurring illness, the house fell into disrepair. His furniture, piece by piece, was repossessed until only a stove, a table and chairs remained. And Edmund Hartsgrove's condition was so bad that the doctors had no alternative but to return him to the hospital.

This was the critical state the pastor found. For lack of food and warm clothing, the children hadn't been in school. For lack of money, Mrs. Hartsgrove had been unable to visit her husband. She was out of the house only long enough to chop wood for the stove.

The pastor was unable to get sufficient aid for the family in his little township. That's when Strike It Rich was told about the Hartsgroves and arrangements were immediately made to have the mother and two of her children appear on our evening show.

I repeat the question I'm asked, "Warren, do you get hardened to these things?"

No. I was just as emotionally racked by this story as I would have been three or thirty years ago. And I'm sure you were, too, for no sooner had the woman won herself \$235 in the quiz than the heartline began to ring and a torrent of offers came in. People were sending dresses, dozens of pairs of underwear, meat by the case, a power chain to cut wood, heaters for all of the rooms, and individual contributions of money ranging from five to one hundred dollars.

A chain reaction had set in throughout the country. People were touched deeply.

And these people were *you*, shocked but reacting quickly and generously to a family trying to make ends meet in the American tradition.

As much as I had been overwhelmed by the story of the Hartsgroves, I was more overwhelmed by the response to the heartline. I know well enough that Americans are a decent lot, warmhearted and human, but each time I hear the heartline ring it's as if I felt the pulse of the nation. And each time I am thrilled.

Thousands upon thousands of you, from every state, have come to the aid of various families. Not only adults but children, too, who have broken into their piggy banks. A little girl sent us money she had saved for months to buy herself a watch. Another little girl sent \$3.83 that she made selling cookies for the express purpose of helping one of our contestants.

What I have learned about you all, from children to celebrities, is that you want to help others. You lack only the opportunity, and that is where Strike It Rich fills a great need.

My goodness, I have seen contestants on the show win money for a good cause then come backstage after the program to give it back.

"Warren, I can't keep this," many have said. "The family who followed me is in greater need. Please give my money to them."

Any number of show people who function as our "helping hands" will corner Walt Framer, the producer, and practically empty their wallets, so deeply have they been moved.

We have had many noted performers serve as "helping hands"—comedians, musicians and beautiful sophisticates: Sam Levenson, Eva and Zsa Zsa Gabor, Piper Laurie, Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kaye, Sarah Vaughn, Vera Vague. Ezio Pinza, I recall, took me aside after his appearance only to tell me how thrilled he had been at the chance to personally help someone on the show. Jinx Falkenburg, herself, wrote me about George Jackson.

George lived on Long Island. He was a strong, hardworking man with a wife and an eleven-year-old daughter. Then, one day, as a favor to a gasoline station owner, George tried to prime a gas pump. There was an explosion—with both of George's arms caught inside. Twenty-one months later, after forty skin grafts, the doctors had to amputate both arms. But George was a man of sturdy heart. After his convalescence, he spent four months learning to work with artificial arms. He was able to strike a match, hold a glass of water, handle a fork. He learned to operate power tools. He began to make hand-made toys and found a market.

Jinx had met him on her own show in discussing rehabilitation, and it was afterwards he told of his problem. He could no longer drive a car to make deliveries but he could handle a three-wheel, motor-driven scooter. With a limited income, he could not afford to buy one. At the suggestion of Jinx, he wrote us. I remember the letter started off, "Please excuse my handwriting as I am a double-arm amputee. . . ."

We on Strike It Rich were sympathetic to the man's problem, but we were doubly impressed by the spirit that had overcome tremendous handicaps. It was a real honor to be able to make it possible for George to get the vehicle.

You see, this is another fact that I have learned on Strike It Rich. Our contestants are not asking for handouts but for a chance at a new start, a boost toward self-sufficiency

There was Fred Myers, who for thirteen years had worked as a purchasing agent and production manager for a publishing company. Then he had trouble with his eyes and was told he would lose his sight. At the age of thirty-nine, he found he was about to be a dependent with a wife and two children. Well, Fred took a positive step. He contacted the New Jersey Commission for the Blind. With their help, he chose a new occupation for himself. Fred and his wife decided they would study massage, both Swedish and medical.

You can well imagine the emotional and physical difficulties Fred had to overcome. But they went ahead and put their life savings into building a modern but small studio in the cellar of their home. The work was nearly finished when a fire broke out in the basement. Although damage was light, it was a very real setback for a man about to start a new life.

He wrote us that he wanted to "Strike it Rich" merely to earn enough money to tide them over while their new business took hold. Well, not only did he win \$340, but the publicity brought him work.

And I will always remember Doris Puckette. We first heard of her from the Helping Hand Club of Atlanta and her fellow employees in the state office. They sent along her picture. She was a beautiful brunette with a face as lovely as any that smiles at you from a TV screen or magazine. It had always been her ambition to be a model, but Doris was crippled by congenital dislocated hips.

The letter told that she had had more than sixteen operations in her lifetime but, in spite of her misfortune and suffering, was a cheerful typist who performed all of her duties faithfully.

I looked forward to meeting Doris and found her as lovely and charming as her picture but, more than that, a person who had never given up hope. All of her life she had been determined to overcome her disability. As a youngster she had tried to swim, even climbed on a horse although she knew she would fall off.

Her goal in "striking it rich" was to go on to Johns Hopkins Hospital for another operation. She won \$280 in the quiz, and the heartline began to speak. In short order, you and people like you contributed over \$1500 to meet her expenses.

Was Doris deserving of this confidence? Well, when she left that day, she said, "Warren, I'm coming back to see you and I'll be walking without crutches."

Of course, we have our lighter moments on the show. There was the soldier who wanted to "strike it rich" so he could extend his honeymoon week. There was the woman who wanted a new dress for her next date. But these are just interludes.

I'll tell you I don't think Strike It Rich is just a program. It's a living institution and the heartline reaches throughout the nation and it has a real pulse.

There are many stories in our files of people whose lives you have saved by the heartline. You have saved people from breaking up families. You have given people new hope, and performed the miracle of saving more than one person's self-respect.

You write me fan letters saying that we are doing a great job. I think you are doing an even greater job. Here, in the office of Strike It Rich, we have a fan club—but quite a different one. I like to think of myself as president of that club and it's in honor of you, the American public. We admire you more than words can say, for your good heart, your faith and the real love you feel for your fellow-man.

Jimmy Powers

(Continued from page 19)

end up teaching him pointers on sports-casting: "They've taught me the women's angle in sports reporting." What Jimmy means is that, with the advent of TV, more women than ever before are watching fights, baseball games and every other televised sporting event. This brand-new audience sort of sets the sportscaster—who is used to directing his commentary to the men—back on his heels. The men are interested in the score, the intricacies of play and such matters. But the ladies—now theirs is an entirely different cup of tea. They want to know how tall their favorite baseball player is, and what color hair and eyes he has. The girls want to know whether that handsome boxer is married, and whether he's good to his mother.

Marymount's co-eds have given Jimmy these clues, and he has used them to good advantage. On his side, in addition to teaching his students to write news stories, he's forever answering questions about sports. In the middle of a discussion on headlines, he's not surprised when one of his lovely students asks, "By the way, Professor Powers, what exactly is a screen pass in football?" Then the entire class listens intently while their favorite prof explains the whole thing. These questions usually coincide with whatever seasonal sport is capturing the interest of their young men at that time, Jimmy suspects.

Jimmy takes the girls' questions good-naturedly, and doesn't mind interrupting the lesson to answer them. After all, a married man with a couple of daughters of his own isn't exactly a novice when it comes to women.

Women Just "Know"

(Continued from page 41)

than the others, it's the disarming way she asks the questions. The guests are more likely to give themselves away to Arlene, because she's so charming.

Even at home, with his own wife, Kit, John has observed a great difference between the way she sizes people up and his own attitudes. John is more likely to decide right away that he either likes a person or he doesn't. But Katherine usually reserves judgment until she knows the person better. Even then, his wife will be kinder in her final opinion. She'll be more likely to find excuses for unpleasant qualities in a person.

Well, Mr. Daly, what's the reason for all this? That's what we'd like to know. John thinks it's because women, from childhood, are brought up to seek detail. "You know the story about the woman who was asked if she saw that girl who just passed by," John relates. "She answered, 'Oh, you mean the one with the blonde hair done in an upsweep, with the red pleated dress, blue shoes, a blue hat with a feather in it, and a mole on her chin?' That's a woman for you—nothing escapes her."

Another reason, John mentions, is that women are more attuned to a social life than are men. A man, almost as soon as he is old enough to notice women (that is, when he is four or five), is set for a life of work and of making a living. He doesn't have time to think about people and be curious about their private lives. Women are constantly engaged in talk and thought about other people.

John sums up his ideas on the subject in a typically masculine way. When you get right down to it, you can't analyze why women judge people more astutely than men. As he says, "Women just know."

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R
M

Babies Are from Heaven

(Continued from page 61)

in the two-year period since this RADIO-TV MIRROR reporter had visited there—a period which had brought Desi and his Lucy everything they had longed for: two beautiful children, a girl and a boy—this after they had almost given up hoping—and, of course, fabulous success in the exciting new medium of television.

Desi and Lucille are unchanged, too—success or no success—the gay, lived-in-looking room seemed to say. A happy omen.

Annie Mae, a smiling maid, brought steaming black coffee.

"Mrs. Arnaz will be right out," she said. "She's putting little Lucie down for a nap. Mr. Arnaz had to run over to the village for a minute, to pick up some pictures of the baby. Just wait till you see that baby. He's the cutest little thing. . . ."

At this point, a door slammed somewhere at the back of the house and Desi's voice rang out—it could have been coming out of the television set in your living room—"Lucy! Have we another roll of film somewhere? My pictures are no good—too dark—all of them all loused up—"

"Oh, dear," Lucy called back, "and they were the only pictures we have."

Desi again, defensively: "I used exactly the right aperture, exactly the right exposure, exactly the right lights. There must be something wrong with the camera."

Then he'd better have the camera checked, Lucy thought, before he shoots the other roll—if there were another roll to shoot.

Desi strode through the living room. "Hi, honey," he said, and then grumbled, "My pictures are all loused up. And I was so careful." He grabbed up an armload of camera, light meter and floodlight, and banged out again, bound for the camera shop.

Lucy bobbed in, hitching up a pair of bright yellow and gray maternity slacks with a couple of diaper-sized safety pins.

"I'm in between," she sighed. "Can't fasten the waistbands of my ordinary clothes, and these things fall off. And I am so sick of them. I have been pregnant, it seems to me, for three solid years."

