

RADIO-TV MIRROR

September

N. Y. radio, TV listings

Janette Davis
Arthur Godfrey's
Songstress



Big Pay-Off • Eligible Bachelor Robert Q. Lewis
Len Trent • Jo Stafford-Paul Weston's Honeymoon



Jane Allison
The Guiding Light of Love



Reed Hadley
Hero to His Family



Vivian Smolen
Our Gal Sunday

25¢

Yes, you get more lather . . . faster . . .
in an Ivory bath!

You just sit back—let that bar of Ivory float your way—and give it a few quick rubs. Then look! You're in the *middle* of rich, creamy lather! For Ivory makes *more suds, faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

You get famous mildness . . . and a wonderful clean, fresh odor!

Mmm . . . it's wonderful—the way those gentle Ivory suds do pamper your skin! Ivory Soap is *so-o* mild—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And how you'll love the clean, clean smell of Ivory lather! It's refreshing as can be!

You get more for your money, too!

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

“ah-h!
my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!”



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No chlorophyll, no tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this — instantly

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins

when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.



THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH AND STOPS DECAY BEST!

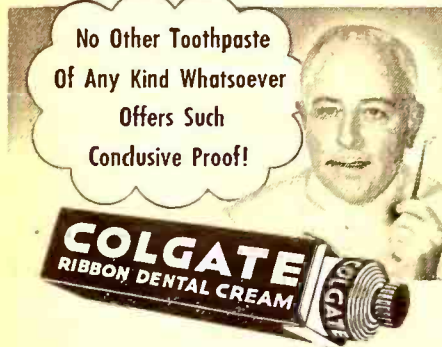
Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests prove in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentitric history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the best way is the Colgate way!



**PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!**

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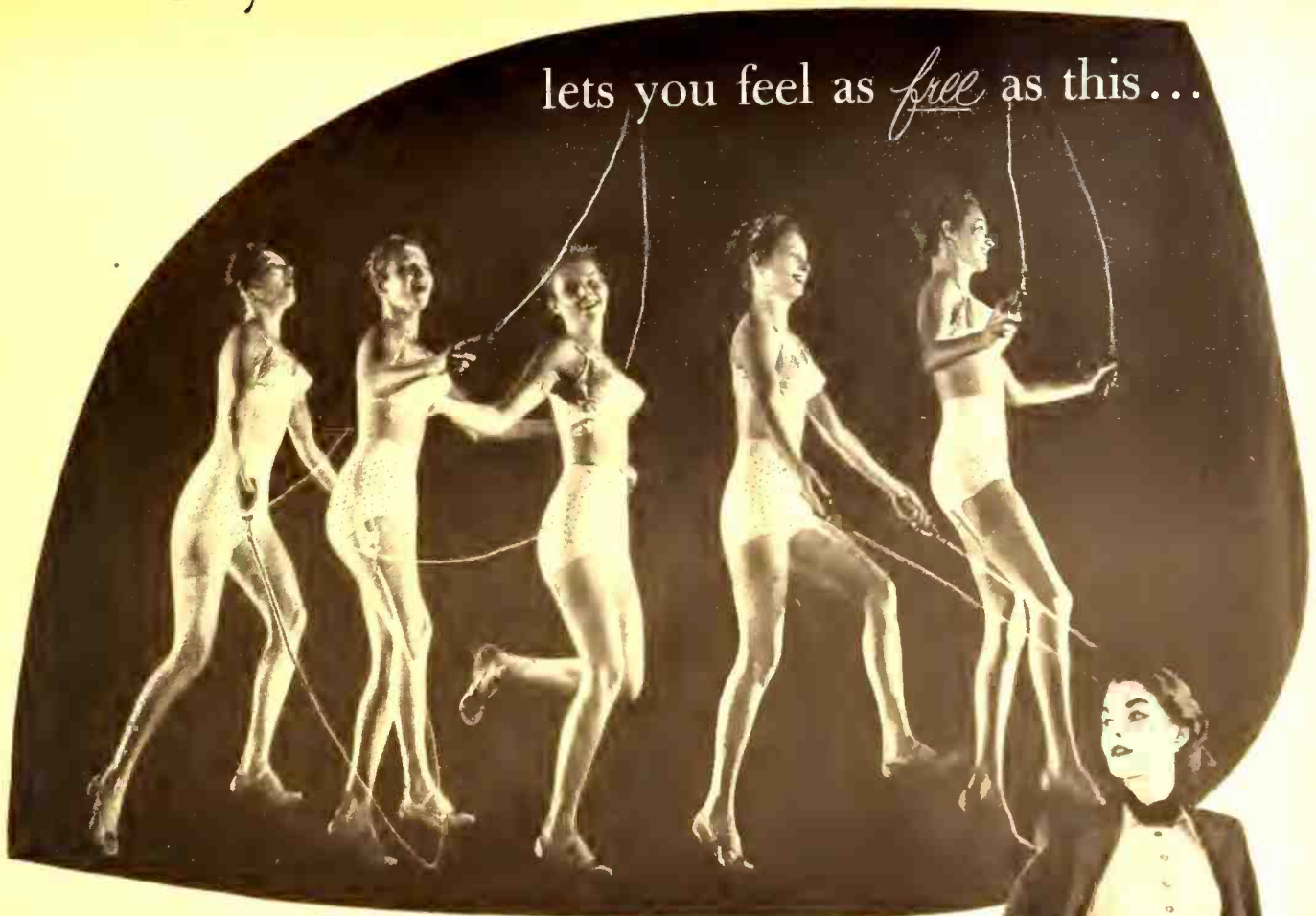
Cover portrait of Janette Davis by Geoffrey Morris

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Only a **PLAYTEX®** Girdle

lets you feel as *free* as this...



and look as SLIM as this...



VERA MAXWELL, top New York designer, says:
"Fashion accents slim hips as well as slim waistlines
this fall. It's a season of smoothness, of sleek
and softly curving lines. And the slender secret of it
all is your Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

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slenderest clothes. From tummy-trimming top to four
Adjust-All garters, it hasn't a seam, stitch or bone.
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Invisible

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Fabric-Next-to-Your-Skin
With New 'Adjust-All' Garters



Use new *White Rain* shampoo tonight — tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

Information

Ask your questions—

About Joan

Dear Editor:

I like Joan Alexander on radio and TV. Could you give me some information about her, where she was born, etc?

E. L., Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Joan Alexander, heard as Althea on The Brighter Day, was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. Her father died when she was a baby, and Joan's mother took her to the family home in Butte, Montana. Six years later she came—with her mother and step-father—to New York, where she attended parochial schools in Brooklyn and Brentwood, Long Island. Ever since she was a child, Joan wanted to be an actress, but her family did everything to discourage her. Even though she succeeded in getting a part in a Broadway play when she was seventeen, her step-father persuaded her to go to Europe for a year to forget the theatre. But across the Atlantic, no matter how hard she tried, Joan could not escape the lure of seeing plays and meeting theatre folk. She returned to New York more determined than ever before. Soon after her return, Joan decided to try her luck in Hollywood, but a serious auto accident marred her hopes. It was the friendship of actress Madeleine Carroll that saw her through, and gave her new hope. In radio, Joan had her hopes realized and forged a new career for herself. Married to a surgeon, Joan has one daughter, Jane, aged five.

Theme Songs

Dear Editor:

Will you please give me the name and the composer of the theme song of *FBI in Peace and War*? I know it is a Russian classical march.

N. D., New Orleans, La.

You are correct, the theme is a march by the noted Russian composer, Prokofeff, from his opera "Love of Three Oranges."



Joan Alexander

Booth

we'll try to find the answers

Dear Editor:

What is the theme music for the TV program, *Mama*?
C. R., Red Hook, New York.

The *Mama* theme is "Sarabande" from the Holberg Suite of Grieg.

Frankie's A Producer

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me if Elliott Lewis, who takes the part of Frankie Remley on the Phil Harris—Alice Faye show, is the same Elliott Lewis who produces *Suspense* on the radio?
I. H., West Medford, Mass.

Yes, Elliott the producer and Elliott the actor are the same versatile guy. Lewis also writes many of the original scripts used on the *Suspense* program. He is married to Cathy Lewis—Jane, on *My Friend Irma*.

Big Sister's Husband

Dear Editor:

Is the woman who plays *Big Sister* married?
E. S., Big Indian, New York.

