

RADIO-TV MIRROR

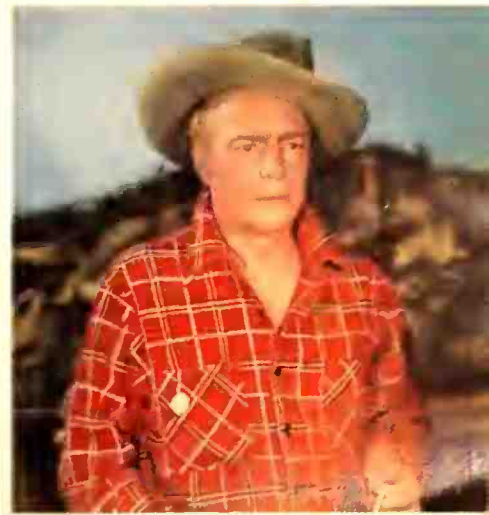
March
N. Y. AREA TV PROGRAM LISTINGS



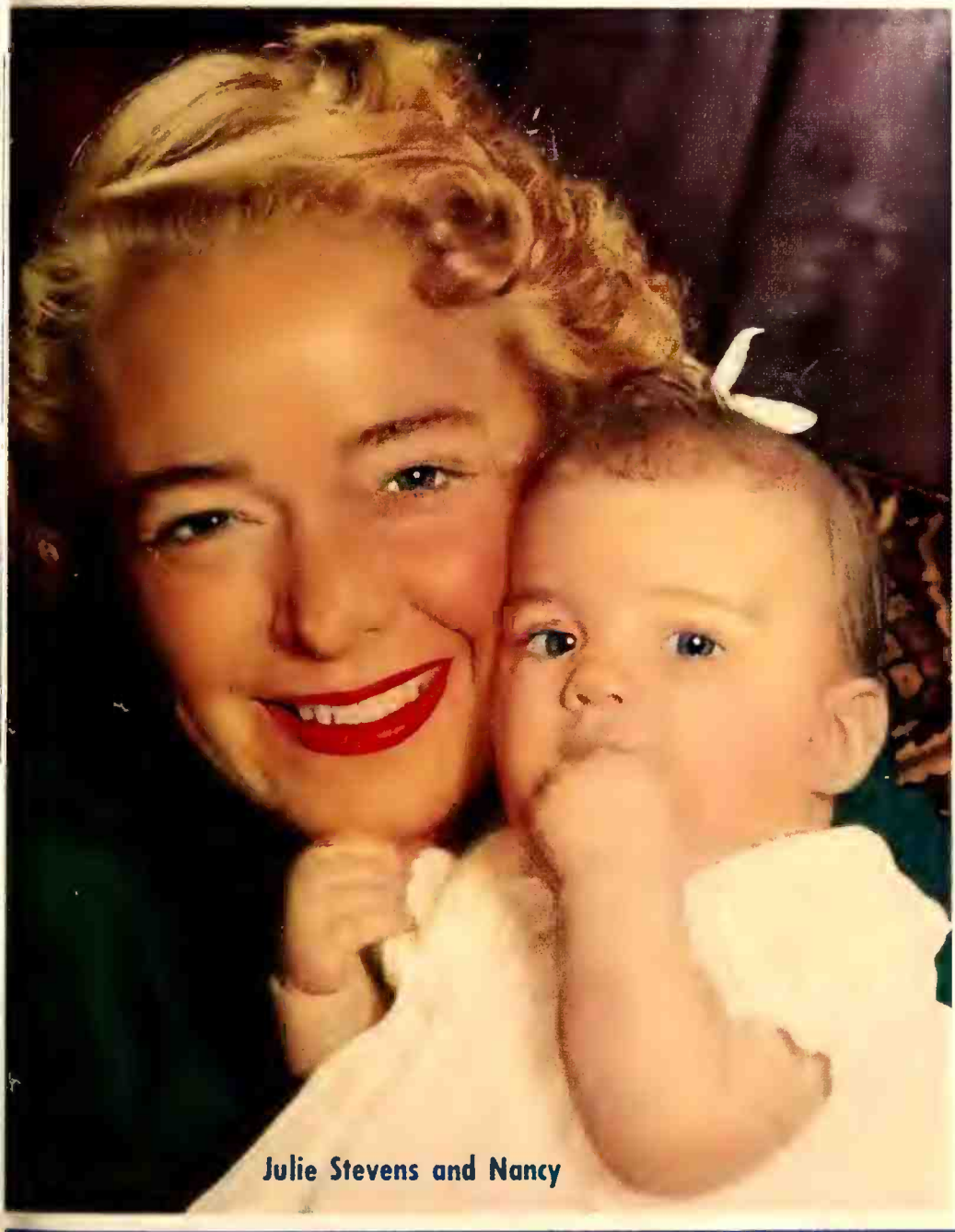
• **Ted Collins Kate Smith
Homespun Happiness**



• **Dinah Shore
Miracle of Motherhood**



• **Stella Gaisworth
Love Journey's Here**



Julie Stevens and Nancy

OUR MAN GODFREY by Marion Marlowe
Mario Lanza's love story • Joyce Jordan, M. D.

Behold! *Camay* can take your skin
“Out of the Shadows”
 and into the light of *New Loveliness!*



MRS. PAUL T. CRANE, a recent Camay bride vows: "I'd be lost without Camay. Once I changed to regular care and Camay, in next to no time I had a clearer skin."

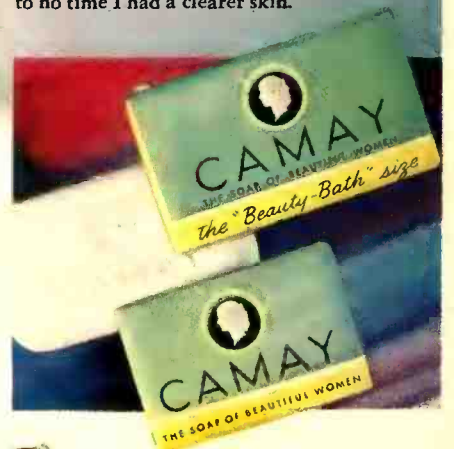
Learn from this Camay bride! See a clearer, brighter skin appear with your First Cake of Camay!

WHEN A GIRL has her heart set on love and romance, when a happy marriage is her aim and ambition, she never permits dullness to hide the beauty of her complexion.

There's no need to have your beauty clouded in shadows! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay

alone—and a fresher, clearer complexion will be yours with the very *first cake* of Camay you use.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. How gentle it is! And its lather is so rich and creamy. See your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



New beauty for arms and legs, too!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Use the big, Beauty-Bath Size for more lather, luxury and economy.

Camay *the soap of beautiful women*

Don't fool with **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

Start with Listerine Antiseptic... Quick!



The stubborn "BOTTLE BACILLUS" (P. ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

A LITTLE normal shedding is natural, but when flakes and scales persist on coat collar, look out! They may mean infectious dandruff. Dandruff is the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When due to germs, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you because it gets after the germs in a jiffy.

Don't fool around with preparations devoid of germ-killing power which merely remove loose dandruff. Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly twice a day . . . the medicinal treatment that has helped so many. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

You simply douse it on the scalp, full strength, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp an antiseptic bath—and kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" germ, (P. ovale). This is the stubborn invader that many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

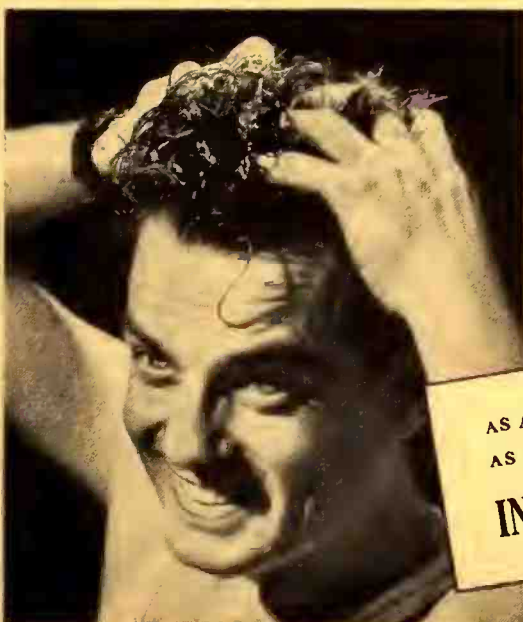


Keep the treatment up regularly: see how quickly the flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how itching is alleviated . . . how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When You Wash Hair

To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic whenever you wash your hair. Listerine Antiseptic is the fine, time-tested medicine that has served Americans so well for more than sixty years. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



AS A PRECAUTION . . .
AS A TREATMENT FOR . . .

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

STOPS BAD BREATH!

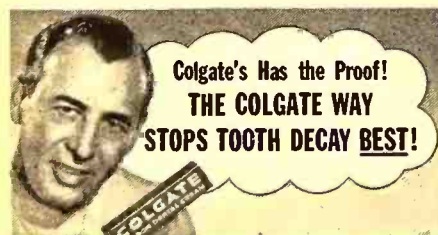
*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



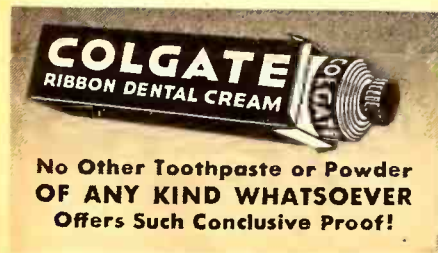
For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.*



Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

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 Marie Haller, *Assistant Editor*
 Frances Kish, *Television Assistant*
 Helen Witzling, *Editorial Assistant*
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Cover portrait of Julie Stevens and Nancy by Max Coplan
 Pg. 38, photo by Jane Troxell; Pg. 60, table set with Lenox China

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Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only \$1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

Evening dress, Maurice Rentner



A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave
 looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest
Naturally Curly Hair!



Refill \$1.25*
 Complete Kit \$2.25*
 *plus tax



Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!
 Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave
 that would last and last!

Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

Home Permanent
 Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

WHAT'S NEW from

By JILL WARREN



Joanne Smillie meets idol Ed Sullivan, Toast of the Town emcee, when he appeared on Celebrity Parade for Cerebral Palsy's fifteen-hour TV show.

CBS-TV's new glamour star: Ginger Rogers jumped into television in a big way a few weeks ago when she signed an exclusive five-year contract with CBS. Her deal with the network will bring her a reported \$1,000,000. Ginger will be seen on a full thirty-nine-week series of half-hour shows, originating in Hollywood, and the premiere is tentatively set for some time in April. La Rogers will do a little of everything she's done on the screen—acting, dancing, and singing, and there are future plans for capsule versions of some of her film successes, "Lady In The Dark," "Kitty Foyle," etc. Under the terms of her contract, Ginger can do two movies a year if she wants to, and also appear on radio, but only for CBS.

When Godfrey speaks: Julius La Rosa, the young baritone who recently joined the "Little Godfreys" on Arthur's daytime radio show, thinks his boss is "the greatest guy in the world," and for good reasons. A little over a year ago when Commander Arthur Godfrey went on two weeks' active duty with the Naval Air Training Command at Pensacola, Florida, he met La Rosa, who was then an aviation-electronics man, third class, stationed aboard an aircraft carrier. During an entertainment at the enlisted men's club, Arthur heard Julius sing before the sailor audience and was so impressed with his voice and talent that he said, "If you weren't in the Navy I'd give you a job tomorrow. In my opinion, you have every chance of becoming one of the great singing stars." When La Rosa was granted leave, Arthur invited him to New York to make an appearance on his show and the lad was an immediate hit with Godfrey listeners. Then Julius was transferred to Washington, where he sang with the U.S. Navy Band for a year. A couple of months ago, when he was released from service, he decided to call on Arthur in New York to see if he still

Coast to Coast

Buster Crabbe, former movie actor who now has his own show over WOR-TV, welcomes little Barbara Barczak.



Stars of Your Hit Parade TV—Snooky Lanson escorting Dorothy Collins and Eileen Wilson.

remembered his promise. And Godfrey is a guy who doesn't forget—so, presto! Julius La Rosa became a regular member of Arthur's radio gang, and he's doing all right. Oh yes, girls, he's from Brooklyn, twenty-one, and single. Speaking of Godfrey, fifteen minutes of his daytime show is now being telecast, Mondays through Thursdays.

What's the world coming to? The panic seems to be on in Chicago, as far as television is concerned. Just nothing, much happening. Don McNeill is not resuming his video activities for the time being, and several other shows have been canceled from the Windy City. But the biggest beef of all is the "cutting in half" of the wonderful Kukla, Fran and Ollie program. Grownups love this show just as much as the kids so NBC has been deluged with mail since the delightful half-hour was sliced to fifteen minutes.

Helen Gerald, who frequently stars on
(Continued on page 22)



Ezio Pinza, singing stage star, watches beautiful Carmel Myers make up for her part in raising \$280,106 in contributions for palsied children.



FUN- country style

All lined up at the bar: Disc jockey George Crawford pouring milk for all his children. Bruce, Christina and George Jr.

IF you're browsing about your radio dial for a disc jockey who's charged with plenty of old-fashioned fun, you'll find him in George Crawford, WOL's afternoon man.

Crawford's "District Matinee" is heard in Washington, D. C., every afternoon at 1:00-5:00 p.m. except Sunday. His show is directed to the housewives who aren't interested in sports, radio serials, or friendly informal talks. Instead, George plays the top thirty tunes interspersed with old favorites. He sings along with popular vocalists (on records) and gives the ladies confidential beauty hints. The hints, incidentally, are taken from all the women's magazines that he steals from his wife at home.

George has a friendly, almost country-boy naivete about him. He's in radio for the laughs as well as his pay check. He's informal and loves to ask people to call him while he's on the air. One day he wasn't feeling too well, so he asked all the listeners who were feeling miserable to call him. The telephone switchboard lit up like a Christmas tree, and he and his friends talked over their troubles.

George likes to get his listeners' reactions to problems he poses. For example, one day he asked the housewives if they thought their husbands should be allowed one night out by themselves. The response was fairly unanimous. They agreed to give their husbands a night—provided they, too, got a night out!

Crawford's radio days go back to South Carolina when he worked in Anderson and Spartanburg. He still retains some of the cracker-barrel humor he picked up in his native state of Georgia.

George has three children, Bruce, Christina, and Ogie George, Jr. Yes, Crawford's first name is Ogie. In fact, many listeners, on hearing his first name, call him about their own unusual first names.

When it comes to hobbies George likes to dabble with the paint brush—the kind you paint your house with, which is exactly what George did while on vacation last fall. Of course, the three children take up



"Come on, Pop, play with us," yell his children and Crawford's there.

most of George's spare time.

"Sure glad I had a children's show a few years ago," George said. "Certainly taught me how to take care of kids—something I can use now."

George remembers one time when he wasn't on hand to take care of the children, however. He had a show early in the morning and when he left the house the youngsters were all sleeping as was his wife, Joan. Soon after he got to the studio he had a call from Joan who told him the children had awakened and somehow got out on the roof and were having a great time! Joan wanted to know what to do. "Just tell them to get in the house," George told her. She did and to her amazement they did.

Crawford's theme song is pretty much in tune with his whole philosophy—"Powder Your Face with Sunshine." "Be yourself," George says. "I know it's been said again and again, but it's the best way to get along in this world."

“This
8-hour
shower
left me dry!”

“Again and again through the shooting of this picture, I was dripping wet. You know how drying *that* is to skin!” Happily, there was wonderful Jergens Lotion to use after every ‘take’. There’s no quicker way to restore softness to dry skin.



ESTHER WILLIAMS
co-star of
MGM Goldwyn-Mayer's
“SKIRTS AHÓY!”
Color by Technicolor

“To get this comedy sequence, I was literally doused for hours.” What a relief to smooth on soothing Jergens! It’s so quick and easy to use—never leaves any sticky film.



A scene like this is worse for hands than mopping 20 kitchens. So see why Jergens helps so fast. Smooth one hand with Jergens Lotion—the other with any lotion or cream . . .



Then wet them. Water won't ‘bead’ on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care. No wonder stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!



“For close-ups with co-star Barry Sullivan, my skin was smooth again.” Jergens makes it easy to keep skin soft in spite of chores or chapping.



Keep *your* hands lovely. Use Jergens Lotion and see why it's used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Ruth Mata demonstrates how every girl can win

1 To strengthen diaphragm, sit on floor, left leg out, hands on floor.

FIGURES

ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND



By HARRIET SEGMAN

RUTH MATA and Eugene Hari, that remarkable husband and wife team of dance satirists featured on NEC's Show of Shows, are known as dancers' dancers because of their technical distinction. But their legion of fans, won in TV, concert and plushy nightclubs throughout the country, are completely captivated by the convulsing humor and insight of their satire. Born in Switzerland, Mata and Hari have studied all dance techniques from ballet through modern, and use their superbly trained bodies to portray their delightful observations of life. Here Ruth shows dance movements which any girl can practice for the lithe control that marks a dancer.



1 Strong back muscles are a must for good posture! On tiptoe stretch hard.

the proud carriage, perfect posture and lithe grace of a dancer

2 Raise arms to second position, at the same time lifting extended leg up.



3 Finish with left leg and arm pulled in to body. Do twenty times. Reverse.



1 For firm stomach muscles lie on floor, legs together, arms resting at sides.

2 Sit up slowly, at same time raising feet from floor. Do not use hands.

3 Raise legs as high as possible. Do it once the first time, build up to ten.



2



3

2 Bend from waist, keeping legs and back straight and arms forward.

3 Still keeping back straight, bend over and grasp ankles. Do twenty times.



E. B. Rideout accurately predicted the 1938 hurricane, the St. Valentine's Day blizzard of 1940, the 1947 snowfall which paralyzed New York. He's good.

Weather scoops in Boston

HERE'S a story that's been making the rounds at WEEI for several years . . . one fine spring morning Harold Fellows, then manager of the station, met E. B. Rideout on the elevator.

"This is a beautiful day!" said Harold.

"Thank you very much," replied E. B.

The story really becomes good when you know that E. B. Rideout is the WEEI Weatherman—the Staff Meteorologist, and while it isn't true that E. B. regards himself as being responsible for the weather, it's probably safe to say that hundreds of thousands of New Englanders have a sneaking suspicion that he sometimes has a hand in the arrangements. Because for more than 25 years, E. B. Rideout has been predicting the weather over WEEI (with something over 85% accuracy), and he has become a solidly established New England institution.

Probably the most convincing proof of this is the fact that the Boston newspapers never feel it necessary to identify E. B. Rideout when they mention him, which is often. Anyone who would normally read a Boston paper would, just as normally, recognize

E. B.'s name as that of the WEEI Weatherman. He no more needs description than does President Truman.

It all started back in 1925, when "getting distance" was one of the chief joys of owning a radio set. As one of its first public service jobs, WEEI put a man on the air to discuss the effect of weather conditions on radio reception from far distant points. The management was a little naive, possibly, in broadcasting information on how to tune to OTHER stations, but no harm was done. Listeners soon showed that they were interested in the weather itself, and the information on static evolved into a regular weather forecast service which has continued to this day.

Naturally, the forecaster had to be qualified, and E. B. was. From his school days, he had made a study of weather forecasting, and after training in the government service, had developed his own methods of prediction, which include an analysis of the effects of planetary conjunctions. His system, although in some details unorthodox, has given Boston a reliable weather guide for more than a quarter of a century.

E. B., for instance, accurately pre-

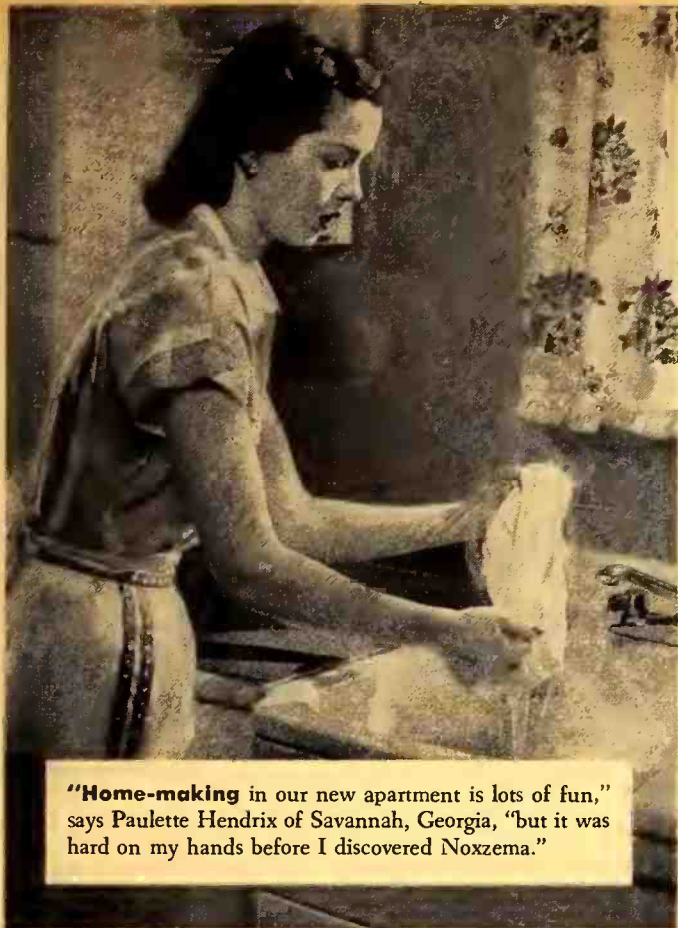
dicted the 1938 hurricane which descended otherwise unheralded upon New England, and the crippling St. Valentine's Day blizzard of 1940 which other weather services blithely forecast as "rain." He called the turn on the terrific snowstorm of December 26, 1947, which paralyzed New York with the greatest snowfall in history, and which hit Boston only a little less severely. His record of weather "scoops" is long and spectacular, since many of his more daring predictions have been quite contrary to the government forecasts.

E. B. doesn't confine himself to day-by-day forecasts on the air. For many years now he has issued a Long Range Forecast Calendar which predicts the weather a full year in advance. If you make a mistake in forecasting on the air, it's soon forgotten, but if you make it in print, in a form which will be at hand for 12 months, you've got to be both confident and accurate. And E. B. has maintained his 85% accuracy score with the Long Range Calendar year after year, as the mounting repeat sales figures attest.

The twenty weekly E. B. Rideout Weather Forecasts, at 6:45 A.M., 7:55 A.M. and 11:10 P.M. weekdays, and 12:40 P.M. and 11:10 P.M. Sundays, are all solid commercial shows. Dean of his sponsors is the H. P. Hood & Sons Dairy which, interrupted only by the wartime ban on detailed weather reports, has owned the 7:55 A.M. forecast for more than thirteen years. The New England Coke Company buys early morning and late evening on a year round basis. E. B. has sold hearing aids, salt, storm windows, banking services, automobiles, sunglasses, thermostats, and many other products.

E. B. doesn't confine his forecasting to radio. On the side, so to speak, he operates a paid service for anyone whose business is much influenced by the weather. Transportation companies pay him to tell them when to get out their snowplows, and how much snowfall to expect; restaurants plan their menus according to E. B.'s prediction of "roast beef" or "green salad" weather. Fairs, celebrations and carnivals ask E. B. . . . and buy their rain insurance accordingly.

He maintains one meteorological laboratory on the 14th floor of the WEEI studio building, overlooking Boston Harbor, and another at his home in suburban Belmont, from which his late evening broadcast emanates. But when the big weather disturbances occur, and his private clients are waiting, along with the listening audience, literally to see which way the wind will blow, E. B. forgets about Belmont.



"Home-making in our new apartment is lots of fun," says Paulette Hendrix of Savannah, Georgia, "but it was hard on my hands before I discovered Noxzema."



"Chapping and roughness no longer trouble me," she continues. "I use Noxzema regularly and it helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Hands that work look lovelier in 24 hours* or your money back!

Are you a homemaker? Do you work in a shop or office? Here's the hand cream just for you!

● If you aren't getting much help from your present hand cream, maybe that's because it's made for lady-of-leisure hands. There's real help for working hands in Noxzema's two-way care!

Helps heal—helps beautify! Noxzema is especially made to help sore, chapped, unattractive working hands look lovelier these two important ways:

1. Helps heal tiny cuts and cracks in the skin with its unique *medicated* formula.
2. Helps hands feel softer—look smoother and whiter—supplies a light film of oil-and-moisture to skin's surface!

And Noxzema is *greaseless*, too! Never leaves hands feeling sticky. Apply *faithfully* each night, also, before going out into the cold. And always rub in a little *medicated* Noxzema after having hands in water.

Noxzema works—or your money back!

*In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the red, rough hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours!

Try soothing *medicated* Noxzema on *your* hands tonight. If you don't see improvement—within 24 hours—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, and you'll get your money back. But like millions of other women, you will be delighted with results. Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today and save money!

Surveys show 5,000,000 women all over America now use this greaseless, medicated hand care!



Registered Nurse. Jean Crow of Baltimore says: "Scrubbing my hands constantly could easily make them red, ugly. But using *medicated* Noxzema daily helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth!"



Homemaker. Mrs. J. I. Ransome of Dallas says: "Housework used to leave my hands looking rough, feeling dry and uncomfortable. Now Noxzema helps keep my hands looking lovely and feeling wonderful!"

look lovelier offer!

40¢ Noxzema

Limited time only!

now only

29¢

plus tax

At drug, cosmetic counters.

After you find out what Noxzema can do for you—you'll want the big, thrifty 10 oz. jar, only 89¢ plus tax.

Mary's DULL



PERIODIC PAIN

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

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-32, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Mary's SHARP WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



Daytime diary



AGAINST THE STORM Julian, preparing for his marriage to Claire, tries to put out of his mind the increasing evidence that the marriage of Siri Allen and Hal Thomas has failed. It was Siri that Julian once hoped to marry, until Thomas came along. It took a while, but eventually Julian became fond of Claire. Now, with Siri's return to town, he cannot help wondering how he would feel if she were free again. M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

AUNT JENNY Recently Aunt Jenny told the heartbreaking story of Rose Edman, who withdrew from the world after the tragic death of her young son. Neither her worried husband nor her friends were able to rouse Rose from her dangerous apathy until the day when she found a runaway reform-school boy prowling in her home. How this unhappy youngster affected Rose's life is the story of a modern miracle. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Another of millionaire Rupert Barlow's plans has backfired. Still determined to break up the marriage of Mary and Larry Noble, Barlow arranges an explosion from which—according to his schedule—he will rescue Mary, thus earning her gratitude and possibly her affection. But Larry turns up in time to foil this scheme, and something about the accident starts him wondering. Will Barlow be exposed at last? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Ruth Wayne can usually trust her instinctive reaction to the people she meets, but Dr. Philip Marlowe has really upset her faith in her own perceptiveness. She knows he is emotional and insecure—even knows the reasons for it, since they have become, she believes, good friends. But is she being deceived about his true character? What about his association with Amber, the girl he claims to despise? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Plymouth has not been the haven of rest for the Dennis family that Papa Dennis hoped for when he accepted a parish there. While they try to work out their separate problems there, their lives become more involved with those of their neighbors. What part will they play, for instance, in the drama of Vicki, wife of the dangerous Anthony Race? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL In the writing room of an exclusive men's club, a famous theatrical personage is clubbed to death with a poker. Reporter David Farrell finds it hard to figure out who could have desired the man's death, since he was known as one of the most benevolent characters in his profession. But as he starts helping the police sort out the many suspects, David hits on the shocking truth. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT When Meta White came through the terrifying trouble connected with the death of her husband, and fell in love with reporter Joe Roberts, she hoped and believed that the future would hold happiness for both of them. They kept their marriage secret because of the opposition of Joe's children . . . and made, perhaps, their first and final mistake. Will separation and strain prove too much for their love? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. As a successful young doctor in a big city hospital, Joyce Jordan cannot help becoming involved occasionally with political and social forces which have little to do with medicine. While trying to help a young patient she meets lawyer Mike Hill—a meeting which will have far-reaching effects on Joyce, on Mike, and on Mike's fiancée, Alice. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, ABC.

HILLTOP HOUSE When Reed Nixon lies near death in the Glendale Hospital, Julie Paterno learns the full seriousness of her cousin Nina's connection with the gambling syndicate. Both Dr. Jeff Brown, who married Nina in a moment of infatuation, and Julie herself have known for a long time that Nina cared nothing for anyone but herself. Will new revelations make it easier for Jeff to free himself—or harder? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Many years ago there was a time when Bill Davidson was kept apart from his daughter, Nancy, by the determined claims made upon the child by her mother's aristocratic family. When Nancy was able to do so she came to Bill, and they have been a happy family ever since, especially since Nancy's marriage and motherhood. Is it possible that Nancy's past holds a secret that may disrupt things? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

Ann Sheridan praises amazing results of penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream...

KING'S ROW As she goes on trial for murder, Randy McHugh tries hard to follow the advice of her brilliant, wily lawyer, knowing that she will have a hard fight to beat the case that has been so carefully arranged to prove her guilt. But Randy cannot help wondering what will happen, even if she is exonerated, for her own reputation and that of Dr. Parris Mitchell are being dragged through the worst sort of scandal. M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi and Papa David watch with unbelieving eyes as their friend, Douglas Norman, becomes involved with a young girl almost without trying to keep the affair from his wife, Alice. Knowing that Doug has always been devoted to Alice, Chichi suspects something behind Doug's actions. How much have they to do with activities that have lately undermined the local young people? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY It was some time before Lansing McKenzie adjusted to the idea that during the time he was believed to be dead, his wife Sydney married Wolfe Bennett, who had always loved her. Finally, Lansing is convinced that Sydney still loves him, and does not regret the invalidation of her marriage to Wolfe. But fate has some tricks in store for all three of them that may change the new status . . . how badly, remains to be seen. M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

LORENZO JONES In spite of the skepticism with which his wife, Belle, regarded his efforts, Lorenzo startled the town by playing a major role in the apprehension of some criminals who almost got away. Forced to admit that this time Lorenzo was right, Belle still fears that his plans for the future are too optimistic. Can he really combine inventing with detecting, and turn his back on being a mechanic? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Fay loves Tom Wells, and Tom loves Fay—but contrary to Ma's hopes, their love story seems fated not to go smoothly. Deeply disturbed over the news that he will always be something of an invalid, Tom alternates between high hopes and determination to make Fay proud and happy, and terrible fears that he is unfit to marry her. Both Ma and Fay have the utmost faith in what love can accomplish . . . but what about Tom? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO When Vikki Adams marries Roger Hoyt she believes that two people in love are all it takes to create a happy marriage. But she soon learns that the rest of the world plays an important part in every marriage—particularly when one of the partners in the marriage is as restless, attractive and unstable as Roger. Is Vikki exaggerating the importance of Pamela Towers in Roger's life—or is she being too understanding? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, ABC.



it cleanses
deeper!

Lovely motion picture star finds Woodbury's exclusive new miracle ingredient, penaten, allows rich Woodbury cleansing oils to penetrate *much deeper* into pore openings—loosen every trace of clinging make-up.



it softens
better!

Beautiful Ann, co-starring in "STEEL TOWN", a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor, shows how easily penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream loosens hidden dirt! Penaten takes rich oils so deep your skin feels "re-born"—satiny, supple, soft!



it leaves you
lovelier!

A touch tells how penaten smooths! Five minutes prove how much lovelier the *extra-deep* cleansing of Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin! So much younger-looking, too! 25¢ to 97¢ plus tax.

Daytime Diary



GET \$50 FAST!

Here's the easy, proven way to make extra money and have fun! You need no experience. Just a few spare hours a week calling on folks you know, can easily bring you up to \$50.00 cash, and more!