"Gained thirty-three pounds. The doctor was furious. When I was having Lucie, I sat in an armchair with my feet up for seven-and-a-half months, and gained thirty-three pounds. This time I worked for seven-and-a-half months—stuck to my diet, exercised faithfully. Gained thirty-three pounds. Disgusting!"

But it was worth it. To prove it a nurse appeared, bearing a cuddly ball of yellow fluff which she plopped into Lucy's lap. The cuddly ball, unwrapped, was revealed to be Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, indeed "the cutest little thing," with his big dark eyes, fuzz of dark bronze hair, scandalously turned-up nose, and—amazingly, at just three weeks—already the faintest flicker of a smile.

Should have been a fanfare of trumpets, it seemed, for the appearance on stage of the most-publicized baby in the country.

"In the world," Lucille amended this, shaking her head incredulously. "They knew in Japan it was a boy three minutes after he was born. The thing really snowballed. Hope the little man never finds out about it."

The nurse wanted permission to take him out for an airing.

"Don't you think it's too windy?" asked his mother anxiously. A brisk breeze was stirring the early-blooming fruit trees outside the windows.

"He'll be in the buggy, and on his face," the nurse reassured her. "He'll be very

cozy. And we'll just go a little way, down the side road."

So the yellow sweater, the yellow cap, the yellow booties and the yellow mittens were put back on—every one of them gifts from fans whom the Arnazes had never even met. "We've had carloads of presents," Lucille said, awestruck. "The baby can wear a different sweater and a different cap every time he goes out of the door, and still have to gad a lot to use them all up." The TV fans, apparently, along with Desi, "love Lucy." And, apparently—from the preponderance of blue in the avalanche of gifts—the fans were just as sure as Desi was that this new baby would be a boy. Desi, remember, wrote a new boy baby into the I Love Lucy scripts weeks before his namesake was born. He also celebrated a boy's arrival in his new song, "There's a Brand-New Baby at Our House," recorded some months ago.

Lucy hadn't been so sure. And she had worried about it all through the "longest night in the world" while, already at the hospital, she waited for the early-morning, January nineteenth, Caesarian operation which was to settle this burning question for all time.

Desi drove her down to the hospital late in the afternoon of the eighteenth. They arrived at five, spent—as Lucille puts it—"a quick ten minutes admiring the new maternity wing, a quicker three minutes unpacking my tiny bag," and then they sat and looked at one another. Desi was to be allowed to stay until seven—and they had to say something. So Lucille faced up to it.

"You mustn't be too disappointed," she said, "if it isn't a boy."

"Certainly not," Desi said with a bit too much emphasis, "another little girl like Lucie would be sensational."

That was the end of that conversation. Lucille phoned down for her dinner, and ate it in silence while Desi—who was going out later for dinner with friends—looked on hungrily.

When she was alone, Lucille turned on the TV set which Desi thoughtfully had provided for her long wait. It didn't work. The doctor wasn't coming by until eight; she wasn't to be prepared for the operation and "knocked out" for the night until nine.

"It's the only really bad thing about a Caesarian," she says. "You haven't anything to do while you're waiting."

Nothing to do except fret.

Would the operation go smoothly? The Caesarian performed at Lucie's birth a year-and-a-half before had been a last-minute decision. This one, determined upon in advance, was a bit scary. But nothing mattered, really, except that it

produce a good, healthy baby. . . .

Would the baby be all right?

Would it be a boy?

She began to get butterflies.

The doctor came at last, and she relaxed for a while. There was something to do. At nine, all the surgical preparations completed, the nurse arrived with the lovely little sleeping pill. It worked—for two hours. Lucille was wide awake from eleven-thirty until the attendants came to wheel her into the delivery room at six the next morning, with "the only case of down-right indigestion" she'd suffered in the whole pregnancy.

It was time. There were the little men in the white suits. And Desi, to hold her hand.

"Let's not take me in there," she begged, attempting to sound cheery, "with the eyes open."

The spinal was administered. The crucial moment came, at exactly 8 A.M.

A roar went up. "It's a boy!"

The room emptied. Every nurse in the room obviously was determined to be first with the news for Desi—and for the waiting world.

Two doctors were left. The obstetrician held up the baby, so Lucille could see her son. The pediatrician announced "eight pounds, nine ounces—a fine, perfect baby." Lucille went to sleep at last, happily—her part of the job done.

She had seven days of blissful rest in the hospital. She didn't take one phone call. Except to call her mother, and to check in with little Lucie at home every day, she didn't make any. The first couple of days were rough, but she got home feeling fit and fine.

And a good thing, too, in the light of the situation awaiting her there. Little Lucie's nurse had come down with the flu, and had been rushed home. Couldn't have flu in the house with a new baby arriving. Lucille's mother was on crutches, with a broken leg. Desi's mother was nursing a cold. Little Lucie couldn't be expected to put up with a new nurse, two new teeth and a new brother all at once, Lucille insisted, so there was nothing to do but for Lucille, in spite of her "stitches still hurting," to take over with the little girl—with Desi's help, of course. Little Lucie is the active type, given to arising full of vim and vitality at five A.M., and she weighs thirty pounds.

"I was so tired after a week of this that I creaked," Lucille confesses. "And I almost cried."

Desi put his foot down. They would hire a substitute nurse for Lucie, and as soon as she got well shaken down in the routines he would take Lucille to the desert for a real rest.

Much to everybody's relief, little Lucie stood up to the emergency situation like a real trouper. She warmed up to her new nurse after a couple of standoffish days, forgave her grandmothers for coddling the new baby, and her parents for having him.

She even conceded, though reluctantly, that little Desi was "nice." Although, her mother says, "when she hugs him, she does it a little too hard."

Lucille and Desi find it difficult to realize that their son is actually here, and growing busily.

Desi is still pretty choked up, Lucille says. As for Lucille, she's "tetched" about the baby. But she can't call him Desi yet. "It doesn't seem right. Guess he's just going to be 'the little man' to me—at least until his sister thinks up a nickname for him."

You know how it is, if you have a brand-new baby at your house.

"It takes a couple of weeks to unwind."

"Strange Things Are Happening"

says zany comic

RED BUTTONS

"You'll find out, if you buy the JUNE issue of my favorite magazine—RADIO-TV MIRROR. There's a story about me, and my picture's on the cover."

ON SALE MAY 8

Seeing and Believing

(Continued from page 16)
see at all. They're blind.

Mel's interest in blind people began back in 1943 in his home town, Birmingham, Alabama. The state had set up a committee to combat blindness—that is, to help people who would respond to treatment. One day Mel was asked to emcee a baseball game run for the benefit of this fund. It was a big occasion, and folks turned out in droves to see the game and to see their hometown favorite, Mel Allen. The highlight of the evening, as Mel describes it, was when a tiny little girl lit a candle in the center of the blackened field and said in her high-pitched baby voice, "Thank you, everyone—it's because of your help that I can see this candle-flame." The child's small voice meant more than the game and the crowds and the excitement—it meant that one more person had been rescued from eternal darkness.

The sportscaster has gone back to his home town every year since that time to run the proceedings at the baseball benefit. And, each time he goes, Mel gets a chance to spend a few hours in the research center and hospital, where each day persons who had given up hope of ever seeing again are beginning to believe they will be cured. Naturally, the word got around that Mel was doing this work, and some people in New York City who were dreaming about setting up a foundation similar to the one in Alabama thought he might be willing to help them.

A blind jeweler by the name of Harold Moss wrote to Mel and told him how much he admired his play-by-play job at all the Yankee games. He said, "Mel, you are my eyes, when I listen to the games." Well, Harold came to the Yankee Stadium one day, and Mel invited him up to the broadcast booth so he could "see" the game from there. They got to talking after the game, and Harold told Mel about an organization that was trying to do some research in curing blindness. The upshot of the talk was that, when the Council to Combat Blindness decided to run a fund-raising benefit at Carnegie Hall, Mel became chairman of the committee. He recruited his theatrical friends to provide the entertainment. The night of the show, the list of stars who turned out read like a page out of *Variety*. It was a rip-roaring success, and largely due to Mel's efforts. Of course, you'd never get Mel to admit that. The important thing to him is that some people may see because of the money raised that evening. A kid may be able to hit a home run some day in a ball park, and get a resounding "How-about-that!" from Mel Allen. How about that, Mel?

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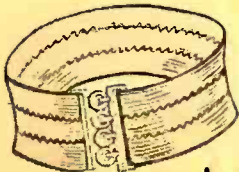
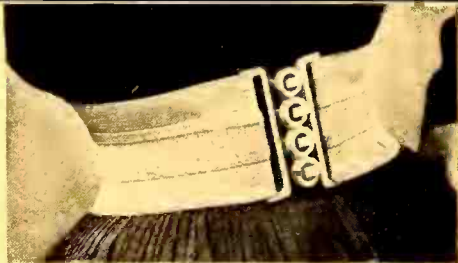
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The Man Who Has Everything

(Continued from page 58)

tumbling over and over down the gentle slope of the lawn—their dark brown eyes, so like Bert's, filled with merriment—bits of leaves and grass clinging to their inky-black hair.

If the weather is cool enough for jackets, it's hard to tell which is Joel and which is Jeffrey. The identifying mole on Joel's left forearm doesn't show. Rhyming Joel and mole helps you remember which is which—if the mole is visible. Otherwise, it's quite confusing. "I think they understood this when they were still babies," Annette says. "They started out by getting a mischievous look in their eyes whenever people had a hard time sorting them out. Now it's a game to them and they never get tired of it."

Through the front door, there's a cool green and white foyer, with a curving stairway that leads upstairs to the four bedrooms. If you were to follow Bert through the garage entrance to the house, you would cross a tiny hallway that looks like the bridge of a ship, and could peer down into a small engine room where the heating apparatus does its work (the twins love to bring guests in this way and explain the paraphernalia). Then you enter the house proper through Bert's pine-paneled den.

Here he has his desk, his big red-leather armchair and sofa, his books, and the television set where Annette always watches his performances—as do the kids, occasionally, when the competition from playing their favorite recordings or building things with their erector set or tearing around outdoors isn't too keen. Now, if Daddy were a cowboy, that would be different, cowboys being tops with these youngsters at the moment!

Off the entrance hall is the big living room, white-ceilinged, with handsome green walls and decorative accents of rich, warm color. The long, curved, red sofa is one such accent. A couple of lemon-colored upholstered chairs add another color note. Two cocoa-colored chairs, inviting you to sit near the fireplace, add still another. Draw curtains are made of a tweedy fabric with beige ground and modern design intones of a pinky-red, lemon, black and a touch of blue.