Grace Matthews, star of *Big Sister*, is married to Court Benson. Mr. Benson has acted in the program's cast as an elderly friend of the family.

The Bensons have one child, a daughter, Andrea, aged four.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Elliott Lewis

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

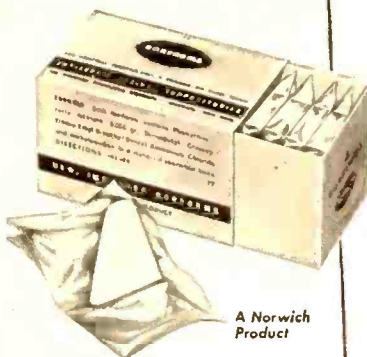


1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)
Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will 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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✓ TESTED by Doctors
✓ TRUSTED by Women

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NORFORMS

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-29
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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What's New

from

Coast to Coast

by Jill Warren



Talking to a full-size photo of John Derek, this Ralph Edwards Show contestant sees it come to life!



Frances Shore's no relation to Dinah Shore, but she "stands in" for her while TV lights are tested.



Stuart Erwin and wife June Collyer sign in at Dr. Christian's "birthday" party.

FRED ALLEN will soon be back in television, and in a big way. He's all set to do a brand-new show early this fall called *Two For The Money*, and believe it or not, it's a comedy quiz. Allen, you may remember, definitely stated his dislike for audience-participation entertainment a few years back when *Stop The Music* outrated his Sunday night program, with his program going off the air shortly thereafter. Fred's television set-up will find him interviewing contestants a la Groucho Marx, with the emphasis on laughs, of course, and his wife Portland Hoffa will be among those present. *Two For The Money* will be a half-hour show on both NBC and NBC-TV—probably a "simulcast" (radio and TV versions broadcast simultaneously).

When the Jack Benny troupe returns to the airlines soon, Phil Harris and his band will not be in the cast. After a long-time association, Phil and Benny severed relations, though on a friendly basis, and Harris and his wife, Alice Faye, signed a new deal with NBC. Bob Crosby and his orchestra have been tabbed for the Harris spot, with Bob promised plenty of ribbing from Benny. Crosby's contract per-



Florida family: Mortho Raye, with her husband, Nick Condos, daughter Melodye.



Big celebration for Dr. Christion: Jeon Hersholt greets Evo Gabor and her mother, Mme. Jolie Gabor.

mits him to do other shows, so he'll still be heard on his Club 15 program on CBS.

Remember The Life of Riley and William Bendix' wonderful characterization as Riley? This series, which was so popular at one time, is coming back on the air in a few weeks, both on television and radio, with Bendix once again starred in his original role. The program will broadcast from Hollywood so Bendix can fill his movie commitments.

Comedian Jerry Lester and NBC, who were about to have legal bouts over Lester's contract—which was giving him a salary, but no work—settled their differences with the television program, Saturday Night Dance Party. Lester is featured, along with a different name band each week and variety acts and soloists. Though only set for the summer, to occupy part of the time used by the vacationing Show of Shows, there is a chance Jerry will get a permanent spot of his own if he proves popular with viewers.

Walter Winchell, who has been off the air because of doctors' orders, returns soon with his news flashes and rapid-fire chatter. His program may be (Continued on page 24)



Keeping fit for Your Hit Parade: Dorothy Collins and Sue Bennett study dancing with Tony Chormoli.



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier new Mum** is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only leading deodorant** that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- **Delicately fragrant new Mum** is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New MUM[®]
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Rehearsal time for **FALL**



Lovely Anne Sargent, TV star of The First Hundred Years, starts early to coach her topknot for a starring role



FIRST things you notice about Anne Sargent are her sparkling green eyes, infectious laugh and smooth, shiny, dark brown hair. While items one and two may be chalked up to blessings gratefully received, Anne can take a very personal bow in the crowning-glory department.

Personal life has cast her in the same role she played in the CBS-TV daytime serial, *The First Hundred Years*—that of a slightly new and very busy bride. But, in spite of her heavy schedule, hair care stands high on her cannot-do-without list. Especially after a summer of fun in the sun, sand and sea.

If your sun-summered topknot is

decidedly not the thing of beauty you're looking forward to under a new fall bonnet, why not steal a march on the weatherman now and break into Anne's routine along with her?

Brunettes, especially, take note. Because summer-sun bleaching can badly damage your tresses without your knowing it. The sun doesn't lighten your hair as it does your blonde sisters'. Blissful ignorance of its true condition might mean dull, brittle hair at just the time you want to try a new hair-do and home permanent.

First step in Anne's hair conditioning system is to reach for a hair brush—medium stiff, with natural

 by Harriet Segman

bristles. Using long, sweeping strokes, she brushes her hair up and away from her head, then smoothes it into place with extra polishing strokes.

Brushing stimulates the oil glands and spreads the oil evenly through your hair. Think of it as the exercise you give your hair. And don't be stingy with your strokes. The traditional 100-strokes-a-day is minimum for Anne.

You needn't fear that frequent washing will make your dry hair brittle or hard to manage. Anne shampoos as often as necessary to keep her hair scrupulously clean, making sure, of course, that she uses a mild shampoo—lotion, cream, castile or special dry-hair preparation. And making *extra* sure to rinse, rinse, rinse like mad until every speck of dirt and lather has been whisked away.

The wind-up is a luxurious cream rinse that leaves her hair silky soft and easy to manage. She dissolves a tablespoon of rinse in a cup of warm water and works it thoroughly into her hair with her hands. Then rinses lightly with clear water.

If your hair has reached the S.O.S. stage of dryness here's a sure-fire treatment to coax it quickly back to normal: Measure out hair rinse in the proportion stated above and work it thoroughly into your hair. Now apply a steaming towel to your head, turban-wise, and allow it to cool. Use two more steaming towels, then rinse your hair in warm, not cool, water. We think you'll be amazed at the immediate improvement in the texture of your hair.

If, like Anne, you're planning on a new fall hair-do, get professional help with the cutting and shaping. But don't hesitate to give yourself a home permanent. Even on sun-bleached hair you can achieve a soft, natural curl with the permanents especially designed for very gentle action.

For a finishing touch, spray your head lightly with a non-sticky preparation that will control your hair like an invisible net. (If you haven't yet tried this, you're in for an exciting discovery. It's the secret of that enviable no-wispy-ends look of girls whose stock in trade is day-long, smooth perfection.)

WHY *Suave* OUTSELLS ALL WOMEN'S HAIRDRESSINGS



"...Makes my hair obey perfectly...yet leaves it beautifully soft."

LIQUID 50¢-51

"Conditions...contains miracle Curtisol! Ends my dry hair worries, split ends, brittleness."



"Suave is lighter, more penetrating. Never leaves oily after-film."

"Gives me easy-do hair instantly, even after shampoo. Prevents frizziness after permanents."

"Nothing else sparkles my hair like Suave."

"It's the hairdressing beauty experts recommend. Buy it! Millions do! At beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters."



created by *Helene Curtis* foremost name in hair beauty



Jane Froman—whose voice is rich and strong as her courage—has a new disc out which should be on your "must-get" list.



WHAT'S

Music's "ideal marriage" went on the rocks, when, after only three weeks, beautiful Roberta Peters announced that she would seek a parting of the ways from Robert Merrill. Fans of the two couldn't have been more disappointed for, ever since the announcement of their engagement on TV's *Toast of the Town* when the two appeared there together, excitement had mounted. Thousands jammed the streets at New York's Park Avenue Synagogue where the marriage ceremony was performed. Personalities aside, however, no criticism can be given of the "Cavalcade of Musical Comedy" which Merrill has just recorded with Rise Stevens for Victor. We particularly liked "If I Loved You," from the musical comedy "Carousel," which is in the album. Mr. Merrill's marriage may have hit a sour note, but his voice hasn't.

Archie Levington, husband of radio and TV's Fran Allison, had a little tough sledding for a few days when "Junco Partner" was barred from the disc jockeys' airings. Banning of the tune was brought about when it was supposed that the Junco title referred to the use of narcotics. Since Junco merely means "worthless man" in Cajun, the tune was reinstated to the airwaves. By now, practically everyone is intrigued with the Richard Hayes Mercury recording of the song.