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MARY MARLIN Is it wise for a wife to remain silent when another woman shows interest in her husband? Mary Marlin, certain that the mysterious Madame Tao-Ling has some reason for turning her charm in Joe Marlin's direction, bides her time and hopes for the best. But Mary's friend, David Post, infuriated at what appears to be Joe's flirtatiousness, may bring matters to a crisis. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, ABC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday Brinthrope and her husband, Lord Henry, find themselves unexpectedly playing host to a distant cousin of Lord Henry's, one whom he has not seen for many years. Surprised from the first by the curious relationship between the cousin and his much younger wife, Sunday becomes increasingly uneasy over the peculiar collection of friends attached to the couple. Is her uneasiness justified? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY How will Pepper and Linda solve the problem that now confronts them—the serious question of their childlessness? Though they have been certain for some time that they would not be able to have a child of their own, Pepper thought they had adjusted to it. But now he knows that Linda's regret and sorrow went very deep indeed, so deep that it almost led to a tragedy. Something will have to be done! M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON As May Grant stands accused of a murder she did not commit, Perry Mason desperately tries to unravel the weird tangle that somehow centers about actress Kitty De Carlo. Kitty, though beautiful, is not noted for her brains. But when Perry sets Jake Jacobson to charm the truth out of her, has he underestimated both her acting ability and her shrewdness? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Forces are closing around Miles Nelson which will have a serious effect on his position as governor of the state. Expecting only ordinary political opposition and power-seeking, neither Miles nor his wife, Carolyn, fully realize the extent of the plans to discredit him—or the real reason behind them. Will Carolyn discover Annette Thorpe's part in these activities in time to save Miles and herself? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Will Dr. Jim Brent be strong enough for the shrewd, unscrupulous forces arrayed against him? In self-protection, wealthy Conrad Overton knows he must use all his power to discredit Jim and get rid of Jocelyn McLeod, whom Jim plans to marry. Sybil Overton has her own reasons for fighting Jocelyn—and Sybil, if possible, is more dangerous even than her father, Conrad. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Gil Whitney, still in love with Helen, is trying desperately to get an annulment of the marriage into which Cynthia Swanson tricked him. But weary from the strain of the past months, and on the advice of her dear friend, Agatha Anthony, Helen has accepted a magnificent emerald from rich Berkeley Bailey, who is determined to marry her in spite of her own apathy and his family's opposition. How will Gil react? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Nothing can stop the calendar, and the dreaded day arrives when Bill goes on trial for the murder of Blanche Weatherby, with Rosemary giving him all the support she can, although she is desperately afraid of the outcome. But perhaps there are revelations in store that will change the picture of circumstantial evidence around Bill. There must be some way, Rosemary thinks, to save a man who is innocent! M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON What can happen to the happiest marriage when outsiders interfere? Terry Burton is finding out, for her husband Stan is being sold the idea—by his own mother—that he has been too much under Terry's thumb. Will Terry's sense of humor and self-control be equal to the situation that might very possibly arise? And even if they are, what will happen when Michael Dalton's plans get under way? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella Dallas undergoes one of the greatest ordeals of her life when she goes on trial for the murder of Rex Marlowe—a murder she did not commit. But Stella feels her hands are tied to a certain extent because of the possible involvement of her daughter, Laurel, whose mother-in-law, Mrs. Grosvenor, knows something she has not told. Is Stella right in thinking that the White Orchid Night Club is behind the murder? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS Some years ago, playwright Gary Bennet was involved in an ill-fated romance with the sister of Nigel Forrest, which left them all enemies. Now, however, the production of Gary's new play requires cooperation from Nigel, who is an influential theatrical personality. Trouble occurs at once when Evelyn Winters, Gary's ward, excites Nigel's interest and at his insistence is given a part in the new play. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE As Fred Molina gets to work to find the truth behind Peg Martinson's persecution of Nora and Dr. Robert Sergeant, he stirs up some well-hidden secrets. Ken Spencer, the unscrupulous, handsome chauffeur who believes he has gotten control of both Peg and her fortune, has a big surprise when he learns that his wife, Irene Maloney, was not murdered according to his orders. What other revelations are waiting? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

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



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

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

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

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Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-23
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 Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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NEW IMPROVED

NORFORMS

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

VALIANT LADY Joan Scott, social worker, has done a man's job both in her career and at home, for she is single-handedly raising her young daughter, Debbie. Now, however, two men are anxious to take some of this responsibility from Joan's shoulders: Jim Donnelly, who is studying law under the G.I. Bill, and Stuart Fairbanks, whose wealth and position are well established. Is there a difficult choice ahead for Joan? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, ABC.

WENDY WARREN Is the mystery of Rozanna cleared up when Anton learns her parents are dead—or is there more trouble ahead for Anton, who has fallen in love with her? In the meantime, however, Anton's discoveries about Rozanna have cleared the path for Wendy and Mark, and they are now free to get married. Will Mark's Hollywood job make any difference to their plans? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Hatred of one human being for another can go no farther than did that of Bill Allison for Harry Davis. Unbalanced, driven to despondency by events which he believed Harry responsible for, Bill went so far as to kill himself and leave evidence that Harry was responsible for his death. With the only possible witness to his innocence silenced forever, Harry is in the greatest trouble. Can he free himself? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jeff Carter is a firm believer in keeping one's hands off the affairs of others, even when the others happen to be members of your own family. As the eldest, it was he who convinced the Carter parents that children were entitled to private lives. But he cannot help wondering if a little judicious advice is in order when his young brother stands on the brink of a pretty serious affair. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Though Ellen Brown and her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, have faced many difficult moments during their engagement, Ellen can recall no greater heartbreak than that which faces her as she realizes that Anthony is once again becoming involved with his long-divorced first wife. The fact that the woman becomes Ellen's guest during her visit to Simpsonville intensifies Ellen's suffering—and the town's curiosity. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Jerry Malone, called back to Three Oaks by his child's serious illness, plans to leave as soon as Jill is out of danger. But Anne, his estranged wife, makes the frightening discovery that she still loves him. Will this mean anything to Jerry's future? What of Mary Browne, the young girl in New York who learns to her own dismay that her love for Jerry has transformed her into an unscrupulous schemer? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

R
 Ni

Lacy on the loose



Occasionally, Lacy's disc jockeying becomes a family affair . . . Jack simply throws up his hands and gives in to Agnes and Maree-Lee.

IN Jack Lacy the WINS public finds a paradox to end all paradoxes. He is a disc jockey devoting 21½ air hours a week to this job. Another five hours a week are spent emceeing an early morning show (9-10 A.M.) aptly titled Lacy on the Loose, giving him a total of 26½ hours of air time per week. During this early morning show Jack does everything but clean up the studio. He jokes, is joked about, does a little singing (very little) and in general just about runs as rampant as the name indicates.

Contrary to the natural supposition, Lacy reveals, "Records are my job. I like to leave my work at the station. I haven't a record or a record-player in my home. Since it's my job to listen and judge recordings practically all day, I would hardly spend my free time listening to records."

Another supposition might be that a humorist such as he plays so effectively on his early morning Lacy on the Loose stint, would be a full-time comic. But to this Jack freely admits, "I'm not funny, I don't know any funny stories. If a situation arises on the show where some humor might develop, I try for the best. Fortunately for me I've been pretty lucky with these 'situation bits,' but honestly, I'm not funny." So you see, if nothing else Jack Lacy presents an interesting paradox.

Again in the paradoxical vein, Lacy entered radio through the proverbial back door. Educated at Connecticut State Teacher's College, Jack's chosen profession was teaching, a job he worked at for some years, until he decided to supplement his income. This he did, working at the local radio station in Hartford. He eventually became so proficient at his adopted profession that he decided on radio as a full time job. When New York beckoned, the former schoolteacher packed his carpet bag and headed for the big town. Audience participation shows, the bane of the newcomer not yet versed in the fine art of the ad lib, were his first chores at WINS. Having mastered this course, our intrepid adventurer moved on to disc jockey work, where his off the cuff comment on new waxings earned him a rabid following. The next step in the radio life of Jack Lacy was getting his own show, Lacy on the Loose, which has earned a distinctive niche for itself among the early morning shows.

Jack has been intently studying the new medium, television, with hopes of one day battering down the doors of the casting directors. "So far," confides his lovely wife, Agnes, "our daughter Maree-Lee is the TV star of the family. She's been on so many TV shows now that Jack has been relegated to cueing Maree in her lines, when she's to go on a new show."

Living presently in Jackson Heights, Long Island, Lacy one day hopes to own his own home in Westchester County.

Exciting Color that clings to your lips!
Smooth Loveliness that lasts without drying!



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**Eight Glorious Shades—So flattering
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Touch it to your lips . . . feel how smoothly it goes on! Then see how the radiant color of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick brings a new, bewitching beauty to your lips! And that glorious color stays and stays . . . fresh, luscious, exciting! Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick won't dry your lips . . . keeps them always adorable, *kissable!* There's a perfect, flattering shade for you in Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick. Buy it today!

Just 29¢

In the popular
swivel case



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with Cashmere Bouquet

Tampax fully explained

in a few words:

" The purpose of Tampax is to give women generally more comfort, convenience and freedom during that period each month when sanitary protection is needed. "

" Tampax was perfected by a physician who used the principle of *internal* absorption long known to the medical profession. "

" Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented throw-away applicators for easy insertion. Your hands need not touch the Tampax. "

" Tampax is many, many times smaller than the external forms of protection. Furthermore, it requires no belts, pins or other supporting devices. "

" No odor with Tampax. And it cannot create bulges, ridges or edgelines which otherwise might "show" through snugly fitted suits or dresses. "

" Tampax cannot be felt by the woman or girl while wearing it. And you need not remove it while tubbing, showering or swimming. "

" Buy Tampax at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. A month's supply will go right into your purse. Economy box will last four months (average)... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass. "



INTERLUDE

When all the world in ruin lies
A smoldering mass 'neath darkened skies,
When no living thing is left to wonder
What came of man's atomic blunder,
And when it seems this old earth must
Return again to nebular dust:
Fear not that some presumptuous hand
Has finally wrecked the cosmic plan.
For aeons hence one day no doubt
A small green blade of grass will sprout;
And where the ghosts of doom have trod
Proclaim anew the Eternal God!

Sarah Warren

MARCH

My window is a TV screen
Thru which I view the earthly stage
And ponder over what has been
The wintry remnant of a glacial age.

The actors are the passers-by,
Autos, men and what you will,
Hurrying past, I know not why,
Except, perhaps, to beat the chill.

'Tis March that calls the tune today
With a band of whistling winds
While people dance the Marathon
Along the walk where no one wins.

A spectator, I, must smile and sigh
In the comfort of my room, to sit
And sympathize with all who try
The Fury of March to dare out-wit.

Anthony Bacich

PLAY-PEN PALS

When the Sandmon waves his magic wond,
And Baby nods her heed,
It's time for Bobby's Mommy
To whisk her off to bed.
She has just been in her play-pen
With her toys both large and small,
Her Bunny, Doll and Teddy,
And o large red rubber boll.
She shokes her poor old Dolly,
Bangs on poor old Ted,
And keeps tossing little Bunny
Out on his aching heed.

So when Bobe is off to slumber,
In her fairyland of dreams,
We look into the play-pen,
And to us it almost seems
That Bunny, Doll and Teddy
Don't seem so very grieved,
But are only just relaxing
And ore very much relieved.

Dorothy M. Worzel

RESURGENCE

I found a crocus tip today
Piercing through the sod.
Undaunted by the cold it raised
Its cheerful face toward God.

Long months in darkness it had lain—
In darkness of the tomb,
But bravely now it seeks the light
With promise of sweet bloom.

Long numbed by sorrow, in myself
I see its counterpart;
I found a ray of hope today
Piercing through my heart,

Mary Siglin

RADIO-TV MIRROR WILL PAY \$5.00 FOR JUNE POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. *No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it.* Poetry for the June issue must be submitted between February 10 and March 10, 1952, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by April 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: June Poetry, Radio-TV Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

JUNE ALLYSON, starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "THE GIRL IN WHITE"



JUNE ALLYSON . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. June Allyson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, June Allyson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like June Allyson, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by

soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

So quick! So easy!
and no other make-up
looks and feels so naturally lovely!



**It's Pan-Stik*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up,
as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time
to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.**

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—
with never a trace of "made-up" look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness with perfect results guaranteed*
the very first time you use it.



Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy fingernail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups. No spilling, no leaking.

A little does so much! Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far more easily just with the fingertips, blends more evenly than any other kind of make-up. Never becomes greasy or shiny. Covers more perfectly, clings far longer. No hourly touch-ups necessary. Your skin always feels and looks so fresh—young—*naturally* lovely.

Pan-Stik
by
MAX Factor

New cream make-up
in stick form

\$1.60 plus tax. In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. At leading drug and department stores.

***Guarantee:** Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it*, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.



CORINNE CALVET

as she looks when away from the cameras. This vivacious young actress is now appearing in

"SAILOR BEWARE"
a Hal Wallis Production
a Paramount Picture

One of the many Hollywood beauties who enhance their fresh, glowing, *natural* loveliness with Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up . . . wherever they go . . . what-
ever they do!

To harmonize with her blond coloring and medium complexion, Corinne uses "Medium" Pan-Stik.



Mata Halle goes to Washington

KAY (Mata) HALLE, who spies on the nation's political leaders in Washington for Cleveland's WGAR, ought to be able to pick her way around the nation's capital with the greatest of ease.

Before beginning her current WGAR series, *An Ohioan in Washington*, Mata Halle served as a spy for the O.S.S. during World War II. Miss Halle, daughter of Cleveland's department store tycoon, Sam Halle, also calls on a rich background of travel and personal association with some of the world's greatest people for ammunition in her assault on the Washington picture. With a completely free hand on the material she chooses for her weekly 4:30-4:45 P.M. Sunday broadcasts from Washington to WGAR listeners, Kay Halle covers the capital's big hearings, Embassy parties or interviews with fascinating people such as the late Wendell Willkie, Senator Estes Kefauver, Madame Minister Perle Mesta or Senator Robert A. Taft.

Miss Halle's extensive travels and years spent living in London, Paris,

Mexico and Cuba, as well as months spent on tours throughout the United States, color the broadcasts of this energetic cosmopolite. In 1940, she made an 18,000-mile flight around South America, broadcasting from all the large southern hemisphere's capitals. In 1949, she flew with Herbert Elliston, editor of the *Washington Post*, to India, where she interviewed Nehru.

Educated at Cleveland Institute, Laurel School, Miss Wheeler's School in Providence, R. I., and Smith College, Kay Halle entered radio at the suggestion of John F. Patt, president of the Goodwill Stations (WGAR, WJR and KMPC). When Kay returned to Cleveland from her extensive travels abroad, she recalled what people all over the world had told her about the wonders of the northern Ohio metropolis. Mr. Patt offered her WGAR's microphone to tell about the city's cultural fixtures, its tremendous industrial capacity and its warm-hearted people. Kay Halle's first broadcast was about Republic Steel Corp., where emancipated female reporters had feared to tread.

Among outstanding thrills Mata Halle has enjoyed were her weekends with Winston Churchill at Chartwell and with Albert Einstein at Princeton. When she was doing the commentary for world-wide CBS Radio Network broadcasts of Cleveland Symphony Orchestra concerts, Mrs. Clementine Churchill wrote her a letter of appreciation for their reception over BBC.

Even while sitting at her breakfast table in her fashionable Washington apartment, Miss Halle has turned up excellent tape-recorded interviews. She is an intimate friend of Secretary of State Dean Acheson and columnist and radio commentator Drew Pearson. In all her 12 years of hobnobbing with international figures, both homebred and foreign, however, Kay Halle's experiences have never surpassed one of her first thrills before the microphone. That was interviewing fuzzy-cheeked Rapid Robert Feller, probably the greatest baseball pitcher during the past decade with the Cleveland Indians, when the 17-year-old fireballer made his first special radio broadcast on WGAR.

Modern Wives Excited

over these extra advantages for

Feminine Hygiene



Assure Continuous Action for Hours!
Daintier — More Convenient



Each in separate glass vial

The practice of intimate feminine cleanliness is so very important for a woman's health, married happiness and to keep her free from a most unparadonable odor of which she may be unaware. And now thanks to Zonitors, women have a far more convenient, easier, yet *powerfully effective* method of feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. When inserted — Zonitors instantly release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous ZONITE and assure hours of continuous action. *Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.* So convenient. No mixing or apparatus is required. So easy to slip into your purse if traveling.

Zonitors help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. The *modernized* method!



NEW! FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-32, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

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

WHAT'S NEW



Erling S. Bent, consul general of Norway, presents the Royal St. Olav Medal from King Haakon of Norway to Peggy Wood, star of CBS-TV's *Mama*.

(Continued from page 5)

Theatre of Today, Saturdays, over CBS, is back in front of the microphone again, after an absence of several months. She was off the show for a couple of very good reasons—her new twins, Katherine Joanne and Robert Arthur, now seven months old. Helen and her husband, James Dolan, radio musician, are pleased as Punch over their first package from the stork.

NBC has plans afoot, so rumor says, for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis to originate one of their TV clambakes from an alligator farm. But they hasten to add that "all precautions will be taken to prevent harm to the alligators." Smart move, because with these boys, anything can happen, and usually does.

When Eva Marie Saint, who plays Claudia on the TV version of *One Man's Family* and Jeff Hayden (he's Bert Parks' video director) got married three months ago, they didn't have the usual newlyweds' problem of buying furniture. How to use the furniture they each owned in their bachelor apartments was the Haydens' problem. Eva Marie's was strictly American and Jeff's was strictly modern. So they timidly decided to take a chance and do what the home magazine experts are always telling people to do—"mix periods." And it turned out so well that the Hayden place in Greenwich Village is one of the most attractive apartments in New York.

Remember Cliff Norton, the comedian on the Dave Garroway show last year? He has just started his own coast-to-coast television program, called *The Public Life of Cliff Norton*. It's a five-minute show,

done on film, with Cliff giving out humorous advice of the how-not-to variety.

If Elspeth Eric, who is Lucia Standish on *Young Dr. Malone*, ever gets tired of radio she can probably become a successful horse trainer. Four years ago Elspeth's brother gave her a horse, who was then sixteen years old, and pretty much of a broken-down nag. But she became very attached to the animal and proceeded to teach him to be a jumper, no less. And believe it or not, the horse, at the age of twenty, has won thirteen ribbons in local Eastern horse shows and even appeared at the last National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden, N. Y.

What do you think Roselle Como gave her husband for Xmas? A new car? A swimming pool? A golf course? No, Perry was surprised on Xmas morning to find a big set of trap drums under the tree. Roselle says that Perry started to get "drum-happy" and every time they went to a party he would wind up jamming away with the musicians. So now the Como playroom in their Sands Point, Long Island, home boasts the whole "skin-beater" set, complete with all the accessories—tympanis, cymbals, bells, whistles, etc.

The Perfect Bride: When My Friend Irma, Marie Wilson, married producer Bob Fallon a few weeks ago, she stuck to the old bridal custom of "something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." The "old" was a cameo necklace worn by Bob's mother at her own wedding; the "new" was Marie's bridal gown, the "borrowed" was a lace handkerchief belonging to

Marie's mother, Mrs. Genevieve White, and the "blue" was a faded blue garter, originally worn by the fabulous actress, Lillian Russell, which was given to Marie years ago by an admiring fan.

Speaking of romance, there's one brewing between Georgiana Carhart and Fred Stein, who both appear on the Life Begins at 80 show. Fred is eighty-two years old and Georgiana is a spry eighty-six!

Eve's new show: Eve Arden will retain the title lead in CBS' Our Miss Brooks, when the show goes in front of the TV cameras this spring. They plan to do it on film, in much the same manner as I Love Lucy is done. Eve has been attending all the rehearsals and filming of the popular Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz program, hoping to pick up a few production tips. "Lucy" has been acclaimed as one of the very best of all the television shows coming out of Hollywood. Lucille and Desi, with their crew, work like beavers, rehearsing all week long before they shoot the show each Monday night. Of course they have more than mere performer interest in the program because they head Desilu Productions, which owns the show. In order to do the show more efficiently they built a special theatre holding an audience of 300, on the General Service movie lot. Incidentally, Lucille and Desi recently celebrated eleven years of marriage and Desi presented her with a magnificent aquamarine brooch as an anniversary gift.

Sad about the passing of Mildred Bailey a few weeks ago, at the age of forty-eight, at her home in Poughkeepsie, New York. "The Rockin' Chair Lady," who had tough breaks the past few years at one time was one of the biggest names in popular music and recordings. She got her start in show business through Bing Crosby when he was singing with the Paul Whiteman band. Bing got Whiteman to give her a chance and Mildred went from the band on to solo fame. She and Bing, who both came from Spokane, Washington, remained close friends through the years and whenever the going got bad for Mildred, Bing helped her out financially.

A radio personality who has an interesting side-line is May Davenport Seymour, who plays Ellen Porter in Against The Storm. In her free hours, May is well known as a curator of The Museum of the City of New York, in charge of Theatrical Arts. Incidentally, her "air" daughter on the Storm serial, Liz Porter, is also her own daughter, Anne Seymour.

Coffee and Garroway: Quite a "little" undertaking NBC started with their two-hour communications television program, Today, from 7:00 to 9:00 A.M. across the country every morning, Mondays through Fridays, with Dave Garroway as Communicator. The show, designed to tell and show you what has happened in the world since you went to bed last night, uses every known tool of communication—books, newspapers, magazines, wire-photos, newsreels, overseas telephones and of course, television itself. NBC doesn't expect its viewers to watch the show for two hours straight,

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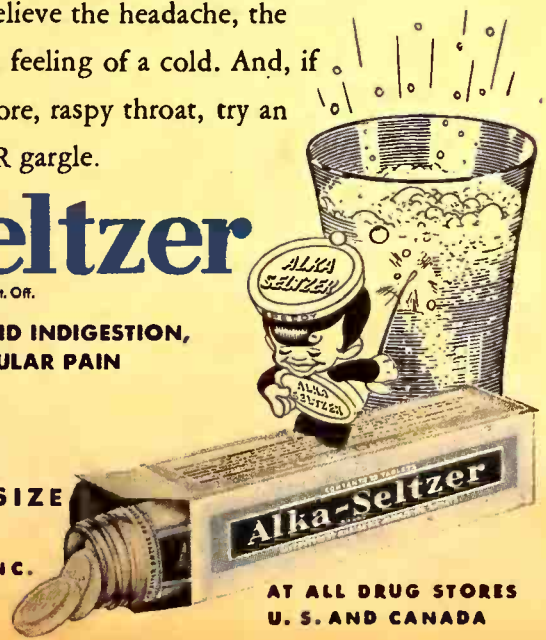
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WHAT'S NEW



Dennis James and his bride, the lovely artist, former Marjorie Crawford, drink a champagne toast in honor of their nuptials. They married December 5th.

because after all, most of the nation is fairly busy at that time in the morning—getting up, having breakfast, rushing off to work, school, etc. But they feel, from intensive surveys they've done, that the majority of people who have television sets will watch the program for some portion of the two-hour period. Lots of American husbands who used to bury their heads in the morning paper at the breakfast table are now taking their coffee into the living room to take a gander at this fascinating telecast. It takes a production crew of 150 people, working in three shifts, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, to keep this program right up to the minute. It's such an involved procedure that NBC is building a brand-new studio in Radio City, which will be visible from the street, complete with the latest electronic devices for communicating news and information. The relaxed Mr. Garraway used to be a news and special events reporter at KDKA in Pittsburgh and later at WMAQ in Chicago before he became one of the Midwest's most popular disc jockeys, and of course he gained national prominence with his own television show, *Garraway At Large*. He has had to rearrange his whole schedule of living in order to do *Today*. As he says, "The nightlife is no longer for me." Dave now has to get up every day at 4:00 A.M. so he can start rehearsals at the stroke of 5:00. And each morning when the show is through he immediately begins preparing the next morning's program—the reviews on books, records, magazines, etc., and the interviews he

does with actors, authors and famous people.

Shows and People: When Hollywood screams about television, the producers of *Hollywood Screen Test*, the second oldest dramatic TV show on the air, can scream right back. They proudly point to the fact that since their program started in 1948, they have sent forty-one candidates to Movietown and film contracts.

Carl Smith, whose hit records, "Let's Live A Little," "Mr. Moon," and "If Tear Drops Were Pennies," brought him into the limelight, has started his own show on CBS radio, Mondays through Fridays. The twenty-four-year-old Tennessee-bred folk singer and composer, who "farmed till he got into singin'," plays his own guitar accompaniment when he warbles his mountain tunes.

Dennis James lost his rank as one of the most attractive bachelors in television when he up and eloped a few weeks ago with pretty artist, Marjorie Crawford. They tied the knot in Fairfield, Connecticut. There are a couple of radio gals in New York who haven't recovered from the news yet.

Pardon the expression: On the *Give and Take* show a few broadcasts back, one of the women contestants lost her chance at the big prize on the last question of the program, but she provided the audience and production staff with one of the biggest laughs they've ever had. The question had to do with matching words, and she was doing fine when they

asked her to name the counterpart of Duke (Duchess), drake (duck) and Senor (Senora). But the last one they gave her was Maharajah, and the lady grinned and answered, most assuredly, "Marijuana!"

The story behind Faye Emerson's poodle haircut proves that glamorous stars can have trouble with their tresses, just like you and me. Faye, whose long locks were the envy of many because she could style her coiffeur in such various ways, decided to have a permanent on the ends of her hair, for a change. But the permanent turned out to be a dud and she had to have all of it cut off. Then the ends of her hair began to break, so she snipped even more off the length. That didn't seem to do the trick, so Faye finally said the heck with it, and—the result is her poodle haircut. And she started such a fad with a style that dozens of girls in show business have copied her.

It isn't often that an actor is cast in a role that is anywhere near anything he has ever done in his private life. But on the Big Town shows, they've got two exceptions. Both Pat McVey, who is Steve Wilson on the television version and Walter Greaza, who plays Wilson on the radio program, at one time worked on metropolitan newspapers. McVey was with the Los Angeles Times and Greaza was with the old St. Paul Daily News. So it's no wonder these "newspaper men" sound convincing in their parts.

Glamour grandma: Marlene Dietrich has started her own half-hour radio show over ABC on Sunday nights, coming on in the time vacated by Louella Parsons. The "glamorous grandma" is starred in Cafe Istanbul, a dramatic script about a cafe singer who gets mixed up in international intrigue. Arnold Moss and Kenneth Lynch, both well known on the air, play supporting roles in the story. Funny thing about Dietrich—you always think of her dressed in a gossamer get-up of tulle, sequins, furs, etc., spelling pure glamour. Well, you should see her strolling along Park Avenue on a cold winter day in New York, with her two grandchildren, pushing a baby carriage and dressed in tailored slacks, jersey top and a greatcoat. And she still looks glamorous!

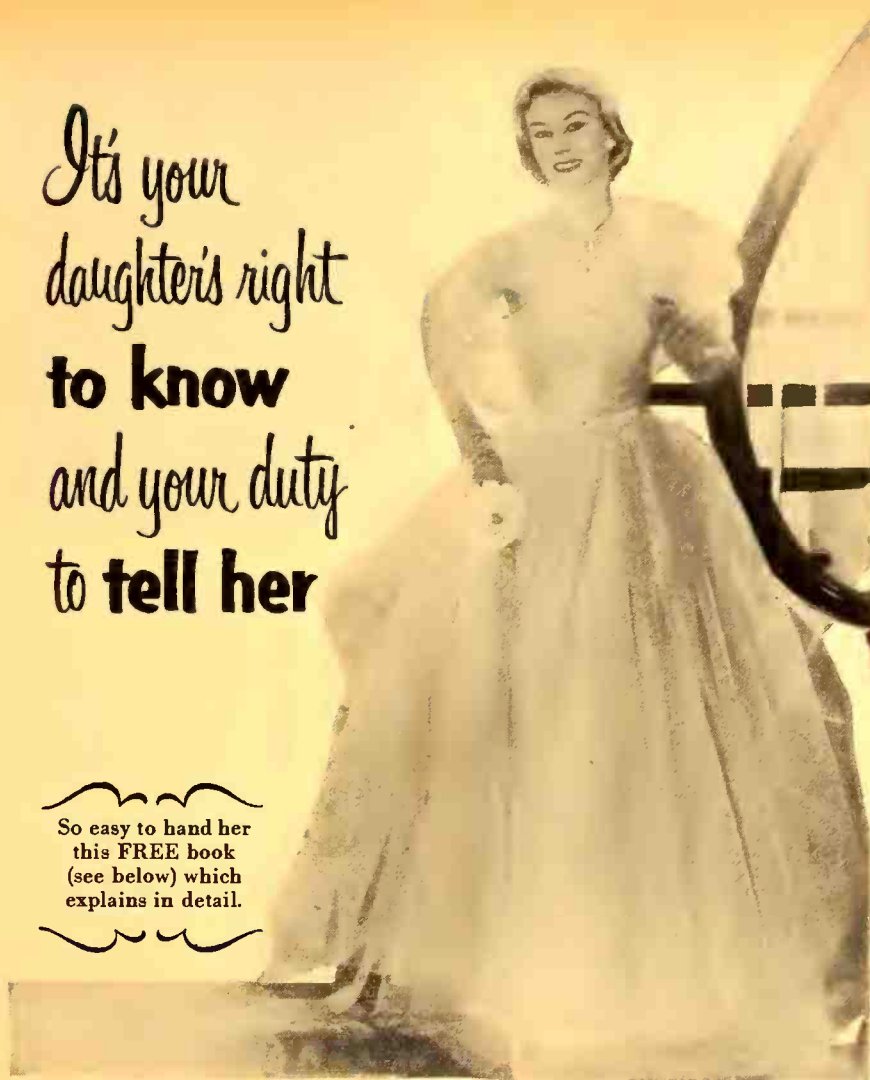
John Harvey, hero Julian Browning in Against The Storm, and his real-life wife, Judy Parrish, who is Carla Foster on the same serial, never worked together on the air before this show. So what happens in the script? They wind up getting married.

Remember Ramon Navarro, the former MGM movie star of the silent days? After being semi-retired for many years, he is attempting a career comeback via the video route. Navarro is now in New York doing guest shots, after making his first appearance on Ed Sullivan's Toast of The Town.

Jimmy Blaine (on the Stop The Music radio show and the Langford-Ameche television program) and his wife are expecting an addition to the family any minute. Their first child is a boy, so they're crossing their fingers for a girl this time.

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Lee Tracy

LEE TRACY, famous for his headline hunter roles on radio, has torn up his press card to take on a new characterization on television. Lee plays a "public defender" in the exciting series, *The Amazing Mr. Malone*, presented on ABC-TV, alternate Mondays, 8-8:30 P.M.

Born in Atlanta, Georgia, Lee Tracy studied at Western Military Academy and Union College. After graduation, he went to Colorado where he took a job as a cowpuncher.

Although Tracy has never been a newspaperman, he has portrayed more reporters on the stage and in the movies than any other star. Beginning with "Big Time" he has acted in some 50 pictures, his most recent film being "High Tide."

In London, he played for a year in "Idiot's Delight." Usually his roles have called for sharp, fast-paced, keen-witted portrayals such as Roy Lane in "Broadway," or Hildy Johnson, the dynamic reporter in "The Front Page."

In radio, the actor had his own series entitled *So Proudly We Hail*, in 1950, in which he had the leading roles in this dramatic series about America. The program was broadcast for 40 weeks over 1,956 stations for the U.S. Army. His other radio appearances include Theater Guild of the Air and Philip Morris Playhouse.

On video, Tracy has been seen in *The Robert Montgomery Show*, *Suspense* and the *Milton Berle Show*.

Lee is 5'10" tall and weighs 155 pounds. He has sandy hair, blue eyes and a ready smile and is married to Helen Thomas of Pennsylvania, whom he met in Hollywood.

Tracy is a dog-fancier and if he had the time would pursue a career of schooner racing in trans-oceanic contests.

In World War I, the noted actor served his country as a Second Lieutenant and in World War II he became a Captain in the Military Police Corps.

With all this accumulated experience, Tracy is a natural for his role of the criminal lawyer in *The Amazing Mr. Malone*, and if he ever needs help he can always call another Tracy—Dick!

Information

Ask your questions—

Who's The Bride

Dear Editor:

Recently while viewing Ted Mack's TV program, he spoke of Dennis James, his announcer, getting married. Could you please tell who the bride is?

Mrs. W. S., Newark, Ohio

Dennis James, announcer for Ted Mack's *Amateur Hour*, was married to Miss Marjorie Crawford of Fairfield, Conn.

Versatile Voice

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me who plays the part of Gil Whitney in the *Helen Trent show*? He has such a beautiful voice. We just love to listen to him. Could you please print his picture and any information about him.

Mrs. D. F., Milford, Conn.

David Gothard is featured in the role of the lawyer, Gil Whitney, on *The Romance of Helen Trent show*. He has been an announcer and his experience as a puppeteer explains his versatile voice. David was born in Beardstown, Illinois, in 1911, is six feet tall and weighs 168. He loves travel, sports clothes, steak and light symphonic music. He is currently heard also as Ken Martinson in *This is Nora Drake*.

Joan Was Portia

Dear Editor:

I would like to know if Joan Scott in *Valiant Lady* is the same person who played Portia in *Portia Faces Life*? Please print Joan's picture and anything else you know about her.

Mrs. P. K., Portland, Oregon

You're right! Lucille Wall, who is heard as Joan Scott in *Valiant Lady*, starred for many years in *Portia Faces Life*. The actress made her radio debut as the "Collier Love Story" girl with Fredric March. She has also appeared in leading roles on Broadway. Born in Chicago, Lucille attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She is 5'7" tall, has blonde hair and blue eyes, and is unmarried. Her hobbies are antiques and interior decoration.



Dennis James



Joan Alexander

Booth—

we'll try to find the answers

The Three Sharps

Dear Editor:

Can you supply any information about Buddy Greco? I think his trio, The Three Sharps, are terrific.

Miss H. R., Hamlin, W. Va.

Piano and song stylist Buddy Greco hails from Philadelphia, where he first appeared on the Children's Hour at the age of four. His trio (piano, bass and guitar) had their initial engagement in New Jersey and then disbanded temporarily. But Buddy's faith was so strong that he turned down an offer to join Gene Krupa's band as pianist. The trio's first record, "Ain't She Pretty" was a best-seller. Buddy married his childhood sweetheart, Sally, in 1947 and they have one daughter, Carmen.

Doctor's Wife

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if Joan Alexander is married? I have seen her on television in The Name's the Same program, and would like to know more about her.

L. M., White Plains, N. Y.

A regular panelist on this TV show, Joan is happily married to a surgeon in New York and they have a five-year-old daughter, Jane. The attractive actress began her career at the age of 16 and later appeared with Leslie Howard in the Broadway production of "Hamlet." Joan is currently starred in several radio programs: Wendy Warren, Brighter Day, and Perry Mason. St. Paul, Minnesota, is her birthplace and she is 5'6½" tall with brown eyes and hair.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to *Information Booth*, RADIO-TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in *Information Booth* or by mail—but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



J. Scott Smart

J. SCOTT SMART, well-remembered for his screen and radio characterizations as a soft-spoken private detective, has turned in his private-eye identification card for the gold shield of a crime-busting police commissioner on ABC's mystery-drama series, *The Top Guy*.

Jack once had ambitions to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis, but as he grew up and out, football supplanted his naval aspirations. He made out all right in the pigskin game, as the opposing teams had difficulty going around him or over him. That was in high school.

Jack never got around to going to college, although he was offered scholarships by Columbia and Cornell Universities. A set of drums from his father kept him out of college.

"That set of drums," observes Jack, "marks the beginning of my downfall. They changed me from a normal human being into an entertainer."