Next to the living room is the dining room, carpeted and draped to match the living room but papered in white, with a tracery of gold forming a stunning pattern. The furniture is mahogany and the upholstery of the chairs tones in with the rug. Behind the glass doors of the buffet is a blue and white Wedgwood dinner set, bought piece by piece when Bert was in the Army and Annette had gone back to live with her family in New Haven, Connecticut, until his return. They had met on a double date in New York in 1941, before Pearl Harbor. After Bert went into the service, Annette had continued to see him when he got passes and furloughs, and on June 8, 1943, they were married. They had a brief honeymoon before he went overseas, where he stayed until 1945.

A pink-tiled-and-papered powder room completes the first floor—except that, in summer, the semi-circular terrace off the living room really becomes part of the house. Here, screened from view of the road by a grove of trees, and encircled by shrubbery for even greater privacy, the Parks do a lot of outdoor living. There are lounge chairs, and a table is set for dining al fresco.

Going upstairs and walking into Petty's bedroom is to step into the heart of a pink rose. Even the carpet is pink. The walls are papered with pink and white "Alice

in Wonderland" figures, and all the furnishings are pink and white. Her parents are partial to pinky tones in their own room, and against these the light-toned modern furniture is particularly lovely. Annette's preference for sketches of ballet girls is apparent in the pictures here. Down the hall, there are cowboys and cactus on the wallpaper of the boys' room, a warm red carpet, toys and odd treasures.

Annette is a slender brunette, pretty enough to be on television herself, with a creamy complexion which would lend emphasis to any beauty commercial. She has dimples, too, and unwittingly makes the most of them by smiling a lot. Around the house she likes to wear country tweeds and sweaters and she dresses in black and white much of the time, a combination especially becoming to her. Before marrying Bert, Annette was a dental hygienist, and since then she has settled for being wife, mother and homemaker. Rearing three children, she feels, is job enough, even with all the help from her husband.

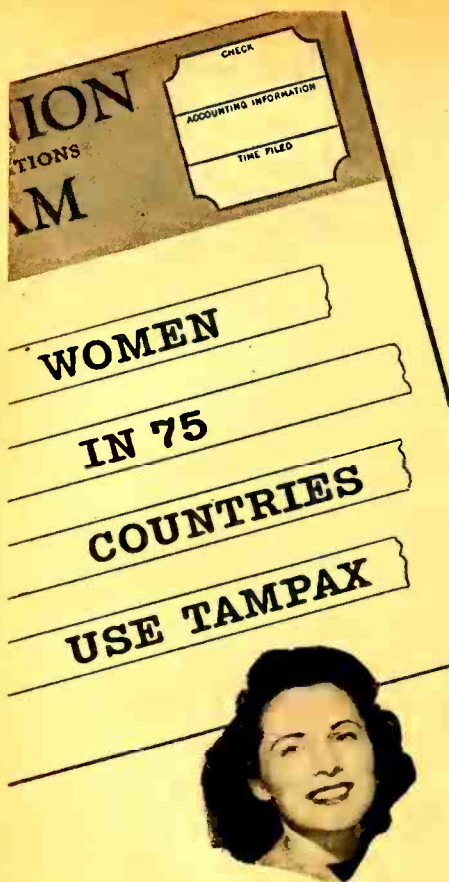
The kids have been kept completely unimpressed by their father's contribution to radio and television, and would be even less conscious of it if the children at school did not mention it. They seem to understand that their daddy has a part in the parade of people and programs they listen to and watch now and then, and that's all. "Our kids are leading the simple, normal lives all children should lead, and that's the way we want to keep things," Bert says quite firmly.

"Bert's timing with the children is absolutely right," Annette says. "He knows just when to be firm and when to be soft. I am constantly amazed at the way he handles situations, and I attribute it largely to the fact that his own parents were so wonderful with him. They gave him a good secure feeling, coupled with enough discipline to build character, and he is passing this along to the children."

One of the Parks' methods for handling problems concerning the kids is to hold "conferences" with them—and sometimes Bert sends them into conference with themselves for a while. There was a day when company came, and Petty, grown tired of being dressed up, decided she wanted to show off her "space suit." After she had asked a number of times when she could change, Bert said, very quietly, "You sit still a while and have a little conference with yourself. When you have thought about it long enough, you come back and tell me whether you would rather keep asking to change, or wait a little while and get the chance to change later. Otherwise, you may not be able to put on your space suit at all today."

It was quite an assignment for a little girl not yet four years old at the time, but Petty accepted it. A few minutes later she started to ask again, remembered, and checked herself. "I am thinking it over, Daddy—what you asked me before—but I haven't made up my mind yet," she told Bert. "That's all right. I'm not hurrying you," he said. About fifteen minutes later, he sent her upstairs to change as a reward for her self-control, and her flight from the room was then a perfect example of jet-propulsion, as befits the exit of a small girl about to adventure into outer space.

The Parks use the same methods with the boys and, in addition, they are teaching the twins to use a little psychology with their sister. Sometimes she wants to go with them when they can't take her along. Sometimes she wants to share in games that are too rough for her. "We tell them they can keep her contented by

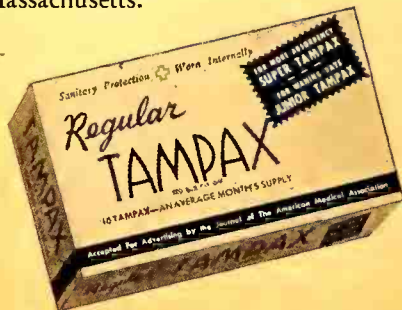


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being sweet with her and by never being too brusque," Annette explains, "and they are responding very well. Our dear, feminine little girl wants so much to be a boy, like her brothers. She wakes up every morning, hoping for a miracle. She sees the boys doing so many things together that it seems hard to be a girl and left out of boys' fun. When recently I let her wear one of their outgrown smocks, she asked me hopefully, 'Now, will I turn into a boy?'"

The boys are in the first grade. "We're learning to read, write, and arithmetic," Jeff says.

"I like to draw," Joel volunteers.

"We like to draw," Jeff corrects him.

"Crayon drawings," Joel amplifies the explanation.

"And do painting," Jeff adds. "And we have individual reading in our school."

"We like to read," Joel says.

"But we're in different classes," they tell you in unison.

Annette explains that. "I was asked if I wanted the boys to be in the same first-grade class, or separated. The modern way is to treat twins as individuals, and the school system believes in putting them into separate classes wherever possible. So Joel and Jeffrey each have some special friends of their own, from their own classrooms, and each comes home in the afternoon with different stories to tell about his day at school. It just happens that their teachers are sisters, of whom they're equally fond."

The boys like to alternate between taking lunch from home one day and eating a hot lunch at school the next. They eat together, of course. "Our Daddy comes to school and has lunch with us on Father-and-Son days," they tell proudly. Both read well, love to recite, love to put on their special records and to dance to them. Joel performs an Irish jig, and all three children love to sing.

Their father neither encourages nor discourages any of this. He himself was a born mimic and a natural singer who began to do Charlie Chaplin imitations at local movie houses in Atlanta, Georgia, his birthplace, when he was only four years older than the twins are now. He was a staff announcer on network radio by the time he was eighteen, but he does not want to pick any career pattern for his children. Whatever talents crop up strongly enough to interest them will get

their parents' blessing, but there will be no pressures of any kind.

Bert's present schedule allows him to be at home with the family on two days during the week, and, for the present at least, on Sundays. Annette and a friend "car-pool" to take their combined families to and from school, so that each has the job on an alternate day. Bert sometimes goes with Annette, if he's home on her day, or picks up the boys without her. There is usually a leisurely stop-over with the kids at the village drugstore for a round of chocolate malteds, and sometimes they all stay outdoors and work on the lawn or the garden or do some plain and fancy roughhousing around the grounds. When the weather gets warm enough they go out on Long Island Sound in the outboard motor boat that Bert built last summer. When it gets really warm, they all go swimming.

Bert uses part of his time at home for all the fix-it chores. Quiet in company, willing to sit back and watch others perform and make the noise for a change, he's a dynamo of energy when there's work to be done around the house, just as he is when he gets in front of a microphone and cameras. He carpenters. He does minor plumbing chores.

Bert used to fancy himself an electrician, until the episode of the electric clock. Annette and he had been away over a weekend, leaving her parents in charge, and they found when they got back that a clock which Bert had been nursing along for some time had finally given up entirely. It was almost midnight, but Mr. Fix-it decided that now was the time to put it back in shape, since it would be a small job, quickly done and over. Suddenly the midnight hush was pierced by a flash and the sound of an explosion.

"That clock didn't just burn," Annette says of it. "It disintegrated. Sparks flew. Smoke issued from it." Bert was so surprised that he decided it might be better to leave electrical appliances to experts in the future."

It must be noted here, however, that among Bert's Christmas presents from Annette this year was one of those "Handy" books for fix-it fellows. In the book is a chapter about electrical stuff, and lately Bert has been studying it. Any day now, Bert may be showing the twins and Petty what a clever electrician he really is. Annette is keeping her fingers crossed!

She Knew What She Wanted

(Continued from page 26)

itself out for her.

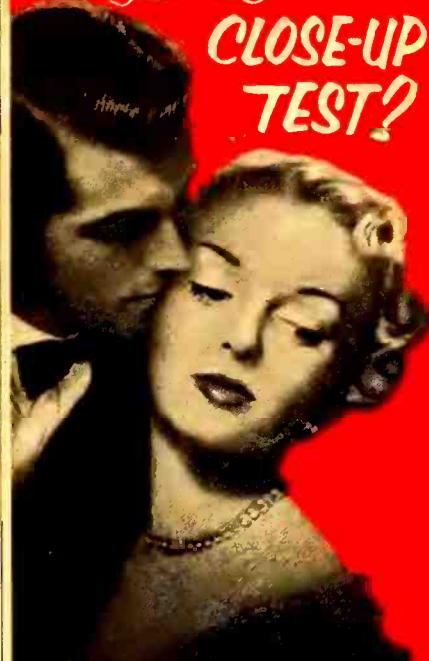
But, in 1942, Joan had a job on the daytime radio serial, *Woman Of Courage*, and had moved into her own apartment. She was lonely at times, but liked the privacy of her own little place. In *Woman Of Courage*, Joan played the part of the temptress with evil intentions, a part she has since perfected on *Brighter Day*, as *Althea Dennis*, and in *Wendy Warren*, as *Maggie Fallon*.

As for her personal life, Joan was still unmarried, and not contemplating the step for a while. Her "eventual" ambition, then, was to marry "some day" and to have a house in the country with lots of children. Her greatest extravagance in those days was horses—she owned one, and dreamed of the day when she could have a stable full of them. In that early stage of Joan's radio career, there were still moments when she longed for the footlights of the legitimate theatre, but, as time went on, she began to re-evaluate her feelings, and discovered that *radio* and not the *stage* was what she was really most happy doing.