The record business has been singing the blues in many directions, with record sales off this year—everything from television to the weather is blamed! However, a hit is still a hit and, right now, Doris Day is fair-haired for more than the reason that she's a blonde. Her "A Guy Is A Guy" is being followed by "When I Fall In Love," the theme melody from RKO's picture, "One Minute to Zero." We liked it—maybe because the man who wrote the lyrics to "Body and Soul," Eddie Heyman, did a superb job on these. The other side is "Take Me In Your Arms," vintage 1932.

Funny how show people are always supposed to kick people when they are down but—like so many other truisms—it just is not so. When Frank Sinatra came into New York at the Paramount, all the disc jockeys in the New York area put on a campaign to get people to the theatre. Now the whole deejay trade is behind his "Luna Rossa" (Blushing Moon), which is backed by "Tennessee Newsboy." Like the newsboy in the latter song, who has to sell his papers to buy some jelly beans, Frank had to make a big comeback to keep his former wife, Nancy, and the kids in jelly beans—and his present wife Ava Gardner in the style to which she has become accustomed. Show people are

SPINNING?



By CHRIS WILSON

helping. More power to all concerned! P.F.C. Vic Damone, Mercury's recording artist, is now on report to First Army Command at Fort Jay, New York. He's recorded an official song for the U. S. Women's Air Force, a marching song written by Jules Styne and Adolf Conden at the request of Anna Rosenberg, Asst. Secretary of Defense. Mercury is releasing and promoting it, with all monies going to the United States Air Force.

Four unreleased Duke Ellington sides which were recorded way back in 1945, after Ellington's now-famous jazz concerts at Carnegie Hall, are just coming out on the Victor label. The four parts comprise a composition entitled "The Perfume Suite."

We've come to like Les Paul and wife Mary Ford's work more and more, and their latest, "I'm Confessin'" and "Carioca," is real-fun listening. Perhaps the touching torch quality of Mary comes through even more when you realize that behind the success of these two there is a real heartbreak yarn. Les experimented for eleven years, studying electronics, building special guitars until he finally could play an entire orchestra of guitars—all handled by Les Paul. His feet were on the threshold of success, when, shortly after his first recording of "Lover" and "Brazil," he was injured in an Oklahoma auto accident. For two years he couldn't play his beloved guitar. Finally, through sheer will power, he overcame his handicap. Then he married Mary Ford. Together they played little night clubs, sang in out-of-the-way places. When they'd come home from work, they'd get out their home-recording outfit and go to work perfecting their instrumental numbers and vocals. Then came "How High the Moon," and they began their phenomenal rise to popularity, selling over six million records last year. A little of that heartbreak and soul must have crept into music that is responded to by so many!

Odds 'n' Ends:

Eddie Fisher and Perry Como have gotten together to do "Watermelon Weather" and "Maybe"—"WW" is by Hoagy Carmichael. The double platter of "Mad About the Boy" and "I Can't Face the Music," sung by Dinah Washington, has the "George" kids in our neighborhood wearing out our turntable. Rudy Vallee has them giggling but liking the songs, "The Beer That I Left Behind Me" and "Bubbles In My Beer." They sip Cokes and pop their bubble gum and can't understand why this should remind anyone of the "Maine Stein Song," obviously a million years old. Al Martino's "Take My Heart"

had them spinning more than ever when they finally saw a picture of him. "Why," shrieked one little monster, "he's the man who was on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. He was good!" Yes, he was good—he was Godfrey's guest for seven weeks. Right now Martino's in Hollywood and, if the monster's reaction was any indication, should be in the movies. He's married and has one son, which didn't seem to dull the monster's enthusiastic response to his recording one whit.

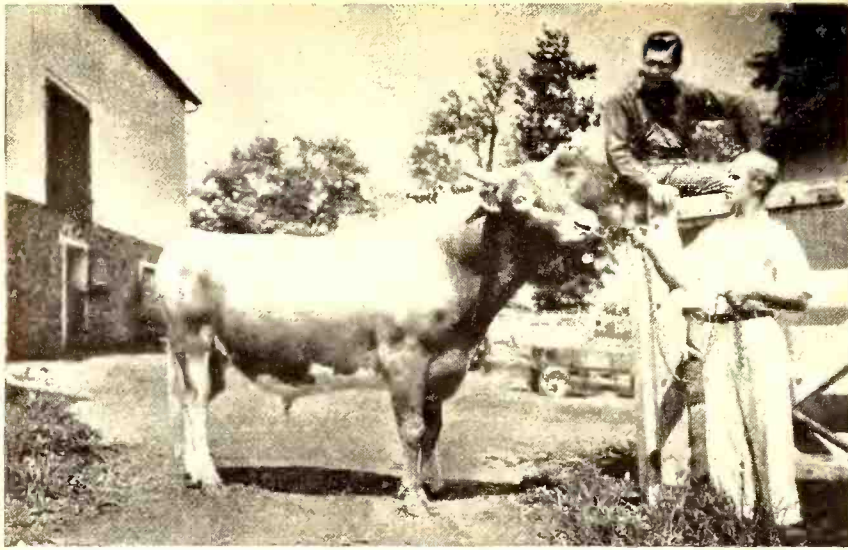
Take Your Choice:

"Lovely To Look At" from MGM has been recorded in album form by three different companies. You can get MGM's sound-track version, a Gordon MacRae-Lucille Norman version by Capitol Records under the original title of "Roberta," or Columbia's presentation of the score sung by a cast headed by Joan Roberts and Jack Cassidy. We just liked listening to the old Jerome Kern's music so much we didn't stop to judge one against the other. (Cont'd on page 13)

Barbara Ruick—MGM recorder guesting with deejay Alex Cooper—is the daughter of actress Lurene Tuttle and her ex-husband, Mel Ruick.



Doral's Performer, Ted's prize Guernsey bull is worth \$25,000.



WPIX's Ted Steele relaxes in the den.



Ol' Ted Steele, he had a farm

Ee-i-Ee-i-O

WITH a baa-baa here—actually, one-hundred-and-fifty sheep provide quite a few baas—on Ted Steele's four-hundred-acre farm in New Hope, Pennsylvania. Ted and his wife Doris are two Broadway folks who decided to carry the traditional city-slicker dream one step further. They really bought that proverbial farm in the country. What's more, they really work on it. As Ted says, "I'm no checkbook farmer."

Doris and Ted had a farm in mind ever since they were married in 1940. She was then a busy advertising account executive, and Ted was getting his start with NBC. At one time, it looked as though the Steeles were trying to corner the money market, what with their Chesterfield Supper Club going strong on one network, Mr. and Mrs. Music on WMCA, and Ted's WPIX stint. But now Doris is a homebody, and Ted is content with his Monday through Friday WPIX-TV show. You can't keep either of them on Broadway—since they've been down on the farm.



Ted and Doris on the path leading to Celebrity Farm, their 400-acre dream come true.

R
M

What's Spinning?

Single Records You Should Get:

If you own 10, you're "George" in our neighborhood; 8, your collection's going; 6, bubble gum and pop may satisfy your stomach but won't add a thing to the popularity of your phonograph.

1. "I'm Yours," Eddie Fisher on Victor, or—if you prefer combos—Four Aces for Decca.
2. "I'm Confessin'" and "Carioca," with Les Paul and Mary Ford for Capitol. Even the older generation will listen to this.
3. "Auf Wiedersehen, Sweetheart," sung by Vera Lynn for London. Already a Continental favorite. Champ Butler has recorded it for Columbia, too.
4. "I'm Sorry," by Bobby Wayne for Mercury. We're sorry for you if you haven't bought it.
5. "Plink, Plank, Plunk"—take your pick of Three Suns for Victor, Owen Bradley for Coral, Leroy Anderson for Decca.
6. "Lover," with Peggy Lee and George Jenkins for Decca.
7. "Cling To Me," a lovely melody by Jane Froman on a Capitol disc. Her courage was so high, and her voice is so good.
8. "High Noon," from the Stanley Kramer Western film by the same name, with Frankie Laine for Columbia records. "Rock of Gibraltar's" on the other side and it's cute, as you full well know.
9. "Break the Bonds That Bind Me" and, other side, "More or Less"—with Tony Bavaar and Hugo Winterhalter's Orchestra. For Victor.
10. "Half As Much," with Rosemary Clooney for Columbia. You know Clooney and you'll like her "half as much" again on this record.