The change was rapid. He got a job playing drums with a small orchestra in Buffalo. Before long, the astute band-leader had Jack doing a song and dance specialty—and that went over big. When that job ended, Jack joined a stock company.

Jack started his radio work in Buffalo. In 1929 he decided to try his talent in New York City and landed a leading role in a network program. He soon appeared in the Broadway revue, "New Faces," and after that received a year's contract with Universal Pictures. While in Hollywood, Jack was heard on many Big Town broadcasts and portrayed Mr. Fuddle in the *Blondie* series. For five years he was heard on the Fred Allen show.

Jack now calls Ogunquit, Maine, his residence, and commutes back and forth by air between Radio City and the New England retreat. Occasionally he can be found "sittin' in" on a jam session at a jazz bistro in Greenwich Village, but the rest of his relaxing time finds him painting New England water-color landscapes, and trying out food recipes on his recent bride, Mary Leigh Call. "Jack's specialty is clam spaghetti—New England style," claims Mrs. Smart, "and it's good, too."



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- Plunge in boldly Pause at the doorway Hug the wall

Before you cross a crowded room—of strangers—better get your bearings. Instead of anteloping in (only to flounder midway, flustered), pause at the door long enough to spy your hostess. Then beeline (but s-l-o-w-l-y) in her direction; she'll take over from there. And if it's "that" time, don't dismay. You'll be comfortable, confident—with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; *holds its shape* for hours, what's more.

Are you in the know?



Which lipstick makes teeth look whiter?

- Blue-red Orange-red Brown-red

Your uppers-and-lowers lack that alabaster look? Along with faithful brushwork, pucker-paint helps. To make teeth seem whiter, blue-red's the lipstick hue for you. And on sanitary protection days, learn what a difference it makes, poise-wise, to choose a "just-for-you" absorbency of Kotex. You'll see—when you try *all 3!* (Different sizes, for different days.)



Know a quick pick-up for a wilted veil?

- A little light refreshment Waxed paper

If you haven't time for ironing—try this trick: Slide the tired veil quickly back and forth on a lighted lamp bulb. It's a slick, last-minute way to crisp that glamour-wisp! Of course, to outwit *calendar* emergencies, you're smart to buy Kotex—in advance. With that special *safety center* you get *extra* protection that perks up your confidence, revives your poise!



If your tootsies tangle, what to do?

- Shun school shindigs Insist it's your fault

You step on his feet and you say "I'm sorry." If he gallantly takes the blame, no need to contradict him—nor shy away from future shindigs because you misstep now and then. Relax. Practice. You'll soon follow smoothly. And even at certain times, "watching eyes" needn't worry you. Because Kotex has *flat pressed ends*, there's no revealing outline!

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"**M**ORE in love with him now! We've been married for eight years and I'm more in love with my husband now than I was on our wedding day—*much* more!"

Words from the most listened-to daily drama, the Romance of Helen Trent, in which queen of the daytime serials, Julie Stevens, stars every Monday through Friday? No, real-life words. Words said with a toss of pale gold hair, and a twinkle in the green eyes of real-life vibrant Julie Stevens. But it wasn't always that way—

Julie's family. She's queen of daytime serials



The story of Julie Stevens—queen of the daytime serial Helen Trent—who knows a gold band and a baby's smile makes life perfect



Nancy's day is done, and it's with a big smile for her Mother and Father that she drops off to the Land of Nod.

"Charles and I loathed each other at first sight," Julie sighs happily. "Our romance was all very complicated—a comedy of errors which ran the risk of becoming a tragedy of errors, but didn't, thanks to a winter week-end with friends in the country.

"It all started when we met one October, and our friendship, if you can call it that, went along in a barbed and bitter way through the autumn. Then along came Christmas Eve. I was playing Kitty Foyle on the radio all this while and rehearsing *Cry Havoc* for Broadway. On Christmas Eve *Cry Havoc* opened. I was dressing for the performance with Florence Rice, in whom I had confided this disturbing friendship with Charles. Suddenly, Florence, who had left the dressing room before me, came rushing back to announce that he—Charles—was at the stage-door asking for me. In *Cry Havoc* we all wore Army Nurses' uniforms and dirty faces, and looked just the way no girl wants to look for *any* man. Just the same I found myself going downstairs to meet him. It turned out he wanted to personally wish me good luck with the play. You know, I think that was the first time I realized, or at least acknowledged to myself, how nice he really could be.

"Well, I haven't the remotest idea what I did for the rest of the evening. Presumably, I went through the three acts of the play and didn't miss, but how I did it . . .

"And it was two weeks before I saw him again. By that time the ill-fated *Cry Havoc* had closed. I was terribly tired. I wanted a rest—or at least a change of scenery. Charles came up with the suggestion that we join friends of his for a relaxing week-end in the country.

"It was that week-end . . . in a lovely old home in Connecticut . . . that we fell in love. On the Saturday of that week-end we skied during the daytime, and in the evening we all sat in front of the log fire and Charles read *The Snow Goose* to us. On Sunday, on our way home, we stopped for dinner—just the two of us—at a lovely old inn, and before a roaring fire we talked and talked. We found we had a great deal in common. Despite our rather different backgrounds—geographically different, at least—we had somehow arrived at similar likes and dislikes. About so many things.

"Charles was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but later lived in Scarsdale, New York, where his father was Superintendent of Schools. I was born in St. Louis, Missouri, but later lived in the little town of Somersville, Connecticut, which is the

heart of the beautiful tobacco country. Charles had spent his summers in Maine, and I had spent mine on Cape Cod—we both loved the outdoors.

"Not too long after that wonderful evening, in January of 1944 to be exact, we were married—between Saturday rehearsals for Abie's Irish Rose in the morning and Kitty Foyle at night, I became Mrs. Charles Underhill. We had our ceremony in a small town in New Jersey. I wore a tailored suit, Oxford gray, with a single white orchid at my shoulder, and we had a one-day honeymoon which was really rather funny. We had rented a car, and after my show that night had driven to a picturesque inn in Greenwich, Connecticut, where, in spite of being as legal as possible, the manager looked at us skeptically, very skeptically indeed—what, with our rented car, our light luggage, and the hour so late!

"The next morning we drove to Armonk, New York, where we thought we'd 'just look at' some property we'd seen before and liked. We had no intention of buying it, or anything else, for that

matter. We'd always said we didn't want to *own* anything because before you knew it possessions owned you—body, soul and bankbook. So—the next day we wrote the real estate people and bought it . . . bought five and a half acres of it, including an acre and a half of pond. Later we bought twelve and a half acres more, and now we spend all our week-ends there loving it just like the landed gentry we swore we'd never be!

"We've cleared all the land ourselves, with our own bare hands—that is, we have a tractor and a bulldozer (my prospective mink coat in actuality became a bulldozer!) And we've even built a beach ourselves, grain of sand by grain of sand, you might say. We've started to grow little evergreens, hoping to have an evergreen nursery some day. We bought a *little* prefabricated house, about ten feet by (Continued on page 85)

Produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, The Romance of Helen Trent is heard M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS for Whitehall Pharmaceutical products.

Using poodle Pooh as an audience, Julie goes over radio script with Charles for his suggestions on her "reading."



homespun **H**appiness

By FRANCES KISH

Joy is everywhere —
in a smile you share,
in a friend you find,
in a job well done



Ted Collins and Kate Smith are now celebrating their twenty-year partnership based on a handshake. Kate has her hair arranged for TV show.



ALONG THE Great White Way in New York they still tell a story about "Honeymoon Lane," Kate Smith's first Broadway show. She was about seventeen, a tall, hearty girl with a big, glorious voice, getting launched as a musical comedy performer. One evening, as she neared the end of a Charleston number, the heel of her right shoe broke off suddenly, pitching her to the stage. Backstage, everyone gasped, but Kate was equal to it. Quickly she struck a comedy pose, resting on the floor on one elbow, hand stuck under her chin. Looking straight out at the audience she began to laugh uproariously, and thinking it had all been planned, the audience laughed right back and applauded wildly.

That story is somehow characteristic of Kate today, although she has come a long way from the days when she was a musical comedy comedienne. Not far enough, however, to lose the ability to be herself under any circumstances. Kate knew it was a dreadful thing for a dancer to fall on the stage, but she felt it would be a worse thing not to be able to turn it into a big joke that all could share, herself included. After all, it was funny. Perhaps in that moment she began to learn the things at which she is now so adept—how to handle a big audience and how to get closer to people she was trying to entertain.

The Kate of (Continued on page 83)

Kate Smith Show is seen M-F, 4:00 P.M. EST and the Kate Smith Evening Hour is seen Wed., 8 P.M. EST. Both on NBC-TV. The Kate Smith Program is heard M-F, 12:05 P.M. EST, WNBC, and 12:15 P.M. EST, NBC.



The hours when Kate can work on her needlepoint for her friends or neighbors, the time when she can visit with her family are the satisfying wonderful times for Kate. She loves her garden at Lake Placid, but best of all she likes "antiqueing" and caring for the rare antiques she cherishes.



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The only two resembling the parts they play are Marie Wilson and Cathy Lewis, as roommates Jane and Irma.



Marie and boss Alan Reed, and Gloria Gordon as Mrs. O'Reilly.



Friends of

I wish all radio was populated with such gay folk.



John Brown plays Al, Irma's boy friend. Below, Producer Cy Howard and his Irma.



MY FRIEND IRMA

Love the show. Love Irma. Love them all, come to think of it

By
HANS CONRIED

THE BRIGHT BOYS—and they are bright boys indeed—who write and produce our happy show, My Friend Irma, are a pretty inventive lot. But they could stay up all night inventing at top efficiency, and still not create situations any more precarious or hilarious than some dillies all of us in the cast have faced in our own lives.

Except for Marie Wilson—Irma herself—who was experimenting with her beautiful but bewildered personality in "Boy Meets Girl" in moving pictures at the time, we all crashed into radio in the days when acting in front of a

microphone was about as hazardous a profession as going down into the coal mines.

There's my story, for example.

I landed on the West Coast in 1935, about as low in the pocket and in the mind as it is possible to be when you're eighteen years old. For me—although I didn't take stock until some time later—this meant, I thought, an end to all my hopes for a career in the theatre. I wanted to be an actor (*Continued on page 101*)

My Friend Irma, Sun. 6 P.M. EST, CBS, for Pearson Pharmacal. Seen Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV, Cavalier Cigarette.

Professor Kropotkin is Hans Conried who has a hundred "acting" voices.





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MISSY

MIRACLE OF MOTHERHOOD CAME

and ME

By DINAH SHORE

as told to

BETTY MILLS



Dinah
and Missy

TO DINAH WHEN MISSY WAS BORN

Missy sat between George and me. Her wide blue eyes looked straight into mine as she pushed her cereal away from her, definitely and finally.

"I don't like cereal. I won't eat cereal. I hate cereal."

I looked at George. This was the third straight day of Missy's refusing to eat. Ordinarily I consider myself the luckiest woman in the world—lucky because I have an adoring husband in George, a wonderful child in Missy but at this particular moment I was just another perplexed, helpless mother. George, sensing my unhappiness, reached across the table and squeezed my hand. Then he engulfed both Missy's tiny hands in his and said gently:

"I guess Missy just isn't hungry."

Missy laughed that gay, lovable laugh and replied just as gently, "No, Missy just isn't hungry."

All this was happening as I was preparing for my new television show and still maintaining my schedule of three radio shows on Monday, Wednesday and Friday—but, isn't it always when things are really rugged in business that something goes horribly, unforgettably wrong in your personal life? By the time I returned home from the radio show that afternoon, I'd worked myself into a high state of nervousness. I (Continued on page 86)

Dinah is heard on the Jack Smith Show, M-W-F, 7:15 P.M. EST, CBS for Tide. The Dinah Shore Show is seen NBC-TV, T-T, 7:30 P.M. EST, Chevrolet Motor.



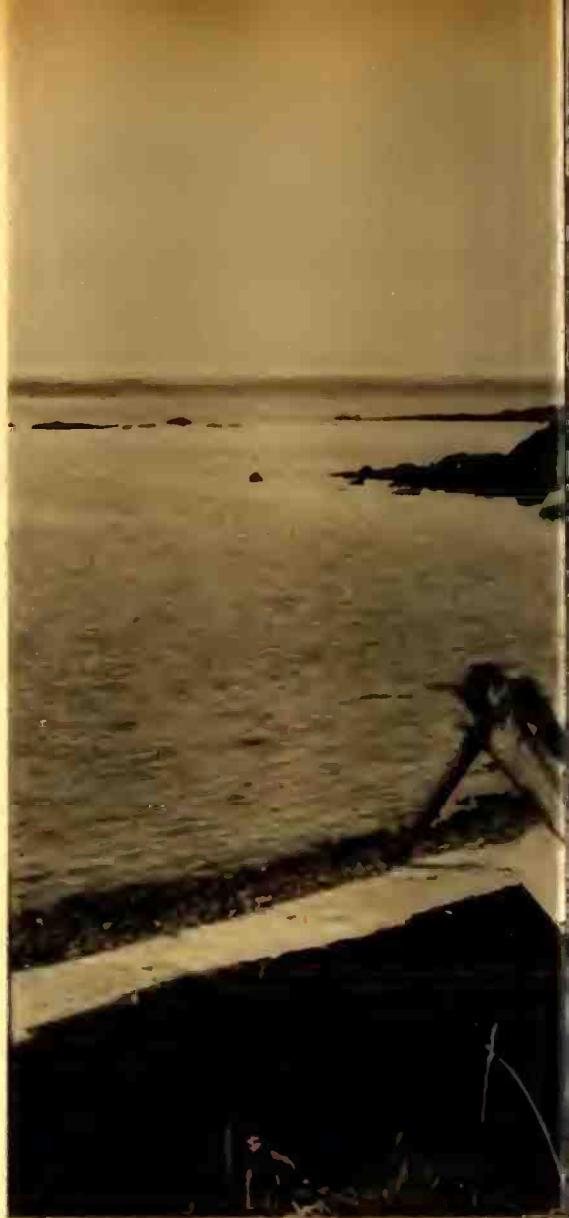
Even Daddy's protecting arms don't reassure Missy that the clown is *really* fun. But spun sugar is so good, the little auto just fits, and—well, the circus is wonderful!



Lone Journey Hero



Murjel Kirkland met Staats when both were playing in summer stock. She gave up touring the country to settle down, count her blessings as Staats' wife.



TO LISTEN to Staats Cotsworth talk about his role of "Wolfe Bennett" in *Lone Journey* is to be transported to the mountain country of Montana, breathing the fresh, sparkling air, looking across the great spaces that seem almost endless. For blond, blue-eyed Staats has fallen in love with that role; when he plays it he is really living it.

"The character is so real," he explained. "Bennett is a businessman turned rancher, an introspective man, a deep thinker. The part is so well written that he is really alive. He talks as real people do, does the things that a real man of his nature would do in the same circumstances."

Staats would live in country like that if he could, but "The Clark Gable of radio," as a newspaper man once called him, cannot

Staats Cotsworth, is widely exhibited painter, world traveler,



Muriel reads aloud to Staats as he paints. By fall he will have fifty oils ready for gallery exhibition.

move so far away from the radio studios where he earns a living.

"The very locale of Lone Journey is inspiring," he said. "Montana isn't all settled, even today; there's still plenty of room there, so that a man can have land of his own, plenty of it. It is really American."

Meanwhile, having to live within a short hop by taxi of Radio City, he and his wife, the beautiful Muriel Kirkland, still have a home with space around it. Their penthouse on top of a large apartment building in the East Fifties has a terrace which looks out over New York's rooftops toward the Hudson River; the noise of the city surges far below, like surf (*Continued on page 88*)

Lone Journey is heard Monday-Friday at 11:00 A.M. EST over ABC. Sponsored by Lever Bros. for Surf.



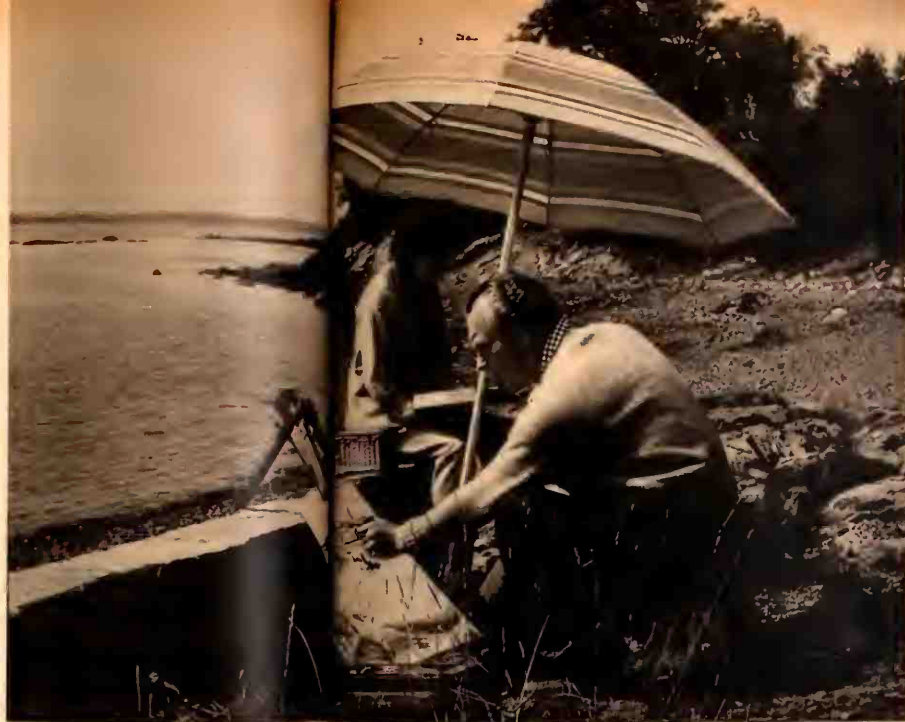
chef and Lone Journey's. Wolfe Bennett



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WE BROKE THE



"Gosh, I'd love to get a crack at that bank," Marty told Rita. Above as Marty comes out of his faint after winning \$11,840 from Bud Collyer, Break the Bank's master of ceremonies.



Quiz shows used to leave me cold. Sure, now and then I'd tune one in and try to answer the questions or guess the tunes, but I never really got excited about the get-rich-quick theme—the big jackpots and ever-growing prize lists. Frankly, I always thought they were a fake. I never believed they'd let *just anybody* win all that money.

But, that was before one afternoon last winter. The date? Of course I remember. I'll always remember. It was December 14. That day lots of things changed. Life took on a whole new meaning for me, much like the fairy tales my mother used to read to me.

BANK!

by

Rita Spolin

Marty Diamant
won \$11,840 and
the girl of his dreams

The largest radio prize ever won will enable Rita Spolin and Marty to have their wedding in June.



And it was all because of a quiz show. A quiz show and Marty, that is.

Marty is my feller—my fiancé. Corporal Martin Diamant of the U. S. Army. Diamant will be my name, too, sometime in June—when Marty and I are married. On that December afternoon, I knew I would be Marty's bride some day, and there was a strong possibility that the wedding would be in June. But, which June? Not June, 1952. No, it seemed like years off into the future—maybe 1953 or '54. We'd have enough money by then.

And, then it happened. It still seems like a miracle.

Marty broke the bank!

Yes, and he broke the bank on a radio show, the same type of show I was so skeptical about. My Marty, of all people, did it and made history, too. He answered eight questions in a row correctly on the "Break the Bank" show that day and then they handed him a check for \$11,840. To us, it seemed like all the money in the world. Never before had anyone won that much cash in all the history of radio and television. And, I'm sure, never before was anyone happier.

I suppose I'll always have to look upon Marty as a genius—you know, the so-called brains of the family. But,

in a laughing sort of way, I think I contributed something to his preparation for his brainy radio debut. You see, most of the questions Marty answered were based on the movies, and I'll probably remind him for the rest of his life that ten of our first eleven dates were spent watching double-features.

As a matter of fact, our very first date was at the Fox Theatre in Brooklyn, not far from the Brownsville section where I've lived most of my life. It was a *(Continued on page 99)*

Bud Collyer emcees Break The Bank, 11:30 A.M. EST, ABC. Sponsored by Bristol-Myers.



Tom Taylor plays Jim. Sister is Evvie, played by Mimmi Strongin, mother is Alice, played by Ruth Matteson, older sister Mary, played by Hazel Dawn, Jr., father John, played by Howard St. John.

Do teen-agers have the right to choose

The Olcott family is a typical American family of modest circumstances—circumstances, however, that were good enough to have son Jim concentrate on studying law and on his piano playing and painting talents. Suddenly, John, Jim's father, is taken ill with a heart attack and when Alice, his wife, takes stock she finds that financially they are not going to have enough money to see them through this crisis in the same comfortable manner which has always prevailed in their household. Mary, Jim's sister, agrees to give up her fashionable finishing school, and while her mother is not happy about this decision she faces the situation realistically and it isn't until Jim announces that he is dropping law school and going to work in a grocery store that Alice, his mother, puts her foot down firmly. She points out that with his talents the family should sacrifice

everything if necessary to allow him to develop. When she goes to the grocery store and finds him ruining his sensitive hands, her fears mount, for if his hands become cut and rough with hard labor he will be unable to ever play the piano in concert. It is at this point that Jim becomes stubborn. He has his own life to lead, and if he chooses to work in a grocery store, chooses to sacrifice his music and art for the good of the family, he feels he should be allowed to do so. He feels further that he's eighteen years old, old enough to make these decisions for himself. At what point should a mother stop running her son's life, let him make his own decisions, although she may think the decision is a wrong one? Should a teen-ager have the right to choose his or her own way of life?

Fair Meadows U.S.A., Sundays, 3:00 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV.



Jim is the talented member of the family, studies law, paints and plays the piano. Here with his older sister Mary who adores him, sacrifices for him.

a way of life?

RADIO-TV MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question: "*Do teen-agers have the right to choose a way of life?*" Writer of the best letter will be paid \$25.00. Writers of the five next best get \$5 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your views in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address it to Fair Meadows, care of **RADIO-TV MIRROR**, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than March 1, 1952, and should have this notice attached.



Alice, Jim's mother, is horrified when she sees what happens to his gifted hands, working in the grocery store.



If I could not have children it would kill me. And Mario. We have Colleen (above) and Elissa now.

Mario Lanza's

LOVE STORY

By BETTY LANZA

What we have together, what we share,
is something apart from the outer world

THE whole world, they tell me, has fallen in love with my husband.

I am not surprised. No one who has been exposed to his all-embracing smile could help, I'm sure, giving over at least a corner of her heart to him. And no one could listen to his great voice without being, for the moment at least, transported into a world of greater size and purer beauty as millions are every Monday night when he sings over NBC.

I am not surprised, and I am not jealous. Mario has so much to give; he can return in full the devotion of all of his anonymous friends. What we have together, the love we share, is something quite separate from his public life, something apart from the outer world in which he lives as an artist.

I love him for his art, of course, but for much, much more—big things and little things, tender memories and funny ones.

(Continued on page 69)



The Mario Lanza Show is heard every Monday at 10:00 P.M., EST over the National Broadcasting Co. network for Coca-Cola.



OUR MAN

Godfrey

By MARION MARLOWE



MY GRANDFATHER had a pet expression, one I'm sure everyone has heard many times—"You can achieve anything you want . . . if you'll only work hard enough." I guess it's pretty true, but I've added a PS of my own—"If you're lucky." And I consider myself the luckiest girl in the world. You see, I'm convinced that everyone goes along in life putting in long hours, thinking, plotting, trying to succeed. Then, after long hours of study, perhaps years of training, still more years of working and sacrificing toward your goal, suddenly, your success or failure is finally decided, not by plan, but by an unpredictable stray whim of fate. If Lady Luck smiles, all the pieces suddenly fit into place, and, as if by magic, life becomes all new and wonderful. I know it's true because I can look back on one unforgettable moment during a January night in Miami when a redhead with a winning smile said two short sentences that sent the wheel of fortune spinning at a dizzy rate. When it stopped its intoxicating whirl, I found myself living a fun life that any girl might well envy.

Singing has always been my life. Mother claims that as a baby in St. Louis, I was humming lullabies before I could talk. My first professional work came when I was an old lady of four singing "Ave Maria" in Latin at a Scottish Rites benefit—for which I received ten shiny dollars. I gave my mother and grandparents the money to "buy a house." Now that my lucky star has risen there is more, much more, that I can do for them.

The night Lady Luck took me by the hand was a beautiful one, and I was well aware of the soft night breezes as I strolled with some friends past the beautiful hotels

He isn't like most men I know. He isn't



even like most redheads I know. He's unique. He's one-of-a-kind Godfrey

OUR MAN

Godfrey



Arthur takes an interest in all program details . . . including Jacques Fath's latest creation for Marion.

that line Miami Beach. When I went to Miami I had been weary and tired from the struggle of getting my foot firmly planted on the mountainous climb to success. After being graduated from high school I'd worked as a professional model, USO entertainer, sung on stage and radio shows, training for the moment when I might start a singing career. Then an English producer had hired me for eighteen months in London. London had captivated me. From my window I could see the bombed-out silhouette of an old church symbolizing for me all the horrors of war that we here in America have never seen. London was weird and lonely and even though I was singing twice nightly at the Cambridge Theatre, and even once sang for the King and Queen at Royal Albert Hall and for Winston Churchill at an RAF reunion, I missed America and my friends. I couldn't seem to capture the feeling of having really found my niche—couldn't seem to conquer the feeling of illness and unhappiness that plagued me there. When I returned to America I decided I would go to Miami for rest. There in the sunshine I would get back my lagging spirits.

For some unaccountable reason I felt a sort of longing to hear music as we slowly walked past the Kennilworth Hotel. We were almost into the next block when something made me turn to my friends and say, "Come on, let's go back to the Kennilworth. The music sounded wonderful. Please let's take a look." They laughed indulgently and they were still teasing me about my whim when we walked in.



From a Colonial wedding march to a modern day bargain basement in one easy jump as only irrepresible Arthur Godfrey could manage to do.





Not to be outdone by big Broadway productions, the finale finds the inimitable star surrounded by all the little Godfreys.

It was a lovely spot, not too crowded and with just the right piano and violin background music for our conversation. The mood was warm and delightful and for the first time in months I felt not a care in the world—I was at ease with myself and the gay happy people with me. As my mood got lighter, one of the women asked me to sing the song the piano was playing. Somehow it seemed completely natural, so I stood beside the table and sang softly, "Summer Time and the evening is nigh . . ." to just our own small group. Halfway through, I suddenly realized the entire room had hushed to listen. In the quiet the violin picked up the accompaniment and still, very softly, I finished the song. The people around our table applauded and I felt a warm flood of embarrassment bringing color to my cheeks. I sat down and tried to huddle into myself.

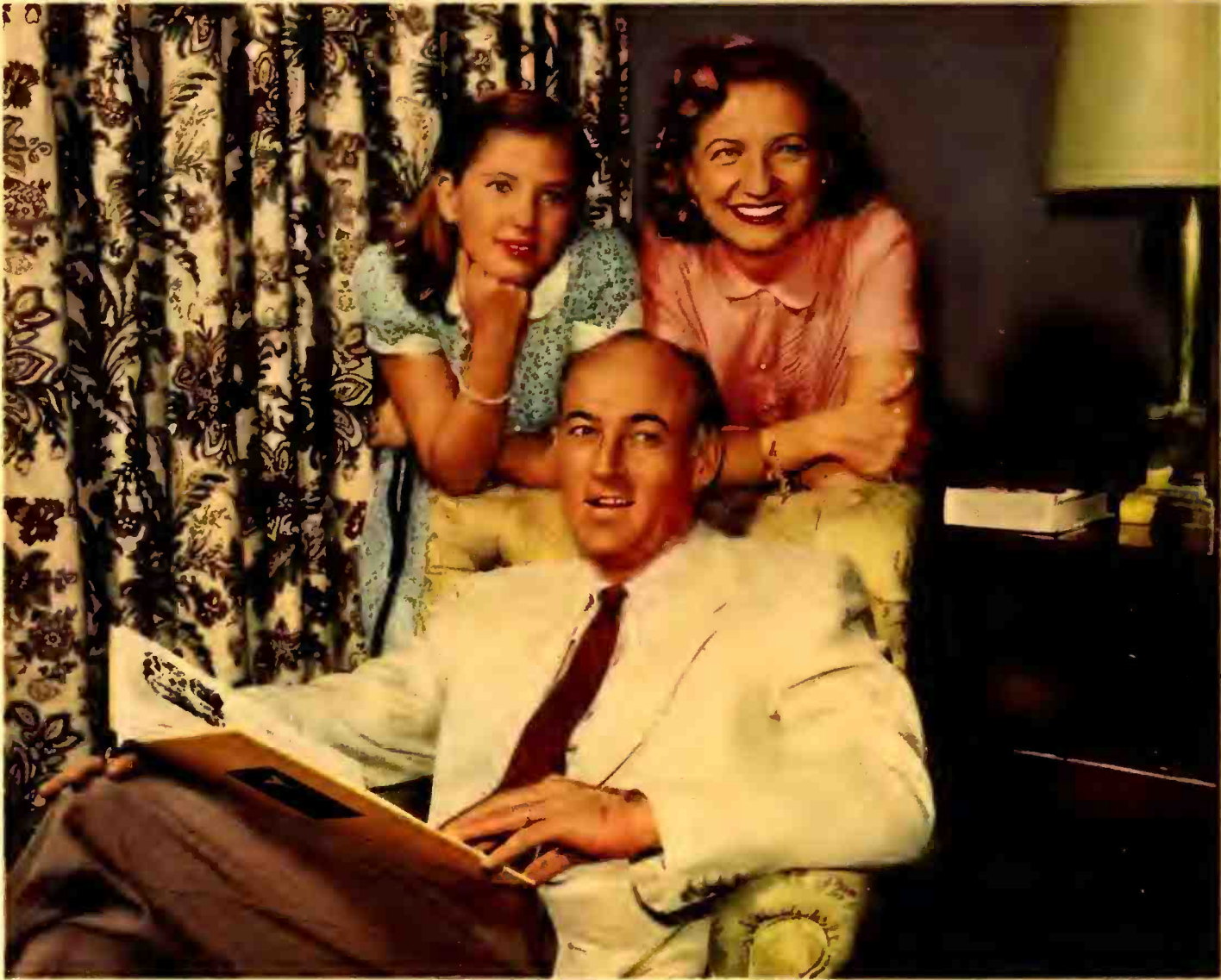
Suddenly, I heard a warm southern voice saying that he was Tom Raffington, owner of the hotel. I stammered something about being happy to meet him. A moment later he was asking me if I would like to sing at the show some evening, and I was asking him to (Continued on page 80)



Colonials may not have thought him sufficiently dashing, but cohorts Davis, Parker and Marlowe love him for just that.

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard M-F, 10 A.M. for Rinso, Toni, Pillsbury, Chesterfields, Nabisco, Monarch, on CBS. The 10:15-10:30 segment is simulcast on CBS-TV. King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table, Sun., 5 P.M. for Kingan, on CBS. Arthur Godfrey and Friends, Wed., 8:00 P.M., CBS-TV for Toni, Chesterfields, Pillsbury; and Talent Scouts, simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M. for Lipton. All EST.

Barbara Weeks — Young Doctor Malone heroine —



Leading a charmed life are the three Franks . . . Barbara, Carl and eleven-year-old Roberta. As things appear now, the young Frank will probably wind up following her parents' profession. Right now she's equally interested in painting and parties.



knows from real life experience that

Romance is where you find it

BARBARA WEEKS, the exciting honey-blonde who stars as Ann Malone, attractive wife of Young Dr. Malone, traces the beginning of her wonderful marriage to a telephone booth on the twenty-second floor of the CBS building. Fourteen years ago, she was taking a breather during a radio audition and, in the best tradition of women, dashed to the telephone booth to relay the day's events to her closest friend and confidante.

She was fairly well-wrapped up in talk when she became aware of a tall, handsome stranger leaning against the booth. He wasn't merely waiting impatiently to use the phone. He was boldly listening to her conversation. Being a competent actress, Barbara scowled to show her displeasure but the young man grinned back at her frowning face, then nudged the door open.

"I wouldn't talk to your friend like that," he said.

Barbara slammed the door shut, feeling conscience-free to talk as long as she pleased in face of the stranger's rudeness. When she finally got out of the booth, he was gone. Later that evening coincidence and the tall, handsome stranger entered her life again. This time they were formally introduced. He was Carl Frank and he explained his interruption. The friend she'd been talking to was a mutual friend and just the day before Carl had been sitting with the friend during a similar conversation with Barbara. By the time their mutual friend got through explaining Barbara to Carl, he felt that he knew her rather well. Barbara forgave him with a smile and found out that Carl Frank was anything but rude. Barbara also found they had quite a bit in common beside mutual friends. Both were actors, had graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Art and even worked on the same radio shows but at different times.

"After the phone booth incident was straightened out, we got along famously," Barbara recalls. "My only confusion was (Continued on page 79)

Barbara Weeks is heard as Ann Malone on Young Dr. Malone, M.-F., 1:30 P.M. EST on CBS. Sponsor is P&G's Crisco.



Barbara is quick to acknowledge the importance of fans, and personally answers all mail.



Barbara helps Roberta at the keyboard, while Carl supervises the hanging of her paintings.



JOYCE JORDAN, M. D.



when love walked in

When a woman dedicates herself to helping others, can she also find room in her heart and her life for the man she desperately loves?