That was Joan ten years ago. Hoping, dreaming, and at times longing. Still, perhaps, trying to escape from difficult adolescence, with its conflicts and heartbreaks. Ten years later, Joan has realized her chief dream. She has met the man who is the perfect husband for her, and she is the mother of the little girl of her imaginings. She has the beautiful house in the country. But, more than any of these concrete fulfillments, Joan is now a mature, assured woman. The rough edges have smoothed, and the frustration of wanting a career on the stage is nothing more than a memory.

Joan Alexander had a great deal to overcome in pursuing her career. As the title to that old column reveals—she was thought of as a rich girl who "dabbled" in acting. Now it is acknowledged that she was as serious in her career as any striving girl from less comfortable circumstances. Joan knew then what she wanted and, with the possible exception of the stable full of horses, she got what she wanted—not with pull, and not with offensively aggressive behavior, but by being sincere and diligent.

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Sing a Song of Missy

(Continued from page 44)

of age. So, up until a few weeks ago, she didn't get excited about Missy's "acting." "If Missy wants a life in show business," said Dinah, "she's entitled to it. It's been good to me, and I'd certainly like to share the happiness I've had with Missy. But we're going to let her decide for herself."

Missy has already started deciding. Dinah came home from her television show one night recently and found Missy glued to the TV set.

"Hi, ya, Sweetheart," cried Dinah from the hallway, "what've you been doing?"

"Watching te'vision," said Missy, kissing her mother soundly, "it's won'erful!"

"Oh, really," said Dinah. "Would you like to be on television?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes!" sighed Missy. "I'd like to sing and dance like you, Mommy!"

This exuberance brought to Dinah's mind the picture of Missy singing with her during the many "after-shows." Missy couldn't be kept in the wings after a show—not even with wire-ropes. She always exploded out onto the stage and sang with Dinah. Not on key, not all the right words, and not in rhythm—but loud. The audience loved it, it was fun for Dinah, and Missy ate up the applause.

So, when Missy said she wanted to be like Mommy, an idea was born. Okay, Missy, thought Dinah, you will sing and dance—and on live television, too!

The next day Dinah and a writer cooked up the idea for a cute video skit that included Missy. The writer, a naturally cautious man, was a bit leery of four-year-olds on television. But Dinah sold him on the idea. She said it would be easy. They'd first take Missy to visit a pet shop. Then bring the pet shop to the station—and let Missy come on with the pets. It would be a cute routine, especially if Missy would sing to the pups.

The nice thing about it was that Missy wasn't afraid of dogs. She loved them. Once they got the pet-shop dogs on the set, Missy would feel right at home. They wouldn't even need any rehearsal.

"No rehearsal . . .?" queried the writer. It was apparent that he thought the idea was getting close to dangerous ground.

"It's okay," said Dinah. "If she rehearses, she'll get scared. We won't even tell her she's on camera. Anyhow, if we did, she'd probably start hamming it up." Although it was Missy who was going to be added to the show, it was Dinah who danced up and down with excitement.

Dinah "sold" the writer, and the next day they contacted a pet shop which had a large variety of dogs and puppies. That afternoon Missy and Dinah went over to the pet shop to begin the unofficial rehearsal.

Missy was quite impressed with the dogs. Her big eyes were the size of small moons, and she soon fell in love with every pup in the place.

"Oh, Mommy, look at this one," she cried, "he looks just like Lassie. And this one—doesn't have any fur in his middle! And this one—his ears are as big as him! Oh, Mommy, can't we take them all?"

"Wait a minute," laughed Dinah, "we just came to visit. Besides, we don't know if the puppies will like your singing and dancing—you might scare them."

"Oh, yes, they will," said Missy and

proceeded to sing the theme song of Dinah's program. The puppies didn't seem to mind and at the end of the song, when Missy curtsied for them, they all wanted to be the first to lick her face in appreciation.

"Tell you what," said Dinah, "we will see the doggies again this evening. Would you like that?"

"Yes . . .!" cried Missy.

"And will you play and sing to them again?" asked Dinah.

"Oh, yes!" cried Missy and she danced out of the store promising each and every one of the dogs she'd be back to sing and dance for them that evening.

This skit, thought Dinah, as they left the pet shop, will be a big success. She was sure that everything would run smoothly on the show and that Missy, plus the dogs, would be a big hit. She smiled in anticipation.

Later, as she waited in the wings at the studio, Dinah had only one thought. She hoped Missy would sing her loudest! There was their cue. . . .

On schedule, Dinah—with Missy in hand—walked out on the stage and through the pet-shop set. Dinah was pleased to see the dogs were all in place and well-behaved. As they continued their walk through the set the cameras silently ground away and the microphone overhead picked up every sound.

Every sound, that is, excepting Missy. She was suddenly struck dumb! From her, nothing but silence.

"Look, Missy, darling," said Dinah, "aren't the puppies wonderful?"

Silence!

"Missy, darling," said Dinah, "here's the little doggy who looks like Lassie—"

Silence!

"Missy," said Dinah (now slightly desperate), "here's the pup without any fur in his middle. And here is the one with ears as big as he is. Don't you want to say hello?"

Silence!

"Missy, aren't you going to sing for the puppies? You promised. Have you forgotten?"

Silence. Missy just continued to stare in awe at the dogs.

"Well," laughed Dinah to the television audience, "believe me, it wasn't the way we planned it—but we hope you'll join us again next time—"

Off flashed the red button. Off turned the cameras. The show was over!

"But, Mommy," said Missy suddenly, "we haven't sung yet to the puppies!"

"That," Dinah remarks, "turned out to be the show that wasn't there! But we did have fun, and I think we received more mail from that 'silent' performance than from any other. Just think—if Missy can be that devastating, without warbling a note, imagine what she'd do to an audience if she really opened up! It would be Missy's show, for sure. And her poor Mommy would be lucky to appear as a guest star now and then!"

But the gleam in Dinah's eye is one which any woman would recognize on sight. The warm pride, the glowing hope that—no matter how famous Mother herself may become—Daughter will surely achieve even more. Today may be all puppies and playtime. Tomorrow sings a faraway song of golden promise.

EXCLUSIVE

Read the real-life story of Mary Jane Higby
star of **WHEN A GIRL MARRIES**
in June **RADIO-TV MIRROR** on sale May 3

A Permanent House Party

(Continued from page 69)

However, even at these prices, faraway places were still—Lois figured—fairly far away. Although she would have been the last to discourage any of his dreams. For, since childhood, dreams were about all he'd ever had.

An orphan, the only father Art Linkletter had ever known was a sidewalk evangelist who worked as a shoemaker on the side. He expounded very hard to save men's souls—but too often his family's stomachs were not spared. About the only time they had enough to eat was on Thanksgiving or some other holiday, when neighbors or members of the church would bring baskets of food to them. When the minister went away on his evangelical missions, the others would scrounge around as best they could. Even as a kid, Art Linkletter vowed his world would be different some day. It was then he developed the energy and drive and determination to pull himself out of his environment.

Then, when he was eleven, he'd found out he was adopted. And, therefore, their life was not his by blood—his life was his own. His dreams were unlimited from then on. He could be anything he willed himself to be. No goal was too high to set, or to dream. . . .

At night in the darkness he would make up fanciful stories about his real identity. "I used to think I was really the son of a rich and powerful family," as Art says now. "That I'd just been put with my foster parents to learn the 'other side of life.' Some day a limousine would roll up—and take me to my rightful home and family. I'd make all this up in bed at night. In daytime it seemed too fantastic for even me to accept. So I made it up at night—I could believe it then. . . ."

Then, of course, he couldn't know that a girl named Lois—instead of imaginary parents—would inspire the better tomorrow of which he dreamed.

From their first meeting, she was the sounding board for his future and his past. "Lois was sweet and naive and understanding. I could talk to her. As a young fellow, I had the feeling the girls you took out were just interested in the date, the dance, or the big game. But Lois made me feel somebody cared beyond that evening. She gave me somebody to talk to." The energetic youth working his way through college—who'd kept so much locked inside of him—found he could spill his whole heart to her.

Ask Art today what he considers his chief school activity and he'll say, "Making Waldorf salads." He worked for his room and board, helping out with cleaning and gardening in the home of a wealthy contractor. At school he earned a little money helping to correct papers, and his school lunches he managed by working at a sorority house making the afore-mentioned salads. With all modesty, he considered himself probably the world's foremost first-hand authority on the method with which one combines apples, nuts and mayonnaise.

But Lois can tell you Art was also the most popular student at San Diego State. He talked and muscled his way into almost everything. A fine athlete, he was captain of the basketball team, president of his class, president of his fraternity—name it, and he was president of it. For a kid who started out with no rank—not even a name of his own—he lost no time winning his letter in every field.

Including with the ladies. Quick of eye and fast with a quip, he talked himself into making Lois's acquaintance, and then

talked and danced his way into her heart. She caught his eye at a dance she attended with a fraternity brother of Art's, who wisely enough made no effort to introduce them. Throughout the evening he watched the petite girl who whirled around so gracefully in the sparkling dress. "I was very glamorous that evening, for my years," Lois laughs now. "I wore a black formal with a bias skirt and halter neck, and a black-and-gold sequinned cape. Art, I found out later, loved the sequins."

The following day Lois was giving her mother an account of the dance and talking about "that conceited fellow who kept flirting with me. Just because he's president of everything—he must think he's smart. I'll bet he thinks he can get any girl he wants. Well, *here's* one he'll never get—" when the phone rang and Art was suavely introducing himself and inviting her to the big annual fraternity dance. And Lois was racing back to her mother, asking excitedly, "May I go?"

Although the sparkle of sequins may have caught his eye, what really attracted Art to Lois seriously was the fact that she represented all he'd missed in life. "She had everything I didn't have. Security and stability. A fine family, a lovely home, an established place in the community. The feeling of belonging to somebody. Belonging somewhere. I'd had no real parents and no roots. I'd just bruised about the world. And she was great to talk to."

Art's ambition at that time was to be a teacher. An English prof. "To me this meant security for a lifetime. I'd lived up until then without knowing where my next buck was coming from or why. I wanted a job where I could be sure of two hundred a month for the rest of my life."

A few years later, Lois was to recall this fever for security and to wonder why it left him, and whether—in fact—he had become completely disinterested in ever working again. . . .