Got that Rosemary Clooney recording recommended above?

"Wake up your 'sleeping beauty'!"
says Yvonne de Carlo



clean deeper
with Woodbury
Cold Cream

"So many women have natural beauty... and what do they do? They let it sleep under a blanket of stale make-up!" says Yvonne de Carlo. You must get to the bottom of stale make-up and grime. Ordinary cleansing doesn't do it, but Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, does!



Penaten works
the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!



you'll look
your loveliest

"You'll look fresher, younger," says Yvonne de Carlo, star of "SCARLET ANGEL," a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with *Penaten* on your skin today! 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

R
M

Helene Curtis shampoo plus egg*

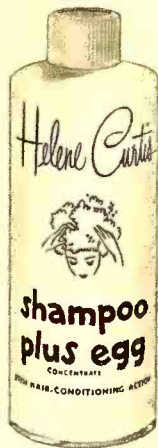


CONDITIONS EVEN "DIFFICULT" HAIR TO GLORIOUS NATURAL RADIANCE

The only shampoo made with fresh, whole egg—Nature's own hair conditioner, known to generations of beauty-wise women! Use like ordinary shampoos . . . but what an exciting difference in the brilliance, manageability, smoother texture it gives your hair! Try it. See how lovely your hair can really be.

4 oz. 59c • 8 oz. \$1
Available at beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters.

BE SURE OF
YOUR SHAMPOO—
DO AS BEAUTY
EXPERTS DO!
USE SHAMPOOS
MADE BY



Helene Curtis

THE FOREMOST
NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

*2%

Spark up **R**educing



THESE DIET TIPS CAN
TEMPT THE APPETITE—
WITHOUT ADDING WEIGHT

By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

POOOR ELOISE, don't you feel sorry for her?" a friend remarks. "She's dieting, eating all those dull foods. Eloise must be perfectly miserable."

Eloise is not feeling sorry for herself—unless she enjoys self-pity. A reducing diet can be as stimulating, as exciting and as imaginative as the woman who prepares the meals. Unfortunately, there are still many people who misunderstand, who think a diet must taste like medicine to be effective. That's nonsense. A housewife who is clever in the kitchen can serve an entire low-calorie meal to guests and they won't even know the difference. But, to be practical, let's see what can be done to standard reducing dishes to make them extra flavorful.

- Take the glorified hamburger, excellent for dieting when the meat is fat-trimmed before grinding. For variation, fold a slice of sweet Bermuda onion in the center before the meat goes under the broiler. Do you like garlic flavor? If so, add a bit of minced garlic to your steakburger before cooking.

For another change, take a tip from a famous restaurateur: Broil a slice of tomato on top—this you put on, of course, after the patty has been turned.

- When dieting, all meats and fish should be broiled. But you can have, for example, sauteed green pepper and onion with broiled meats, for as little as forty-two calories. They are particularly good with broiled liver. Thin-slice half a green pepper and half a medium-sized onion, cook just until soft and then saute in a small pan with a scant teaspoon of butter.

Or perhaps you want mushrooms with your chicken. That's easy and the calorie content of this delicacy is negligible. The trick is in low-calorie cooking. Merely brush a little melted butter over the mushrooms, broil cap-side-up for two minutes, then turn and broil seven minutes longer until mushrooms are tender.

- Take other good reducing dishes. Fish, for one, is most delicious when covered generously with lemon and parsley before broiling—that's the way gourmets prefer theirs. Seafoods, highly recommended when dieting, are served with a chili sauce, spiked with horseradish, in the finest restaurants.

And that old standby, cottage cheese, doesn't have to be bland. If you dice in celery, fresh green pepper, parsley, minced onions . . . season lightly with salt, pepper and paprika . . . surround the whole with

Meals

sliced cucumber and radish, and serve on a leaf of lettuce . . . you're satisfying that old devil appetite and helping to slenderize your hips.

- The egg, with its high protein content, is a mainstay on any diet. Poached, soft and hard-cooked eggs get tiresome after a while, so change to scrambled eggs. The problem is in cooking them with the least amount of grease. You can do this by using a small, heavy skillet and just a dab of butter. Cook very slowly over low heat, scraping eggs from bottom of pan as they cook, to prevent their becoming hard and dry.

- To enhance side dishes, such as vegetables, learn how to combine cooked vegetables. A few good combinations are: Minted peas; sauerkraut and apples; parsnips and potato; scalloped corn and tomatoes; a little chopped onion with peas.

When properly prepared, potatoes are not so calorific as you may think. Look at what can be done with half a medium-sized spud. After baking, hollow out the shell. Then mix the potato with skimmed milk, minced onion, seasoning and chopped parsley, sprinkle with paprika, stuff back into the shell and place under broiler for a moment or two. Crown the potato with criss-cross strips of pimiento before serving. It's good for you and amounts to only forty calories.

There is hardly any limit to what can be done to make reducing meals fit for the most discriminating eater. There are dozens of herbs, absolutely fat-free, which open up endless variations in tastes. Any good cook can serve up a tasty reducing meal. So be smart. Learn how to enjoy your reducing diet!

Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly . . . acts thoroughly . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!
Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE
Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!

GIANT SIZE 69¢
LARGE SIZE 43¢

Listen Ladies

to Priscilla Fortescue

WHEREVER there are people doing things—not necessarily big names, but just folks—Priscilla Fortescue is there with her tape recorder, introducing them to “just folks” in Boston. For more than twelve years now, she’s been entertaining the women—men, too—in the Hub City with anecdotes about famous people and places, and interviews with big and little people.

As with most show people, Priscilla has had her share of tough breaks on the road to success, but the one thing she has always maintained is her regard for people and her interest in their doings. Her previous show, *Listen Ladies*, was concerned mainly with introducing stage and screen greats to the afternoon housewife-listeners. But radio changes like anything else, and now the Priscilla Fortescue Show has moved out of the studio—the world is its oyster. Last summer, Boston listeners met people at Blarney Castle, Shannon Airport, the Tower of London, Scotland Yard, the Paris boulevards, with Priscilla as go-between. In her own small way, she felt that these talks with Europeans might bring the one-world ideal a little closer to reality, by providing a bridge of understanding to connect both sides of the Atlantic.

When Priscilla went to Washington, she took Bostonians along via tape. She talked to senators, bureau heads, and Government officials in a frank manner, questioning them on things in general



WEEL's Priscilla Fortescue chats with ventriloquist, Edgar Bergen.



Roger Dann, Priscilla, and Guy Lombardo dining on the town in the Hub.

and matters concerning Boston in particular. But, while a talk with a senator is important, Priscilla feels that Mrs. Joe Doakes is important in her own right.

Although her program takes her far afield of Boston, and demands a great deal of her time, Priscilla has managed to lead a normal, happy home life. Wisely, she insists on her family's welfare and comfort before her career. She is an interested and

understanding mother to her son and daughter, and spends all of her free time in her Back Bay apartment, or on the family farm in New Hampshire—doing the things any good housewife is expected to do. And Priscilla Fortescue would be the first to admit that her success in radio would be a very empty thing, indeed, if it were not accompanied by the only real success a woman must have—a happy home.

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



Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick

**Eight Glorious Shades—So flattering
 —and Fashion-Right!**

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!

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 In the popular
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Face Powder
 Talcum Powder
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Look your loveliest
 with Cashmere Bouquet



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SPECIAL COMBINATION OF BRECK HAIRDRESS AND A BRECK SHAMPOO

Breck Hairdress makes hair manageable, soft and lustrous. Breck Hairdress also conditions dry or damaged hair. It does not leave an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress may be applied daily as a hairdressing or as a cream rinse after your shampoo.

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions - one for dry hair, one for oily hair, and one for normal hair. Choose the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair clean, shining and fragrant.

A 50¢ bottle of Breck Hairdress is currently available in combination with a \$1.00 bottle of a Breck Shampoo. A \$1.50 value for \$1.00, plus 7¢ tax.

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Journey at dawn

IT'S TWENTY miles from Chester, Pennsylvania, to Philadelphia, and every piece of the road between the two cities is as familiar to Del Parks as his own back yard. Del makes the trek every day at 4:00 A.M.—driving through a gauntlet of salutes from blinking highway police headlights, airport control-tower blinkers, and even occasional kitchen lights along the highway—to open up shop at Station WPEN in the City of Brotherly Love.