IT'S HARD to say just when most people stop to take the measure of their life but for Joyce Jordan she could almost pinpoint it—it was the morning of her thirty-second birthday when she awoke to a strange feeling that life held more for her than her dedication to work. Women could easily envy Joyce and some showed that envy very plainly for Joyce, at thirty-two, had arrived somewhere. She's a doctor and, according to Doctor Howard Starr, the Director of the great City Medical Centre, she's a good doctor, one of the best there is on the staff of his renowned institution. The strange feeling with which Joyce awakened persisted through breakfast. Cissy, Joyce's housekeeper and good friend, did nothing to dispel the mood which surrounded Joyce. If anything, she intensified it when she said, "Well, so happy birthday to you. Thirty-two years old today." "Oh, dear!" Joyce said, "Thanks—thanks very much." Queer feelings churned inside Joyce as Cissy chattered on about wishing she were back at thirty-two instead of being fifty-five. And this being a world in which a woman's a woman. And well, it "ain't natural" for a woman to be so tied up in a profession that she forgets her own birthday. Joyce's thoughts were running almost parallel to Cissy's monologue but fortunately a phone call from Kitty, Joyce's kid sister, interrupted them both before Joyce could reply. It was peculiar how tense Joyce got, talking to Kitty on the telephone, as though, of course, a phone call from her sister could only mean bad news. To Joyce's inward relief, Kitty said she was doing pretty well at business school and even Kitty's hard way of talking didn't erase the warm glow Joyce had over the thoughtfulness of Kitty calling on this day.

Perhaps if it hadn't been her birthday, if it



Joyce Jordan M.D. is thirty-two, one of the best on the staff at Dr. Howard Starr's great Medical Centre. She has avoided love to dedicate her life to healing sick children.

See Next Page —

Joyce thought lawyer Michael Hill was just a stuffed shirt until she took him on a tour of her children's ward and discovered his heart.



Dr. William Dawson, executive at the Centre, feels in his heart that medicine has no place for women doctors. He battles Joyce in her attempt to bring about better treatment for children by merging city and Medical Centre's services in one organization.



In the privacy of her own lab, Joyce battles to advance her skills in diagnosing and healing sick children. She has no time for other interests.

hadn't been that she felt so cheerful over Kitty's phone call, the surprise at walking into her office and finding the sorest young man she'd ever encountered would not have set her heart to beating so madly. In no uncertain terms the young man let her know that he was not used to be kept waiting an hour, no matter how important a client was and that he did not consider Joyce the most important client he'd ever encountered in his young life. His name was Michael Hill and he would have Joyce know that he represented the staid firm of Harris, Bentley, Hill, Harris & Hill. It had all been a foolish error on the part of Joyce's secretary but as Mr. Hill stormed on, Joyce found herself losing her temper too. In between hard, angry words, Mr. Hill finally managed to state his business, which was simply to tell Joyce that Doctor Starr's executive director, Dr. Dawson, consulted his firm on the legal

JORDAN, M. D.



An open clash, which Joyce tries to avoid, comes when Dr. Dawson thinks that Joyce has broken regulations which he would have rigidly enforced.

aspects of her plan to tie in the Centre's children's service with the city educational system. And that this was impossible. And that on behalf of his firm, he would tell Dawson at the earliest possible moment. Despite her disappointment at the legalistic way which Mr. Hill approached her dearest project, she couldn't seem to focus her mind on his words. The thought that he had the nicest face she'd ever seen kept intruding itself in her mind. It was a pity he was so obviously a—a—well, a stinker.

Joyce kept wondering about this young man, who, after his anger subsided, had to rush off, as he explained he had to pick up his fiancée, Alice Easton, who was coming in from Washington, D. C., to be his mother's house-guest and since he always kept his appointments on time (this last seemed unnecessarily pointed) he had to leave.



Joyce's friend, Dr. Starr, is torn between his two associates. He is almost a father to Joyce but he must maintain the efficiency of his organization and Dr. Dawson is an efficient man.

See Next Page —

Mike, on the other hand, hurrying to meet the girl he'd asked to be his future wife, kept thinking of the way Joyce's dark brown eyes flashed when she was angry, the way she tilted her head as she tried to win a point in the argument. Darned attractive woman, he thought, to himself, if she weren't, well—so stubborn. If you'd asked Mike at that moment how he came to be engaged to Alice, you probably wouldn't get a very coherent reply. He'd tell you that it happened while he was convalescing from the nose-dive he'd taken physically while he was working in Washington—his first reminder since his discharge from the service that the head wound he'd got in the Solomons was going to stay with him for the rest of his life. Alice was awfully nice when she came to visit him at Walter Reed hospital, and, well, his mother liked her very much, and a man of thirty-four ought to be married

JOYCE



Michael Hill, a young lawyer, enters Joyce's carefully regulated life. Her heart, long denied a woman's emotions, flowers into a feeling of love for him. She fights against it, knowing that it can only distract her from her real purpose in life.



Mike is legal counsel for the Medical Centre. At first he tries to smash her carefully laid program to further work of Medical Centre's child clinic.

and so you got engaged. It wasn't exactly romantic like he'd thought it would be, but then perhaps that was silly stuff anyway—just for kids.

After depositing his fiancée with his mother, Mike walked into his office and there sat the woman who'd occupied most of his thoughts that morning—Dr. Jordan had been waiting for half an hour—oh, she didn't mind waiting—she'd just come to explain about the few things that he was going to prevent with his report to Dr. Dawson—and what seemed more important to her, the human good that would fail to be realized if he made the report. Mike had to admit that sitting there listening to Dr. Jordan was mighty pleasant. A convincing woman. Interesting woman. Then, suddenly, he was being taken apart. She was telling him what a stuffed shirt she thought a man was who always went through life doing the proper thing, not necessarily the good, or the human, or the right thing! If Mike had faced a man at the moment he would have thrown him out on his ear—instead, he ushered her stuffily to the door and returned to his desk puzzled, vaguely unhappy that Dr. Jordan should leave with such an obviously low opinion of him. Joyce made her way home and as Cissy gave her some tomato juice and crackers to tide her over until dinner, Joyce thought about her birthday. She'd sure ended it by making a perfect fool of herself. She'd ruined her plan for good. What's more she had made an enemy. Dawson, her good friend Dr.

JORDAN, M. D.



Alice Easton is Michael Hill's fiancée, who comes to Joyce when she first suspects that love is growing between Mike and Joyce. Should Joyce give in to Alice?

Starr's assistant, had long maintained that Joyce was too human, too womanlike in her attitude toward the work of the Centre's child health work. Now, with Hill an enemy both would have a field day attacking the project that was so near and dear to her heart. Oh, why on this day of beginning her thirty-third year did she have to make such a mess of things? The next day brought a pleasant surprise. Michael Hill came to explain that he wasn't a stuffed shirt and set about convincing her by allowing her to take him around the children's ward. There she discovered Michael Hill had a heart. Perhaps it was in those moments that love was born between them. In the days that followed, happy days, but in other ways heartbreaking days, Joyce Jordan realized that what Cissy had said on her birthday was true—"A woman's a woman." Instead of Joyce's life being a calm dedication to the children in her ward, a steady working toward the goal of ever better care for them, Joyce finds herself confronted with ever mounting problems. There is the problem of Alice Easton, who is determined to have Michael for her husband, the constant struggle with Dr. Dawson, who keeps thwarting her attempts to bring the marvels of medicine to the youngsters who swarm her ward, and finally the whole turmoil into which her own life has been thrown because of her love for Michael Hill. Somehow, Joyce must make her way through this maze to happiness! Somehow, somewhere she must regain her peace of mind.

In quiet desperation Joyce seeks Dr. Starr's advice. She tells him of Mike, of her hopes, her dreams. Which road should she take?



Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Joyce Jordan, M. D. Fran Carlon
Michael Hill George Petrie
Dr. William Dawson Arnold Moss
Dr. Howard Starr Bernard Lenrow
Alice Easton Marion Seldes

Joyce Jordan, M.D. is heard Monday-Friday at 3:30 P.M. EST on ABC. It is sponsored by Lever Bros. for Surf.

who's who in



Cliff Norton

Reviewers have hailed thirty-two-year-old Cliff Norton as a deadpan comedian and song-and-dance man of the old tradition of show business.

A native Chicagoan, Norton has a solid background of showmanship, which accounts for his relaxed, easy attitude before TV cameras. Except for four years in the Army, he has spent most of his professional career in radio and TV. He was first heard on the airwaves in 1938 as an obnoxious parrot "which emitted a raucous 'wake up!' on one of those too-bright-and-too-early morning radio shows." Eventually, he advanced from this spot to dramatic roles in network daytime serials. After his Army service, which took him from Australia to North Africa and back to the U. S. as a Captain, Cliff added video and commercial motion picture roles to his schedule. He was married to his neighborhood sweetheart in a military ceremony at Camp Pickett, Virginia, in 1942, and is now the proud father of five-year-old Cliff, Jr., who already shows a liking for his Dad's sartorial tastes . . . bow ties, hand-painted cravats and colorful sports jackets.

Norton probably achieved his greatest fame on the old Garroway at Large, NBC-TV program, which spotted his satirical impressions of all sorts of people—the "professional" collegiate football coach, the typical Hollywood radio columnist, and the harassed video weather forecaster. TV viewers will also remember him for his hilarious routine: "come to me under the shower while I'm fumbling for a towel to get the soap out of my eyes."

Nelly
Colette

Pint-sized (four feet, eleven inches), red haired chanteuse-pianist, Nelly Colette, takes both her exciting life and her amazing musical accomplishments with a matter-of-fact modesty.

Born in Algiers of French parents, she displayed an interest and ability in piano playing and composition when she was but three. At the age of five she enrolled at the Beaux Arts Music Conservatory in Algiers, and at six, gave her first public concert. During her early years, Nelly was completely devoted to classical music, and at fifteen composed a symphony "rather on the morbid side." This won her a total of fourteen gold medals, but a practical friend reminded her that a better living could be made with popular music. Which point she took upon herself to prove—and did. Her score to date is over three hundred published compositions, most of them recorded by such artists as Jean Sablon. She has starred in musical films, had her own radio and TV shows in Paris and London, was introduced in this country on the Steve Allen Show, and now, besides guesting on national TV variety shows, has her own local New York program, WOR-TV's The Nelly Colette Show.

With the war came a new life for Nelly. While entertaining soldiers in Paris, she met an American G.I., and in due course became a French war bride.

Like many French girls, she's a wonderful cook with tastes running to exotic Arabian and North African dishes. She's delighted with America, Americans, TV, and her new life.



RADIO-TV

Guy Mitchell's many and rabid fans have labeled him the "hottest singer" in the entertainment business today. This is not a description of his singing techniques—rather a description of what has happened to him in the last three years.

Back in 1948, at the age of twenty-one, Guy, then Albert Cernick, arrived in New York to appear as a vocalist at the Astor Hotel. The young singer thought he was about to get his big break. But after a week, a combined siege of laryngitis and ptomaine poisoning forced him to leave the band, and two lean years followed. Guy spent these two years cutting demonstration records by which song writers showed off their tunes to publishers. For this he received anywhere from two to five dollars per disc. "I didn't miss many meals," Mitchell remembers, "but I did postpone a few."

In the early part of 1950, Eddie Joy, singer Mindy Carson's husband-manager, heard one of Guy's demonstration records, and was impressed to the point of signing the unknown voice to a personal management contract. Two big steps followed . . . first, to change his name to Guy Mitchell, and second, to sign him with Columbia Records. Then came strenuous rehearsing—five hours a day for months.

His first five records enjoyed healthy but not spectacular sales. His sixth, "My Heart Cries For You," was the one that shot him into the spotlight. Now, there is hardly a TV variety show that has not guested Guy at least once or twice.



Rita Gam

It is not everyone who can lay claim to having played Little King David opposite Paul Muni, or a butterfly opposite Jose Ferrer, or being a look-alike with Loretta Young . . . but these are things Rita Gam gleefully announces about herself. "Other than that," she says, "there's not much to say about me except I hope some day to be a really great actress."

Rita's current line-up of television credits would make it appear that she is well on her way toward achieving this aim. She has been seen on such programs as the Somerset Maugham TV Theatre, Lights Out, Martin Kane, Private Eye, and Danger, all of which programs she enjoyed, but none quite so much as Danger which is directed by her husband, Sidney Lumet. And when she speaks of her husband, she really lights up. "Sidney and I met during the run of A Flag Is Born . . . that's the play in which I was Little King David. During those days he, too, was an actor. It was after that that he turned to directing. Which isn't the reason I married him—but it certainly is true that he's helped me lots with TV acting techniques."

In their spare time, Rita and her husband see as many plays and movies as possible. They have no pets now, but Rita is "crazy about cats," and would love to have a house full. She gets "attacks" of cooking, and when she does her specialties are shrimp curry, beef chausser, and crepe suzettes.

Is she interested in Hollywood? Well, only on "one picture" deals. . . No contracts.



Guy Mitchell

Mark arrives, bearing flowers — red roses for his pleased hostess.



Anton stays close to Rozanna, helping her to be gay, happy, for this one day.



Wendy Warren's



valentine

WENDY WARREN, famous women's news commentator on radio, takes time out for a Valentine Party at her New York apartment, partly to please sentimental Aunt Dorrie, who lives with Wendy and her father, Sam Warren, and partly for another reason—she hopes to rouse Mark Douglas from one of his dark moods of unhappiness. Wendy has wondered whether the problems that stand between their love will ever be resolved, and perhaps in her heart she is hoping that St. Valentine, the patron saint of all lovers, can help. Mark's writing is gaining recognition, the mystery surrounding Rozanna is clearing up, thanks to the help of Anton Kamp's work with the F.B.I.—yet something holds Mark back from the happiness they both long for.

Today, however, problems are set aside. Aunt Dorrie and Wendy have been in the kitchen for

hours—with results well worth their efforts. There are heart-shaped open sandwiches with bright touches of red—pimiento and chopped egg, red caviar, strawberry jam, jelly, and pinky-red boiled ham. Heart-shaped candies, some with tender messages. Pineapple slices cut like hearts, maraschino cherries stuck in their centers. Delicious punch, steaming fragrant coffee. Strawberry ice cream in heart-shaped molds. The cake, a white-iced heart, decorated with red roses.

In these pictures, and on the radio, Florence Freeman plays Wendy; Nat Poland, Mark; Susan Douglas, Rozanna; Peter Capell, Anton, of the F.B.I.; Tess Sheehan, Aunt Dorrie; Rod Hendrickson, Sam Warren.

Wendy Warren and the News is broadcast Monday-Friday, 12-12:15 noon EST over CBS, for Maxwell House Coffee.



Someone suggests charades, and Aunt Dorrie acts out "I Adore You." Mark guesses it, glances at Wendy.



Chow line, but only Sam would want to start with cake, work his way back to hors d'oeuvres.

Party

WITH FOOD THAT'S

EASY TO FIX, GAMES EVERYONE KNOWS

AND LOVES, THE WARMTH OF

FRIENDSHIP, THE PROMISE OF ROMANCE!



Did St. Valentine do his work? Wendy wonders as Rozanna and Anton leave party together.

Mark arrives, bearing flowers—
red roses for his pleased hastess.



Anton stays close to Rozanna, helping
her to be gay, happy, for this one day.



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Wendy Warren's



Valentine

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Anyone

Maria Riva, lovely star of TV, once weighed 180 pounds and thought herself an ugly duckling



Today Maria is every bit as glamorous as her fabulous mother, Marlene Dietrich. With Bill Riva, the man for whom she wanted to be perfect

OBSTACLES can make you strong. Others have said this before me, but I had to learn for myself. I had the obstacle to overcome of being fat."

Maria Riva, the radiantly lovely star of CBS television, used the harsh word, not a softer substitute. Seeing her as she is today, exquisitely clothed in size ten dresses, it seems impossible that Maria, just a few short years ago, had to play old women, character parts, to disguise the problem of weight. Doubly hard it is to believe that Maria could have this problem being, as she is, the only child of Marlene Dietrich, the fabulous Marlene whose name has been synonymous with beauty of face, figure and legs for at least two decades. Truly, Maria was the daughter of a woman of great charm and allure.

Maria, born in Berlin on December 13, 1924, was only five when her mother made her first American motion picture, "Morocco," after the striking success of her German-produced "The Blue Angel." She was six when she was taken to Hollywood and thrown into contact with the most gorgeous women in the world, women with beautifully carved features, (Continued on page 72)



Above, as Maria appeared in character roles when her weight prevented her from being a star. Left, little Maria when she first came to Hollywood.



can be LOVELY

Beautiful TV star Maria Riva, who overcame the handicap of being fat



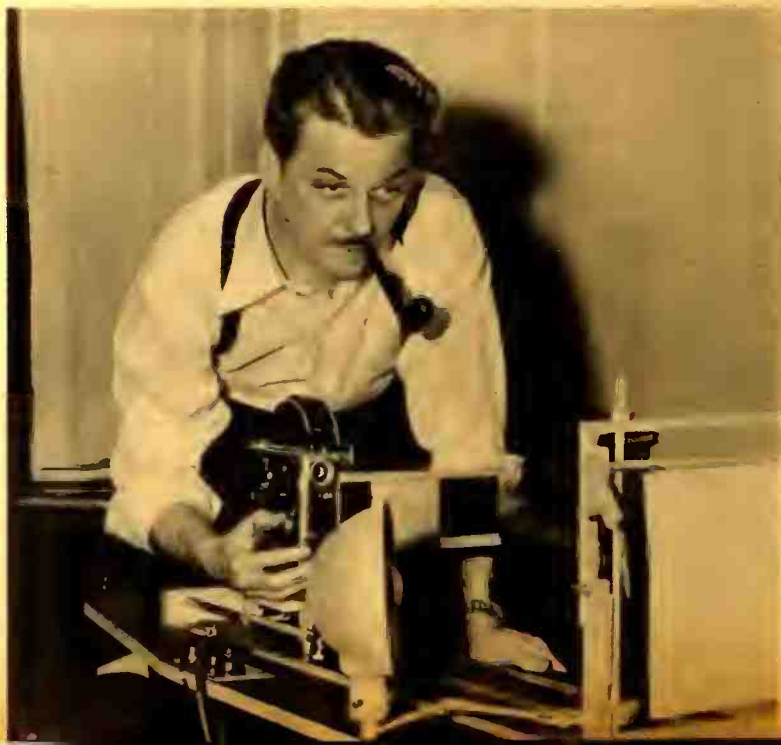


JUST FOR FUN

EACH SCENE IS FROM A

1. These two lovely women are vying for the affections of the Governor. One is his wife, and the other his very close business associate. The Governor is now invalided as the result of an attempted assassination.

2. This man is the son of a doctor. He is a kindly, rather bumbling young man who is always attempting to raise money for some theatrical production. He was recently freed on false criminal charges.



3. This family has been on the air for fifteen years. Pa is an ex-Mayor, and the father of the current Mayor of Elmwood. He was recently accused of a brutal slaying and bank robbery by his daughter's mother-in-law . . . now free of charges.



4. The central character of this daytime serial is a doctor at the Wheelock Hospital in Merrimac. He has a young daughter by his late wife who was murdered by international spies.

DAYTIME DRAMA—HOW MANY CAN YOU NAME?

JUST FOR you, and just for fun, Radio-TV Mirror has prepared this game to see how up-to-date and "in the know" you are when it comes to some of the most popular daytime serials on the air. On these four pages are pictures of the central characters and scenes from nine daytime programs. Under each picture is a caption that contains a clue to the name of the show. On the last page, upside down so that you'll have to work to peek, are the programs' names.

You've probably heard most of these programs since they've all been on the air for a number of years. A good score is seven out of nine. Just for the fun of it, go ahead and test your Daytime Serial I. Q. You may find a surprise or two waiting for you. Go to it!



5. The story of a small town girl who came from Iowa to marry a Broadway matinee idol. Currently there is a plot to break up their happy marriage being perpetrated by a friend.

See Next Page





6. The program's name is the same as this kindly man who is a small town barber and whose advice is sought after by his fellow townsmen. Right now he is trying to ward off tragedy approaching a young heiress.

JUST FOR FUN



7. This story revolves around a lovable, impractical dreamer who works as a garage mechanic, but who constantly gets lost in dreams of inventing a gadget that will make millions.



8. The main figure in this show is known for her love and sacrifice for her daughter who married into Boston's Beacon Hill society. She has a sewing shop in a modest section of town.



9. The central figure of this old standby is the owner and operator of a tearoom in the southern town of Simpsonville. She is the widowed mother of two children and is engaged to a doctor.

ANSWERS TO JUST FOR FUN QUIZ

- | | |
|--|---|
| 9. YOUNG WIDDER BROWN
NBC, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST | 4. ROAD OF LIFE
NBC, M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST |
| 8. STELLA DALLAS
NBC, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST | 3. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
NBC, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST |
| 7. LORENZO JONES
NBC, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST | 2. LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL
NBC, M-F, 3:00 P.M. EST |
| 6. JUST PLAIN BILL
NBC, M-F, 5:00 P.M. EST | 1. RIGHT TO HAPPINESS
NBC, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST |
| 5. BACKSTAGE WIFE
NBC, M-F, 4:00 P.M. EST | |



By Victor H.
Lindlahr

diet— BUT DON'T STARVE YOUR FAMILY

DIETING is a tough proposition demanding denial and self-discipline and if you are a housewife with a family there is an extra problem. Husbands and growing children are inclined to distemper when their favorite dishes disappear because Mother is calorie counting. Some wives find juggling meals just more than they can cope with and give up their attack on excess fat.

Frankly, I think you can handle your diet and family's dining pleasure quite easily. We'll skip hurriedly over breakfast and lunch—there should be little conflict between your meals and the family's here. In the morning you're allowed orange juice. To prepare a boiled or poached egg instead of a fried one is simple. Remember, drink skimmed milk or use in coffee and use saccharin instead of sugar. Lunches are simply prepared and here we refer you to my diet published in RADIO-TV MIRROR last month. The real problem usually shows up at dinner when the whole family gathers for the big meal of the day.

I suggest you get in the habit of putting out a platter of fresh, crisp vegetables: carrots, radishes, celery, quartered tomatoes, lettuce or young cabbage. You can put fattening dressings in a separate dish and let the family mix their own salads.

The vegetable plate is your best ally. When husband reaches for bread and butter, you pick up a carrot or stalk of celery. He's eating a few hundred calories and you're taking less than a half-dozen and at the same time furnishing your body with valuable minerals.

A good rule for your main course is to steer away from fried dishes, croquettes, thickened casseroles, and breaded meats. Broil your meat or fowl. Most meats and

fowls average the same number of calories so you are fairly safe here. For fish, you should refer to your calorie book. Some fish, like flounder, cod steaks and sea bass, are particularly low in calories. Others such as salt mackerel and tuna are high in fat and should be avoided. Shrimps, lobster, oysters, and clams are highly recommended.

Practically all cooked vegetables are good but butter up only the family's portion. Learn to combine vegetables to improve their flavor. Chop up onions or parsleys in the pot. Herbs are non-fattening and can do as much for vegetables as they do for meat—experiment with chives, marjoram, rosemary, thyme and basil. You can eat half of a baked potato but with only a little dab of butter. If you're mashing potatoes for the family then put aside one of the small boiled ones for yourself before the extra calories are added. You can satisfy your desire for sweets with fresh fruits or with a half-cup portion of canned fruits so long as the syrup is removed.

Before starting your diet, I think it wise to sit down with your husband. Ask him to help you pass up fattening foods.

You might explain to him that you will feel better with less weight. You can add that doctors and insurance companies have proof that overweight people are literally killing themselves and shortening their life span. As a matter of fact, he may surprise you and agree that he, too, should lose a few pounds.

Victor H. Lindlahr can be heard every Monday-Friday at 12:15 P.M. EST over the ABC radio network. He is sponsored by Serutan.

MARIO LANZA'S LOVE STORY

(Continued from page 44)

I fell in love with him, you know, before I ever heard him sing.

I am his wife, twice pledged (but I'll tell you about that) and he has made me know, deep down, that he cherishes me "above all others."

But let me tell you how I know, how Mario made me know. . . .

The story began on a July night in 1945. My brother, Bert, a private in the air corps then assigned to the "Winged Victory" company, telephoned that he was bringing his best pal home to dinner.

He walked in with a big man with a big smile, laughing black eyes, and a mass of dark, curly hair, and with a gesture which took in Harriet, his wife, our mother and me, Bert announced:

"Family, this is Mario Lanza!"

The whole room lighted up, as I have seen so many rooms do since.

"How do you do," I mumbled, inadequately.

Mario impulsively threw an arm around my shoulder.

"I have known you, Betty," he said, "for a long time."

Bert explained.

Early during their army service together, when their company was stationed in New York, Mario had seen a photograph of me which Bert carried in his wallet.

"After that he gave me no peace," Bert laughed. "'What's your sister doing?' he wanted to know all the time. 'Did you get a letter from Betty today? What did she say?'"

"You talk too much," Mario burst in. "Just tell her what I told you: it was love at first sight."

It was for me, too. I knew nothing then of the public Mario Lanza, who three years before, at the time of his debut with Kous-sevitsky, had been hailed as "the greatest tenor of our time." But I knew Mario, and I loved him. All of us in that room did, and that quickly.

It was several weeks and many family parties later that I first met the public Mario—Lanza, the artist.

It was Bert's birthday and Mario was taking us all to the opera, but first to dinner—at Romeo's Chianti, of course; Romeo has one of the greatest collections of Caruso records in the country, and wonderful Italian food besides.

"Mario!" Romeo shouted joyously across the crowded room when our party walked in, and from that moment the restaurant was ours.

Because we were in a hurry, Romeo pretended to be indignant. Why should we drive all the way across town to hear "Faust" when right here we could hear all the great operas, the greatest voices.

But, since we insisted, Romeo would go, too—for the first time in seven years he would leave his precious records and his business and go to the opera. We all made the journey in Romeo's big, long, black limousine, returned very late to the restaurant which was dark and shuttered.

"Come in for a moment," Romeo urged, and when the lights went up we found that he had prepared a magnificent supper. There was food and wine—my first champagne!—a baked Alaska for Bert's birthday cake, and Caruso records!

"Come on, Mario, sing, sing," our transported host insisted. Romeo had heard of Lanza, the artist.

"Sing," he prodded him. "Sing with the records."

"Ah, let the Pop of them all sing," Mario



Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . . leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!



Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. When you buy a shampoo ask for the Breck Shampoo for your hair. A Breck Shampoo will clean your hair thoroughly, leaving it soft, fragrant and shining.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H. BRECK, INC.
NEW YORK

MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA CANADA

demurred, and the way he said it there was no note of disrespect for the great Caruso.

But at last, when Romeb put on "Vesti la Giubba," Mario had to sing. I listened, and my heart burst.

In September, "Winged Victory" finished shooting and the boys were shipped out to air stations all over the country.

Mario and I were engaged. At least we had an understanding that we would be married as soon as he was discharged from the army. Separation, after our joyous weeks together, was a grim prospect. But Mario and I were together every day of those next five months, even though I was in Beverly Hills and he was at LeMoore field in northern California. We were together, that is, through letters—each of us wrote daily—and across phone wires. Mario phoned every day; it was my first experience with his madly compulsive telephonicity. And with his possessiveness. Even if my line were busy when he called, he was mad at me. And it was a party line!

Mario was discharged on the morning of his birthday, January 31, 1946. That night his presence was warming up our living room again. We had kept up our Christmas tree for his homecoming. It had looked seedy and tired the day before; that night even the dying tree perked up its weary branches.

Another separation loomed. Mario had signed a contract to record for RCA Victor, and was due to report in New York. Besides, as an only child deeply devoted to his parents, he must go home, to Philadelphia. This was even more important to us than his work commitment. Mom and Pop had to be told about me. If they approved, then we could be married as soon as possible.

We packed his bags, Mario bought a railroad ticket. But when the day came, he wouldn't go. He couldn't, he said, without me.

"But you must," I told him.

"I can't," he said, with a stubborn little boy's finality. "You might as well make up your mind. You can't travel with me if we're not married. And I'm not going without you. So we have to get married."

We are both Catholics, and of course wanted to be married in the church.

"We'll have a religious ceremony later," Mario said. "Now we haven't time. Get your hat, and come on."

I got my hat, and he pulled me out of the house and up the street in the direction of the license bureau. Next day we went to an unfashionable little shop and bought a wedding ring, for \$6.95. (It isn't even solid gold, and it's much too large, but I'll never, never change it.) We were married a day later by Judge Griffin in the city hall in Beverly Hills. It was over so quickly that we were stunned. We just stood there, looking at one another.

"You may kiss your bride," the Judge said, gently.

Mario did, with a vast sigh, that spoke of relief, and happiness, and possession.

"Now," he said, "we can take that train."

I stopped off in Chicago to see my family. Mario was to go to Philadelphia to break our news to his parents, after which I would join him in New York.

He called me from New York two days later.

Yes, he had seen Mom and Pop. They were fine. But he hadn't told them. He couldn't. (I couldn't be cross with him. I knew what he felt. Their only son, married to a girl they didn't even know. A girl he had "taken up with" while he was in the army, and from Hollywood, that place!)

"You'd better come," he said, with that little boy note again. "If they see you, I

won't have to explain. They'll know it's wonderful."

I took the night train to New York, met Mario at his hotel, stood over him by the telephone while he told his parents to take a train in at once for some big news.

Then I put on my hat.

"You are going to tell them," I announced. "You owe it to your mother to give her time to get over the shock. If she wants to cry, she should have a chance to cry. I'm going to a movie."

And I went.

Mom and Pop knew, when I returned. Mom had known, she said, all along. Ever since he got home Mario had been hemming and hawing and making no sense. She was smiling at me. There were no signs of tear stains. I went over and put my arms around her. And we have been pals ever since.

The army separation pay was gone, and the Victor advance was dwindling fast. It was just postwar and there wasn't an apartment to be had in all of New York. We were living at the Park Central—in a suite, of course! Mario can't stand small rooms—and also, of course, Mario, bless him, as always was supporting half of the out of work singers in New York.

One morning at breakfast I made an announcement, signalling, I guess, that the honeymoon was over.

"Your friends are going to have to reduce their standard of living," I said, "and so are we. Today we are moving to a cheaper hotel, and to one room."

"We'll move to an apartment," said Mario airily. "Remember, I was born under a lucky star."

That night we dropped in at a radio broadcast to hear his friend, Robert Weede, the Metropolitan baritone, sing.

Mario proudly introduced me as his bride.

"Where are you kids living?" Weede asked, and tsked tsked at our extravagance when we told him.

"We are moving tomorrow," I tsked tsked right back.

"If we find an apartment," Mario squeaked us both.

"Wait," said his friend, whom I will love as long as I live, "I'm living up at my farm at Nyack. Why don't you take my apartment?"

And listen to this. His apartment was a castle in the air, four beautifully furnished rooms on the fourth floor of one of the buildings in Rockefeller Center. Overlooking the ice rink! We lived there for two years, without paying a cent of rent. I have come to believe in my Mario's lucky star.

New York taxi drivers, I found, are less credulous. Our miracle apartment was

beautiful, but like all neglected bachelor diggings, it was dirty.

Our first morning in residence I hid myself to Bloomingdale's, bought a large bucket and a mop, and an assortment of soaps and polishes. Then, bucket in hand, I hailed a cab.

"Eight West 49th Street," I said.

The driver looked at me, then at my mop and pail, and grunted:

"Live in New York long, lady?"

"About a week," I said.

"Sure you have the right address?"

"Yes," I snapped. "I ought to. I live there." Eight West 49th Street, he assured me, was the address of one of the swankiest restaurants in New York, at which, he indicated, I would not be welcome with mop and pail. It was also, I assured him, an apartment house—and my home.

"Lady," he said, "I've been driving a hack in New York for twenty years and I know there ain't any apartment house in Rockefeller Center."

"Bet you the fare," I said, "double or nothing."

He drove there in stony silence, and then, vanquished, carried my bundles up four flights of stairs. He absolutely refused to take any money.

"A bargain's a bargain," he said, and started down the stairs, shaking his head. "I guess," I heard him mutter as he rounded the landing, "it takes more than twenty years to get to know New York."

Our problems had evaporated. We had a roof over our heads. More importantly, Mario—who had not had a voice lesson yet, remember—was able, through the co-operation of his great new friend and manager, Sam Weiler, to realize his most urgent wish, to retire temporarily as a performer, and study, to train and polish his great natural voice.

We were assured enough income to live for a year, if I played diligent watch-dog over the budget. And best of all, Mario was to study with the great Rosati, who had trained Gigli.

We lived in an enchanted world in which there was nothing but music and one another, and we were close and in love as only two people temporarily suspended above the work-a-day world can be. This was the *real* honeymoon.

"We ought," Mario said one morning, softly, "to get married in church."

And we did.

On a rainy July afternoon, in the lovely little chapel of St. Columbo church—a delicate and beautiful flower blooming among the weeds of Hell's Kitchen—we exchanged our Catholic wedding vows. Mario's good friend, Father Deno, read the service. Both of our vast and sentimental families were there, and a few of our good

win stardom

Do you want to be an actress? PHOTOPLAY Magazine offers a two-year scholarship to the world-famous PASADENA PLAYHOUSE, complete with tuition, room, board, books, student fees plus spending money.

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friends. And we went back to the apartment, just as though this were really the beginning, to the wedding supper, and the champagne, and the wedding cake, and, of course, to the traditional jokes.

The next day Mario's family gave us a Big Italian Do at their summer home at Wildwood, New Jersey. It was my first experience of the Lanzas' fifteen-course dinners, and I gorged so that I couldn't look at food for a week. But it was worth it, for I knew at last that I was accepted as Mario's wife, and one of them. Now, it was official.

After a year of dedicated work, Mario was ready, Rosati decided, for concerts.

An introductory tour was planned, with a warm-up performance the first night out in Toronto, Canada, then, on the second and third nights two concert dates that would challenge the greatest, at Grant Park, in Chicago.