Theirs was a three-year courtship, with Lois still in high school when they met. There was no money for flowers or candy, but he brought her seven medals he'd won in track and swimming, and his gold basketball. "And," she says, "he was a wonderful dancer. I loved dancing with him—and still do. He had such a great sense of humor and he was always so good-natured and kind," she says. "So popular, too. And all the kids in my crowd were impressed because I was dating an 'older college man.' I felt highly flattered about the whole thing."

Art was a master of how to spend an enjoyable evening—and master of very little else. In those days, there was no money for dates. "But we missed out on nothing," Lois says now. "Art always had an angle. He got bids to every dance on campus—and, whenever they opened a new subdivision in San Diego and celebrated it with a street-dance, Art and I were there."

Their conveyance then was the kind of Maxwell Jack Benny supposedly drives. "It wasn't bad in summer—but in winter . . . how that roof leaked!" Lois laughs now. "I carried newspapers with me wherever we went, if it looked like rain. I'd sit in the car holding the newspapers over my head. And Art used papers to start a fire in the engine and dry it out when it was too wet to run. I'll never forget how Art used to crumple the papers on top of the engine and light them, then stand by and watch the fire—while I sat with other papers pulled down over my head, waiting to get going again. . . ."

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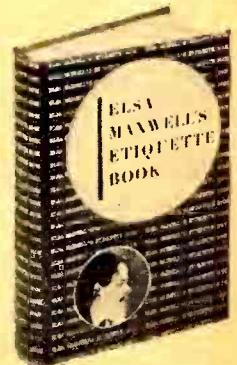
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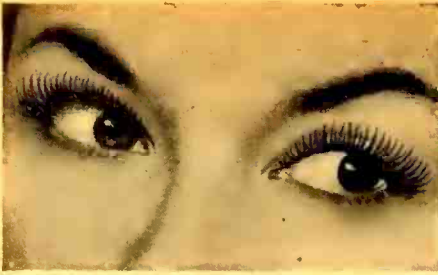
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Fate, in the form of a handsome football hero at the University of Arizona in Tucson, helped speed their marriage. And indirectly it was Art's own idea. Lois planned to return to San Diego State that fall "so I could be near Art." But it was Art's opinion that "Lois had never been anywhere and never seen anything, so I felt she should see at least a little of life before she settled down. So I urged her to go away to school that year. And Lois—well, she was pretty indignant about the whole thing." And Lois laughs: "Art thought I should be more independent of my family. He kept saying 'Why don't you go away to school?' I thought he was just tired of me and didn't want me around. In a few days I was packed and on my way." However, dating the catch of that campus wasn't at all what Art had in mind concerning the furtherance of her education. "It made me mad. I told her she would have to quit going to school there, and marry me—or else. It wasn't working out the way I'd thought it would."

In spite of which, when he saw his beautiful little bride in her cream-colored velvet wedding gown coming down the church aisle—carrying a bouquet of cream-colored roses with leaves dipped artistically in gold—as Lois laughs now, "He turned positively green." This may well be the only time in his life Art Linkletter has been at a loss for words. "I've never seen anybody so scared. He was gay and thrilled about it—until time for the wedding. Then Art seemed to realize for the first time what he was giving up by getting married..."

From there on, the wedding had some of the aspects of a comedy situation. Their plans for a "small, intimate family wedding" at the Grace Lutheran Church in San Diego, that Thanksgiving Day, went immediately out the window. They found the church jammed with strangers. Art's pal, Bill Goodwin, then announcing a radio show in Los Angeles, had told all his listeners in the San Diego vicinity that they were "warmly invited to Art Linkletter's wedding. Go now to the Grace Lutheran Church. Just say Bill Goodwin sent you."

Then, while making their dash out the back door for their "unannounced destination"—they dropped the marriage license somewhere. A fact of which they weren't aware until another Cupid of the kilocycles—a fellow Art worked with at KGB—interrupted his news broadcast with a flash bulletin, "Attention—All hotel-keepers in California! If a young couple attempts to register with your hostelry as Mr. and Mrs. Art Linkletter—ask them to show their marriage license!" Turning the radio on for some sentimental music, with his bride's head dreamily on his shoulder, as Art recalls: "When we heard this, we started looking for our license like crazy! We were going to the Pacific Coast Club in Long Beach, but they didn't hear the broadcast... fortunately."

They had ambitious plans for their first year together. They found a small upstairs apartment for forty dollars a month. "And we decided to save one thousand dollars that year—but it took us three." For Art quit his job for the more adventurous prospects of being radio program manager for the Texas Centennial in Dallas. "I'd been promoted to program manager—but I quit for a job that would last just six months—and with no prospects of anything to do thereafter," he says now, shaking his head laughingly. Which is when Lois first began worrying a little about him...

Today, with all Art Linkletter's activities... his CBS House Party daily on television and radio, his weekly People Are Funny show, and his other enterprises...

including oil wells in Texas, a roller rink in San Francisco, apartment buildings in Los Angeles, a bowling alley in Hollywood, a lead mine in Colorado and his membership on the board of directors of the same steamship line on which he worked as a seaman in 1933... to say nothing of a daily spirited session of handball at the Hollywood YMCA... it's small wonder Lois now worries about his working too much. "But," as he says, "there was a time there at first when she worried about me not working at all..."

For a guy who'd promised to show her the whole world, she hoped they'd have trolley fare. "I can't explain it—actually..." Art says slowly now. "All my life I'd looked forward to the day when I'd have a steady pay-check. And there I was with a job. I'd even been promoted. I was married—and I needed security more than ever—yet security as such was already losing its attraction for me..."

Because, with Lois, he'd found his own security for a lifetime. With her love and faith behind him, he was no longer afraid of the future. No longer traveling alone...

With the two hundred dollars they'd saved towards their first thousand, they loaded the worldly goods they'd endowed each other with into the Dodge that Art bought when they married, and took off for Dallas. The long way. And, as Lois laughs now, "Art couldn't have picked a worse time to start showing me the world. We'd just gotten the valves ground on the car but they'd botched it up, but good, and the car was swallowing oil. We had to carry cans of oil with us, because we'd run out even between gas stations. At intervals we'd stop the car and pour in more oil. But Art was determined that I'd see the Grand Canyon, Carlsbad Caverns, and any other famous landmarks within reach. We economized by staying in motels for a dollar or dollar-and-a-half a night—the kind with no locks on the doors and no springs in the mattresses."

Following the Texas Centennial—although he was offered a job on a Dallas radio station—they hit the highway again, bound for an opening with the San Francisco World's Fair. "By now I was becoming an expert on World's Fairs—but of course there wasn't much future in it. There aren't too many World's Fairs," he smiled. "I really fixed this one, anyway. I got in a big fight with the manager—and quit my job."

When he quit this one with no other visible means of support, he recalls, "Lois was worried—because I wasn't worried. I was the most relaxed man in the world. We had a few bucks in the bank and I didn't work for seven months."

Actually, Art wasn't as much a man of leisure during these unemployed days as he seemed on the surface. He was doing some serious thinking: "Making up my mind what the next move would be. As long as the money lasted—there was no hurry. I didn't want to take another job. I wanted to go into business for myself." In this, too, Lois was playing an important part... giving him the security and love to back the big gamble, to envision a better future. He went to work as a freelance announcer and master of ceremonies.

And when their first-born announced his arrival at this none too opportune time, not only his dad and mother—but the whole Stanford rooting section—was cheering him on. "Art tried to be so nonchalant about it, but it seemed to me the doctors and nurses were really over-doing the casual approach," Lois laughs now, remembering. "Jack was born during the big football game between Stanford and California. All the doctors and nurses were betting on the game, and I could hear

them. They had the radio going real loud in the delivery room, tallying the chances pro and con. I was afraid they weren't worrying enough about me. Jack was born just as Stanford made a touchdown . . . and the whole rooting section cheered."

That night, her husband gave her the first down payment on another part of the future he'd promised her. "It was a tiny diamond in a platinum setting. Just a little sparkle—but I loved it!"

When Art Linkletter moved his base of operation to Hollywood and embarked on People Are Funny with John Guedel, and also House Party, fortune really smiled on him. Blessing the Linkletters with not only personal but professional happiness, too.

Together theirs has been so much happiness that, as Art says, "I'll bet we haven't had three quarrels in seventeen years. That may sound very Pollyannaish—like we have no spirit at all. But we just don't quarrel. I say 'three'—actually I don't really remember one. . . ." And, as Lois puts it, "We've grown up together. We've liked the same things, looked at things the same way. I was sixteen years old when I met Art. Actually, it's hard for me to remember life without him. To remember ever not being with him. . . ." She says it in a tone which infers she wouldn't partic-

ularly want to remember any such time.

And during their seventeen years of warmth and whimsicality Art has gradually kept every promise he made the wide-eyed girl he married. Furs, jewels, and faraway places. It was a tiny diamond at first—so small, Lois had to get it in a strong light to see the sparkle. A silver fox—not too expensive. Then a full-length white fox coat—"I still keep it. I keep everything. I still have my wedding dress. . . ." He gradually worked his way to mink, and now Art adds to the collection every birthday and anniversary. As for showing her the world—from that first tour of the Grand Canyon with oil running low, the Linkletters are today one of Hollywood's most widely-traveled couples. Together they've taken a slow freighter to Havana. Together they've visited the far-away places—South America, Denmark, London, Berlin and Paris. And they're still traveling.

But their most exciting trip together has been the one to the top in show business. Art Linkletter has made his own name. A name famous in every household in the land. For which he gives thanks—and not only on their Thanksgiving anniversary—to the girl who's shared it, and whose faith and love and hope have helped so much to make the whole adventure possible.

Father with a Heart

(Continued from page 67)

strength, security, and feeling are there. For Bob doesn't play the role of devoted father: He works at it!

To Bob it isn't work. It's a very important part of his life. The time and effort he devotes to the needs of his brood of four are very precious to him, something he'd never sacrifice for any amount of fame or fortune.

Of the Hopes' quartette, it's young six-year-old Kelly who can cast about and come up with sixty ways of getting into mischief. Bob thinks Kelly may grow up to be the next family comedian!

Considering the activity the youngster displays, Bob thinks Kelly's six-year-old sister, Nora, bears up rather well when the two play together. "Come to think of it," says Bob, "we may have a comedienne on our hands!"

When the children get over-exuberant and the house begins to sway, Bob steps in to act as moderator. He'll try to make up new games or start to revive the old ones. His patience runs on like the Nile—there just doesn't seem to be any end to it. If they cut up too much, he feels he's the one who has let down!

When his creativeness gives out and all else fails, he'll pick up a script and start to read. He did just that last week when only he and Nora were in the house. The children love to monopolize his time, and Nora was in seventh heaven when Bob devoted the entire afternoon to her. Later on, in the evening, when the family was all seated at dinner, Nora said in a most confidential manner, "Oh, Daddy, why don't you tell Mommy and the others those jokes you told me this afternoon!"