A modern Pony Express rider, Del stops to pick up his personal mail at the post office, stops again to pick up local news items from district reporters and police blotters, sometimes is hailed by a listener who tells him of a blessed event or some other piece of neighborhood news. The last detour on the road into Philadelphia is at the International Airport for a personal look at the weather maps and a chat with his friends in the flight-control tower. Almost every stopping-off place finds bundles of mail waiting for Del from folks who know his route. Some are requests for music; some, proposals for dedications; and there are always a few bulletin-board items from local civic or religious groups, announcing functions.

A native of Chester, Del has spent half of his life in radio, and has performed every conceivable task in the industry—short of owning a station. In addition to his early morning (6:00 to 9:00 A.M.) program, Del is rarely working less than two TV shows weekly, and makes on the average of three extra appearances a week as a guest on sports shows or before civic groups.

Del's attitude towards his program can best be summed up in his own words, "Too many folks listen to the program for me to decide what to use on the air. Long ago I decided to let my listeners do my programming for me—and they do."



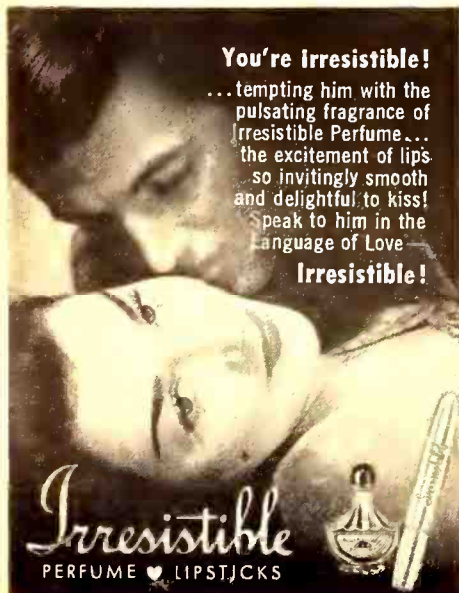
Each stop-off, even his service station, is a fon-mail depot for Del Parks of WPEN.



Debbie (who calls herself "Tex"), Borry ond Steve shore their dad's enthusiasm for fishing.



Use Mavis Talcum
lavishly—you'll feel lovelier...
BE lovelier...every inch of you,
soft and smooth as an orchid petal
...sweetly, delicately,
bewitchingly fragrant!



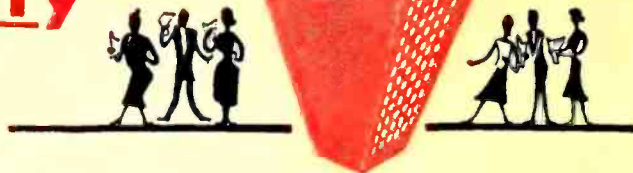
You're Irresistible!

...tempting him with the pulsating fragrance of Irresistible Perfume... the excitement of lips so invitingly smooth and delightful to kiss! speak to him in the language of Love

Irresistible!

Irresistible
PERFUME ♥ LIPSTICKS

**Daytime
diary**



AUNT JENNY How close should a man come to being his brother's keeper? Aunt Jenny watched sympathetically the disruption of the home life of Dick and Amy Rowan, when Dick's ne'er-do-well brother Jerry not only moved in with them, but brought in a wife as well. However, as Aunt Jenny told of the Rowans' problem in one of her recent stories, it turned out to have a most surprising conclusion, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Even though Rupert Barlow's long-range plan to break up Mary Noble's marriage has failed, and Mary has called off her divorce from Larry, the Nobles are not completely reconciled. Mary still wonders how Larry was involved with his leading lady, Edith Venable. And Larry is still not certain whether Mary left him to start divorce proceedings or merely to run off with Barlow. Will the rift widen? M-F, 4:00 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER Ruth Wayne's brother Neddie can no longer complain that he never gets the breaks. He is still stunned by the fortune that came to him on the death of his middle-aged, dearly loved friend, Selina. Neddie is determined that Ruth and her husband, Dr. John Wayne, must reap some benefit from his good fortune. But as for what it is all going to mean to Neddie himself... well, it's too soon for anyone, even Ruth, to predict. M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Althea Dennis, beautiful and talented, has always been good at believing just what she wished to believe about herself, and discounting the things that seemed unflattering. But since the accident which left her a wheel-chair convalescent, her family and young Dr. Holden have made it hard for her to remain quite so self-indulgent. Will Althea be forced to admit that her selfishness may wreck

Larry Race's happiness? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 9:30 A.M. EDT, NBC.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Julie Palmer is much disturbed when her husband, Dr. Daniel Palmer, comes to grips with wealthy Mrs. Irwin over a matter of principle. Dan's colleagues at the hospital are overjoyed at Mrs. Irwin's generous offer to build a new wing, but Dan refuses to accept a post there because of Mrs. Irwin's specifications about who may and who may not be admitted. Will her shockingly undemocratic ideas prevail? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL When a penniless young couple of somewhat shady background, known to be living considerably beyond their means, are involved in the death of a wealthy woman acquaintance, it's easy for the police to start building a case. But when star reporter David Farrell is assigned to "The Carefree Lovers' Murder Case," he quickly unearths some facts about the dead woman that make the case far less simple. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT How far does one life really influence another? Does Meta's past really determine the course being taken by her stubborn young stepdaughter, Kathy Roberts, even though Meta is now unofficially separated from Joe Roberts, Kathy's father? Or is it more likely, as Joe has tried to convince his wife, that Kathy would have made her mistakes even if Meta's path had never touched hers? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Neither Reed Nixon nor Dr. Jeff Browning has any real claim on Julie Paterno so she is half amused, half annoyed to realize that both are jealous to the point of irritation over her friendship with Jeff's younger brother. The rival-

ry between the brothers isn't helping the situation along either, for Jeff's mentally-ill wife Nina has reacted unfortunately to the obvious emotional strain. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Certain that Amy Brooks's mother was ruining the girl's life by interfering with her romance with Ralph Chadwick. Bill Davidson in all sincerity tried to bring the two young people together. But he did not anticipate that his well-meant efforts would climax in near-tragedy. Was Amy's mother right all along? Is there any hope for the eventual happiness of the ill-starred young couple? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL For a long time Papa David has watched affectionately as his young adopted daughter, Chichi, fell in and out of what might have been love, but was never quite the real thing. Now at last he recognizes in Martin Walker the right man for Chichi—or at any rate, Chichi does, and that's enough for Papa David. But as it turns out that Martin is really Martin Vandebush, Papa David wonders what's ahead. M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY Lansing McKenzie started out on a solitary vacation, determined that it was really going to become a separation from his wife Sidney, who, he believes, is in love with Wolfe Bennett. But his stop-off to visit his friend Jack O'Neill may have a decisive effect on that plan. And back home Sidney herself has made a decision about Wolfe that surprises even herself. M-F, 11 A.M. EDT, ABC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo's million-dollar buried treasure turned out to be stolen loot hidden by an international jewel thief, so the discovery did nobody any good. Belle, Lorenzo's wife, who was really responsible for the thief's capture, allowed Lorenzo to get the credit for it, but not even the glory makes up to Lorenzo for the million that got away. As always, he's sure the next idea he gets will be the real thing. M-F, 5:30 P.M., EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS Mathilda Pendleton's divorce action against banker Augustus Pendleton has really stirred things up. Ma has taken an unswerving stand on the side of Augustus and Amy McKenzie, in spite of Rushville Center's natural horror at what appears to be a scandalous triangle—for Ma knows the true facts. But she's wondering how to help the Pendletons' daughter Gladys, who might fall in love with young Joseph—if she believed in love. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, wonder what is behind the sudden appearance in

What are these women doing
that is so New...
so Smart...
so Wonderful?



They're using
Helene Curtis Spray Net—
the magic mist that keeps
hair softly in place, looking
naturally lovely. That's right—*naturally* lovely!

it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking *naturally* lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

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spray net

"the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!

- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS,
the foremost name in hair beauty



Only \$1.25

now! for the first time!
SPRAY NET in the amazing new finger-touch pressure dispenser for only \$1.25

economy size pressure dispenser \$1.75

unbreakable plastic squeeze bottle \$1

Daytime Diary



escape
(and
odor
chafing)
with
Tampax!