I went along, of course—"If I am on the road," Mario always has said, "that is my home. And I want my wife with me." I knew everything would be all right as soon as I heard his first few phrases in Toronto. The nerves which had plagued him in the years before he really learned how to control and use his voice were gone.

On the first night in Chicago, 25,000 people heard him sing at Grant Park. The next morning first-page newspaper headlines proclaimed that a great new star had been born. At the second performance 125,000 people packed every seat in the great stadium.

Now that Mario's career was launched, I felt that I could give a thought to mine. I had been secretly worried about my career for a long time. We had been married for more than a year—and no babies. Maybe something was wrong. I was des-

perate. I knew that if I could not have children it would kill me. And Mario.

When we returned to New York at the end of the tour, I went on a round of doctor's offices collecting opinions. The verdict was an operation.

But it was the only hope. So I set the date for the day Mario was to leave for his next concert tour.

I knew if I left him alone in the apartment he would go stark raving mad. He shakes and turns white if I cut my finger, and I knew that—even if I made light of the operation, which I intended to do—he would be frantic. But on the road, with Sam Weiler and his accompanist to cheer him up, and with work to do, he would manage.

Remembering his refusal to leave California without me, I made him promise to leave this time. Promises are sacred to me, and he knows it. If he promises, he has to keep his word, no matter how hard it is.

It was hard, but he went.

And I went to the hospital and had my operation. I hate hospitals, and drugs, and anaesthetics, and I hate being away from Mario. After thirteen days I begged the doctors to let Mario's mother take me home.

Mario phoned a few hours after Mom had put me to bed in my own bed.

"You don't sound good," he fretted.

"I just got home," I told him. "I'm tired."

What I didn't tell him was that my doctors were giving me massive doses of penicillin to save my life. I had developed peritonitis and pneumonia. I didn't tell him, because he would have broken his promise. I didn't even tell him two weeks later when I dragged myself out of bed, and onto a train, and out to the middle west to join Mario.

I told him the good news. The operation had been a success. Now we could have children.

A little over a year later, on December 9, 1948, Colleen was born.

When she uttered her first cry, Mario was on a sound stage at M.G.M. singing "Celeste Aida," his first recording for his first motion picture, "Midnight Kiss."

He was standing by my bed when I came out of the anaesthetic, and there were tears in his eyes.

"When we have our next baby," he said, "I'm going to be with you."

"But you are always with me," I sighed, and fell fast asleep.

It was almost exactly two years later when Mario drove me to the same hospital to bear our second child.

This time, it was quicker, and I woke up in the delivery room to see the big arc lights bright above me, to feel the reviving splash of cold water in my face.

"It's a little girl, Mrs. Lanza," my doctor was smiling at me.

In the background I heard a laugh—Mario's! And a cry. A baby's deep guttural cry. And then I saw them. Mario moved up beside me. He was wearing a sterile white uniform and a mask. He was holding our newborn child.

"May I present Elissa," he said, and Elissa cried out again.

"She is going to be a singer," Mario said. "But not a tenor. She sounds like Pinza. I'm afraid she's going to be a bass."

"Mario," I demanded, "how on earth did you get in the delivery room?" I knew he must have broken every rule of the hospital to be there.

"I told you I would be with you," he whispered. "It was a promise."

He was with me, because he had promised. He is always with me.

Anyone Can Be Lovely

(Continued from page 62)

sat in hair and divinely slender figures, kept even slimmer for the exacting requirements of the motion picture cameras. In this atmosphere where worship of a beautiful exterior was a natural outgrowth, beauty being an important business asset as well as a desirable social one, Maria unhappily began to put on weight even before she had reached her teens. "Baby fat" is what people called it at first, and as she got older she was comforted by people saying that she would lose this fat when she got married. Like most young girls in their teens, she began to wonder how she was going to find a man who would marry her if she were going to stay fat.

"The lovely women I saw all around me, who married such handsome men, were all slim and attractive," she says. "They looked like fairy princesses to me, and my mother seemed the prettiest of them all. It gave me a rather special reason for feeling gauche and ugly by comparison. People watched me, not so much as Maria Sieber, daughter of a famous actress and the motion picture director, Rudolf Sieber, but as the beautiful Marlene's daughter. They looked quickly to see if my legs were as lovely as hers, and of course they aren't. They looked at my heavy figure and I knew they were thinking how unlike my mother I was. I began to feel she must be embarrassed by having a daughter like me, which of course she was not at all. Mommy did everything to help me look and feel my best, and to make me reduce, but nothing seemed to help for very long."

Helping Maria meant taking her to

doctors and giving her special medicines and diets which, childlike, she broke time and time again. Giving her dancing lessons, teaching her active sports like tennis and swimming. Trying to keep her away from the corner soda fountain and the candy box, and out of a kitchen noted for its fine cooking.

Medical men have now come to believe that overeating, by children, as well as grown-ups, can stem from loneliness and boredom and Maria found that out for herself. During Maria's growing-up period there had been kidnapping threats to many famous Hollywood parents, and there were some threats concerning Maria, so she was tutored at home and spent a large share of every year with only adult teacher-companions and with bodyguards, and with no opportunity to play normally with children of her own age. She lived part of each year in California, part in Europe and sometimes in New York for a few months. The only regular school she ever attended was at Brilliamont, in Switzerland. She was often unhappy and lonely and she gorged on sweets and extra snacks at such times. Even with much to make her happy, she had periods of bitter discontent, and food helped her to bridge them. "Even today, a dull and stupid movie will make me want to run right out and buy a chocolate bar," she says. "It's the same idea."

Although because her life was so sheltered, she didn't have the normal competition from girls of her own age group for male companionship, she did, as Marlene Dietrich's daughter, grow up in an atmosphere where physical perfection was stressed and she had to find her own way

to meet what she considered a lack of it. "I decided I would have to attract boys by my own intelligence and personality to make up for being overweight," she says. This earned her the nickname of "the Wise Old Owl." Already under the broad, high brow with the winging eyebrows so like her mother's, from the candid turquoise-blue eyes and the lovely full mouth, wisdom and understanding were springing into being even as fast as her childish body was growing to its present five feet six and a half inches.

"The girl who is overweight always starts out with the assumption that she will be less popular than the other girls," Maria said. "Being older mentally than boys of her own age group, she realizes many things. She knows that while boys are still in the dating stage, before they are thinking of marriage, a boy is most concerned with a girl he can parade proudly before the other fellows. The prettier or cuter the girl, the more envious the other boys, he reasons. This alone can make a boy's evening a great success."

"The girl who feels herself desirable doesn't have to go to great pains to make a boy feel perfectly wonderful. The overweight girl, however, has to think just the opposite way. She must depend more on friendship than on romantic attachments. She must console herself, and rightly, with the knowledge that friendship, not romance, is the more binding in these years. It is a magic thing to see a man react to a girl who expects nothing more than friendship—no adulation, no big sacrifices, no constant currying of favor."

Hearing Maria talk, watching the in-



She's Engaged!

Roberta Haig happily insists the men she met in Europe last summer can't compare with her wonderful "boy-next-door." Last August, she and Philip Kniskern, both of Swarthmore, Pa., became engaged. They'll be married in June, in Swarthmore's charming Trinity Episcopal Church. It will be a bridal party of sixteen—with Roberta a *queenly* bride!

She's Lovely!

Beautifully tall and slender—Roberta Haig has a special, charming grace. Her wide-set, clear, blue eyes, pale golden hair set off a really exquisite complexion. Her expressive, mobile face lets you see *right away* the delightful person that is her Inner Self. No wonder Roberta makes friends so quickly.

She uses Pond's!

"You feel happier
when you know you look your best"

Roberta says

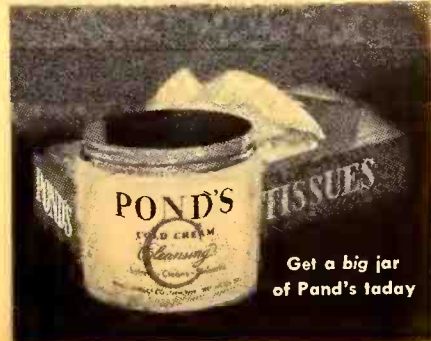


Roberta Haig's ring
Three shining diamonds
in a platinum setting

Roberta thinks *immaculately clean skin* is the prime essential for every girl's grooming. Her own skin is soft and smooth as silk, flawless as fine porcelain. "I *cream* my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Pond's cream-cleansings are quick and *so effective!* They leave my face feeling waked-up, rosy, and *smooth as smooth!*"

You can make Roberta's beauty care your own—it's so easy! Every night (for

day cleansings, too) cream your face with Pond's Cold Cream, as she does, *this way:*
Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face, throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.
 Now—look in your mirror! Your face *looks* so much prettier, *feels* so much softer!
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a tribute to excellence!



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Here are the three winners YOU chose . . . the top actor, actress and motion picture in 1951 as selected by you the movie-going public, in a nation-wide poll conducted over a period of a year, and announced in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, now at newsstands.

First honors go to Doris Day for her outstanding performance in "Lullaby Of Broadway" and to Mario Lanza for his brilliant portrayal of the famed opera singer in "The Life Of Caruso." The winning movie is "Showboat," with Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson and Ava Gardner in the starring roles.

Don't miss this thrilling tribute to America's greatest Hollywood talent of 1951—read the complete story of Photoplay Gold Medal Awards—the fabulous rise to fame of lovely Doris Day—the inspiring story about Mario Lanza—exciting stories and pictures of the outstanding performers of 1951.



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terestingly shaped, pale face, with bone structure so like her mother's, noting the slim, beautifully proportioned figure fitted into a tailored size 10 navy suit, its every line completely right, it is difficult to remember that this was once a girl who considered herself an ugly duckling.

"Not that I ever lacked beaux," Maria explains. "My attitude helped with that. I could go out with a boy and have a wonderful time and suffer no heartache if he didn't call me again the next week. I had learned early to talk to men about themselves, and I never talked much about myself. I tried to make myself interesting, a good conversationalist and a better listener."

Maria had come home from school in Europe the year she was fifteen and, wavering between her interest in a medical career and the stage, she finally decided to join Max Reinhardt's drama group, although even today her eyes light up when the talk veers toward medical subjects. She has an amazing knowledge of medicine, all begun when she was a lonely little girl poring over books on surgery and psychosomatics. This, when other girls were reading love stories.

"Then, the year I was twenty-two, while I was coaching a drama group at Fordham University in New York, I met a young American of Italian descent named William Riva. He was teaching scenic design. That year I weighed around 180 pounds and I wore a size 40 dress, but fortunately for me, when I fell in love with Bill there was no reason to worry about my looks. Bill didn't care a whit about my size. He didn't even care whose daughter I was. We were in love, and that was all that mattered to either of us. Part of Bill's upbringing had been in Europe, as mine was, where there isn't this worship of a single pattern of thinness for women.

"Yet, I wanted Bill to be really proud of me, physically as well as mentally, as every woman does. I genuinely liked his friends and of course I wanted them to think well of me, so I deliberately set out to captivate every person he knew. I would be thrilled when he would tell me that someone had asked how he ever found anyone like me, because I knew then that I had succeeded. I had long ago discovered that if you show a sincere liking for others, they are apt to like you in return."

Maria and Bill were married the year after they met, on July 4, 1947, and they settled down in an inexpensive walk-up apartment in New York City. The first of their two sons, Michael, was born a year later. Taking care of a baby and an apartment and doing the cooking and dishwashing and chores began to slim Maria down until just before Peter came along in May, 1950. By this time, the Rivas moved to a four-story old house in the upper East Nineties which they were redecorating and renovating like mad. With all the work, with two healthy, demanding young sons for whom she ran upstairs and down all day long, Maria began to lose weight naturally, without making much effort. By the end of the year she had dropped all the excess fat, and when she did her first television show, on February 20, 1951, she was wearing the size 10 dress that had become her normal size.

"I was happy. Food just didn't interest me as much as it did before," is the way Maria explains it. "I got so busy with the children and the house. There was little time for between-meal snacks. The only quiet, leisurely meal Bill and I could have was after the children were asleep and everything was done, around 8:30 at night. Food now is important to me only when I can relax and really savor it. We

like the European custom of feeding the children separately until they are six years old, and then letting them come to the table and eat with the grownups. After a while, when we have the four or five more we want, we shall have quite a party at our dinner table every night.

"I am not sure about a daughter. I understand boys much better, I think, and that might be hard on a little girl. If she were very sensitive, she might try to hide her hurts from me, as I always tried to hide mine from the adult world around me.

"If ever I do have a daughter, and she should have the same problem of overweight that I had, there are many things I would try to teach her. Things like studying the reason why she wants to over-indulge in food, if a metabolism test has established that there is no glandular disturbance. Things like not worrying too much about ideal weights, since everyone's bones are different. I, for instance, have very large bones, so naturally my weight should be greater than a small-boned girl of my height. Actually, 135 to 140 pounds is not too much for me. I would warn her against diets that use up the body's reserves.

"I would tell her not to hide her embarrassment at being fat, but to laugh about it openly and disarm her critics and I would remind her how Judy Garland, when she was the toast of New York at her Palace Theater opening this winter, disarmed her critical first-night audience by starting her act with a song about still having thirty pounds to lose, but I don't care. Neither did the audience, once Judy had captured their hearts.

"I would teach my daughter the deceptions that right costuming can create for a large girl, things I learned the hard way and could now pass along to her. When I wore sizes in the 40's there were always only a handful of dresses in any store that didn't look as if designed for my grandmother. I finally made the discovery that only in maternity departments were there inexpensive clothes actually designed to hide figure defects. It seems to be the only time that we will admit that the average figure is less than perfect.

"I would impress these basic do's and don't's of dressing upon her:

"Keep to classic, but feminine lines, in everything. No bouffant skirts, no tucks or ruffles, no scallops, no puffed sleeves. No frothy or transparent spun-sugary materials.

"Wear straight, narrow skirts, with kick pleats for looseness at the hem. Bias cut material will make your legs look larger. Skirts should reach below the calf. Dainty slippers may make your feet look smaller, but your legs will look bigger by contrast.

"Wear solid dark colors. Never cut any line. No light blouses with dark skirts, to cut your height in half. If you like separates, let them be the same color without too much contrast in the tone.

"Wear V necks. If a suit, wear lapels. Keep away from little round necklines and Peter Pan collars.

"Wear a sleeve of some kind to cover the upper arm. Full length sleeves are much more flattering than three-quarter sleeves.

"Use little jewelry. Because my own hands are big boned I wear only my wedding ring and no bracelets and I use colorless nail polish.

"These are some of the things I would tell my daughter to help her over the period of overweight. But most of all, I would try to help her develop other far more important qualities to make her feel a worthwhile and desirable woman.

"Obstacles, I would say—what are they? Only things to make you stronger and finer."

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 Programs 8:55 Les Higbie News	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Hollywood News	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Harmony Rangers	Breakfast Club	Views of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:25	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time News, Frank Singsler	My True Story Edward Arnold Stories	Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Double or Nothing	Take A Number	Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Against the Storm	
10:45		10:55 Talk Back		
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Les Nichols	Lone Journey When A Girl Marries	
11:30 11:45	Kings Row Dave Garroway	Queen For A Day	Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	News Kate Smith Show	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	Jack Berch Victor Lindlahr	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30		12:25 News, Frank Singsler		Helen Trent
12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Bob Poole	Local Program	Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	The Hometowners Pickens Party George Hicks Songs, Eve Young	Harvey Harding Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 Les Higbie	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Ralph Edwards Show Live Like a Millionaire 2:55 News	Dixieland Matinee News, Sam Hayes Say It With Music	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
		John Reed King 2:35 Family Circle with Walter Kiernan		This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Poole's Paradise	Joe Emerson's Hymn Time	Hilltop House
3:15 3:30 3:45	Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	3:25 News Poole's Paradise	Mary Marlin Joyce Jordan, M.D. Evelyn Winters	House Party 3:40 Cedric Adams Carl Smith Sings
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Local Program 4:25 News, Frank Singsler	Valiant Lady Marriage For Two	3:50 Winner Take All
4:30 4:45	Young Widdler Brown Woman in My House	Mert's Record Ad- ventures	The Perfect Husband	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones	The Green Hornet 1. Clyde Beatty 2.	Big Jon and Sparky Mark Trail Fun Factory (M., W., F.) 3.	Galen Drake
5:45	Bob and Ray	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	5:55 Victor Borge 4.	Hits and Misses Curt Massey

1. Sgt. Preston of the Yukon (T, Th)
2. Sky King (T, Th)
3. Tom Corbett Space Cadet (T, Th)
4. Will Rogers (T, Th)

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:03 7:15	H. V. Kaltenborn Echoes From the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	The Lone Ranger	Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Woman of the Year —Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flashes The Big Hand 8:55 John Conte	Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	News, Bill Henry Crime Fighters War Front-Home Front	Paul Whiteman Teen Club	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mario Lanza Show Dangerous Assign- ment with Brian Donlevy	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Time For Defense	Bob Hawk Show Rex Allen Show

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes From the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Silver Eagle	Peggy Lee Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America New Hollywood Theatre	Black Museum—Or- son Welles Dr. Kildare—Lew Ayres & Lionel Barrymore	Newsstand Theatre Metropolitan Audi- tions of the Air 8:55 John Conte	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canhan	Life With Luigi Pursuit
10:00 10:15	Philip Morris Play- house	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery	News of Tomorrow	Meet Millia 10:25 Larry Le- Sueur, News Robert Q's Wax- works
10:30	Man Called X with Herbert Marshall	Dance Bands	United or Not	

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy The Great Gilder- sleeve	The Hidden Truth International Airport	Mystery Theatre Gregory Hood 8:55 John Conte	Big Town with Walter Greaza Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry The Hidden Truth Family Theatre	Rogues' Gallery Mr. President	Red Skelton Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	Barrie Craig, In- vestigator Meredith Willson's Music Room	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Latin Quarter Orchestra	Boxing Bouts News, Charles Col- lingwood

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Peggy Lee Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Father Knows Best Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons	Modern Casanova— Errol Flynn Hardy Family with Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone	Hollywood Star Playhouse Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge 8:55 John Conte	F.B.I. in Peace and War Hallmark Playhouse
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Dragnet Counter Spy	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Foreign Reporter	Hearthstone of the Death Squad Stars in the Air
10:00 10:15 10:30	Your Hit Parade Hollywood Serenade	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Club Can-Do	Hollywood Sound Stage Robert Q's Wax- works

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis	Maisie with Ann Sothern Gracie Fields Show	Richard Diamond with Dick Powell This Is Your F.B.I. 8:55 John Conte	Musicians, U.S.A. Earl Wrightson Big Time with Georgie Price
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern with Ed Gardner NBC Presents Short Story	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Armed Forces Review	Ozzie & Harriet Mr. District Attorney 9:55 News	Paul Weston Show Robert Q's Wax- works
10:00 10:15 10:30	Nightbeat with Frank Lovejoy Portraits in Sports	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Boxing Bouts Dream Harbor Sports Page	Bob Trout, News 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Programs	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00				News of America
9:15				
9:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell			Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Mind Your Manners	Local Programs		Galen Drake
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Leslie Nichols, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Make Way For Youth
10:45				
11:00	Maugham Theatre	Georgia Crackers	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		11:25 News, Les Nichols		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	Army Field Band	Journeys Into Jazz	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs	News, H. R. Baukhage		
12:30	U. S. Marine Band		American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Soldier's Serenade	Navy Hour	Grand Central
1:15		Jerry and Skye		1:25 It Happens
1:30	U. S. Coast Guard Cadets on Parade	Symphonies For Youth—Alfred Wallenstein	Vincent Lopez Show	Every Day City Hospital
1:45				
2:00	Coffee in Washington	Dunn on Discs	Metropolitan Opera Company with Milton Cross, commentator	Music With the Girls
2:15		2:25 News, Sam Hayes		
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Music Rendezvous	Caribbean Crossroads		Report From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30	U. S. Army Band	3:25 News, Cecil Brown		Farm News
3:45		Bands For Bonds		Reporter's Scratch Pad
4:00	Musical Portraits	Sport Parade		Stan Dougherty Presents
4:15		Bandstand, U.S.A.		
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Big City Serenade	Matinee at Meadowbrook	Tea and Crumpets	Treasury Bandstand
5:15				
5:30	Bob Considine	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Pan American Union Club Time	Saturday at the Chase
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren	Harmony Rangers	Roger Renner Trio	News
6:15	News, H. V. Kaltenborn		6:05 Una Mae Carlisle	U.N.—On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony	Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer	Sports Roundup
6:45	Arturo Toscanini conducting		As We See It	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	Talking It Over	This I Believe
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Bert Andrews	
7:30	Archie Andrews	Comedy of Errors	The Great Adventure	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
7:45		7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc Jockey	Twenty Questions	Saturday Night	Gene Autry Show
8:15		MGM Theatre of the Air	Dancing Party	Hopalong Cassidy
8:30	Inside Bob and Ray			
8:45				
9:00	Judy Canova Show	Lombardo Land		Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 News
9:30	Grand Ole Opry			Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	Vaughn Monroe Show	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Robert Q's Wax-works
10:15				
10:30	Round-up Time		Music From Claremont Hotel	

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	String Quartet	Moments On the Mountain	Lyrical Speaking	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News
9:30	We Remember Hudson Coal Miners	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:45				
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	Church of the Air
10:30	News, Peter Roberts			
10:45				
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	William Hillman	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade	Dixie Quartet	Christian in Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN is My Beat			11:35 Listeners' Choice
11:45	Carnival of Books			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	America United	College Choirs	Concert of Europe	People's Platform
12:15				
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Hazel Markel	Piano Playhouse	World Affairs
12:45		Frank and Ernest		Collingwood, News
1:00	Critic at Large "Mike 95"	Fred Van Deventer	Robert Mills Show	String Serenade
1:15		Organ Moods	National Vespers	Music For You
1:30	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	Lutheran Hour		
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Tender	Back to the Bible	The Symphonette
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Christian Science	N. Y. Philharmonic
2:30	American Forum of the Air	Report from Pentagon		Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos
2:45				
3:00	America's Music	Bandstand, U. S. A.	This Week Around the World	
3:15			Billy Graham	
3:30	Earl Godwin's Washington	Air Force Hour		
3:45	John Cameron Swayze, News			
4:00	The Falcon with Les Damon	Bobby Benson	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Fan Mail
4:15				4:05 News
4:30	Martin Kane with Lloyd Nolan	Wild Bill Hickok		It's Always Sunday
4:45				
5:00	Voices and Events	The Shadow	Sammy Kaye Serenade	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15			Greatest Story Ever Told	Mr. Chameleon
5:30	Silent Men with Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	True Detective Mysteries		News, Cochran
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas	Gabby Hayes	Drew Pearson	My Friend Irma
6:15	Rangers		Don Gardner	with Marie Wilson
6:30	Tallulah Bankhead in The Big Show	Nick Carter	Concert From Canada	Miss Brooks with Eve Arden
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		
7:00		Under Arrest		Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30		Affairs of Peter Salem	Ted Mack Family Hour	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Singing Marshall	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen Show
8:15	Theatre Guild of the Air	Enchanted Hour		Romance
8:30				
8:45				
9:00		This Is Europe	Walter Winchell Cafe Istanbul—Marlene Dietrich	Meet Corliss Archer
9:15		John J. Anthony		Meet Millie
9:30	Eddie Cantor Show			
9:45				
10:00	\$64 Question	Oklahoma City Symphony	Paul Harvey	News
10:15			Gloria Parker	10:05 The People Act
10:30	Southern Showtime		George E. Sokolsky	The Choraliers

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 FEBRUARY 11—MARCH 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4
Dave Garroway in the daybreaking two-hour news roundup.

10:00 A.M. Mel Martin Show • 4
The popular Cincinnati emcee and his cheery breakfast party.

10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2
Monday through Thursday, 15-minute simulcast of Arthur's radio show with Janette Davis, Haleloke and other "little Godfreys."

11:00 A.M. Ernie Kovacs Show • 4
Silly from Philly, pixilated Ernie conducts a fictitious man-in-the-street program from the inside of the studio.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Handsome, ex-Hollywood star Warren Hull emcees this quiz show.

12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2
Pat Kirkland stars in this serial about life on a chicken farm.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6
The fascinating femcee with delightful chit-chat and music.

12:00 Noon Langford & Ameche Show • 7 (& 6 at 10:30 A.M.)
Fran and Don in music, skits, interviews with guest stars.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Daytime drama of a family's conflicts between past and present.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Relax for a spell with the homey humorist and his gang.

2:30 P.M. The First Hundred Years • 2 & 6
Budgets and in-laws stir up the trouble in this light drama of the trials and tribulations of a young married couple.

3:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 4
Fabulous feminine wardrobes and Parisian trips are top prizes in this quiz show. Randy Merriman is your host.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 2 & 6 (M, W, F)
Supercharged Bert and pert redhead Betty Ann Grove make music and pranks with Bobby Sherwood and the Heathertones.

3:30 P.M. Ralph Edwards Show • 4 (M, W, F)
Make way for madness as Ralph pulls all the stops in Hollywood.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6
Katey did and Katey does offer top entertainment, guidance and inspiration especially directed at women.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4
The whimsical and serious crises in a small town.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6
The magic world of the Kuklapolitans and Fran Allison.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
Song-fun fest with comic Pinky Lee and lovely Vivian Blaine.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show • 4 (T, Th)
From Hollywood, a musical interlude with the Dixie songstress.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M, W, F)
Great voice and great songs of Mr. Como backed up by the Fontane Sisters and the orchestra of Mitchell Ayres.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Host Neil Hamilton interviews guest stars and tests young candidates for Hollywood stardom in 30-minute drama.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6
Stories billing filmdom stars in the lead roles.

8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell-Jerry Mahoney Show • 4
Comedy variety featuring popular game, "What's My Name?"

8:00 P.M. Mr. District Attorney • 7
Striking Jay Jostyn solves sinister matters. Biweekly: Feb. 11 & 25, March 10. Alternating with—

The Amazing Mr. Malone
Veteran actor Lee Tracy in title role of the amazing, amusing detective. Biweekly: Feb. 18 & March 3.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts •
The unpredictable redhead predicts stardom for contestants.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6
Magnificent voices of outstanding artists. Howard Barlow, conducting.

8:30 P.M. Life Begins at 80 • 7
Witty octogenarians examine contemporary life with Jack Barry.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6
Laughs unlimited in situation comedy with Mr. & Mrs. Desi Arnaz.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Stories designed to stand your hair on end. Frank Gallop narrates.

9:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2 & 6
Suave John Daly moderates panel quiz of news events.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Montgomery's deft direction of full-hour video plays.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6
TV's most honored dramatic show superbly produced and cast.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Wonderful, witty Hattie McDaniels stars in domestic comedy.

8:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2
The million-dollar voice in a "million-dollar" show.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
Berle (who else?) in his merry madcaps aided by guest stars.

8:00 P.M. Charlie Wild, Private Detective • 7
Slam-bang whodunit. John McQuade as hard-hitting sleuth.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2 & 6
Rudolph Halley narrates stories from Crime Committee files.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Wholesome dramatic fare for the family, filmed in Hollywood.

9:00 P.M. Cosmopolitan Theatre • 4
Romantic full-hour teleplays based on magazine fiction.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Dramatic series well-known for tense, intriguing action.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Dramas real to life and cast with familiar stage stars.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Original mystery dramas of people threatened by death.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6
Genial Ted Mack presents youngsters with stars in their eyes.

10:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Marie Wilson as the dazzling, daffy blonde in comedy series with Cathy Lewis as Jane Stacey, Gloria Gordon, Mrs. O'Reilly.

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6
Variety in the relaxed Godfrey style featuring vocalists Janette Davis, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, Julius La Rosa, the Chordettes and Archie Bleyer's band.

8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Evening Hour • 4
Full hour of variety starring the melody queen herself.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The quiz show with a heart. Warren Hull, emcee.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Excellent dramatic productions with many original stories.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Jonathan Blake narrates tales of murder and suspense.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Fights from the nation's top arenas. Russ Hodges announcing.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
Lucky contestants win dollars—ten to 500. Bert Parks, emcee.

10:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Playhouse • 7
Dramatizations of plays and non-fiction representing the best writings of Pulitzer winners. Biweekly: Feb. 13 & 27.

Celanese Theatre
Fine, exciting productions of America's best plays. Biweekly: Feb. 20, "They Knew What They Wanted" by Sidney Howard; Mar. 5, "The Animal Kingdom" by Philip Barry.

TV program highlights

10:30 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 4

Louisianan Mike Stokes emcees this charade-type show with film personalities on opposing teams. Sandra Spence, scorer.

Thursday

7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7

Hip-shootin' justice with Silver and the Masked Rider. On film.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2

Gracie turns George and the rest of the household upside down biweekly: Feb. 7 & 21, Mar. 6. Alternating with—

Garry Moore Evening Show

Guest stars with comic-announcer Durward Kirby and vocalists Denise Lor and Ken Carson in this fun session alternate weeks.

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4

The inspired mad wit of Groucho Marx plus cash for contestants.

8:00 P.M. Stop The Music • 7 & 6

Rollicking Bert Parks with the elusive Mystery Melody and a funfest with Betty Ann Grove, Jimmy Blaine and guests.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2

The hilarious comedy characters guaranteed to please.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4

Police stories from the files of the Treasury Department.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2 & 6

Alan (christened Angus) with mirth-making sketches.

9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4

TV version of the well-known radio series. Jack Webb stars.

9:00 P.M. Herb Shriner Time • 7

Poignant but tenderly amusing skits boasting the humor of the Hoosier-born wit in cracker-barrel monologues.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2

Crusading newsman (Pat McVey) turns the tables on criminals.

9:30 P.M. Festival Time • 4

Tenor James Melton in a show of song and dance.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2

The lowdown on money suckers, dramatized for video.

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

Stanford U. alumnus Lloyd Nolan in title role of crime series.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Life With Linkletter • 7

Artful Linkletter and his rib-tickling series. Biweekly: Feb 15 & 29. Alternating with—

Say It With Acting

Feb. 22 & Mar. 7, Bud Collyer and Maggi McNellis line up Broadway teams for biweekly games of charades.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6

Peggy Wood stars in series based on best seller, *I Remember Mama*.

8:00 P.M. Ezio Pinza and Dennis Day Show • 2

Ezio and Dennis take turns bringing you a 30-minute musicale.

8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5

Panel of experts and guest star play fast-moving version of "animal, vegetable or mineral" with Bill Slater, emcee.

8:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7

Russian-horn Tom Conway plays manhunting Inspector Saber.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)

Ralph Bellamy stars as the fearless private eye.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6

Dan Seymour parades people with human interest stories across your screen. Music by the Oscar Bradley Orchestra.

8:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7

Earnest fumbler Stu Erwin as head of an awry household.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2

Big name actors play principal parts in new teleplays.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5

Panel quiz with Dr. Bergen Evans moderating. From Chicago.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6

Ribtickling Henry with his teen-age tribulations.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6

Jimmy Powers at the mike with New York IBC-scheduled fights.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5

Great skits from Jackie, guest stars, June Taylor dancers.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 (& 6 at 10:00 A.M.)

Exciting circus variety for youngsters from one to one hundred.

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2

The swing and sway man with inimitable music, singers Barbara Benson, Tony Russo, Don Rogers & audience participation.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Ruddy Bud Collyer your host to parlor games and prizes.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4 & 6

Life with the Barbour, starring Bert Lytell.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6

The man with the big black cigar, guests, gals and gags.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4

Full hour of great comedy, song and dance as comedians take turns: Feb. 16, Ed Wynn; Feb. 23, Jimmy Durante; Mar. 1, Olsen and Johnson; Mar. 8, Jack Carson.

8:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club • 7

A cheerful, gay show made up wholly of talented teen-agers.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6

Coca and Caesar in a magnificent 90-minute revue with guest host, Marguerite Piazza, Judy Johnson, Billy Williams Quartet, Carl Reiner, Mata and Hari, and many, many others.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2

Steve Allen, several times writer of hit songs, introduces amateur tunesmiths who vie for first prize and publication.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6

The top ten songs in the nation sung by Eileen Wilson, Snooky Lanson, Dorothy Collins with Raymond Scott's band.

Sunday

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)

Watch this with a bag of peanuts and you'll smell sawdust.

6:00 P.M. Roy Rogers' TV Show • 4

The King of the Cowboys in western adventure stories.

6:30 P.M. Claudia • 4

Joan McCracken, Broadway and Hollywood star, in the title role of this new dramatic series about marital life.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6

Lavish musical production starring Maureen Cannon, Earl Wrightson, guest stars and the old maestro himself.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6

Panel discussion of problems peculiar to show business plus guest star performers. Clifton Fadiman is your host.

7:30 P.M. Adventures of Ellery Queen • 7

Lee Bowman in role of the adventuring criminologist.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6

A five-star show with Ed Sullivan toasting the best performers.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4

Favorite funmakers take the hour: Donald O'Connor, Martin & Lewis, Abbot & Costello, Eddie Cantor and others.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)

The inspired Pennsylvanians with a 30-minute festival of song.

9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6

Full-hour dramas based on current novels and non-fiction.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6

Host Conrad Nagel referees a battle between the sexes as celebrities team up with Captains Herman Hickman and Jane Wilson.

10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4

Red "doods it" again with some of the funniest skits on TV.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2

John Daly cheerfully holds the line on his panel (Hal Block, Dorothy Kilgallen, Bennet Cerf, Arlene Francis) as they try to guess job identities of studio contestants.

10:30 P.M. Caneo Theatre • 4

The arena-style video productions noted for its intimate, closeup camera work. Albert McCleery, producer-director.

Romance Is Where You Find It

(Continued from page 51)

with his name. I never knew whether to call him Carl or Frank."

She finally settled on "George" which developed into a kind of pet name both ways. And, as Jerry Lester would say, in short order everything was really "George." Carl and Barbara were married that fall.