As with Nora, Bob tries to give them all personal attention. The older children, he feels, need it especially. Tony, at twelve, and Linda, at thirteen, are going through the sensitive years, with each day bringing a whole new flock of personal experiences.

Bob calls them "growing" experiences, and tries to encourage the children by helping them with guidance or explanations, whichever is needed. In order to grow along with them, he sets aside special time to see that this is done. He

feels, and rightly, that children need a father's help as well as a mother's.

Though the children compete for his time and literally purr in the light of his attention, Bob splits it up in an impartial manner. He has no favorites. With Bob, it's apparent he loves each one as much as he loves them all together. His love is a growing thing which reaches out to the worshipping sunlight in their eyes.

To illustrate the children's love for Bob and devotion to the family, there's the incident of Tony's "shrunken stomach." Tony, it seems, has a tremendous appetite, as all growing boys do. But there was a period when—because the Hopes were remodeling and redecorating their Valley home—Tony was sent off to a nearby boarding school.

At this time, of course, the Hopes' home was undergoing growing pains of its own. "We only added a new bedroom," laughed Mrs. Hope, "but when the house was completed you couldn't recognize it."

The house, it seemed, underwent so complete a remodeling that the family moved into a small guest-house in the rear. When school started, Bob and Delores decided to send Tony off to boarding school where he'd have better facilities to study. With the house's completion, the Hopes called a family conference and decided the change for young Tony had been very good in many ways.

"So I'd suggest," explained Bob, "that you at least complete the semester at boarding school before returning home."

It was agreed that Tony would continue living at school, but the next weekend he came home for a visit. Bob noticed he was hardly touching his dinner. For Tony, this was rare for here was a young man who usually loved to eat. Anything, and at any time.

Bob said nothing, just watched. When the dessert (Tony's favorite) appeared, and still the boy only toyed with it, Bob decided something drastic was wrong. "What's the matter, son?"

"Oh," explained Tony, "I guess my stomach's shrank. I just can't eat."

"Stomach's shrank?" said Bob. "Why?"

"Well, sir, the food is just awful at

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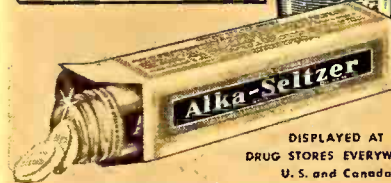
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school. So I don't get to eat much, and my stomach's shrunk. Maybe I'd better come home again."

The "coming home again" part tipped off Bob. So that was it. Tony wanted to come home to live. "Tell you what we'll do," said Bob, "your mother and I will go back to school with you—and stay for lunch."

"Well," said Tony with a gulp, "all right."

The Hopes went back with Tony to school the next Monday. Not only did they stay for lunch but had a long talk with the school official. Tony, it seemed, wasn't too happy at the prospects of this talk. His "shrunk stomach" was about to be shown up for the ruse it was.

It developed, according to Bob, that Tony was torn between his devotion, his sense of belonging to the family, and a desire to keep the new friends he'd made at the boarding school. He enjoyed the school and really wanted to stay, but he felt that if this were known it might seem disloyal to the family whose companionship he

valued so highly. He wasn't sure that they'd understand his wanting to be away—just till the end of the semester.

But he had to show them in some way that he wanted to be back with them. Hence the story of the "shrunk stomach." Some devotion, this, that would inspire such a subtle subterfuge.

"Of course, we understood," laughed Bob. "The whole matter was straightened out in short order—and Tony stayed, a happier boy. As for the 'shrunk stomach,' I ate the school food at lunch—only had two helpings (growing-boy appetite, myself)—and Tony ate as if he'd never eaten before.

"I can imagine the sacrifice it must have been for him to pass up that Saturday-night dinner at home. And with that desert we had!"

A gentle, understanding man, Bob Hope. A good father, too. Just ask anyone who knows him, but don't ask Bob. He'll never tell you.

Anniversary for Happiness

(Continued from page 66)

back seat of the station wagon, set the girls on the mattress and that was that. We had the children with us the whole time—and had a terrific trip!

"I never knew the country was so big," Eve continued, "and wonderful. People warned us that we would be driving into the heat, but it wasn't hot at all. And such beauty! Every state we drove across seemed to have a loveliness of its own. Missouri, for instance, is absolutely graceful. The rivers make it so, I think. Then there is Kentucky. The mountains are as gentle as kittens, and the color of their grass is really blue! Illinois and Indiana have such homey towns, and the farms of Ohio and Pennsylvania are picture-perfect. Their red and white barns and fences are kept so clean and neat they seem to be painted on the car window. If I could borrow another lifetime, I'd spend it traveling around the country."

At home or traveling, Eve and Brooks share many interests. "We're the greatest together kids!" says Eve. "I never thought I'd be that way about a man, but we do everything together. We garden in part of our free time and you'd think we were retired, we spend so much time in the outdoors. Brooks even knows the names of the plants."

They hook rugs together, too. "That is, Brooks designs the rugs and I do the hooking. Somehow he's gotten away from that part. I guess you could say I got 'hooked' here."

Eve and Brooks are proud of the "friendship rug" they are creating. It is for the Stanley Amsters, in Connecticut, on whose farm they were married. Each square of the rug, which Brooks is designing, is representative of some aspect of the Amsters' life.

Eve shares Brooks' interest in photography, though she's not quite as adept as he. Brooks' stereo-realist slides are very good, says Eve. "He has them of everything—the children, house, hook rugs, the roses in the garden. I'm very happy we can keep this picture record of the kids. In life you lose so many wonderful experiences because you can't keep them in your mind. I love to look over our pictures. Any one of them brings back a thousand memories. Driving across the country, for example, we shot pictures constantly. We covered 7,000 miles on the trip and I'm sure we have two pictures for every mile."

Eve remembers that 7,000-mile anniversary trip as being hectic but divine. "We

got to New York in five days by driving great long stretches at a time. The kids loved it, of course, because they could bounce around on the mattress or sleep as they wished. Though we wanted to spend our anniversary night at the Amsters' in Connecticut (after all, we were married there) we didn't quite make it. So we had to settle for a night on the town in New York City. Tough, huh?" Eve grins.

"Well, we got to Connecticut the next day and celebrated again. I expect the Amsters thought we hadn't done much the night before since we had all counted on celebrating together. At any rate, they made up for what they thought was a delayed celebration. Believe me, we had plenty of anniversary by the end of the second day."

On the way back to California, they stopped off in Texas to meet Brooks' mother, sisters, brothers and their families. "It was really wonderful," says Eve, "they were charming and such fun. No big parties, just a family barbecue, you know, the way Texans do it—one small cow for ten people. Then, too, we stayed in the most heavenly motel. But then Texas has everything. Liza came away a confirmed Texan. In fact, we could hardly get her to leave. You ought to hear her bragging about her Texas relatives. Everything is bigger and better . . . and if what she tells her little friends isn't quite true, it's very well invented. Yes, indeed, a lot of Texas rubbed off on Liza."

Happy to be home again, after their trip, Eve settled down to the routine of making the year's TV pictures and radio shows. "We work four days a week on the TV show and Sunday I do the radio version of Our Miss Brooks. That leaves two days off. Of course, Brooks has to work those two days on the My Friend Irma show."

The Arden-West recipe for happiness in the second year calls for an exciting jaunt to Paris this summer. "Our first trip, you know. We decided to concentrate on seeing gay Paree, and not spread the time too thin traveling all over the continent. Besides, we couldn't leave the kids any longer."

One suspects, though, that Eve hates being too far and too long away from her lovely home—a situation even the children realize. The clue lies in Liza's Christmas request. "Dear Santa," it read, "please send me a big piece of flat ground to ride my two-wheeler on, 'cause Mother will never leave this house!"

"My Brother, Arthur Godfrey!"

(Continued from page 37)

To ponder, "What are all you good people doing out there?" To ask, "And why, for that matter, am I here?"

And in Phoenix, Arizona, his sister was recalling some of the reasons why Arthur Godfrey is where he is today—most of the time in your own living room. Kathy, a Godfrey who has been almost too humble herself to even reveal she is one—until now.

Never throughout her radio experience, never in fact until today—a television star in her own right at Station KPHO—would she use the Godfrey name. "I was afraid I wouldn't be good enough," she says.

Personally, she still isn't at all sure. But in the Cochise country and across the Valley of the Sun, Arthur Godfrey's dark-haired sister, with her warm husky voice and laughing Irish eyes, is a very familiar and beloved first name. Arizona knows her as "Kathy" (or "Kassie," speaking for those under three). She's the sweetheart of all the small fry from Globe to Gila Bend, and hers is the name they carve lovingly on the family Joshua tree. All because of a show called, simply enough, Kathy's Story Time.

And now today, in an exclusive interview with RADIO-TV MIRROR—with her brother's own mellow radio voice in the background—Kathy was telling another story. A different kind of story. In the lanai of her lovely Arizona home, with shadows splitting Camelback Mountain and dividing the desert into purple and gold, she was telling the Godfreys' own story—with all its human highlights and shadows. Telling it as they've lived it—with both eyes on the sun.

Hers is a warm and witty way of making laughter out of a tear. As the Godfreys often made laughter out of a tear. Yet a few words, quickly passed over and almost thrown away, set the stage.

"You hear people say how tough they had it when they were kids. They say they had nothing, and they may mean they went without dessert on Sundays. But we really had nothing. We were the kind of poor where you don't go to school in the snow—because you have no shoes to wear. We had nothing—and yet we had everything."

There's the memory of a little limp—behind that mellow radio voice. And there's the black walking stick by his sister's couch—always close to her hand. Both mute and yet vivid reminders of a rainier day.

And you know that—like laughter—courage, too, has been a little contagious among the Godfrey clan. You can understand how the European specialist who once examined Kathy Godfrey must have felt, when he left the room and, returning, found her rising to be on her way.

"Do you walk?" he said, startled. "Yes," she smiled, reaching briskly for her cane.

"But you haven't got anything to walk with," he said, still not believing his eyes. "Why, you shouldn't even be able to stand!"

But then, of course, he had never heard of a place called Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. And he didn't know the Godfreys—or he would have been prepared for anything.

Although sometimes even their own neighbors, who thought they comprehended them, were a little confused by their activities and philosophies—many of which were parentally inspired.

For two heartwarming reasons why Arthur Godfrey is where he is today, why Kathy made a happy active future out of seeming despair, would be their late father, Arthur, Sr., and Irish mother, Kathryn

Morton Godfrey, a gay and gracious lady who now, at seventy-four—when asked by strangers whether she's related to Arthur Godfrey—twinkles, "I'm his 'producer.'" Truer words were never spoken in jest!