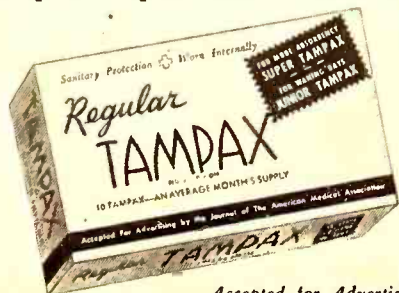
Don't be dismayed if the "monthly" days come during a spell of sweltering weather. There's no need for you to endure all those summer discomforts—if you will change your method of monthly protection from the *external* sanitary pad to *internally* worn Tampax. . . . What will happen? You will escape odor and chafing and you will escape the warm perspiration-bulk of the sanitary pad.

Tampax does even more. It discards the whole belt-pin-pad harness because it is worn *internally*. There is nothing outside to twist or bulge or show ridges under light summer clothing. No need to remove while taking tub or shower or while swimming.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, highly absorbent cotton compressed into dainty applicators. Easy to insert and, when in place, *absolutely unfelt* by the wearer. Disposal naturally no trouble.

You get Tampax at drug and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbency-sizes. An average month's supply slips into your purse; the economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Fairbrooke of their old friend, Judge Horace Reeves. Is it possible that the distinguished judge is guilty of a hit-run crime the consequences of which he is trying to escape? Or is it his daughter Margo, or his foster son, Douglas Clarke, who was driving the family car when the accident occurred? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The accident that came within inches of taking Pepper's life will have a fundamental effect on his future and that of Linda, his wife. For during Pepper's delirium, Linda learned of thoughts she had never dreamed went through her husband's mind—thoughts and fears that could not help but throw a revealing new light on their entire relationship. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PERRY MASON Jewel thieves are naturally daring, or they would be in some other line of work. But one would think a jewel as conspicuous as the Blazing Heart wouldn't interest any but the most foolhardy thief. However, by the time Perry Mason picks up the trail of the organization that so shrewdly profits from lonely folks' need to talk, he is ready to call it anything but foolhardy. *Formidable* may prove to be a better word. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Miles Nelson's career and his position as governor may survive the treacherous attack of his enemies, but his relationship with his wife, Carolyn, is another and more subtle matter. Annette Thorpe's campaign against Carolyn is a shrewd one, and in some way Miles himself has altered under the pressures of his important public office. Carolyn is worried, too, over the precarious state of Miles's health. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Conrad Overton has fought long and bitterly to protect his position gained by trickery and worse, but with Dr. Jim Brent and newspaperman Frank Dana working tirelessly to destroy him, even Overton suspects that the handwriting is already on the wall for him. In some ways he will be almost relieved when the complete truth about himself and his fortune is finally revealed. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Has the campaign waged by her enemies to destroy the reputation of Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent been successful? Both of her admirers seem less attentive

lately. Barclay Bailey, convinced by his parents' clever maneuvering that Helen was indifferent to his long illness, decides to return to Philadelphia—never see her again. And lawyer Gil Whitney, whom Helen loves, seems strangely remote. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Because Bill Roberts is on trial for the murder of Blanche Weatherby, two girls who knew neither of these people have had an astounding adventure they will never forget—being held prisoner in their own apartment by Eddie Miles, who does know more about the murder than he wants anyone—especially the police—to find out. What was behind the blackmail Miles collected from Blanche's neurotic mother? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Michael Dalton, new manager of Stan Burton's store, is a clever man, but he has made what may prove to be a fatal error. He has taken Terry Burton for an inexperienced housewife whose only interests are her home and family. Naturally preoccupied during Stan's serious illness, Terry hasn't had time to investigate. But sooner or later she is going to notice something very odd in the store's affairs. M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Knowing that young secretary Emily Calvert is in love with her wealthy boss, Jared Sloane, Stella tries to encourage the girl. But all her plans stop abruptly with the sudden mysterious death of Muriel Drake, with whom Jared had been infatuated. Is it possible that Emily, a former schoolmate of Stella's own daughter Laurel, has anything to do with the tragic and mysterious circumstances of Muriel's death? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nurse Nora Drake is shocked and unnerved when the district attorney outlines the case that has been built up against her in the death of her friend Peg Martinson. Knowing her own innocence, she cannot believe she and Fred Molina will be unable to prove it, but when she learns that Dorothy Steward, who could have established her alibi, died in a crash out West, Nora begins to understand what real panic can be. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN It will be a tragic milestone in Wendy's life if Mark Douglas continues to believe himself unfit to marry her, for during the last few months she has finally realized that her complete happiness

lies within him. Will she ever get over blaming herself for Mark's distressing Hollywood escapade? Is it true that if she had married him when he urged it, Maggie Fallon would have caused no trouble? Or—would it have happened anyway? M-F, 12 Noon EDT. CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan Davis has come to Paris almost convinced that there is no hope for her marriage. But seeing the successful understanding between her sister Sylvia and her brother-in-law Chick, whose marriage was even closer to the rocks than her own, Joan wonders if there isn't a sign here to revive her own faith in herself and Harry. What part will Dr. Brady play in Joan's Paris adventure? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James and Jessie Carter, remembering a recent unfortunate experience with a new son-in-law, are wary about trying to help when their daughter Virginia plans to marry. But when Jessie finds the perfect house for Stan and Virginia, she cannot resist at least exposing them to it. Will Virginia learn through her family the answers to some of her questions about Stan? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The pressure applied by Ray Gillette at the Springfield plant finally tells. Sam Williams is determined to stick it out as plant manager no matter how obviously Gillette is intriguing against him. But Sam's son Gene sees this as cowardice, not courage. Can Anne Malone and Gene's wife Crystal keep Sam and Gene from a serious quarrel? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 9:45 A.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring's long-estranged wife, Ruth, first appeared in Simpsonville, Anthony desperately tried to establish proof of his contention that their marriage had been annulled many years ago. But Ruth's mental and emotional state appears so pitiable that both Anthony and Ellen Brown, his fiancée, are reluctant to precipitate a situation that will cause her further anguish. Is their sympathy misplaced? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THE REAL ARTHUR GODFREY

Don't miss the humon, heartwarming tale of a red-headed Irishman who rose to the top by working, fighting, and just plain living . . . plus a full-color photo of the Godfrey himself!

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RADIO-TV MIRROR
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1 TAKE A GOOD LOOK. This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast revolutionizing America's deodorant habits.



2 YOU WIPE UNDERARM, then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents . . . shift-free driving . . . soapless detergents. And . . .

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say . . . "At last! . . . this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

*5-day
deodorant pads*

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply . . . **FREE**

5-DAY LABORATORIES, BOX #1001
DEPT. RA-9, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK
Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE . . . STATE

OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS



Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only . . . 2¢ on 25¢ size . . . 4¢ on 59¢ size . . . 5¢ on \$1.00 size

TIRED OF DRAB,
MOUSY-LOOKING HAIR?



Rinse
Nestle COLOR
INTO YOUR HAIR



Color-Highlights

with **Nestle COLORINSE**

Use COLORINSE after you shampoo or permanent wave your hair to remove dulling soap film, add glamorous color-highlights, make hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Choose from 10 beautiful shades that rinse in—shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.



Temporary Color Tints

with **Nestle COLORTINT**

Blend-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair, enrich your own hair color or add exciting new color with NESTLE COLORTINT. More than a rinse, but not a permanent dye. In 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 25¢, 14 capsules 50¢.



Now!
Lighter, brighter color
with **Nestle LITE**

OIL SHAMPOO HAIR LIGHTENER

Brighten your own hair color just a shade or two or become a beautiful blonde quickly and easily with NESTLE LITE, the only non-ammonia hair lightener. With NESTLE LITE you can also give your hair the glamorous golden streaks that Paris, New York and Hollywood are all raving about. NESTLE LITE leaves your hair soft, silky, wonderfully natural-looking. \$1.50. Retouch size 69¢.



Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Colorinse, Nestle Colortint, or Nestle Lite.

(prices plus tax)

What's New from Coast

(Continued from page 7)

telecast also. Winchell, who is under lifetime contract to ABC, will be heard at his old Sunday-night time, which commentator Drew Pearson has been occupying during the columnist's illness.