Today, over thirteen years later, you'll find Carl and Barbara, the day-in, day-out heroine of the Young Dr. Malone radio serial, grateful to that little telephone incident for many reasons. One of the best is their adorable, eleven-year-old daughter, Roberta. She's quite the poised youngster, taking after her fair mother in coloring, grayish-green eyes and blonde hair.

The three Franks make their home in a Park Avenue apartment but once inside their foyer, you feel you're miles away from the hard glitter of Manhattan. The furnishings are handsome, comfortable pieces that look as if they had been cared for for generations. "There's no particular period here," Barbara says, "it's just a conglomeration." Actually, if there's a modern piece in the apartment the naked eye can't find it. Barbara's taste runs to English 18th Century and Provincial furniture. Among her most treasured possessions are several fine old chairs and a handsome Victorian sofa she inherited from her grandmother.

This particular grandmother was an actress, too, who loved the stage so much she didn't retire until she passed her eightieth birthday. Barbara's parents were singers, prominent for years at Chautauqua until her father opened a music store in Binghamton, New York. On the other hand, husband Carl, a native of Wee-

hawken, New Jersey, was self-inspired when he took to the stage.

Barbara and Carl have appeared in Broadway plays, motion pictures and so many radio shows that it is impossible for them to remember just how many. They have played hundreds of different characters, from love-sick youngsters to elderly Indians.

"And for years," Barbara tells you, "we were husband and wife on the air as well as in real life."

Now and Forever was the first daytime serial in which they worked together as husband and wife. Up until a few years ago, Carl played the title role of Dr. Malone opposite Barbara's role of Mrs. Malone.

The Franks have found their own home life invaluable experience when they play domestic roles. As you know Ann Malone has a daughter in the dramatic serial. The fictional daughter is younger in years than Roberta, but Barbara is frequently startled at the script.

"I find speeches and situations that exactly parallel my own family. I often find myself thinking Roberta once said exactly the same thing."

One similar situation was none too pleasant. On the program, Ann Malone goes home one evening to find her daughter ill with a 106° temperature. The very day Barbara played the part of a worried mother with an ill child, she got back to her apartment to find Roberta in the same feverish state with the thermometer pushing 106.

Nearly panicked, Barbara phoned her doctor and he advised giving the child a rubdown with alcohol. There was no alco-

hol in the house, Barbara was alone, and the druggist's errand boy was out.

"I could have used young Dr. Malone myself that time. I was beside myself trying to figure out what to do when my brother-in-law from New Jersey made a surprise call. He had three children of his own and immediately got the alcohol and calmed my fears. Little Roberta's fever dropped and all was well again."

Usually life isn't so hectic around their home. Barbara and Carl are working people with full schedules on their hands. Even daughter Roberta is kept busy in the sixth grade at school. Because Barbara is much in demand as an actress and appears frequently on Mr. District Attorney, Theatre Guild of the Air, Mr. and Mrs. North and many other shows, she has made arrangements to see that Roberta is in good hands when both parents are absent. One of their bedrooms is taken by a young college girl. She acts as companion to Roberta when the Franks are out.

A normal day in the household starts a little before eight when Roberta leads off by taking their spaniel, Sandy, for a walk. (Barbara gets the pre-noon walk and Carl takes the night shift.) The two girls breakfast together and go off to school. About nine, Barbara and Carl sit down to huge glasses of orange juice, poached eggs and coffee.

Barbara's daily rehearsal for Dr. Malone begins at noon. If there is no other program on her schedule, she will be back at the apartment at four-thirty to meet Roberta. Carl, who has forsaken acting for TV production, usually gets home shortly before dinner.

Their evenings are spent at cards, read-

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M

ing or at the radio or television set. The whole family likes the TV show. Mama and Roberta are particularly keen on Westerns.

Roberta is mad about horses. She draws pictures of them, keeps asking for a horse as a Christmas or birthday present, and throughout the year, weather permitting, heads out to the stables for a brisk canter. Her horsemanship is such that she has won several blue and yellow ribbons.

"Roberta's real ambition is to be an actress," Barbara says with motherly pride. "And I've got to admit she's been quite good in the school plays I've seen."

Barbara and Carl neither discourage nor encourage Roberta. The child's a good mimic already and, of course, hears a lot of show talk around home. As a matter of fact, Barbara herself has made most of Roberta's costumes for school plays. Barbara is an expert at sewing.

"It's a result of being one of three daughters," she explains. "Mother used to tell us that if we wanted a lot of clothes we would have to make our own and so we did."

Among show people, Barbara is considered one of the most tastefully dressed women. She favors suits and tailored

clothes at the studio but on nights out, she likes to "shoot the works." Her special evening dress is strapless, made of black net and sprinkled all over with tiny sequins.

"Sort of a stars in the sky effect. I don't wear it too often. We lead a quiet life, and it's only on birthdays or wedding anniversaries that you may find us out on the town."

She and Carl are known among their friends for their good humor and even dispositions. The parallel between radio dramas and real life ends when Dr. Malone enters, for according to the current situation the young doctor has been separated from his wife for two years.

Neither Carl nor Barbara is the type to glorify each other, but facts speak for themselves. Carl's consideration and devotion as a husband is well above average. During the first year of their marriage, he stretched Valentine Day into a full year. Barbara, then starring in Her Honor, Nancy James, found a corsage awaiting her when she got to the studio each morning. On weekends, it was a big box of flowers at home.

Carl, also, began a charm bracelet for Barbara the first year they met. The

bracelets (two of them now) record the highlights of their lives together. There is a gold heart representing their falling in love, followed by a small ring commemorating their marriage and a gold plate bearing the address of their first apartment. The second year starts off with a small gold coin for they at last had a little money and found a permanent apartment. And then, in sequence, is an automobile, a baby, their house in the country, a miniature gold book listing the programs they did together. The gold charms go on up to the present year and Carl is now due to start a third bracelet.

Barbara holds out her wrist and says, "I hope you took particular notice of the first charm."

The very first charm on the first bracelet is a tiny but real-to-life telephone booth. That was the turning point in both their lives and they both remember it fondly. In fact the booth is still there, on the same floor and in the same building. They never will forget it.

"Some people go to Havana or the Riviera seeking romance," Barbara notes good-humoredly. "But I know you can find it anywhere—even in a Manhattan phone booth."

Our Man Godfrey

(Continued from page 49)

sit down at our table. And then I was getting excited about the prospect of singing at the hotel. Mr. Raffington said that the next week-end he was having a big New Year's Eve show but, unfortunately, his show was complete for that evening. Would I like to sing the following Saturday night? Would I? Yes! I wouldn't mind missing the holiday show and I'd be delighted to perform the following week-end. Yes, Lady Luck had me by the hand that night, but she wasn't nearly through shoving and pushing things around to arrange just the right break for me!

When I parted from my friends that night I almost ran home to dig through the trunk for the one evening dress I owned—a black lace over pink that would be just right in the Kenilworth Hotel room. I spent the next two weeks getting my dress in order, and my vocal chords back in condition with hours of practicing. It was so exciting to feel well again, to feel that I was going to sing again. Do you think it's silly for a girl who makes a career of singing to be excited at the prospect of being in a new show?

During rehearsal hours the week before the show, the waiters could talk of nothing else but how Mr. Arthur Godfrey had missed their New Year's Eve celebration. By some unknown combination of wind, weather and work, Mr. Godfrey had switched his arrival date to the week-end after New Year's—the night I was to be in the show. I caught the enthusiasm of the waiters and the other people around the hotel and found myself looking forward to singing for this man who had become such a legend to us all. Then came the night of the show—and bad weather. By this time the waiters were conspiring with me to make certain I sang for Godfrey. When his arrival was delayed, they made all sorts of ridiculous excuses for delaying the start of the show. Finally, he came into the dining room and was seated and the show went on. I sang.

I don't think I remember much about those minutes—I knew that among the faces past the spotlight was the King of radio and TV, but once I'd started singing I thought only of what the words and music were saying to people. And then it

was time to stop singing and bow to the applause and make my way off stage to where Mr. Raffington was waiting. Mr. Raffington asked me into his office and when we arrived, he told me that there was "someone who wants to meet you." Then I strolled Arthur Godfrey.

My first impression was of friendly blue eyes, a shock of red hair and the gayest tie I'd ever seen. He looked a little tired as anyone might after a long flying trip, but his voice was warm with genuine friendliness as he spoke.

"Little lady, I think you're wonderful," my incredulous ears heard. "Can you leave for New York with me in the morning?"

Two sentences. Was it Lady Luck who made my heart pound like a trip-hammer, my tongue trip over itself with excitement? Such simple little sentences, said as if someone were wishing you a bright good-morning. And an even briefer reply—"Thank you . . . and yes, yes, I'll be ready."

The rest of the evening was unbelievable. Sitting in Arthur Godfrey's group of friends, meeting first one and then another of the people who work with him, and often play with him, I could hardly believe my senses. Stories were swapped, chit-chat about the show, everything going on that I was all ears to hear, all eyes to see. Later he invited me and all my friends who were still in the dining room to come to his hotel suite, and there he sang and played the ukulele for us until 5:30 in the morning. Just two and a half hours later we boarded the plane for New York and my new life. It was then that I learned about our man Godfrey.

My first New York television show wasn't all a bed of roses! There was the whirlwind flight, hectic rehearsals in a big studio, dresses to be tried on, people to meet, to talk to—sometimes it seemed to me there must be hundreds of people putting on the show. I was the most confused soprano in North America. Even now I can't recall the exact events of those forty-eight hours before the show. They were crammed with noise, bustle and excitement. But then came the moment before the show when every performer gets butterflies in his stomach, a cold sick feeling that something will go wrong, is wrong. It was then that Arthur Godfrey

took me aside. He must have sensed precisely how confused and terrified I felt: He grinned that friendly grin of his and said, "Look, Marion, one thing I want you to remember. Don't ever lose that wonderful humility and sincerity when you sing. Sing tonight just like you did to that room full of friends in Miami. Tonight you'll be singing into many rooms, but in each you'll find a friend. That's the whole idea of our little program . . . and that's why we call it simply, Godfrey and His Friends."

And that's a feeling that's easy to keep when you're part of the Godfrey gang. I had only been asked to sing for the first show and I hated saying good-bye to them. Godfrey was flying back to Florida on the same plane and after all the good-byes, he had a surprise present for me—the greatest present any girl could have—an invitation to return to the next show. I haven't missed a program since. I couldn't, I wouldn't for the world.

Probably the reason that Godfrey's programs are such friendly shows is the fact that everyone on the shows, right on down to the stagehands, has a feeling of warmth and friendship. On my birthday last March, I was feeling a little blue and lonely away from my family. Reggie, one of the stage crew, noticed it and inquired. In an effort at casualness, I laughed and said it was nothing—just a touch of homesickness on my birthday. Coming off-stage after my number, I hurried to the dressing room, and was stopped short in amazement. Somehow or other, the stagehands had swiped the big cake used to advertise the sponsor's flour, carted it to my dressing room, and had stuck a big glowing dinner candle right in the center. And written across the mirror directly behind the cake in huge red lipstick letters was "Happy Birthday." Of course I cried. I'll never forget it. It was one of the nicest presents I've ever received . . . and so typical of all the members of the Godfrey gang.

The show is a continual circus both on and off stage, and no one ever knows what is going to happen next. Not so long ago one of Godfrey's favorite guest stars, the mental wizard, Myrus, performed some truly amazing feats of mindreading on the

show. As he left the stage, to thunderous applause, an electrician standing beside me, who was very much impressed with Myrus, took him aside. "Gee," enthused the electrician, "you sure got the inside dope. But can you tell me just one thing . . . what's Godfrey going to do next?"

The magnificent Myrus stroked his forehead. "For the very first time in all my years," he replied, "you've got me stumped!"

In reality there is no reason for Myrus to feel bad—unpredictability is the word for Godfrey. Some months ago, he wandered past an ice skating rink and on an impulse went in and tried his balance on a pair of blades. You know, the sight of Godfrey on skates should really have been witnessed by the doctor who in 1931 examined Arthur after an automobile accident, found forty-seven fractures, and predicted that he would never walk again. But there he was wobbling around the rink becoming more and more enthusiastic with each scratch across the ice. As a matter of fact, his enthusiasm carried him to the point where he arranged for ice skating lessons from Fritz Diele for the entire cast. Regularly you'll find us all at the rink atop Madison Square Garden. If we ever learn to stand up on skates, Arthur plans to use us in a complete ice show on television. I think it will be fun.

And speaking of fun, I think the musicians on the program get a particular enjoyment from doing the show. Their banter back and forth is a high point of rehearsals . . . to say nothing of actual performance. Once when one number ended on a rather unusual chord, Godfrey couldn't resist flashing that classic expression of mock bewilderment toward the band. "And just what was that chord?" he asked.

With a completely straight face, guitarist Remo Palmieri replied, "That's a demented fifth!"

The warm impulsiveness of Godfrey that comes over the radio in that easy, talking voice, in the sensitive friendly grin on your television screen is there every moment of the working time. Enthusiasm, yes, Godfrey has worlds of it—who else but Godfrey would have been able to revive interest in the forgotten ukulele! He gets absolutely no royalties—he just likes the instrument and is delighted when others take it up. He loves to sing too but in typical Godfrey manner likes to share his spotlight with another singer. When Janette Davis asked him about his enthusiasm for the duet he said, "I like to do a duet because nobody knows who to blame it on if you lay an egg!"

You can hear his famous chuckle over most anything. Take for instance, the fan mail which comes into an informal type of show like ours—it's fun to read and Godfrey shares his fun with the rest of the cast. One of our most interesting notes came addressed to the Chordettes and it read: "Everybody likes to get fan mail, especially if it's laudatory, and you deserve some for 'Alice Blue Gown' your recording which I heard up here in the vastness of Northeast Nevada. A fine rendition, beautifully balanced. Say hello for me to Pops Godfrey, we hear him up here too." It was all written out in long-hand and it was signed "Bing Crosby." Godfrey chuckled about that.

Even my family has heard so many stories from me of the fun and the unexpected that happen with Godfrey and his friends that they have come to take informality for granted. Recently our show featured the zany Vagabond quartette. They had a wonderful time squirting selt-

zer bottles and running around with mops. I was laughing so hard with the rest of the gang backstage that I didn't notice the big slippery puddle left in the middle of the stage. I didn't notice it, that is, until I went on to sing, hit the wet spot and slid with all arms and legs akimbo right into the camera. Of course it was ludicrous and the audience howled, setting me off as the comedian for the day. The payoff came when I got home and my grandfather, who expects anything of the Godfrey troupe, but not so much from me, threw his arms around me, beaming, and shouted, "Marion, why didn't you tell us? We didn't know you could do that!"

One of the most wonderful things about knowing our man Godfrey is that what has happened to me when Lady Luck put her guiding hand on my shoulder, happens to others—he just doesn't stop with a good deed for today. There is always another one tomorrow, and again the next day. When Godfrey was on Naval Reserve flight duty, he met Julius La Rosa aboard the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Wright. La Rosa sang one night and Godfrey invited him to be a guest on our Wednesday night show the next time he was in New York. Julius came to New York but seemed doomed to disappointment when the programming schedule ran late and the show went off the air before he had a chance for his big break. But, as usual, disappointment for Julius wasn't in the cards as long as Godfrey was around. Godfrey signed Julius to appear on two of his morning network shows, as well as for a return to the television show the following Wednesday. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure that Luck is a lady—perhaps really, Luck's a man with friendly blue eyes, a shock of red hair, and the gayest ties I've ever seen.

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Homespun Happiness

(Continued from page 33)

today stars in eleven shows a week, six of them covering an hour each on television, and five forty-minute programs on radio. She rehearses from twenty-five to thirty hours each week, and she estimates that she sings about a thousand songs every year on the air, not counting the recordings she makes and the countless benefit performances, the hospital entertaining, the drives for one cause or another. She is one of the most successful performers and every moment of her time has to be routinized now to meet her awesome schedule. Yet when you want to talk with her, it is only the people who try to protect her time who keep you waiting. When you get to Kate, she is still just herself, loving to visit, ready to sit down and talk as long as time will let her and long past, if someone doesn't hurry her away. And the talk won't turn to show business and her own exploits in it unless you insist. It will be about her family—her mother, Charlotte Smith, whom she calls "Momsie," her married sister Helena, her nieces Kathryn (her namesake) and Suzanne, aged ten and five and a half, respectively.

Talk may turn to the fun of going "antiquing" in the country around Lake Placid, where she has an island summer home she calls Camp Sunshine, where she swims, speedboats and aquaplanes, and pre-TV, used to run up for skiing and skating in winter. It may turn to all the trips she hopes to take some day. Perhaps it will touch on the way large women should dress, a subject even more important to her since she is on television five afternoons a week and one evening.

The point is that it will be the same sort of homey, natural, homespun talk that you don't have to be in the theatrical world to understand, talk that women everywhere indulge in when they get together.

Even the way Kate receives visitors after a show keynotes her simplicity. While other stars get into soft, fancy negligees to relax and remove their make-up, Kate puts on a crisp cotton apron-dress, the kind she wears when she's pattering around the house. You hear her strong, fine speaking voice even before you reach her dressing room, and you're apt to go in on a wave of hearty laughter, which will be Kate's and whoever she may be talking to at the moment. You watch in vain for signs of tension and temperament, even after the hour-long Wednesday evening television show in which she sings four songs and, with Ted Collins, plays host to the other artists and special guests who appear on the show. She has done another television program already that day, in the late afternoon, so you might expect her to be tired and tense, but she has been having too good a time, singing and talking, to feel drained or weary.

"I can't think of anything else I would rather do than what I am doing," Kate tells you, "unless it would be the antique business. That's always changing, too, just like theatrical business. I don't think I'm the type who could do the same thing over and over again, every day. Now, when you're out looking for antiques, that's exciting." And she's off on a discussion of the fun she has in the summer, when she does her radio show from Lake Placid and takes a vacation from television,

scouring the countryside for certain antiques she wants to fill out her collections, or just to make her homes pretty—the old farmhouse at Placid and the apartment on lower Park Avenue in New York.

"You have to know and like the country people to get them to take you up in the top of their barns and show you their really old pieces," Kate cautions, "and especially to get them to part with heirlooms they have treasured for years. They want to know who is going to have their things. I love the pieces I buy, and I take good care of them. I could stock a fine shop tomorrow with what I have at Placid and in New York, especially the china and glass." Her collection of Moon and Star glass, made about the year 1870, is considered one of the most complete. Kate's sister is a collector, too, but has been more interested in furniture, and only recently Kate has been reading up on that subject and adding more furniture to her collection, particularly in Early American.

The house at Placid is all Early American, but the New York apartment has some fine foreign antiques. The living room is English Regency, with a few modern touches. "It all goes together just fine, don't you think?" Kate comments and asks at the same time, and you nod in agreement. A year ago she decided there was something about the living room she didn't quite like, a gloomy look on the fireplace side, so she had a mirror designed to cover the whole wall from baseboard to ceiling and closely fitted around the fireplace. Now the room is transformed, brighter and gayer looking. The kitchen had been red and white. Kate replaced the old canisters with blue and white

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ones and used blue and white decorations against a butter yellow wall.

She's a careful housekeeper who appreciates the beautiful things she has been able to have in her homes, and her heart skips a beat whenever something threatens them. Coats, she says, are the worst offenders, because they are usually bulky and people discard them hastily when they come into a house. There was a French Sevres fruit dish, handed down from generation to generation and given to Kate by a friend who knows her love for such things. It stood on a hall table, on a handsome crocheted cloth that one of her fans had made. Someone came in, pulling off a coat quickly, and a button caught in the cloth, pulling everything to the floor in a heap. As if that weren't enough, Ted Collins did a little coat-flinging one day and got tangled with a rare inverted thumbprint cranberry glass canister, the only one of its kind that Kate had ever been able to find after years of searching. "Know what he said when I came in and noticed the canister was missing? 'Don't worry about it,' he said. 'I'll get you another one.' Isn't that just like a man, I ask you? When I had been looking for 'another one' for almost as long back as I can remember!"

Kate has another ambition, which most women probably share with her. She longs to see her own country from border to border and coast to coast. She can't get away from her eleven weekly broadcasts in the winter, or from the radio broadcasts from Lake Placid in the summer. She hasn't even been able to visit her sister's home in Memphis, although Helena has been a resident there for five years. "It's about seven hours by air from New York to Memphis and I couldn't take a chance on not getting back in time for rehearsals," Kate shakes her head a little sadly at the success that keeps her firmly anchored. "I have never seen the Grand Canyon," she laments, "or the giant redwoods, or the Great Smokies, or the rock-ribbed coast of Maine I'm always reading about. I'd like to go to Alaska and Hawaii, to Switzerland and Australia. Most of all, I would like to travel across and up and down this wonderful country of ours. Yet this is the woman whom the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt presented at the White House in 1938 to the visiting King and Queen of England, with this introduction, "Your Majesties, I want you to meet Kate Smith—and Kate Smith is America." She had not seen it all then, and she has not yet seen it all, but America has seen and heard Kate and she would be at home in every corner of this country.

Her fan mail proves this. When Kate first went on television she had a natural timidity about a new medium. In spite of her many personal appearances throughout the years, most people knew her as a radio voice. In a few days telegrams and letters began to come in from everywhere, telling her how wonderful it was to have her walk right into homes that had only heard her before.

Kate's reaction to television was typical. "I felt my way for a few days and when the mail response was so immediate and so overwhelming it gave me all the confidence I needed. I have been at home on TV ever since." Production-wise, the Kate Smith TV shows are among the finest on the air, but all she would have to do is stand up there in front of the camera and sing her songs, interspersed with her folksy talk, and most of her viewers would be satisfied.

She says she has never had stagefright, even when as a child she appeared in school and church entertainments, the first performer her family ever boasted.

"I always liked being with people, whether small groups or large, and I started early to sing and entertain." There was a time when she thought she wanted to be a nurse and she actually took some months of hospital training. Filling in for an absent performer at the B. F. Keith Theatre in her home city of Washington, she was discovered for a musical by a Broadway producer.

At the beginning she was made sensitive about her bigness (five feet ten, broad shoulders, straight slim hips and small feet and legs) because they cast her in comedy roles where other comedians made her the butt of their jokes. She was big enough and mature enough as a person to resent this emphasis on physical size instead of on a God-given voice, as she would have resented it for any other girl. When Ted Collins, then a young executive of a recording company, caught her performance in her third musical, "Flying High," and agreed with her that her voice was the thing, not her comic possibilities, they shook hands on a partnership agreement that has never required a written contract. There are not many such contracts of twenty years' standing in show business and to Ted goes a good share of the credit for helping Kate to become the dignified performer she is today.

No one who knows Kate well calls her by that shortened name. She is Kathryn to her family and close friends, most of whom are people in other businesses and professions. She spends little time in the bright lights of Broadway except for occasional visits to the theatre—very occasional now. Even the movies see her seldom, except the ones around Lake Placid in summer, when she tries to catch some of the good ones she has missed.

One of the first interviews Kate Smith gave after she went on daytime television, in September 1950, was to RADIO TV-MIRROR. She talked then about her clothes for TV, and said she was planning to wear a different dress on each of her first forty programs, covering eight weeks. Then she would rotate them for the subsequent eight-week periods and no viewer could get tired of seeing the same old dress. This year, when she started her Wednesday evening television show, she designed twelve evening gowns, each to be worn three or four times only. She chooses fabrics carefully for the way they will televise, wears solid colors, is partial to blues, thinks large women don't have to dress too plainly if they stick to good lines. "A touch of trimming or a little beading can make a plain dress look younger and prettier," she advises.

Last May first Kate celebrated two events, her birthday and her twentieth anniversary in broadcasting. President Truman signed a special Red Cross citation "in grateful recognition of distinguished humanitarian service during the past twenty years," and it was presented to her on the program by the president of the Red Cross. Ted Collins and Jack Miller, the orchestra leader who was her accompanist on her first radio program, paid her tribute. Kate herself sang the first four songs she did on the air: "By the River St. Marie," "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," "Dream a Little Dream of Me," and "I Surrender, Dear." There was a ten-foot high anniversary cake with twelve scenes in Kate's life iced on it.

It was a sentimental occasion, a day to be remembered, and Kate was visibly affected. After the show was over and she started to climb the little backstage stairway to her dressing room, someone heard her humming happily to herself. It was the tune she had made famous since she sang it first on Armistice Day in 1938. "God Bless America," Kate was singing.

We Three

(Continued from page 31)

twenty-five feet, and put it up ourselves. Charles built in bunks, panelled, and fixed it up. And we have an open Franklin stove around which we relax when we come in from the fields. One of these days we aim to build our permanent home there—a wood and stone New Hampshire farmhouse with barns attached.

"But I'm way ahead of myself—Charles joined the Navy in the Spring following our marriage, and was stationed in Washington, D. C. where he made films for the Naval Air Force. Thereafter, and for the duration, I spent every week-end in Washington. Week days I was pretty busy. I was Helen Trent by this time, and have been ever since . . . loving every minute of it. I know that during those difficult times I was luckier than most wives—I had my husband within at least visiting distance, and I had my work."

The years after the war were busy ones for Julie and Charles, as they were for so many others. Building and rebuilding years. Charles became Director of Network Programming, first for CBS-TV, and then for ABC-TV. Julie's Broadway and radio commitments mounted. They had their small apartment in town, their happy week-ends in the country.

"Then we thought we'd like to have a baby, and eight months ago Nancy Elizabeth was born. And everything in our lives seemed to change. For one thing, two weeks after Nancy was born, I was contracted for the role of Lorelei in CBS-TV's Big Town. Then, this year, the Romance of Helen Trent was found to be the most listened-to daytime serial on the air by one of the largest research organizations. Lucky me!

"We're gradually furnishing our new apartment with Early American things that we can use in our country house . . . when it's built. Our living-room draperies are pomegranate linen which, with the old pine, looks wonderful. Our walls are painted pale, soft yellow. The wing chairs are covered in a fabric of pewter color background with pomegranate flowers. All the rugs are hooked—with an eye to that New Hampshire farmhouse in Armonk! Otherwise, we're still pretty much unfinished. . . .

"In addition to 'We Three,' our household consists of my French poodle (*cafe au lait* in color) kennel-named Lord Rufus of Lowmont. We call him 'Pooch'—which is also Charles' nickname for me. And finally although she should come first, there is wonderful Pearl, who takes care of *everything*—the baby, the house, Charles and me!

"Yes. No doubt about it—I'm lucky. I have everything. And all because I found the *right* man—although you couldn't have convinced me of it in that October of years ago!"

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(Continued from page 37)

was sure that there was something radically wrong with Missy, that she would fade away into the mere shadow of her sunny self if we didn't do something about it. George was extra sympathetic when he gave me his welcome-home kiss that night. "Worried?" he asked as he tilted up my chin. "Worried about Missy and her not eating."

I nodded my head. "I've been thinking about it all day too," George said softly. "I think the best bet is to take her to the doctor. It'll relieve your mind—and mine too."

And so we took Missy to the doctor. She's only four you know, as of last January, and she still seems so helpless and tiny to me. At the doctor's we explained how Missy had refused to eat meal after meal, how we had tried to make light of it because we knew she was not to be forced into eating. After the doctor finished examining Missy, the three adults sat down to talk things over.

"Has Missy been moping about the house—unable to find things to occupy herself? Perhaps had a few minor cries that didn't seem to be over anything in particular," the doctor asked.

George and I said that she had—while she was still full of good spirits when we were around, she didn't seem as happy to play by herself, didn't seem able to find anything much exciting and fun any more.

"It's very simple, Mrs. Montgomery," the doctor said. "You've handled everything very well so far, now I want you to go a step farther. There aren't very many children to play with, I gather, in your neighborhood."

Again I nodded my head in the affirmative.

"Then in that case I'd suggest a nursery school—your child is getting to that stage when she needs other interests, other things to do. She's ready to try her wings a bit outside the family and without children in the neighborhood the next best answer is a school where she can have the companionship of boys and girls her own age."

I breathed a sigh of relief. If companionship of children was all Missy needed, companionship she'd have. Going home, George and I talked to Missy about the possibility of going to school and those wide blue eyes grew big and wondering. There were a thousand questions asked, and George and I tried our best to explain. My sister, who is awfully bright about such things, told me to wait a day or two until she could investigate the best nursery schools. Missy, in the meantime, was eagerly looking forward to her first day (and incidentally eating her plate clean at every meal). One bright sunny morning, just a few days after the visit to the doctor, Missy and I set out to look over the schools my sister had suggested. The first school, but two blocks away, headed the list. As we walked into the room, the class was in session and Missy disengaged herself from my hand, pulled up an empty chair and joined the other children to sit enraptured while the teacher went on talking.

"Come on, Missy," I whispered, "we'll look around some more."

"No, Mommy," she announced firmly, "you come back later. I stay."

I tried to reason that she might like another school better.

"No," she persisted just as firmly. "You come back later."

And so I did. She's been enrolled ever since and is the happiest little girl on God's earth. School is a pleasure to her

and bless her, I hope it stays that way.

Of course, I'm a sentimental Southern gal from Tennessee, but I'll tell anyone who'll listen that my whole life is wrapped up in Missy and in George. My only regret is that I didn't meet my husband sooner, and then we would have been blessed with Missy—or Melissa, her grown-up name—earlier in my life. Sure George and I spoil her, if loving her can be called spoiling, but she's good, obedient and unbelievably considerate, and we think this is because we love her and show her our love as much as we do. We never expect Missy to do anything we wouldn't do ourselves. For instance, we never encroach upon her privacy and expect her to allow us ours. If we are sleeping late, the nurse says, "Now, let's be quiet so Mommy and Daddy can rest." And Missy makes a game out of being as quiet as a little lamb. If Missy is napping, George and I are like mice. So, it works both ways and we learn to respect each other's rights. We've tried never to say "never" to Missy. We treat her as we wish her to treat us, realizing she only reflects our behavior.

One of our problems is time—perhaps other mothers have this same problem on a different scale. George has a demanding schedule of motion picture acting and a business where he creates and manufactures beautiful furniture. I have radio and television shows and all of this adds up to a strict routine in our house. But because Missy is an important member of that house, we've planned our living so it includes as much time as possible for her. We are up at seven A.M. so that we can have breakfast together and start off our day in the pleasantest manner possible.

I used to arrange it so that I didn't have to leave the house for the CBS radio shows on Monday, Wednesday and Friday until after Missy was asleep for her nap. Now that Missy has begun nursery school, I now can fit in my television show rehearsals in the morning while she is at school. After my days filled with work and Missy's days filled with school and playmates, we can't wait to tell each other about "our day." Missy and I sit and have an old-fashioned gab session, then she and I retire to the bedroom where she sits on the edge of the bed shouting when I'm in the shower, laughing and chattering while I'm dressing for dinner. Then I help her dress and down we go to have dinner with Daddy. Even on those nights when George and I are going out to dinner we sit with Missy while she eats. We wouldn't miss this for anything.

Bedtime comes, and little Missy's big blue eyes don't want to close but they are drooping. George always carries her in his big arms to her room and I help put her to bed. After we've tucked her in, we're not far behind. I guess we've always been early-to-bedders, but having Missy has made us even more so. If we keep the same schedule as she does, we have plenty of time for each other.

Let me tell you about Missy's father for there are very few men in my estimation like George. Not just because he's handsome, wonderful and my husband, but because he's the most wonderful father in the world. He's as sensitive to Missy's moods as I am, and he thoroughly understands all the little problems which loom large in Missy's world. He knows just when to treat her as a grown-up, when to treat her as the cuddly, warm baby she still is. And Missy adores him! This is the love affair of the century!

Missy, an affectionate little darling, says, "Mommy, I love you this much—" holding her hands far apart. "And," she continues,

"I love Daddy thissssssss much—" whereupon her little hands can't part wide enough.

If I were to mount a soap box (which is most unlikely since I think they are wobbly contraptions at best) I'd climb up on one point in child-raising which I think is important—if every parent could just remember their own childhood enough to pass on to their children the lovely, beautiful things, there would be less heart-ache in the world. Too often, I think, we try to make our children adults before they have been children. For Missy I want the same normal, happy kind of growing-up period that I had.

Missy loves to dance and seems to exhibit a real flair for it. I asked her one evening if she'd like to be on my TV show. "Oh, Mommy," she cried, her little brown head bobbing up and down, "Can I be the dancing yady?"

And that she can be if she likes. We haven't started giving her any kind of lessons yet. There's time, plenty of time. We want her to enjoy every minute of her life, and not be pushed into the grown-up world too soon.

I love Missy's sense of humor. All children have their own particular brand, and with Missy it is her completely naive honesty. She loves to laugh and her favorite people are comedians like Red Skelton, Bob Hope and Alan Young whom she calls "Al Lung." Before I went on television regularly, I did one guest spot with Bob Hope and George thought it would be fun to have Missy see me on TV. He turned the program on just at the point where it caught my spot. Missy watched and listened to me sing and when my turn was finished she turned to George and asked in a very disappointed tone of voice, "Where's Bob Hope?" Deflating to my ego? Sure, but so wonderful!

I sometimes feel guilty about having to stay away from Missy because of my work. Yet in a way it has its compensations. We're very close, great companions. Our lives aren't dull and we share so many things together.

For instance, there was the day when Missy was to see her first circus. I was held up in New York until the last minute but I finally made an exciting trip back just in time to take her with George to see it. The animals held a special fascination for Missy, who didn't want to miss a glance at any one of them. After staring hard at the giraffe, she decided he was her very favorite. A few weeks later Missy was introduced to James Stewart and after looking at tall, lanky, smiling Jimmy, Missy asked politely, "Is he a giraffe too, Mommy?" Could anything be more exciting than sharing a chuckle with Missy? Well, perhaps only one thing can top it and that's the experience I have every night of my life when, just before her little face relaxes into slumber, she asks me for a story—two stories, actually.