Their parents not only influenced the earlier chapters of any story of the five little Godfreys and how they grew—but, between them, Arthur Godfrey's co-producers helped provide a foundation for his fabulous success. The oldest child, he was early indoctrinated in their principles and in their warmth and whimsicalities. As Kathy says, they had nothing—yet they had everything. Theirs was a rich inheritance. Rich in humility of spirit, in a love of life and laughter, and rich in thought and vision—vision limited only by a man's own dreams.

Their father, an adventurous Englishman, fascinated them with colorful tales of his younger days as a cabin boy on a merchant ship. He was a writer and a fine judge of horseflesh. He authored a book called *Through Ireland in a Jaunting Cart*, edited *The Horse Show Blue Book*, and wrote columns on horse shows for a New York newspaper. Arthur was very close to him and fairly idolized him. He inherited, too, his father's love for horses and a keen horse-sense—"He has all Father's books on horses and his articles at his farm now."

Sometimes when their father went to the newspaper office to write his column, he would take Kathy with him. "I'd curl up on a leather couch while he typed—most of the night. When he wrote at home he would wake me up in the early morning and we would have marmalade and tea and toast together. How the neighbors used to talk about Father keeping his children up so late!"

But their father took a dim view of any neighborhood comment. He was an Independent—religiously, politically, and in just about every way mentionable. He encouraged his children early to reason and think for themselves, to weigh and accept or reject. He had only pity for narrowness of thought. His personal religion was his genuine liking and compassion for his fellow-man—and he lived it every day. "He didn't want us to go to any particular Sunday school. He would always say, 'I want you to go to all churches and Sunday schools and find out what all of them believe and teach. Find out for yourselves what you believe.'"

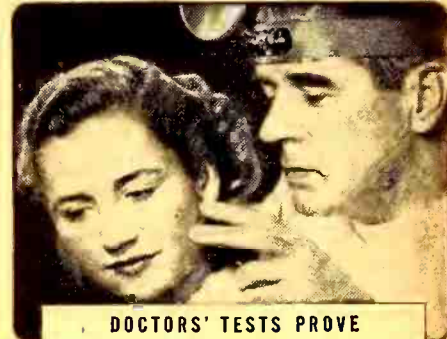
"Once when our basement was broken into, Father went down to investigate and brought the burglar back with him. 'That's no way to knock on doors,' he told him. Then he fixed a plate of food, gave him a suit of clothes, put twenty-five dollars in his hand, and bade him goodbye. Later the man sent the twenty-five dollars back. Father was as kind and generous as they come. He was always the one on our street who gave the postman a Christmas present. We had less money than anybody—but he was always doing things like that," Kathy goes on. "When he wrote an article he would get a check, but sometimes there were long spaces between checks. Yet at Christmas some way we always had a tree. Of course, Mother made everything that went on it. She was always so skilled with her hands."

All in all, they missed few of the finer arts. Their mother saw particularly to that. "We could lisp the words of Mark Twain before we could talk. Mother was an accomplished pianist and we had a piano. I'll never know how—but we did. Some way she would arrange for us to go to New York to the Metropolitan on Saturday

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afternoons—and every year, when the Gilbert & Sullivan Company came, we would be there. Mother would know somebody connected with it and they would give her passes. But the neighbors chatted about how we didn't have a suit or dress—but we could always go to the opera."

The young Godfreys knew the entire score of "The Mikado" by heart. In fact, at home they had their own company. "We would act it all out for the other kids on the street. They just couldn't get over it. When we told them what we had seen—a stage with live people on it, talking and singing—they couldn't believe it. We just lived across the George Washington Bridge from New York, but they'd never seen a live play. They would sit wide-eyed while the Godfreys, using their old-fashioned hall-tree for a stage, acted it out in sequence for them. Mother was always listening, and if we made a mistake she would come in and correct us. 'No-no—it goes like this,' she'd say—and then we'd have to start the whole scene over again."

Their mother never let them get away with any technicalities. "She was always watching our diction, too. Always stopping us in the middle of a sentence if we made a mistake in English with, 'What did you say?' We thought she made too much of it, and sometimes it would take us forever to say anything. But Mother wouldn't give in. She would keep repeating, 'What did you say?'—until we said it right. 'You must speak correctly,' she would tell us. Adding, 'Some day you will thank me for this.'"

How much reason they would have to thank her, none of them could then foretell. Or that talking would be Arthur Godfrey's life's work.

Their mother laughs about it today, but she was always insistent about using the most advanced pronunciation, too. "She would call a tomato—'tomahto,' and she would correct us in this. We seldom ever even had a tomato—but we had to call them 'tomahtoes' anyway," Kathy recalls merrily now. "It was the same with chiffonier. Mother preferred the French pronunciation—and she referred to ours as a 'chiffonnyay.'"

One way or another, there was never a dull moment at the Godfreys'. They had their own family musicales. Their mother played the piano and, if you think Arthur can play a ukulele, take his sister's word for it—"he's a sensation on the banjo!" Among her most vivid memories are how handsome her brother looked in a "sailor's suit" and how well he could play a banjo.

There was much excitement when Arthur departed from the family homestead for Uncle Sam's. "I'll never forget how impressed all of us were when he came home—the first time we saw him in uniform. We were all so proud of him. This wonderful red-headed guy in a 'sailor's suit.' Arthur was about the only sailor in Hasbrouck Heights at that time, as I recall—and when he came home everybody knew it. He had a terrific personality then, too, and he was loads of fun. Sometimes he would bring a shipmate home with him, a grand little Irishman named Pat O'Brien. Pat could play 'Kitten On the Keys' on the piano real fast—and Arthur would sit in with his banjo. It was always a big day for the Godfreys when Arthur came home."

But even then tragedy was hovering over their home. And when—following a long, long illness—their beloved father left them, it took all the sunshine and ingenuity they could muster amongst them for the Godfreys to survive. "Arthur was in the Navy, stationed in Greece, when Father died. It took him two long months to get home." But it took years to soften the sadness of his father's passing.

Their mother seemed to have four hands—and she needed four to feed and clothe the small Godfreys. She played the piano

at the local movie house. She baked cookies and sold them. She did fancy needlework.

Arthur helped out, too, sending whatever he could spare from wherever he was then employed—whether in the Navy, working in a restaurant, or selling lots in a cemetery. "Arthur always helped Mother," Kathy recalls. "In the middle of some crisis, when there was no gas or something else was lacking, a check from him would arrive. We all thought it was amazing the way Arthur seemed to sense when the gas had been shut off."

He'd been making himself heard in radio—even in the middle of the night with a record show; he'd been Winchelled with, "Catch that redhead in Baltimore—he's a scream." And he was making a bigger name in Washington, D. C. . . . when Fate struck a tragic double play, as though determined to test the strength of the Godfreys.

Kathy was working at Schrafft's in New York as a hostess. One afternoon, after she'd gone swimming in a public pool with some young friends, she became very ill . . . and heard those dreaded words—infantile paralysis. "Mother had a hard time getting me into a hospital. We had very little money, and of course there was no Foundation then. No hospitals wanted polio patients, anyway." To a vivacious seventeen-year-old, the future seemed almost too dark to handle.

Not long thereafter, Arthur Godfrey, while en route to the airport to catch a plane, was badly smashed up in an automobile accident. "So badly they didn't even tell me for some time."

In the hushed night world of a hospital, with its dimmed lights, nurses moving softly, and sounds of suffering ever near—a man faces himself, his faith and his future. Faces them and finds his own answers. "I think this is when Arthur got his working philosophy of life," Kathy says now slowly, of the eight months he spent in the Walter Reed Hospital mending back together again. "He had a lot to think about—and a lot of time to think." To ponder that the world is peopled with sensible, everyday people who shouldn't be subjected to high-pressure techniques, and to resolve that one Arthur Morton Godfrey would never so subject them. He would speak softly and carry a very small stick. And soon he was speaking to them, broadcasting from his hospital bed.

For fourteen months in another hospital—Kathy faced her own fight. "I didn't really think I'd ever walk again," she says slowly now. "And nobody else thought so, I'm sure. My hands came back. My feet came back. But I had no muscles from my knees to my waist. I sat in a wheelchair for a year, with them lifting me up and setting me down. But all my thoughts went back to the same thing. This is a walking world. You need to walk to work. I didn't know how I would ever walk. There was no reason I should even be able to stand. But I've got to try, I told myself, I've got to see—"

"In the middle of the night, when others were asleep, I would try. I would turn over on my stomach, pull myself up, and slide my legs off the bed until my feet could touch the floor. Then I would try to push myself up." She kept turning, sliding, pulling and pushing . . . and one night she found for one wobbly second she was on her own two feet—and she blessed the tough sinews at the back of her knees as her very good friend.

This is a walking world, she kept telling herself—during those months when she was taking her first steps. "It was then I learned that people are willing to walk more slowly with you. Then that I learned many things. . . ."

When you've been down into the dark—

ness, every day from then on, no matter how it's wrapped, is a present. And life itself a loan to be used wisely and well. And yours for the taking, the simple and kindly truth that, if need be, others will walk more slowly with you—and that nobody ever really walks alone.

Today a whole world walks with Arthur Godfrey when he ambles, dances or skates into the family living room. And, when they're together now, the philosophical Godfreys can even laugh a little about those darker days. A few years ago when Kathy visited her brother, he gave her a personally conducted tour. "Come on, let me show you around the farm," he said. Adding laughingly, "Boy, this is really the lame leading the lame."

Perhaps nobody appreciates more than his sister just how far Arthur Godfrey has come. "He deserves so much credit for everything he's done," she says.

So much, that she's never wanted to step into the spotlight as a "Godfrey." Not only because of a natural desire to establish herself in radio and television on her own, but for fear she wouldn't live up to the name her brother had made. Until recently, she used her mother's maiden name, Kathy Morton, and few knew she was Arthur Godfrey's sister when she came to Phoenix. "I didn't want them to know—until I got the job." Here another Irishman. Johnny Mullins, then the owner of KPHO, recognizing how her warmth and wit reached out to all from the screen, persuaded her to use the name of Godfrey for her television shows, Swap Shop and Story Time—both of them shows as unrehearsed and ad libbed as they come. "I guess all Godfreys talk," she says.

Today in Arizona, Kathy's the queen of her own kindergarten kingdom, come Story Time. They eat their spinach and brush their teeth because "Kassie says so." And their parents' admonishing, "What would Kathy say?" works unbelievable wonders among the little junior vigilantes of the Golden West.