Horatio Hornblower is an interesting new half-hour dramatic show, heard on Monday nights over CBS. It was adapted from C. F. Forester's famous books of the same name, and transcribed in England. Michael Redgrave, distinguished English actor, stars in the title role and is supported by an all-British cast.

Fans of the successful Dragnet show will be happy to learn it has been renewed for the 1952-53 season. The award-winning police action-drama will continue over NBC, both on television and radio, with Jack Webb, of course, as star and director.

This 'n' That:

Have you caught the Du Mont television show, Midway, which is seen Wednesday nights? This show originates from the Palisades Amusement Park on the New Jersey cliffs, overlooking the Hudson River, and is the first regularly scheduled "on location" program to be telecast on a coast-to-coast hookup. It's interesting that way back in 1905, Palisades Amusement Park was the very spot picked to shoot some of the earliest movies ever made. Pearl White filmed "The Perils of Pauline" serials there, and such silent stars as Harold Lloyd, the Farnums, and Mack Sennett made their first films at the park.

Louise Froiland, producer-director of the Vaughn Monroe radio show, and Gene Hammett, Monroe's musical director and chief arranger, are now Mr. and Mrs. Their romance began when they worked together on this program. Vaughn is throwing a big party for the pair when the show goes back on the air in a couple of weeks. Louise, incidentally, is one of the few girl producers in radio, and she started on the Monroe show as a production assistant six years ago.

Did you ever hear of "The Bedside Network"? Probably not, but it's a cinch the boys in the Veterans' Hospitals around New York City have. It was created by the Veterans Hospital Radio Guild, a group of more than 200 volunteers from all branches of radio, who visit hospitals each week to encourage and teach patients to write, act, sing and produce their own radio show. The Guild, which was founded by singer Jean Tighe in 1948, has gone quietly along doing a marvelous job, without the benefit of fanfare or publicity. Such well-known air personalities as Patsy Campbell, Bud Collyer, Dwight Weist, Betty Wragge, John Gambling, Howard Claney, and many, many others are actively involved in the Guild and devote a certain amount of their time each week to the venture. The troupers visit one ward after another, armed with tape recorders, microphones, scripts and sheet music, paying particular attention to orthopedic and paraplegic wards where men are bedridden. After the veterans rehearse a program, their acts are taped on a recorder and later played back via "The Bedside Network," through the hospitals' intercommunication systems.

Patsy Campbell, who is one of the most active and enthusiastic members, says, "Although the Veterans Hospital Radio Guild started out as a recreation and re-

habilitation project, we feel that it often has a definite therapeutic value. By giving these men a new interest in life, and developing their self-confidence, they are given the will to get better. Some of the boys who have improved enough to be discharged from hospitals have gone on to radio jobs in civilian life, we are proud to say. We are working in four hospitals now, but we won't be satisfied until we can help veterans in every hospital in the country. And we're out to solicit funds so that we can speed the organization along."

Peggy Wood, star of television's Mama, has just returned from a flying trip to Norway, where she had a personal audience with King Haakon and personally thanked him for the Royal St. Olav medal she recently received. Peggy was given the award because of her fine portrayal of the Norwegian-American Mama.

Mr. and Mrs. George Keane (she's actress Betty Winkler) have returned to the United States after a long sojourn in Europe. George has completely recovered from his illness, and he and Betty both hope to become active in radio work again. Accompanying them home was their baby son, born in Rome a year ago.

The "stand-in" business is picking up in television, with more and more shows gradually acquiring them. As in the movies, a stand-in is used to check camera positions, for make-up tests, lighting rehearsals, etc., in order to save the valuable time of high-priced stars. Dinah Shore uses Frances Shore (no relation), the same girl who works with her in her movies; Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis use their writers, Ed Simmons and Norman Lear, who set up a scene so the "mad" boys can get an idea of how it will look on camera. Donald O'Connor's dance director, Hal Belfer, substitutes for him so he can get a lens-view of his numbers. Dragnet star Jack Webb has George Sawaya as his stand-in while he is rehearsing the rest of the show, and Sawaya also doubles as an assistant director in addition to playing bit roles. And even Kate Smith has a stand-in!

Another television romance recently culminated in marriage when Bob Hamilton and Gloria Stevens said their "I do's" at New York's City Hall. Cupid tagged this pair on The Show of Shows, where they danced weekly as part of The Hamilton Trio. Gloria is the attractive brunette member of the threesome, and her blonde colleague, Pat Horn, stood up for her in front of the judge. Gloria will do the same for Pat when Pat marries Freddie Rheinstrom soon. This romance also started on Show of Shows, where Freddie was the floor manager of the program until he went into the Army.

Believe it or not, but the thirty-three-man staff that works the 5:00 to 10:30 A.M. shift on the NBC-TV early morning show, Today, daily consumes 6½ gallons of coffee, 1½ gallons of cream, 3½ pounds of sugar, and one tea ball. Dave Garroway is the lone tea drinker.

Florenz Ames, who plays Inspector Queen, on the Ellery Queen show, has also been appearing on Broadway in the musical revival "Of Thee I Sing." He's the only member of the cast who was in the original production back in 1931.

When the American Medical Association telecast an actual surgical operation to the public during their convention a few weeks ago, Bob Hope came up with a won-

to Coast

derful crack. "Imagine having your appendix out and seeing it a year later on kinescope!" quipped Robert. Leave it to Hope!

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Bill Perry, who used to sing on the Saturday Night Serenade a few years ago? Perry seems to have dropped from sight, and investigation as to his whereabouts and activity has discovered nothing. Bill, if you're around, drop us a line so we can tell your old fans what's happened to you.

Henry Gerrard, who was the first Henry Aldrich on the television version of that show? Henry was replaced by Kenneth Nelson before the program went off the air, and at the present time he is working in summer stock. There is a possibility that both the video and radio Henry Aldrich shows will be back on the air later this fall, with a new producer and director, and maybe an all-new cast.

Lucille Wall, who starred for so long in Portia Faces Life? Lucille is very much with us, appearing as Belle on Lorenzo Jones, and doing lots of freelance dramatic work on many shows. Lucille says she thinks the confusion as to "what happened to her" when Portia left the air was due to the fact she hadn't had billing on the Lorenzo show up to that time, because of her contract with the Portia sponsor.

Lanny Ross, whose musical program was heard over Mutual last season? Lots of letters on Lanny, who is also very much around, though not currently on the air. Lanny is now touring the strawhat circuit, singing the leading role of Johnnie Nolan in the show, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." He plans to return to radio in the fall.

Clarence Hartzell, who appeared prominently for many years on the old, popular Vic and Sade program? Recently Hartzell has been doing his Uncle Fletcher characterization with Don McNeill on the Breakfast Club show.

William Gargan, who was Martin Kane, Private Eye, on television? This is a case of listener confusion due to a cast change. Lee Tracy took over as Kane a while back, and Gargan started his radio show, Barrie Craig, Confidential Investigator, on Tuesday over NBC. Gargan is not appearing regularly on television at the present time. By the way, did you know that Bill, before his grease-paint days, was a private detective in real life?

Jean Rouverol, who used to play the role of Betty on One Man's Family? Jean recently moved away from the Los Angeles area, and therefore had to give up her part, as the show originates in Hollywood. Virginia Gregg replaced Jean as the new Betty on the program.

These are personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Jill Warren, RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, 17, New York, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

Rabbit eye tests prove

Zonite's absolute safety to body tissues in Feminine Hygiene



Read Why You Should Never Use Weak Homemade Solutions of Vinegar for This Intimate Purpose

Feminine hygiene (including internal cleanliness) is a sane, wholesome practice among women. It is so important for health, married happiness, womanly charm, after their periods and for deodorizing problems. This has been verified among doctors.

The vital question is *what* antiseptic to use in the douche. Your antiseptic should be a *powerful germ killer* and one that protects against offensive odors. Yet it should be *SO SAFE* it could be accidentally SWALLOWED WITH SAFETY. ZONITE fulfills these requirements. ZONITE is bringing poise, serenity and confidence to women by the thousands.

Proof of ZONITE'S Safety to Tissues

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are even more delicate than membranes in the vaginal tract. Laboratory tests show that ZONITE as used in the douche was put *twice daily for three months* into rabbits' eyes. Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. But ZONITE's safe qualities are not based on rabbit eye tests alone but on clinical tests by a famous surgeon and scientist, and on actual use by thousands of enthusiastic women for over thirty years.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE.