It always begins something like this: "Mommie, tell me the story about Molly O'Sharrahon," with a sidelong glance to see if I'll laugh at the name she's made up, "and her red-headed doll Susie Foray, who went to visit their grandmother." Of course, she's told me the story which I then have to repeat back to her, word for word. But, she listens with the rapt expression of one who has never heard it before. Then after the story she throws her arms around my neck and whispers that she loves me more than anything in the wide wide world. It's in those moments when I marvel at the miracle of her, the miracle of motherhood. For to me, motherhood is the greatest blessing in the world, a blessing I share with George, for together we have Missy whom we love more than anything in the wide world.

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Lone Journey Hero

(Continued from page 39)

on a distant shore. This penthouse bears no resemblance to the gaudy establishments that go by that name in the movies, settings for wild parties. The big living room is charmingly furnished, not in any one period; it looks as if the favorite antiques of several generations had been placed as Staats and his wife wanted to have them, not as an interior decorator decreed.

A gold-colored davenport and some comfortable chairs are grouped around the fireplace, over which hangs a striking painting of Mrs. Cotsworth. At either side of the fireplace are built-in bookshelves, and on the panelled walls above them hang two large wooden cherubs.

"They weigh eighty pounds apiece," said Staats. "Solid oak. Muriel and I bought them on Second Avenue."

That remark tells a great deal about Staats. Many a man, hoping to impress, would have remarked casually that he had picked them up from a nobleman who owned the palace for which they were carved. But Staats is incapable of such pretense. Staats would have more reason than most, too, to use such pretense but if noblemen were stripping their palaces of cherubs when he was in Italy he was unaware of it; at that time, as a rising young painter, he had no interest in decorations for a home he did not yet own, that would be shared with a girl he had not yet met.

Muriel and Staats' living room is the sort of place where many friends can gather, and they do. The furniture is grouped so that a few friends can gather in a corner, apart from others, or merge in a larger circle.

A terrace opens from the big room, facing toward the sunset, a perfect place where Muriel and Staats sit on warm evenings, when even the city's lights cannot dim the stars. Outside, Muriel and Staats have defied all difficulties in order to grow a garden in New York. Earth had to be carted up, growing plants had to be protected from soot.

"This year," said Staats, speaking as all gardeners do as the planting season approaches, "I'm going to have another tree, at that far end. I don't know how the superintendent will feel about it; the gate leading to the next terrace has to be left free, in case there's a fire and a hose has to be dragged through. But somehow I'll manage to have that tree."

Meanwhile, Staats and Muriel have vacations in which to see the wide open spaces which they love, sometimes, if a daytime serial has been taped in advance.

"Vacation is likely to be the first two days in August," Staats recalled, ruefully. "Though a few years ago we had time enough to fly to Yucatan, to see the wonderful ruins there. Then we went to New Orleans, and were home again in nine days."

Such a trip is especially important to Staats, since painting is his second profession. And he is no mere amateur; he has exhibited in Washington's famous Corcoran Gallery, at the Academy of Fine Arts and the Water Color Club in Philadelphia. He has had a one-man show at the American British Gallery in New York, and plans to have another exhibition this spring—which means having at least fifty paintings ready to show.

"One good thing about radio," he remarked. "It gives me freedom to paint. So many artists have to worry about selling their pictures in order to go on living while they go on painting. I sell pictures occasionally, but I don't have to depend on doing it."

Painting trips are a family affair. Muriel goes along, taking some books with her, and reads to her husband while he paints. Their marriage is that sort of partnership, a real sharing of interests. Even their choice of careers was the same, and the meeting to which it led was as romantic as an episode in a daytime serial.

On a summer day in 1935, Staats and another young actor boarded a steamer that traveled between New York and Boston; they were headed for Marblehead, a beautiful town on Massachusetts' famous North Shore, to appear in a summer theatre. Among other engagements, Staats was to play the male lead in Noel Coward's "Private Lives."

Two young actresses also took that boat. The pretty, dark one was Muriel Kirkland, whose talent had put her on the top rank on Broadway. She was to play the other lead. Staats' companion knew her, introduced him, and has been called "Mr. Cupid" ever since.

In the play they had to quarrel and make up and quarrel again, because they were so much in love that they could not bear to live without each other. In real life they did not want to quarrel and the following May they were married at New York's Little Church Around The Corner.

Sometime later, Muriel went on tour for eight months in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," very long months of traveling over the country, telephoning, writing and telegraphing back to her husband in New York and, finally, deciding that she would never go on such a long journey again.

"That separation from Staats was just too much," she said. "I like traveling, but not when it means being away for so long. So I decided to stay home and count my blessings."

Not that Muriel abandoned her career and settled down to be just a housewife. She was Mary Marlin in radio for a year, and appears frequently on television, in such programs as the Lux and Philco Theatres, Cavalcade and Big Town.

Staats took his first full-time job in a daytime serial in 1942, after some years of dividing his working hours between the stage and radio. Painting, at which he had been doing very well, promptly became something to do when he could find time. "If you're in radio, you can have a home," Staats says. "You don't have to go on tour, you don't face the possibility that a play for which you have rehearsed and rehearsed may close after two or three performances, leaving you out of a job—and out of a salary. Then, too, once in a while you get a role that is especially rewarding, like Wolfe Bennett."

Mrs. Cotsworth knows how he feels about the setting of Lone Journey, because one of her most vivid memories is connected with Montana.

"I was on tour, and the train stopped at Butte, just a few minutes," she said. "When it pulled out I was on the observation platform; it was twilight, and the city seemed to be strung all over with lights, like chains of diamonds that sparkled in that clear air. It was so beautiful that it almost broke my heart, and I've always wanted to go back."

Some day she may have that wish, for love of travel sent Staats roaming before he ever set foot on a stage. He had ruined his family's plans, back in Oak Park, Illinois, for making him either a lawyer or a doctor, because he was determined to be an artist. At nineteen he enrolled in Philadelphia's School of Industrial Art, and later he studied in Paris. He has painted in England, France, Italy and Hawaii.

The Hawaiian trip landed Staats in jail.

"I wanted to go to Honolulu, to paint," he said. "And as I had only three hundred dollars—made by selling some paintings—it seemed foolish to spend more than I had to on transportation. So I set out in a second-hand Ford, but it broke down so frequently that I sold it, in Dallas, for thirty-five dollars."

So Staats went on by bus, and on the bus made friends with a young cowboy. The cowboy urged that Staats learn about ranching, which seemed like a good idea, though it involved stopping off at various ranches.

"But we never stayed even long enough in any one place for me to be thrown off a horse—which wouldn't have taken long, because in those days I didn't ride."

They made their way toward the Coast on freight trains, bumming rides, and finally were caught below the border, in Mexicali, after the gates into the United States had been closed for the night. So the cowboy and the painter landed in jail on Christmas Eve. The cowboy, who had talked largely of his wealth, didn't have a dime. Staats had travelers' checks amounting to one hundred and sixty dollars; it cost him ninety to buy their release the next morning.

They traveled on, "by hops and skips," reached the Coast and signed on as seamen on a freighter. Fourteen days later they arrived in Honolulu and promptly jumped ship. Staats settled down in a room on the beach to paint, selling enough of his work to pay his rent and keep eating. After three months he was commissioned to do a mural back in New York; he demanded an advance and spent it on getting home.

His travels left a mark that still lingers; a taste for French food acquired on his first trip to Paris, when he ate in those pleasant little restaurants where the customers sit practically on the sidewalks.

"When I got home, American food all tasted like oatmeal," he says. "So I began trying to cook the kind of food I had grown used to over there."

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too plain for LOVE



By
AUNT JENNY
(as played on
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GRACE JAMISON closed the door of her room behind her and leaned against it. She thought tiredly, "I must move that mirror. I never realized before how silly it is to have it facing the door like that. Why, the first thing I see is my own face—and that's no treat!" For a moment she stared at the objectionable face—rather square of chin, rather wide of mouth. She was too used to it to see that the width of her brow and the fineness of her nose balanced the heaviness of the other features, and gave character to the whole ensemble. And she was too unschooled in female wiles to know what a very small amount of makeup would be enough to reveal to the world the odd color of her eyes, such a pale brown as to be almost gold.

In any case, she was too beaten down at the moment to care. Moving to the closet, she took off her hat and put it neatly away in a hatbox. Her purse went into a little cubicle specially sized for it; the same with her gloves. Routine. A place for everything. In other words, a rut. Isn't that just what Aunt Celia had been complaining about to Mother, downstairs? "Grace is already taking on all the characteristics of a first-class maiden lady." How clearly the words had echoed out into the hallway as Grace entered the house! Even though she had made a real effort not to hear, she had been caught, held transfixed for every painful word to find its mark. Celia was so positive! That was the main trouble. "After all, she hadn't said one thing that I don't know, or that Mother hasn't been thinking," Grace thought honestly. But

in Celia's brisk, let's-do-something-about-it tones it all sounded so much more real and grim! "Did Grace go out last Saturday? No," Celia answered herself. "Is she going out tonight? No again."

"She went out during the week." Mother's voice had faltered slightly, and Grace, in the dim hallway, had ached a little for her.

Celia gave a short laugh. "To a movie with the girls? And you call that going out? Sarah, stop lying! Grace knows no men, and if you and she go on like this she never will, and she'll never get married, and what good is my money going to do her then? You've got to face the fact that Grace is plain, and we've got a problem on our hands. We've got to find her a husband. It's not an insoluble problem. In fact I've already begun to work on it, and with a little cooperation from you—"

"Grace would be so humiliated," Mother had said, almost pleadingly.

Another snort from Celia. "Sarah, you are a fool. Do we have to spell it out in lights for the girl? Use a little sense, my dear. Now listen to me. . . ."

Humiliated! Creeping upstairs, Grace was chilled and trembling with a humiliation so deep that there must be another word for it. To be discussed like that—all her little private fears and worries and—yes, and hopes, darn it! She still had hopes!—exposed like that to (Continued on page 92)

Aunt Jenny is heard Monday-Friday, 12:15 P.M. EST over CBS. It is sponsored by Lever Bros.



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businesslike analysis, as though she were somebody's personnel problem . . . oh, of course Mother and Celia loved her. They wouldn't intentionally hurt her by letting her know they were worried about her prospects. She changed into a housecoat and stretched out on the bed for a few minutes of private relaxation, and as she lay staring up at the ceiling she tried to control the bitterness that invaded her. Mother and Celia . . . did they think she wasn't concerned? Did they think she liked going out with the girls once a week—nights when the girls didn't have dates? And making a fourth at bridge with Mother's friends, because she could always be counted on to be available? And did they think they could do anything about it, if she herself hadn't been able to? And anyway—didn't they have any imagination? Heavens, suppose by some far-fetched stretch of the imagination, just suppose Celia did turn up a man—what good would it be, with the man knowing he'd been turned up, and everyone else knowing how Celia had schemed for it . . . Grace groaned and got up. Oh, well. It was just a visit, after all. In a week or so Celia would be gone, and all would be normal again.

THE PINK-and-gray folds of the taffeta housecoat rustled pleasantly as she went downstairs. Grace held herself very straight, and just for practice went down as she had been taught years ago in dancing school—not peering downward at the steps, but proudly, the picture of a woman absolutely certain that the ground would always accommodate her progress. How nice that rustling was; how nice it would be if it were an evening gown, and when she got to the bottom a tall young man in faultless dinner jacket would look ardently at her and say, "You were never lovelier . . ." Grace giggled aloud at the wild flight of fancy, stepped into the living room—and froze.

Incredibly, there was a tall young man, staring back with bewilderment that matched her own as he struggled up out of the deep wing chair. Not in evening clothes, Grace noted with almost hysterical relief. If he had been, she would have been certain she was having a real hallucination. But his striped gray flannel was quite as becoming, and though his dark eyes weren't by any means ardent they were looking at her with interest, now that his poise had come back.

She said uncertainly, "Good evening. Are you—" No, no—one didn't ask a young man in one's own house if he were being taken care of! This wasn't the office! She gulped and said, "Was there anything—"

The young man smiled. "I'm Phil Barnes, Miss Jamison. Miss Aterson asked me to stop by for some papers—"

"Oh, you're Aunt Celia's lawyer." Grace flushed, hearing herself. She sounded like a child reading from the fourth-grade primer. "She did say she planned to get in touch with you, but I had no idea it was an emergency."

"It isn't, really. It just happened to be convenient for me to drop over tonight, because I was coming in to Littleton anyway."

Grace grinned suddenly. "You mean Aunt Celia made you believe it was convenient. After all, I know your office is in Metropole and that's not just around the corner—especially on a Saturday night."

Phil Barnes gestured to show how little that mattered. "For a client like Miss Celia Aterson, you'd be surprised how close Metropole can be." His eyes twinkled. "Bert—that's my partner, Bert Adams—Bert and I haven't been in business very long. You and your Aunt Celia are big items in our lives."

"Me?" Astonishment wiped away Grace's self-consciousness. Perching on the arm of

a chair, she invited. "Tell me about that part of it, won't you?"

"Just like a woman," said Phil Barnes. Grace felt suddenly warm and pleased and conscious that the folds of the housecoat were falling around her in a becoming manner. Just like a woman—me? What a strange thought, and how nice!

He went on, "If you know of any way in which your Aunt's will can be discussed without your coming into it—"

"Oh—that. Well, unless she's disinheriting me there's not much news in that, you're right. That will has been hanging in front of my nose since I was born. I thought maybe she'd been telling you interesting things."

"She has, believe me." Phil offered her a cigarette and lit one for himself. "And she's not—hey, wait a minute. I'm being most unethical. I'm not supposed to discuss a client's business—"

Grace smiled. "Not a bit. You're being friendly." She watched for the twinkle that always seemed to precede his smile, and was rewarded.

"As a matter of fact—" Phil began, but was interrupted by a brisk voice from the doorway.

"That sounds promising indeed." Aunt Celia swept into the room, glanced critically at Grace, and handed Phil a leather folder. "Who's being friendly to whom, may I ask—or is it both of you?" Her military briskness made Grace wince, as always, and wait shakily for whatever was coming next. Celia was capable of saying anything at all; tact was something she didn't hold with. Unexpectedly, she caught Phil Barnes' eye, and at once she knew that he understood how she felt. He gave her a quick, comradely half smile.

"I was just going to say that before you went up to get this material you were good enough to ask me to stop for dinner, and I—"

"Changed your mind?" boomed Aunt Celia. "Good, glad to hear it. Kind of thought you might after meeting my niece here."

Grace's smile was firmly fixed on her lips, but she shot Celia a glance of pure murder. It was safe enough; Celia was so insensitive that short of attacking her with a blunt instrument you could never hope to startle her. But Phil Barnes caught it; later, when Grace's mother had flutteringly rearranged the table and they were sitting down, he managed to murmur to Grace, "I've got a few like that myself. Lean on me, girl; I know what you're going through." After that, there was no question about their being friends.

TALKING to Phil was so easy that not even Mother and Celia made any difference. Grace thoroughly enjoyed the dinner; but when cleaning-up time arrived she got a bit uneasy. Each time Mother went out to the kitchen Celia somehow got in the way of Grace's going out after her, and finally, in a great burst of inventiveness, Celia remained in the kitchen and bellowed, "Sarah—may I speak to you for a moment?" Mrs. Jamison, who had just begun to clear the coffee-cups, gave Phil and Grace an apologetic look and disappeared through the swinging door. It was all, Grace thought angrily, as obvious as though they had written out their plans on a blackboard, but beside her, Phil Barnes began to chuckle, and she found herself laughing with him. Somehow after that it didn't seem at all surprising that he asked her to have dinner with him the next night, or that without thinking or hesitating, she said she would.

Across the dinner table the next night Grace and Phil chattered away like a pair of easy old friends who hadn't seen one another in a long time and had much to talk over. Accustomed to her plainness,

Grace had never been especially self-conscious about it; she had grown used to having the few men she knew treat her calmly and off-handedly. The handful of dates that dotted her past were polite, dull memories; she had been bored, and it was obvious the men had been too. But Phil was different. She couldn't remember talking so much or laughing so much . . . and because she enjoyed seeing him laugh she became, in the course of a few hours, quite adept at saying things she knew would narrow his dark eyes in that attractive glimmering twinkle . . .

"If only I can get past Mother and Celia, and up the stairs, I'll have had a lovely time," she told Phil in the taxi going home. They both laughed. "I can imagine the third degree they've set up for me tonight!"

"Your aunt is a bit of a tyrant," Phil agreed. "Isn't it strange about people like that, though—they've got a knack for making you want to fight for your rights, and at the same time they always manage to get you under enough obligation to them so that when you begin to see red and—well, you think twice and shade it down to pink."

Grace felt an odd little chill. "It's not obligation that keeps me quiet—it's only Mother's feelings. She's the one who's under Celia's thumb, and I don't think it would be fair of me to stir up trouble. Anyway—I'm not around the house that much." She was quiet for the rest of the ride, and when the taxi stopped and they got out she almost had to struggle to give Phil the right kind of smile and good-night. Something in his words had disturbed her; she wanted to get away by herself to figure out what it was. She was confused when he asked her if he might see her again the following night.

"I'd love to—but aren't you due back in Metropole?"

Phil laughed. "You mean am I ever going back to work? Ask your delightful relative, in there—she seems to have made up her mind to keep me here indefinitely, or all week, anyway. More details have come up with that will than—well, remember what I told you. She is an important client, and doesn't she know it!"

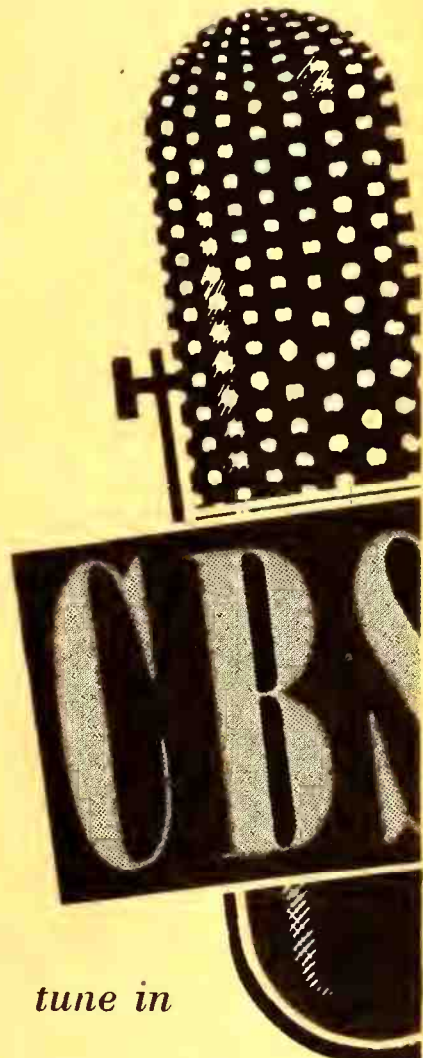
Grace's smile faded. There it was again . . . something that didn't ring well. Rather abruptly, she asked Phil to call her at her office the next day, said good-night and went into the house. Not until she was safely upstairs in her room did she realize that she had avoided the inquisition in the living room by simply sailing right past it with a brusque greeting, so preoccupied and perturbed by Phil's words that she couldn't be bothered worrying about Celia!

Apparently what they said about counter-irritation was true—all you needed to vanquish one difficulty was to acquire a more annoying one!

By the time she finally got to sleep she had nailed it down—that inner sense of warning, of withdrawal, that had checked her rush of friendliness toward Phil. How dull-witted she had been, after all. It was quite simple! Hadn't she stood there and heard Celia say so positively to Mother that she had already been at work on the problem of Grace's social life? Magically, an hour later, enter Phil Barnes—what could be more like a rabbit out of a magician's hat? Bert Adams had always handled Celia's legal affairs, Grace remembered; Phil himself had mentioned that tonight. But Bert was married, a devoted father—no candidate. No, Phil was what Celia had been working on—it stood to reason. Hadn't she summoned him to Littleton, where he'd be sure to meet Grace? Wasn't she keeping him in town—as Phil himself had said—with one pretext after another? And—Grace smiled wryly into the suddenly oppressive darkness—didn't Phil know it, know just what was going on? Celia had made it plain enough that she expected him to take notice of Grace. Being nice to the boss's daughter—the client's niece—it was the same thing. Up-and-coming young men always had to be on the lookout for that sort of obligation. Grace sat sharply upright, the word ringing in her ears. Obligation! Just what Phil had said in the taxi. "They put you under obligation" . . . Her lips trembled, and she firmed them resolutely. Getting up, she stole through the quiet dark to the bathroom, washed down an aspirin tablet with a gulp of icy water, and crept back to bed. *Never mind, never mind*, she told herself. *So what? You didn't think he had fallen madly in love with you, any more than you have with him. Don't take it so seriously. Don't make a thing of it. He's a nice guy, pleasant company. Might as well go out with him again while he's in town. Might as well make it easier for him to get himself in solid with Aunt Celia . . .*

Next morning she was amazed and a little rueful to realize that after all she had slept very well. Granted, her heart ached ever so slightly; and granted also that every time she blinked her eyes Phil's face had a way of coming between them and her typewriter. But her work went on as placidly as usual, and nobody else noticed anything wrong. "I'm so sensible," she thought, bitterly. "That's the big thing about me. Sensible Grace, never shooting for the moon. And next week, when he's gone, I'll be as sensible as ever. There won't be the slightest change . . ."

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Unfortunately, Mr. Dobbs, whose newly-married secretary couldn't keep her mind on her work, made the mistake of coming to Grace for some special letters with the dreadful words, "Thank heaven you've still got your feet on the ground, Miss Jamison." This was too much. This was rubbing it in. In quiet desperation she took an extra-long lunch hour and went to Lynn's, whose awesomely expensive showroom she had never dared enter before. When she got back to the office she had several exiting silver-gray boxes to stuff beneath her desk and a stunned feeling when she thought of her checkbook. Had she really done it? But what for? He might not even call . . . it wasn't sensible!

But he did call. She had never really doubted he would. That dress with its velvet skirt and shimmering lamé blouse—that had made it certain. She was going to have this one night, at least. It didn't mean anything, it wouldn't matter in the long run; but it would be fun. This one night, she might even manage to look pretty . . .

EVERYONE thought she did. Celia, surveying her, said rudely, "Well, I'm glad to see you look like something at last. What'd you do, put stuff on your eyes?"

"It looks wonderful," Mother said defensively.

"I didn't say it didn't. I think she ought to go in more for that stuff—I told you so, remember! She's too meek and mild, that's her trouble. That dress, now—it's the right thing. Gives her a shape—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Grace flung angrily out into the hall. "Stop going over me as if I were a side of beef at the butcher's. It's just a new dress, and I'm simply going out to the Founder's Day dance at the high school gym, and it's just a date. Can't you two play cards or something and get your minds off me?" The doorbell rang, and she went to answer it, still simmering. But the sight of the delivery boy offering a small florist's box wiped out everything but the pleasantly nervous tripping of her heart. Phil had chuckled a little over the dance when she proposed it, saying that he hadn't dared enter a high school since they finally released him from his own. But nevertheless he'd taken it seriously enough to go to the trouble of sending her an orchid. An orchid! Gently, as though it were one of the crown jewels, Grace pinned it to the waist of her dress, and stared back at her warm cheeks and brilliant eyes in the hall mirror. How thoughtful of him! He might have sent camellias, or roses—but no. He had made it just right, made the week perfect—more fun than she'd ever had before, and an orchid, which was something else she had never had.

It was so nice that in self-defense the little thread of bitterness began to run through her thoughts again, the knowledge that it wasn't real. She reminded herself, "It's just Aunt Celia, not me—remember!" and tried not to let herself feel too warm and happy and eager. But fortunately Phil arrived before the glow washed out of her face. He looked at her for a long time before he seemed to see the coat she was holding out to him. Then, apologizing, he took it and put it around her shoulders. All the way over to the high school he was silent and preoccupied, and Grace felt awkwardness stealing over her like a hampering cloak. What had gone wrong? Was the dress a mistake—did it make her too conspicuous, was it unbecoming. . . ? Was he thinking about something entirely apart from the two of them—business? Another girl?

When they reached the school, she welcomed the chance to slip away to the dressing room for a few minutes, to pull herself together. The swirling, chattering

crowd and the brilliant lights had been almost like a blow. For the first time in her life she understood why men went into bars and ordered—well, whatever they ordered. She needed help to go out and face that preoccupation of Phil's again. She studied herself in the long mirror, frowning. It still looked fine to her! Maybe he was just tired of dancing to Aunt Celia's piping. Well . . . she tidied her hair and recklessly added another touch of mascara and eye-shadow, touched the orchid for luck, and headed back to the gym. He'd just have to put up with it for tonight, that was all.

About an hour later, flushed and laughing from an intricate rumba through which her inexperienced feet had followed Phil's as though magnetized, she met his eyes over a cup of punch and knew, with a thumping shock, that she had been all wrong. He wasn't putting up with her; it was something else. The look prolonged itself unbearably. Grace's hand began to shake, and she put the cup down and said, uncertainly, "Phil? Is—is anything the matter?"

He withdrew his eyes at last. "I don't know. Unless it's something with my eyesight. I've never seen a girl—well, glitter like this before."

"Me?" Grace said, dumbfounded. "Glitter?"

"You have the darndest habit of saying 'who, me?' As though you didn't believe you were really here at all. Certainly, you."

The music began again, pounding in Grace's ears in time with her heartbeat. She said weakly, "There must be something wrong with your eyesight at that. I have some kindly friends who say nice enough things to me—all about how sensible I am—but nobody ever said I glittered before."

Phil said soberly, "I'll write you a testimonial any time. I'll say, 'I saw Grace Jamison glitter—or maybe 'glow' would be better. On such and such a night, I saw it . . ."

Grace gave a nervous little laugh that sounded like someone else. "I suppose a lawyer has to be careful about using just the right word at the right time."

Phil put his arms around her and drew her back into the swaying crowd on the floor. Oh, better—much better this way, with her face mercifully hidden against his shoulder, her body following his slightly and absent-mindedly because it was so much more important to hear what he might say . . . She felt his cheek against her hair. "It's not words, Grace," he mumbled. She barely heard him. "It's not just words. That's what scares me."

"Scares you?" It was just above a whisper.

HE GRIPPED her almost angrily, and then relaxed his arm. "Sure, it scares me. I'm just getting started, Grace. Bert and I have a long way to go before we're really set. I've got a lot of long-range, tedious plans . . . I'm just not prepared for anything like this."

Grace didn't answer. Her head seemed to be floating somewhere far above the rest of her, a balloon on a string. Vaguely she knew that the lights were dimmer; there seemed to be more room around them. She opened her eyes and realized Phil had danced her out to the corridor. She didn't know—she never did find out—whether or not they were alone there, but it didn't matter to Phil. "Look at me," he said. "I'm going to kiss you." Then he did, and the delightful vagueness came back and floated her away. Hazily she thought, Being sensible was never like this. Then she thought nothing at all . . .

The haziness persisted. It dimmed out the rest of the evening, left only a consciousness of herself and Phil moving about

with peculiar carefulness, as though they had suddenly turned into some very brittle, breakable material. Glass or eggshell. For all practical purposes, not another word was spoken. They went back and danced; they stopped somewhere for coffee; he brought her home. All that must have happened, for she woke the next morning in her own room, her own bed—everything normal. Except that inwardly she was vibrating with the knowledge that something tremendous—something fearful and world-shaking—was going to happen. Springing out of bed, she rubbed her forehead furiously; what was it, what was it? Then she remembered. Phil was coming, they were going on a picnic. Just the two of them. It was Saturday, and Phil was coming!

LIKE A criminal, she listened at her door until all sounds ceased in the dining-room and kitchen. She couldn't bear to face either Mother or Celia this morning. She couldn't bear anyone, except Phil. There must be no line drawn between last night and today. There wasn't any in her feelings; as far as she was concerned the magic wave was still buoying her up. She heard Mother come up to stand, listening, outside her door, and then go down to report that she was still asleep. "Well, I suppose we can't wake her," Celia said grudgingly. "All right, Sarah, I'll give you a hand with the marketing. And then there's a sale on at Rutherson's, I see . . ." Sounds of departure. Grace hugged herself. Perfect, everything perfect. She'd have the kitchen to herself and she could sing or shout or turn handsprings as she made the sandwiches . . . or just stand, dreaming and unbeliev-

ing . . . She got a huge basket packed and changed her clothes three times before Phil came. She wasn't satisfied with the beige sweater and plain tweed skirt, but what could you expect? They had been bought before . . . they had been bought for a plain, resigned girl to wear around the house. Not for a girl whose eyes, even without last night's make-up, had taken to shining like something in a jeweler's window, whose hair was suddenly velvety brown instead of just plain brown.

She left a note for Mother and waited impatiently until the hired station wagon pulled up before the house. Then she rushed out with the basket, in a fever to be off before the two inquisitors returned. Phil, leaning over to drop the basket into the body of the wagon, smiled teasingly. "Somebody after you?" he asked.

"Not yet, but if we don't take off they will be." Grace giggled suddenly. "I'm getting terribly good about avoiding them. I just felt—" she sobered in embarrassment, seeing where her words were taking her. But Phil's gaze was merciless; she had to go on. "I just didn't want to have to talk to them today," she admitted, softly.

Phil started the car. "I know. Have you got a feeling like—well, as though you weren't quite real? As though you were holding your breath?"

She nodded. Phil's right hand covered hers briefly and went back to the wheel. After a while he drew a deep breath and said, "I hope you didn't make any peanut butter sandwiches. I know I have no right to look a gift horse in the teeth—"

"Peanut butter! What do you take me for?" She understood and welcomed, his attempt to relieve the tension a little. "I'm quite insulted that you should think me capable of bringing peanut butter sandwiches. I may insist on getting out and walking home at once."

Phil's lips twitched. "Oh, no, you don't. Not without a lot better cause than that," he said. "Of course if you're looking for a reason for walking home I might be able to arrange it—"

Grace laughed, and pressed her hands to her warm cheeks to cool them. It was all quite unreal, quite unbelievable . . . the drive, the warm, lifting day, the handkerchief-sized bit of grass they found on the edge of a nameless creek, hemmed in by thick, privacy-making shrubbery. And the delicate weaving of the thread between them, growing stronger and more substantial with every word and accidental touch and all the silences . . . They even, almost, had a quarrel. It happened when Phil, taking a paper cup of coffee from her hand, said, interrupting his own sentence about something entirely different, "There you go again."

"There I go what?" Grace asked nervously. "Glittering. Sending out sparks. In broad daylight, too."

She felt herself flushing and turned away. "Don't, Phil. You don't have to—I mean, it's wonderful to have you—Oh, just don't. I don't take well to that kind of thing."

Phil got very still and stern-looking. "What sort of thing?"

"Compliments." She waved her hand vaguely. "It makes me feel self-conscious. It would be different if I were pretty—"

This time it was Phil who got violently, angrily red. "If you were pretty! What makes you think—" With an obvious effort, he controlled himself. "I wish I understood you better. Every now and then you say something like that and all my calculations go awry. What gave you this feeling that there's something wrong with you? What makes you . . . draw back? What makes you so uncertain about yourself? There's some little kink in you I can't get at—"

"If you'd been born a plain girl, you wouldn't have to ask." Hurt and surprised, Grace drew herself away. But then she thought, He's right, wanting to understand. He's not trying to hurt me. It's important that we should understand everything about one another . . . She went on, forcing herself to be honest, "I've always known I was no beauty. Maybe it would have been better if my family had kidded me along a little, but—they're not the type. Mother and Aunt Celia, they've never made any bones about my looks. That's why it makes me prickly to have you—well, notice them." She grinned suddenly. "I know I have a heart of gold, though. You could compliment that."

Phil's frown didn't lighten. He took her hand and held it against his cheek. "You don't know, do you," he said. "You don't know how lovely you are. You don't know about your eyes or the line . . . right here . . . from your cheek to your mouth . . ." Unexpectedly he sat back and said, "I wish your Aunt Celia and her will were in Timbuctoo."

"Oh, why?" Grace said breathlessly. It was on the tip of her tongue to remind him that if it hadn't been for Celia they would never have met. And how strange to remember that she had been angry with Celia about it? How strange that there was a time, two brief days, when she had cynically resigned herself to being taken out by Phil because she had nothing better to do and Celia would obviously make it uncomfortable for him if he didn't. How could he say she drew back distrustfully? She knew little enough, it was true . . . but she knew that there was no doubt about the realness of the feeling between them. Celia had nothing to do with it. Even if she were in Timbuctoo this thing would go on . . . She felt brave and sure and not at all uncertain as she took Phil's face between her hands and drew it down toward hers . . .

They made wild plans for the evening. They decided to get all dressed up and find some place where they could get cham-



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pagne and caviar and pressed duck and crepes suzette. "We'll wind up having scrambled eggs in a hash joint," Grace said, mistrustfully. "You and I both know those other things don't really exist. Only in books and movies . . ."

"That's what you think," Phil said with a mock leer. "Just tag along with me, my proud beauty, and I'll show you they do exist—even if we have to drive all the way to Metropole to get them!"

In a flurry of laughter and bubbling excitement he left her at her door and drove off, calling back that she had no more than an hour to get ready. Grace was still laughing to herself when she went inside and shut the door behind her. There were voices in the living room, and she had a sudden, stabbing premonition that if she wanted the laughter to last she must get past that door and up the stairs—it was confused and not sharp enough to make her act, and then in one instant she was caught. It was too late. She heard.

"—not so far-fetched," Celia was saying. "I've already sounded him out about it."

"Celia!" Mrs. Jamison's voice was horrified. "You offered him money—?"