Her Story Time is booked up five months in advance with twenty-four little guest stars all clamoring to get on. Every Wednesday the lucky ones, aged two to eight, scour their little faces, shine their little boots, and come before the cameras at KPHO to indulge in whatever artistry their little uninhibited hearts desire. They speak their little pieces, sing their little songs, and sit with eyes eagerly glued to Kathy's when she tells the story of the day, listening to see whether this time Red Riding Hood or the wolf will win. They tell their own stories, making them up as they go along. Once a little girl pulled a real bloomer on the show. And now and then, out of sheer exuberance, one of the little boys levels a friendly left in the little kisser of the child behind. Occasionally general kiddimonium sets in and Kathy sings "Everybody Sit Down-n-n"—a theme song they also use to advantage at home when The Tall Ones get between them and the television screen.

In their own gracious rambling desert-modern home in the Rancho Solano section of Phoenix, Arthur Godfrey has half a dozen devoted family-fans, including his sister; her husband "Rip," a brilliant pediatrician; their attractive and poised blonde daughter, Nancy, fourteen; their son, Robin, eight; a blue-blooded collie, Nicholas; and an interested bulldog, Snifty—and occasionally their bright blue parakeet, who loves to escape his cage and take a flyer at TV. When she was younger, Nancy would come home in tears because the other school children "w-w-won't believe Arthur Godfrey is my uncle," she would sob. As for Robin, he's a chip off his uncle, with his love for horses. "I

have three hundred in my room now," he says proudly, referring to the horse-print wallpaper—and he's counted them, too.

And there is no greater Godfrey fan extant anywhere than his "producer," Kathryn Morton Godfrey, who somehow always felt something unusual could happen for the Godfreys, and who—though proud of the recognition being given her children today—is probably not overly surprised. However, when a write-up about Kathy appeared recently in Phoenix's TV Views Magazine, she received a phone call from the editor. "Who do you know living at such-and-such address in New York?" When Kathy said "Why?" being a little cautious, he started laughing. "Well, I just got a written order requesting me to rush fifty copies of this issue to your mother," he said. As for Arthur, Mother Godfrey once papered a whole wall of her smart New York apartment's kitchen with publicity pictures and ads of him, explaining to visitors, "This way I can look at him twenty-five times."

"Arthur is so good to her," Kathy says appreciatively, speaking of her mother, who recently returned from Honolulu and who'd spent five months traveling around Europe not too long before. "As for Mother, she adores him—although she tries to keep the rest of us from knowing just how much," she laughs. "But we always kid her about it, anyway."

Kathy listens with sisterly pride to the complimentary comments fans make about him, and particularly those who don't know she's even related to him. Such as the cab driver who took her from the airport into Washington, D. C.—a great Godfrey fan who became so annoyed when she didn't entuse with him. He had her brother's radio program going in the cab, and he was full of conversation about him. "This Arthur Godfrey—he's the greatest," he said. And, for a minute there, Kathy thought she was going to have to cross the Potomac under her own power, when straight-faced she said, "Why? What does he do?"

Sometimes, too, a Godfrey fan absolutely refuses to acknowledge her relationship, as did the woman who stopped her recently with, "Are you really Arthur Godfrey's sister?" Yes, she said, she was really his sister. The woman took another close look at her then said primly, "Well, I don't believe it. I just don't believe it at all."

When recently a rumor spread that Arthur Godfrey was coming to Phoenix, Kathy's was a very busy phone. A musical group called suggesting how an audition might be arranged for Arthur to hear them. A lady wanted to plan a small dinner party for him, and of course Kathy and her husband were invited, too. And a brisk voice called requesting her brother's New York address. "We want to get in touch with him now and make some arrangements. Mr. Cudia wants to sculpt him in the desert," the voice said.

"What?" said Kathy, wondering if she'd heard him correctly.

And she had. Mr. Cudia wanted to sculpt him in the desert.

Kathy got a little hysterical. "Forgive me, but somehow I just can't imagine Arthur being sculpted in the desert by anybody," she laughed.

His are features that require no sculpting to be remembered. They're engraved in hearts and on hearths everywhere. And, even as Kathy Godfrey was recalling aloud the reasons why, a mellow moon was rising in the crisp desert sky. And into the room so warm with memories came the fellow with the grin, lighting his own way.

Lo—it was Arthur Godfrey Time . . . again.



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Search for Tomorrow

(Continued from page 45)
executive Roy Winsor. Mary had a dinner date with her beau, Richard Krolik (now her husband, and a producer of TV documentary shows), and with Roy. Richard's work took him away at the last moment, but Mary and Roy dined together, and their talk got around to the importance of housewives and what it means to be a successful homemaker. It was Mary's contention, and it still is, that the housewife's job is a full-sized one, calling for all sorts of skills and, in addition, an adult's understanding of human nature and the reasons people act the way they do. She talked that day about the things that make every woman a homemaker at heart, no matter what other career she may have.

"Women like to cook and to keep things tidy," Mary said. "They want children, and a home. They like to sew, to make things for themselves and for the house. They like pretty clothes. They talk about completely different things than men do, because their real interests are centered in their households."

Mr. Winsor nodded assent. "Let's put all of that in a dramatic serial on television some day," he told her, "and you play the lead." There the whole subject ended, and Mary didn't expect anything special to come of their earnest little conversation. She was only expressing what she really felt.

This was during the period when Mary was practically fresh from Hollywood, having been in some thirty motion pictures, with small parts in big pictures and slightly bigger parts in lesser ones. She had come to New York, finally, to get into television. Someone told her that, if she joined the actors who auditioned at Radio City for various TV and radio roles, she might hear about jobs she would fit. So she sat on the benches with the rest of the eager aspirants and moved along as the line shortened and actors were summoned into the inner sanctum.

Other actors and actresses were nice to her, especially the males. Being a slender, five-foot-six blonde with guileless, big, gray-blue eyes helped. Men felt protective toward this lovely young girl, and one of them was the means of her meeting Dave Alexander, who had started a class for actors who wanted to go on polishing their technique, although already professionals. She joined the group, and through it met Charles Irving and his wife, Hollis. One day, Charles said to her: "Remember when, some months ago, you and Roy Winsor discussed a daytime drama on TV? We're

going ahead with it now, and I have been coming here to watch you work. I think you're fine."

Thus Search For Tomorrow was born. It started in September, 1951, shortly after Mary and Richard returned from their honeymoon. (They had been married on August first.) It has been close to Mary's heart ever since, and she is proud that—when something happens in Joanne's life which seems baffling, those responsible for the program frequently ask her what she would do under the same circumstances.

For instance, when Joanne was widowed and her home life went to pieces and she had to get a job to make a new home and to get back her little girl, Pati, Mary was asked what kind of job she would look for. "I said I could cook and sew and clean, and Joanne would know these things, too. I supposed she would try to open a boarding house, or a restaurant and tourist house, or something similar which a woman could do well." That's how Joanne Barron happened to start a tourist home and restaurant.

Happily for her, Mary Stuart's own "search for tomorrow" has fallen into pleasanter patterns than Joanne's. When she is through with her noon broadcast and the following short rehearsal for the next day's program, she can walk the few blocks from the CBS-TV studio to her attractive apartment in the East Sixties, near Park Avenue. "From that moment on, I am cook, seamstress, cleaner, dishwasher and housewife," she says. "When I have children, they will have all these hours of my time, too."

The apartment is in a reconverted New York house, high-ceilinged, with an open fireplace in the living room and a view of a rear garden. Mary has a passion for modern furniture, the kind made of pale, smooth woods with black wrought-iron for frames and trim. The living room is decorated in shades of cocoa, and there are striking accents of black and a few touches of bright color. A passion for old Chinese things, too, is evident in a few fine pieces, and there is a certain pair of Chinese chests she's had her eye on for months which will probably grace this room before long. Temptation has become harder to resist with every visit to the shop where they now stand.

Although her arrival in New York in early 1951 was by way of Hollywood, she was born in Florida (on July 4, 1926), and was brought up in Tulsa, Oklahoma. There she started to act in church and school theatricals, as well as to sing. She sang

with the local band, and did a regular early-morning show on radio before she went off to her high-school classes. Patti Page was the other local singer.

Later on, when she heard about an opening with a trans-continental airline, she applied and was told she could take three weeks' training in New York. So she borrowed the money from her family and went, thinking how glamorous it all sounded. She disliked the whole business of being a trainee, however, and the agreement was cancelled after a week.

She was in New York, she wanted to stay, and she had to get a job. In a restaurant one night with a friend, she watched the hat-check girl. That looks easy enough, she thought to herself, realizing it left some free time early in the day to look for other and more exciting work. She asked the girl where a similar job might be had, and was told it would be difficult to get one in Manhattan but that out in one of the boroughs of New York City there was an opening she knew about.

"She told me where to go, and let me say she sent me, and I got the job. I checked hats, sold corsages and cigarettes, and took flashlight photographs of customers who liked to be snapped at their table as a souvenir. One night a dishwasher went on a rampage and started a wild fight in the kitchen. I got scared and quit cold. I never did go back for the five dollars they owed me. But I had learned about nightclub work and I soon got another job, this time as camera girl in the grill room of one of the big New York hotels."

It was there that Joseph Pasternak, the M-G-M producer, saw Mary and signed her for movies. She was just twenty, and she stayed in Hollywood close to five years—"never getting off location on the backlots of Metro, Warners and Columbia," she describes it now. "I was the girl you saw in an elevator scene for a moment before the door closed. When I had good parts, the movies were B pictures." She decided to strike out for New York again, her objective being television, and she had a number of dramatic roles before she began to play Joanne Barron in Search For Tomorrow.

So real has the part become, not only to Mary but to her family, that both her mother and mother-in-law are unhappy when anyone is mean to her in any sequence of the show. "They turn away from it," she says. "They can't continue to watch." Mary herself has been overcome with emotion about the program at times. She had to leave the studio and go to a nearby restaurant to sit it out, the day the script called for Joanne's husband to die in a hospital scene.

So thoroughly is she steeped in the role of Joanne, this girl she helped create, that occasionally she says things that aren't in the script at all but are typical of both of them! Once she made a little speech that hadn't been written down anywhere or rehearsed. It came out spontaneously, before she could stop it, if indeed she was aware that she was doing anything unexpected. And it was so completely in character that none of the others in the scene were caught off-guard, but were only a bit surprised to hear the unrehearsed words.

"Richard says he can't always tell where Mary Stuart leaves off and Joanne Barron begins," Mary laughs. "Neither can I, any more. Anyhow, there's provision for a wheelchair in my contract, because that's how long I hope to play Joanne Barron. Until we're both old, old ladies. Because I believe in her, and all the womanly things she stands for."



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