"You must think I'm an idiot. I didn't offer anything. But it's a well-known thing, Sarah, that lots of young lawyers and doctors are set up by their wives' families. If they're smart enough to marry wives with money. And let's face it—my money will be Grace's big asset." Covering in the hall, Grace covered her ears, but the voice penetrated. "It's nothing shameful. Sensible, I call it."

Mrs. Jamison gave a little, distracted moan. "I don't like it, Celia. We'd best leave the girl alone . . ."

"That young man is leaving town tomorrow," Celia snapped. "I won't let Grace lose her only chance at a husband for want of a little boost on the part of the only family she's got—" The voice turned smug. "If you recall, there were some slight business arrangements connected with your own marriage, Sarah."

"Oh—how can you! We were in love, Celia. You don't know—"

"I'm not saying a word against love." Celia sounded as though she were patting her sister on the shoulder, in apology. "It can come later; money never stopped it. Barnes is a sensible young man—he'll see my point, I'm sure—"

The stairs glimmered before Grace's eyes. They wavered, drew close, slipped away . . . and yet she had to get up them, quietly, still as a mouse . . . She managed it somehow. Shaking and dizzy, she turned the key with slippery hands and fell across the bed. I was right all along, she thought dazedly. I was made of glass, of eggshell . . . and I have broken. So I can be right sometimes. The room swung crazily around her head,

and she clutched the bedspread in panic. And Celia's right; she has to be—the money makes her right. I've heard that all my life, it must be true. And Phil's right, of course, because young lawyers need money. He told me so himself. He said he had plans, he wasn't prepared to fall in love—but that was before Celia made her business offer. When did she do it? How? And what did Phil say? Oh—she rolled over and pressed her palms against her hot, dry eyes. He didn't say anything. He just came over and told me I was lovely and mentally began furnishing his new offices with the money Aunt Celia will leave me when she dies . . .

A long time afterwards, when the room was safely dark and the house was still, she got up. Somewhere in between she had dozed a little; sometime, she knew, there had been a knock and Mother's voice saying, "Grace—are you ready? Phil's here for you!" She hadn't risen or opened the door. She'd had a hard time making them understand, but at last Mother's footsteps had gone away. What had she told me? *Grace is tired, ill, has a blinding headache? A nervous breakdown?* Had she also told him *She never wants to see you again as long as she lives?* Mother should have told him that, Grace thought, as she bathed her eyes and resolutely got into pajamas as though it were any ordinary bedtime. That's the most important thing I told her to tell him . . . Never again. Never again . . .

In the days that followed she made an interesting discovery about time. It was not only stretchable, but shrinkable. It shrank when you were very happy; for instance, there was the way the night of the dance had run into the day of the picnic. But it shrank equally well when you were very miserable. Sunday, when Phil left Littleton, ran smoothly into Monday, when Mr. Dobbs took a look at her and asked worriedly if she needed a vacation. Tuesday and Wednesday disappeared completely, and Thursday came rolling up. Thursday stopped her a little, because it was the day she had the row with Aunt Celia.

The two older women had been biting their nails in ignorant impatience, afraid to question Grace because of the strange way she was acting. They had tried, once, to tell her of the fuss Phil had made before he was finally convinced she wouldn't see him; but she had simply gotten up from the table and walked out of the house. By Thursday, however, in spite of her sister, Celia burst out with bitter questions, accusing Grace of hard-heartedly keeping them in the dark—"Two old women who love you very much," she complained. When Grace finally made her understand she wouldn't discuss Phil Barnes, Celia

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lost her head. Ingratitude was the least of the accusations she hurled. "After all I've tried to do for you, you don't even cooperate." That was another cry. "Why don't you tell us at least why you quarreled with him? Maybe I could help."

Grace turned and looked her aunt clearly in the eye. "Don't help," she said. "Don't ever help me again."

"Well!" Celia exploded. Later that day, still sputtering, she packed up and left. Grace only noticed it to think, Good. Now it'll be peaceful.

"She's going to cut you out of her will," Mrs. Jamison said nervously, stealing a glance at her daughter's pale face.

"Fine," Grace said. "I don't want any part of her or her money."

Her mother, shocked, said, "Grace! Can't you tell me—"

Grace got up again and left the room.

Sometime, she knew, the protective haziness would go, and things would begin to make themselves felt again. The pinch would begin. The pain and the full realization of what had happened, what she had lost . . . no, of what she had never had except in her fool's imagination. Let it come, she thought. This too shall pass away . . .

But Saturday morning when she woke up her face and her pillow were wet with tears she couldn't remember having cried, and she got scared. It was like waiting for a dam to give, or some other dreaded catastrophe that couldn't be evaded and probably couldn't be borne when it occurred. Desperately, she dealt with the few household tasks she always handled on Saturdays—the beds and dishes and dusting—and then she took herself off to an early movie. Of all the dreary, useless, depressing ways to waste a Saturday, this was the worst she knew of. Coming home, later, along the breeze-swept street, because of the blur in her eyes, she missed a step, lurched backwards—and was caught. Phil's voice said scoldingly, "Did you know you can get fined for jay-walking? That truck on the corner just missed you. We can't have that kind of thing going on."

Grace stood very still. She didn't believe it was real, and she didn't want to turn, but the hands on her shoulders were inexorable. They turned her around, and she saw that whatever else might be happening, he was real. She didn't ask any questions or make any protest; she needed all her energy to hold herself together.

"Don't talk," he said unnecessarily. "Don't say anything. I've got it all figured out and there's no sense wasting words over it. Your Aunt Celia came to see me this morning and gave the whole thing away." Grace looked at him bleakly, and he nodded. "I even forgive you for turning me out of the house without being honest with me," he said. "That was hard to take, but I guess when you love someone you have to put up with their little foibles, like suddenly losing their minds and treating you like their worst enemy . . ."

Grace drew a deep, quivering breath. "What are you talking about?" she managed to ask in an almost steady voice.

"Your Aunt Celia," Phil repeated patiently. "Haven't I told you? She came steaming in this morning and called a great conference, all about how she was making a new will and cutting you out of it. I didn't want to handle it at first, but she insisted. She was so mad she couldn't talk straight, but I finally made out that she was washing her hands of both of us, ungrateful young wretches, and that she wanted me to know what I was losing." Phil's hands clenched unconsciously. "You know what I was losing? Your inheritance, that's what! When I got that, I began to get a dim picture of the rest. I asked her some questions. Gosh, Grace, I didn't really understand that woman's mental

processes." Somewhere, inside Grace, a thaw was beginning. Slow warmth stole through her, upward, from the toes.

"She said so many things, I can't remember them all—and I don't want to," Phil's voice was contemptuous. "Did you know, Grace, that I was supposed to marry you for your money? She threw it in my teeth that I hadn't acted on her generous offer— Offer!"

"I heard them talking about it," Grace said faintly. "When I came in from the picnic. I thought—I thought—" She choked.

"You thought I had agreed, didn't you? I ought to beat you for that. I never even knew she was making the proposition, Grace! I had a vague feeling that there was too much fuss being made over this paltry will, and that she kept trying to sell me on the idea of what a fine catch you'd be for some ambitious young professional man—but I never took it in that she meant me! It's the kind of thing you don't think about yourself, you know—that someone would believe you capable of listening to such a proposition. Even when she offered to throw in another couple of thousand—Golly!" He got up, paced the length of the porch, and came back again to fling himself down beside her. "That's what she flung at me this morning—that I was too dumb or too stubborn to know what was good for me, and so were you, and she had no use for the lot of us." Phil's eyes darkened. "I think what really got me going was her saying that you weren't so very plain that a little money couldn't make you look better. If the old battleaxe weren't protected by her age, I think I'd have—"

Suddenly, Grace began to laugh. She couldn't help it. She saw Phil looking at her fearfully and tried to tell him that it was all right. "I'm not hysterical," she assured him, between giggles. "It's just the picture of how dumb we must have seemed to her—she was being so very smart, and we were like two blocks of wood—"

Phil began to laugh, then, too. They leaned against each other and the glider shook with their laughter. They didn't stop until Phil put his arms around her and kissed her for a long, long time. After that they were very quiet. Phil sat up finally and said, "No more doubts, Grace? No more of this poor-little-plain-Jane-me stuff? Do you believe—" he took her chin between firm fingers and forced her face up. "Do you believe that I really, truly, honestly am in love with you?"

"Yes," Grace said, as well as she could with her chin in that position.

Phil grinned. "Fine, then I'll tell you the rest—I'll prove it to you. She did make a new will. You're out, my girl. My charming pauper. You have been cut off from the magnificent sum of eleven hundred dollars."

Grace gasped. Eleven hundred dollars . . . was this the huge inheritance that had been held over her head since she was a baby? The money that was supposed to make an heiress of her? Stupefaction showed in her eyes.

Phil nodded, and slowly his smile widened again. His shoulders began to shake. "Can you beat it?" he asked. "You know, that was what made me the maddest. Think of her imagining that eleven hundred dollars was enough to make me sell my soul to a girl like you!"

Eleven hundred dollars! Leaning back in the safe circle of Phil's arms, Grace watched the little figures go dancing over the hedge and disappear into infinity. "I guess it would take a lot more than that."

Phil's face came very close. "A lot more," he agreed. "Shall I tell you how much more? Since we're both such dull-witted folks I guess it'll take a long, long time to explain just how much more . . ."

"You can start explaining any time," Grace said.



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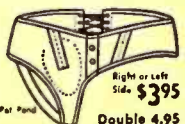
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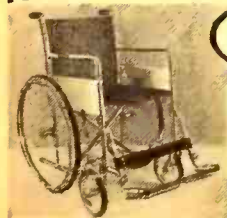
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A mother should never interfere in her daughter's romance, even to save her from being hurt. If she does, the daughter will always feel that she may have achieved untold happiness and wonders for her husband. There will inevitably be a speck of bitterness for the one who prevented her from doing what she felt she could and should do. Every individual should have the right to accept or reject the challenges confronting her. The important thing is whether her love is strong enough to meet successfully the problems involved. The only way she'll know is by testing it.

FIVE DOLLARS

each for the next five best letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

Mrs. Eva Barlow
Detroit, Mich.

Mr. A. G. McGill
Camden, Tenn.

Edella Ruby Melville
Elmwood, Illinois

Sharon Bornman
Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. O. A. Grobey
Muncie, Ind.



What Christmas means to me

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters on What Christmas Means to Me for the Jack Berch contest appearing in the December, Radio-TV Mirror.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to:

Mrs. Carrie Blythe, Elizabethton, Tenn., for the prize-winning letter.

FIVE DOLLARS

each for the next ten best letters has been sent to:

Mrs. N. R. Harkum
Tampa, Florida
Mrs. C. H. Wiley
Billings, Montana
Mrs. Annabel Clay
San Diego, California
Mrs. Gust Holm
Newberry, S. C.
Agnes Meares
Jamaica, N. Y.

Mary Ricci
Syracuse, N. Y.
Helen Delaney
Taftville, Conn.
Mrs. Forest Allard
Medina, Ohio
Mrs. Emma Hines
Blissfield, Mich.
Ella Houser
Dallastown, Penna.

We Broke the Bank

(Continued from page 41)

blind date, too, but I can't say that it was a very exciting evening. Or that I was tremendously impressed with Marty. But, the very fact that I remember the date—it was July 5, 1950—must prove something.

Marty was stationed at Fort Dix, N. J., where he had just finished his basic training, and he came home to Brooklyn fairly often to visit his parents—and have an occasional date with me. I guess I saw him four or five times—and four or five more movies—before he was shipped overseas. I was unhappy to see him go, but not totally crushed. Although I was getting to like him more and more with each date, I was only sixteen and not very anxious to get serious about anyone.

More than anything, I liked the interesting stories he told. He was only twenty-one years old, but his life seemed to be chock-full of excitement. He had been to so many places and had done so many fascinating things.

He told me how he had come to America from Antwerp, Belgium, with his family when he was twelve years old. The tussle he had with the language and schools and customs as a child and how baffling it all was to him. It made the commercial course I was struggling with at Thomas Jefferson High School seem so utterly simple in comparison.

His stories about Hollywood were the best. In his late teens, he got into the movies as a stunt man and "double" for 20th Century-Fox—which probably explains why he still is such a movie "bug" today. He was in eleven or twelve pictures, falling off horses, jumping from buildings or diving into swirling rivers—or handling any rough or dangerous part that was too hazardous for the leading men. He loved the work, but there just wasn't enough of it to keep him eating regularly.

Finally, he came to New York again to take a part in the movie "Fourteen Hours," in which he did the dangerous scenes but when this was followed by another long layoff, he scrapped the whole idea of stunt work and went to work for his father, in the wholesale jewelry business.

I felt drawn rather closely to Marty when he'd tell me these stories. But he was terribly restless and his new life in the Army, of course, didn't do anything to change his feeling of insecurity—his "live for today" attitude toward life.

I didn't hear from Marty at all after he shipped out for Korea around September. Not even one letter. I was disappointed, and I guess, more than anything, my feelings were hurt that I wasn't better remembered.

A whole year passed and I had just about forgotten Martin Diamant, when like a bolt out of the blue he charged right back into my life again. But it was so different this time.

The telephone rang one night, early last November. It was Marty, back from the fighting in Korea. He asked for a date. Where? To the movies, of course.

When I saw him I was shocked. Happy to see him, yes. But a little frightened by what I saw. He was on crutches, his left leg in a full-length cast. And, although Army insignia and ribbons are absolutely Greek to me, I recognized the Purple Heart decoration and knew then that he had been in the thick of it in Korea.

Perhaps if he hadn't been a stunt man

for those years in Hollywood and had missed that rugged training, he wouldn't have come home at all from the fighting. He served as a tank driver with the 24th Division and was wounded in the head, arm and leg on three separate occasions. And, as if that wasn't enough, he had a toe amputated from each foot because of frostbite.

He was a changed boy, too. The Army did something to him. Maybe it's like they say on the recruiting posters—that the Army makes a man of you. It seemed to be true. For when Marty came back with his wounds he was mature, serious and a new, wonderful guy.

I came to know things about him that I never even noticed before. His blue eyes seemed to dance every time he smiled at me, and the strong features of his face and his dark, curly hair told me for the first time that he was handsome, too.

He told me how happy he was to see me on that first date in November. That he had thought of me often and wanted to write, but that things were just too busy and confused where he was. I listened eagerly. I wanted him to say more.

I saw Marty every night after that. And after about a week, we both realized that something had happened to us simultaneously. We were in love.

We made the discovery in a taxicab, on our way to the movies—naturally. Riding through the streets, holding hands, he put it simply: "Honey, how would you like to have me for a husband?" I found myself saying the words, just as if I thought them a hundred times before, "Yes, Marty, I would like it."

In the days that followed we had so much to talk about. So many plans to make. But, we also realized we had many problems. And that old devil—money—was at the bottom of almost every one. We knew we could hardly live on Marty's Army pay. Oh, sure, we could survive if we had to, but that was no way to start married life, we both agreed. And then there was Marty's enlistment, which runs until May 12, 1953—unless his wounds cause him to be discharged before then. His damaged leg was a big problem by itself. The Army doctors couldn't predict how long it would take to heal—or if it ever would mend completely and be normal. Even while we were going out on dates Marty was spending his days at Fort Jay Hospital on Governor's Island in New York City undergoing treatment.

We agreed we would wait a while—we would have to wait a while. I wanted, if possible, to get my diploma from Jefferson High in January. And we both agreed that we would wait until we had enough money to start our marriage off right.

Marty often got two and three-day passes from the hospital, but since I had a job at the Mart-Ray Slipper Company as a part-time bookkeeper after school hours, I could only see him in the evenings. As one might imagine, he spent most of his idle hours in the movies. One day, however, he thought he'd try to get some passes to a couple of radio shows.

On his first attempt he saw a variety show. But, the trip to the studio really had added significance, as it later developed. While waiting for his ticket, Marty struck up a conversation with another ex-GI, Jack Marshall. They swapped war stories and saw the show together, and

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before they parted Marshall told Marty he was expecting to get some tickets for the Break the Bank program—the show that had that big jackpot every day.

Marty was interested immediately. They agreed to go together when the tickets arrived.

A few days later, Marty told me he was going to the quiz show with Jack. "Gosh how I'd love to get a crack at that jackpot," he said, sort of dreaming aloud. "But, I suppose those things are fixed anyhow." I seconded the motion.

But, when I came home from school the next day, just at 11:30 A.M., I turned on the radio to hear the Break the Bank show merely out of plain curiosity. I ate my lunch and was about to turn off the radio and leave for work at 11:45, when the quiz master, Bud Collyer, said: "And now, here's Corporal Martin Diamant."

I STARTED to tremble and I hurriedly tuned the set up louder, and Mother and I huddled up closer to the loudspeaker. We both giggled for a moment, but when I heard that the category of questions was "Dangerous Assignments," I thought Marty would get along all right. He's very intelligent and reads a lot. And if only they have a few questions on movies, I thought, there'd be no stopping him.

The questions started. The first one was about Stanley and Livingston, and Marty had the answer immediately—also \$10. The next concerned the movie, "Appointment with Danger," and he named the leading man—Alan Ladd—immediately. Now he had \$20.

On the third question, Marty named the tune—"Chloe"—correctly. He was up to \$30. The next was another melody—"The Third Man Theme"—and that was a snap. Now he had \$50. The query switched from motion pictures and songs to a question that related to Governor Thomas E. Dewey. But, it was about the Murder, Inc. racket, which centered in Brownsville, where I live. Marty knew the answer quick-as-a-flash. This pushed the total up to \$100.

The next was a movie question about the star of "Murder My Sweet," and Marty solved it before Mr. Collyer had finished stating the details. He had \$200. This put Marty at the question that is called the "Gateway to the Bank." The studio audience—mostly women, I guess—began to stir in nervous excitement. Marty, however, sounded very alert and calm.

I held my breath, waiting to hear the question. Thank heavens—it was another one about the movies. Marty pounced on it like the expert that he is and gave the picture "Kim" as the right answer. Now he had \$300 and his chance at the Bank. The chance of a lifetime—one more correct answer and he'd have \$11,840. He had 30 seconds to reach the right answer—the absolutely right answer.

I wasn't optimistic. Like almost all the other quiz shows I had listened to in the past, I figured the final question would be so difficult that no one but the script writer could answer it. But, I took a deep breath and listened as Mr. Collyer read the big one:

"The real life story of a dangerous assignment of a man named Matt Cvetic was made into a movie. Matt Cvetic risked death, and suffered humiliation and disgrace in tracking down enemies of America. Name the movie."

I didn't think Marty could answer it. I figured he probably never saw the movie, since it was released while he was overseas. I knew it. And I was almost bursting because he couldn't hear me yelling into the radio with the answer.

Marty waited just a moment and started to answer.

"I Was a Spy For the FBI. . ."

Mr. Collyer uttered a heart-tearing "Oooooo" when Marty quickly corrected himself and blurted out his answer:

"I Was a Communist for the FBI."

Mother and I screamed. There was a deafening din over the air from the studio. And Marty fainted at the microphone. The announcer was saying that women in the studio audience were crying with joy. All I could think about was Marty—was he all right?—why didn't he say something? And then, Marty was revived and was talking into the microphone.

Bud Collyer asked him what he was going to do with the money and my guy replied without hesitation:

"Now I can get married."

I beamed. That's me he's talking about, thinking of at this moment.

With all the excitement, Marty still remembered his buddies in Korea, and before he left the microphone he asked the listeners if they wouldn't make some other servicemen happy by donating a pint of their blood to the American Red Cross. I was so proud of him!

I left the radio and wandered out of the house in a daze and headed for work. I was so confused, I stopped off to pay the telephone bill and dropped by the tailor shop with some things—even though I was already late for work.

I had no sooner arrived at the office, when Marty was on the telephone. He was almost delirious, it seemed, and he shouted:

"Honey, we're rich. You have to come down here right away. Get in a cab."

I said I'd try to get off from work.

My boss, Mr. Martin Steinberg, took a dim view of my request. There was a payroll to be prepared that afternoon. But the girls at the plant pounced on Mr. Steinberg and told him to let me go—even if they didn't get their pay that afternoon.

I hurried to the studio.

Reporters and photographers swarmed all over us when I arrived. Gosh, I'd never want to be a celebrity for more than one day. They put words in our mouths and the next day most of the big stories in the newspapers told of us getting married immediately.

After things calmed down, Marty and I went to his father's jewelry office. Marty told me to pick out a diamond watch as a Christmas gift. I was thrilled, but down deep, I hoped that Marty wasn't going to squander the money—not even on me.

BUT MY fears were soon quelled. Marty went home ill, completely spent by this unnerving day. But, when we got together the following night, we had a long talk.

We both agreed that the money should go into the bank—and stay there until we're ready to use it for our wedding. And we decided to wait until Marty can at least have the cast removed from his leg and, if he's discharged, get a job. Happily, we set our wedding date for June.

Marty hasn't changed since. He's living on his army pay. We still go to the movies several times a week and almost all the money still is in the bank. Marty splurged a little the night of my high school prom, at the Essex House, last January. But other than that we've both been very sane.

I've always thought that true love is the most important thing in a marriage. I've never given much thought to marrying a millionaire just to have a lot of money to spend. But, money is important, too. In our case, the jackpot prize is going to help us get married a year or two sooner. After Uncle Sam takes \$3000 or \$4000 of it in taxes, we won't exactly have a fortune left. But, it still is so much more than we had to start with.

Yes, I guess I'll always love a quiz show, now. For because of them, I know our happiness is going to grow and grow. . .

My Friend Irma

(Continued from page 35)

all my life; not once have I regretted that all my baseball-playing time was spent in darkened theatres watching matinees. Then—as now—I wanted nothing except to spend as many hours as possible in that lovely, magic darkness.

But now I was far away from Broadway, far away from the Columbia University drama school where I had managed—by attending night classes—to study for a year.

I wasn't prepared for any career except acting, and all of the openings for actors—or so I thought then—were some 3,000 miles away.

But I needed a job. And I got one. I went to work demonstrating punching bags for two dollars a day. I wonder how many stage-struck eighteen-year-old kids start out every year wanting nothing but to play "Hamlet"—uncut—and settle for the equivalent of a punching bag! There ought to be a law.

But if Professor Kropotkin at eighteen (what a horrible thought) was as megalomaniac as The Dane, he was also resilient.

Broadway was still 3,000 miles away, and I was bruised and a little punch drunk from the daily tussles with the punching bag. There must be, I thought, some way an actor could make a living at his craft in Southern California. You understand, of course, that a drama student at Columbia in 1935 thought of the movies as a business somewhat like a sardine cannery than a branch of the theatrical arts. You told yourself, "There are the films, of course," followed this with a long, choking gasp, and looked for greener pastures. (Nonsense, Kropotkin—you were too tall and thin and Adam's-appled for the films, and you know it!)

Nevertheless, I had spent a year with the Columbia Repertory Theatre, played in the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Sheridan and Goldsmith, and I was young enough and uncynical enough then to think that somehow, somewhere, a fellow could make a living in the classic theatre.

I had never thought of radio, not even long enough for one of my long choking shudders. I had one of the things, used mainly for hearing the symphonies on Sunday and for keeping up with the news. But as an art form . . . ?

I was amazed—and immediately broke out with an idea—when my favorite station, KECA, announced a revolutionary program change. Henceforth, in addition to its traditional twelve hours a day of sustained classical music and news, it planned an experiment with radio drama. And KECA—after all, it called itself "The Aristocrat of the Airways"—meant Drama! All of the plays of Shakespeare, uncut!

With a little luck at this point, I could see that I might elude the punching bag. I hurried over to KECA, braced Forrest Barnes—who was producing the Shakespearean series—in his office, whipped out samples of "Hamlet," "The Tempest" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and stood there panting.

"Why sure," Barnes said, giving me my first taste of radio's casual approach, "I think we can use you, kid."

The next day the cast—nearly every-

body except me was a reputable, established actor with years of experience behind him—did "Othello." Right out of the book, without cutting a word! We all doubled up on parts, of course. I found myself with a hatful—the First Gentleman, the Second Senator, and the First Musician. How, on the air, could I make them distinguishable? I made the musician a comic low Dutchman, for a start.

After the broadcast Lindsay MacHarrie, who had played Othello, pulled me aside. "You have a coupla voices, son," he said. "How would you like to make a few dollars with them?"

I explained that all the dollars I had in the world were the fifteen I had just earned for my stint in "Othello," and that they probably wouldn't go very far even in those days of ten-cent hamburger, cent a pound grapes, cent a bunch of vegetables. I was interested in dollars, and how to make them.

Lindsay was making a series of transcribed programs called Ports of Call—one of the first of the transcribed shows, by the way. The records were full of people with voices, and those people were paid at the rate of five dollars a record. I was one of them, and we made lots of records. So I was committed to radio, to turning on and off the voice, to a compromise with what I really wanted to do, which is still the Big Problem of my life.

But I wasn't the only one with the Big Problem. Take a look at what the other people now assembled on My Friend Irma, but then scattered far and wide, were doing about their problems. There's John Brown, for instance, who plays the part of Al, Irma's boy friend, on our show:

John, you know, also played the part of Digger O'Dell, undertaker, on The Life Of Riley. What did a chuckling Fate decree as his first job, at the age of sixteen? He was a clerk in a mortuary. But not for long—he was so horrified when first confronted by a corpse that he left without collecting his salary, a big sacrifice, believe me, for anyone to make in those days.

John, who was born in England and educated in Australia, went to work for his father after the mortuary fiasco. Father was a record salesman. But after hours, John pursued his interest in the theatre, just as I did throughout my bag-punching days. In 1934, John auditioned for Eddie Cantor and won a one-appearance role. Or, rather, they meant to keep him on, but he was dropped after that one performance because he couldn't, for the next week's show, satisfactorily imitate a clucking hen.

Fortunately, Fred Allen didn't need a clucking hen at the moment, but felt that he could use John Brown in other capacities. So John found his niche on Allen's Alley with the Mighty Allen Art Players, and spent ten years there, until the program moved to New York several years ago. (Incidental note: John says his favorite poem, if anyone cares, is "John Brown's Body"—naturally.)

What about Cathy Lewis, who plays Jane on My Friend Irma? She hadn't as hard a row to hoe before we all met on Irma because Cathy hadn't any high-minded

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(and foolish) prejudices against the movies. When they beckoned to her, she came running. When a young radio actor named Elliott Lewis beckoned, however, Cathy didn't come running. Far from it. Cathy, Elliott says, was hard to convince, in spite of the fact that he insisted they were fated to marry, since their last names were the same. Finally, however, Elliott persuaded Cathy to change, if not her name, her place of residence. She became Mrs. Elliott Lewis, first a waiting-at-home, war-wife radio actress, and then part of a husband-and-wife acting team with roles in many programs on the air.

Gloria Gordon, our Mrs. O'Reilly, came to radio the way I only dreamed of coming—after a distinguished career in the theatre. With a reputation as a great artist and an international beauty, she was finding out that “women are funny” on the radio in that period before the Irma family met.

Marie Wilson—last is best—found her way to My Friend Irma through a decade of beautiful-but-dumb movie roles, with long, very lean periods in between. When Cy Howard first asked Marie to do Irma, she was as frank as ever. “I won't do it right,” she warned him. “Good,” beamed Howard. “That's just what I mean. You are Irma.”

Not one of us, you see, decided to be a radio actor and, having decided, carried out the decision. Unplanned and unprepared, we fell into radio instead of walking in. By various devious routes we came together on My Friend Irma, almost five years ago.

I've never in my life lived in a rooming house, or a boarding house, or even shared an apartment, in the sort of situation Cathy and Marie make so amusing on the Irma shows, but I remember my first years of radio stock-playing as an experiment in collective living, full of just as much frenzy and just as much fun.

We all spent our social lives with the same gang with whom we worked on the air—we still do! We loaned one another money and clothes, coached one another, beefed about one another, without ever really meaning it. For one series of programs, which ran daily at a station fifteen miles from where most of us lived—and for which we were paid the handsome fee of fifty cents a night for our performances—we managed by paying Clayton Post, the one fellow who had a car, ten cents apiece to transport us. The thirty cents' carfare would have made doing the show a luxury we couldn't afford.

I say we got by. Sometimes it was by the squeakiest margin.

Lots of days I had nothing to eat but one of those foot-high milk shakes—ten cents, and you had to cut it with a knife and

fork. Lots of nights I—and a lot of other “great actors with small funds”—found in people like Verna Felton (you know her as Red Skelton's grandma) and Lee Millar friendly sort of people like Irma's O'Reillys, who always had room at their dinner table for one or two more. It was a great period. And it was exciting. More exciting really than the boom period which followed when the movie stars discovered radio, and radio—of necessity—discovered Hollywood.

The hungry days were over after that. But so were the three-hour “go's” at Shakespeare. And so were the opportunities for newcomers, kids without a lot of experience. Big time radio hasn't time for experiment. The big shows have to buy certified material—and actors. Those of us who were here before the boom were lucky. Nothing is harder to climb onto than a boom once it is well underway.

The boom times brought another and more important change in my life. With money in my pocket, I could do more than smile at the pretty girl behind the desk in the CBS production office. I could ask her to go to a movie with me. To dinner even. I was loaded.

She was a nice girl. Her name was Margaret, and she didn't know a single dialect. She was tolerant of mine, so marriage was inevitable.

Margaret's tolerance has seen us through ten fine years, through ten-shows-a-week periods, through letters-from-the-Philippines period, and through Kropotkin. Now, with our infant daughter, Trilby, she is undergoing the tribulations of remodelling our new home in Lake Hollywood, and she goes along with my phobia about the out-of-doors. I am against it.

Margaret has even remained unperturbed as I've crowded our beer-garden gothic furniture into less and less space to make room for cases that hold a collection of Japanese miniatures.

This last item was a by-product of my second experiment in collective living—the Army. You can get very cozy in a squad tent. I was drafted. Who wasn't? I was trained as a heavy mortar man in an armored division, but by the time I got to the Philippines, somebody had lost my papers and I bobbed up as a laborer in the engineers. This was not comfortable, and during a very fast leave I managed to maneuver through the lines into Manila, visit some old pals at the Armed Forces Radio Station, and arrange for a transfer to AFRS.

This could no longer be called war. With a unit of two officers and five men—I was a sergeant myself by this time—I went to Korea, and helped build and launch two radio stations which was better than building landing fields under fire. It was cold—we wore paper-lined Japanese overcoats—

and we had one bath in three months, but it was radio, and we knew how. At war, I'm not so expert. For a whole year after V-J day, I was in Japan. It was wonderful work, and I had it—checking in at radio Tokyo for fifteen minutes in the morning, whipping out instructions to a bunch of bewildered kids fresh in from the States, and then to the open road in a jeep, seeing that beautiful, beautiful country.

I began collecting—chiefly netsuke, the delicate and beautiful carvings no bigger than your thumb, which the Japanese use for costume adornment and which people like me keep worshipfully under glass. I really saw the country, got to know the people. Because “His Butler's Sister,” a movie in which I had worked back home, was around, I had a certain stature as an actor. I even managed to get backstage at a production of the classical theatre. I came home a rabid Japanophile.

I came home burning all over again with an urge to do something in the classic theatre—and they gave me Kropotkin. Also, they gave me the chance to be a radio director of CBS' Stars Over Hollywood. And there's been some interesting picture parts too, like my new one in Arch Oboler's “The Twonky.” I love the character, but what's more, I love the gang of people who created and have sustained My Friend Irma.

I fight with Cy Howard. A man of my insubordinate leanings just naturally fights with a fellow who gets himself billed as producer-creator-writer, but our arguments have more noise than substance. I think Cy is a terribly talented man, and he knows I think so.

THE WRITERS—Parke Levy, Stanley Adams and Roland MacLane—are a bright bunch too. Irma couldn't have zoomed from zero to the top of the heap the very first season it was on the air without them.

As for the company, I wish all radio were populated with such congenial folk. Marie Wilson—ask anybody—is a golden woman, all heart, the soul of a great trouper. Typical of Marie is the story, completely true, that was told last year when she became so seriously ill that for the first time she missed an Irma show (Marie would have never allowed this to happen if she hadn't been unconscious in a hospital fighting for her life inside an oxygen tent). The next week, she did the show, coming to the studio in an ambulance and reading her lines from a wheelchair. Marie had become very ill during the night but nobody knew it until the next day because she didn't want anyone to lose his sleep, most particularly the doctor who, explained our friend Irma, “Is a nice man who works too hard and needs his rest.”

Marie is as good as Irma, with native kindness and an instinctive sense of justice. But Irma is dumb. Marie is not dumb. Credulous, yes. Everybody's good, she thinks. Everybody's wonderful. As a result, almost everybody takes advantage of her. But she doesn't mind.

Cathy is a little like Jane too—bright like Jane, but sure of herself. Not, like Jane on the show, trepidatious.

John Brown is not like Al. Is anybody like Al? So my neat little parallel breaks down at this point.

And Gloria Gordon is no brassy Mrs. O'Reilly. A great woman she is, the greatest mitigating influence, oil-spreader-on-troubled-waters . . .

“Work, smile, be happy,” she shouts at you in that wonderful voice, and then in a stage whisper, “Aren't you getting paid?” I love her.

Love 'em all, come to think of it.

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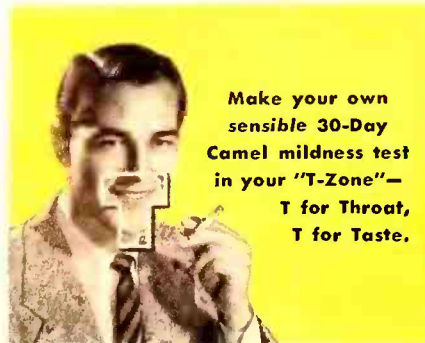
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