Warns Against Use of Vinegar

What intelligent woman would ever use vinegar as a deodorant? What woman would pour vinegar over an open cut and expect germicidal protection? Vinegar has many valuable uses. But any intelligent woman would never use such homemade makeshift solutions for a cleansing, deodorizing douche. A woman *needs* and *deserves* ZONITE's powerful germicidal and deodorizing action.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE *completely* deodorizes. It cleanses and flushes away odor-causing waste substances and deposits. ZONITE helps prevent infection and kills every germ it reaches. It's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract, but you can be *sure* ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ. Inexpensive. Always use as directed.

FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-92, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada

Zonite



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

©1952. Z.P.C.

D.C. Cowboy



If wishing can make it so, these youthful fans peering so longingly into Pick Temple's wishing well are going to be real cowboys when they grow up.

SINGING folk songs with a trained voice is "like putting molasses on mashed potatoes," according to Pick Temple—who never took a lesson in his life, but does right well for himself on Station WTOP-TV in the nation's capital. He has a little more guitar education—went to a teacher once, but gave her up when she told him he had "the most atrocious fingering" she'd ever seen. Actually, Lafayette Parker Temple II is doing what comes naturally, because he didn't want to waste the money he'd spent on a \$6.75 guitar. His parents wanted Pick to become a violinist, or when that failed, even a pianist, but destiny stepped in and made a folk singer out of Temple.

Pick's radio career dates back to a show on WFRB, Baltimore, when he played with a banjo player named "Red" Godfrey. His first TV break came when he won WTTG talent contests four times. As a result, WMAR-TV in Baltimore signed him for a series of shows. In 1948, Pick came to WTOP radio, and in 1951, he joined the station's TV staff.

Journeys into the back country for genuine folk-song swapping have made Pick something of an authority on American folk music. He can literally sing "for days" without repeating a song. He is proud of the invitation he received from the Library of Congress to record some numbers for their large folk-music collection.

The cowboy singer was actually born in Washington (January 20, 1911), but his family moved to Baltimore when Pick was two weeks old, returning to D.C. in 1938. He attended St. Paul School in Baltimore, and, briefly, Johns Hopkins, George Washington and American Universities. The Temples have two children, a daughter, Faye, and a son, Lafayette Parker Temple III. Pick's greatest popularity is with the younger set, who would rather do without ice cream than miss his show. He calls two of them every day and sends each a silver dollar—his trademark. Pick's fan mail is voluminous, mostly requests for photographs. And Pick believes in signing all the fan photos himself. He recalls the time when he received a photo from a movie idol as a child, with a printed signature. He'll never forget his disappointment at not getting the star's real signature, and each of Pick's fans gets a hand-signed picture of their cowboy hero—one idol who deserves the popularity he has.



JOAN CRAWFORD . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Crawford uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

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

When Joan Crawford says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Joan Crawford, 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, 27c to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

New creamy-soft make-up
covers so lightly.

Looks so naturally lovely
Feels like your very own skin

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. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, *natural* loveliness.



CINDY GARNER
as she looks when away from
the studio.
Now appearing in
"RED BALL EXPRESS"
a Universal-International
Picture

She uses Max Factor's Pan-Stik
because it feels so light and free
compared with most make-ups.
And it looks and feels so *natural*.
Dress by Ann Fogarty

So quick!



So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick!

Pan-Stik
by
MAX Factor

\$1.60 plus tax, in seven enchanting shades.
Delightfully right for suntan season:
Natural Tan, Golden Tan.

Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

1 Max Factor's Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can't spill or leak into your purse.



2 Swivel up Pan-Stik just like lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream make-up. No dripping as with liquid.



3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over your face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

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

ROBERT Q. LEWIS—

*Eligible
Bachelor*



He's a man of many moods and life in the Lewis office is never, never dull!

By **GLORIA DULCHIN**

Bob's secretary for the past five years (see left)

WHEN the CBS personnel department told me I could be assigned to Robert Q. Lewis' office, if I wanted to be, my mouth fell open, but no words came out. I could only stare, and nod. If I wanted to be! Hadn't I always run home from school as fast as I could to catch the Lewis disc jockey show on radio? Would I want to make a dream come true that I had been dreaming for many months? Would I!

My whole idea in applying for a job at CBS had been to work my way up and become secretary to a radio and TV personality. Now I faced one of those wonderful breaks that you read about and think cannot possibly be happening to you.



ROBERT Q. LEWIS—

Eligible Bachelor



With so many glamour girls competing for his attention, Bob's "pin-ups" seem strangely out of date: Voluminously-clad bathing beauties of about 1910!



When the personnel man asked Bob that day if he would drop by the office to approve the new secretary—me—I thought Bob just might happen to remember our previous meeting a few months before. He didn't remember it, or me, at all. It hadn't been a particularly memorable occasion for him. One of the girls had taken me into his office to meet him after I told her what a fan of his I had always been. He had peered at me pleasantly through those horn-rimmed glasses he always wears, said, "Hi—nice meeting you—I'm rushed right now," and walked out. I had been thrilled. I had met my idol. He had been bothered, but kind. I have since learned that he usually is—kind, I mean—even when he is bothered.

The first thing Bob said to me when I followed him back to his office after the second meeting, the one in the personnel department, was completely characteristic of the Bob Lewis I have come to know. "You haven't called me by any name so far," he began, "so start right by calling me Bob, or Robert, but don't 'Mr. Lewis' me. I don't like formality." He doesn't, whether he is dealing with big people or little people, because he never has to depend upon a formal approach to gain respect. He gets that as a matter of course, because he works harder than anyone who works for him and he puts the job before any other consideration. You expect him to expect you to do the same.

That first day on the job, however, I thought everything was going to be just a breeze. It was fun fixing



Old playbills "reflect" Bob's theatrical interests—but are only part of his collecting hobbies.

CONTEST—"MY FAVORITE SECRETARY"

up new files (no one had ever provided any for him), ordering the supplies for the expanded office, and answering his telephone calls, many of them from people whose names were famous.

Then he gave me a radio script to type, the first I had ever done, although I didn't tell him so. He said he wanted four copies, so I selected some thin, strong paper for the carbons. When I brought the finished job to his desk he practically exploded. "Don't ever type a script on that stuff again," he warned me. "Crisp paper rattles and makes thunderous sounds in the microphone. Listeners will think it's a bomb." I apologized meekly, feeling pretty downcast. "Forget it," he said then. "You have to make mistakes in order to learn."

This job is going to be a breeze? I thought to myself. A cinch? Oh, Gloria, what you've got to learn!

I realize now that working with an amateur in show business, as I certainly was then, must have been hard on my boss. He knows this business inside and out. His dad, a lawyer, had acted (*Continued on page 74*)

Would you like to be Robert Q. Lewis' secretary for a day? Would you like to share in the excitement of actually being a part of show business, going behind the scenes to see how it works, what the stars are really like? This will all be possible for the winner of RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine's "My Favorite Secretary" contest.

Anyone can nominate you. To be nominated have your boss, your teacher, or your relatives tell us in fifty words or less why you are the best of all possible secretaries. Also, send us a snapshot of yourself. The winner will be given a trip to New York and an action-packed day as Robert Q. Lewis' secretary.

Mail before September 10

RADIO-TV MIRROR
Box 1769, Grand Central Station
New York, New York

I nominate as "My Favorite Secretary".....

Because (see attached letter of 50 words or less).

Her address

Your name

Your address

Firm name

Lewis is heard on Arthur Godfrey Time, M-F, 10 A.M. EDT, for Sonotone, Frigidaire, Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Pepsodent, Rinso, ReaLemon, Toni, on CBS (part simulcast on CBS-TV); Robert Q.'s Waxworks, CBS, M-F, 7 P.M. EDT, Sat., 10 P.M.; and The Name's the Same, ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EDT, for Bendix Home Appliances and Swanson's Frozen Foods.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS —

Eligible Bachelor



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Anyone can nominate you. To be nominated have your hoes, your teachers, or your relatives tell us in fifty words, or less why you are the best of all possible secretaries. Also, send us a snapshot of yourself. The winner will get a trip to New York and an action-packed day as Robert Q. Lewis' secretary.

Mail before September 10

RADIO-TV MIRROR
Box 1749, Grand Central Station
New York, New York

I nominate as "My Favorite Secretary"

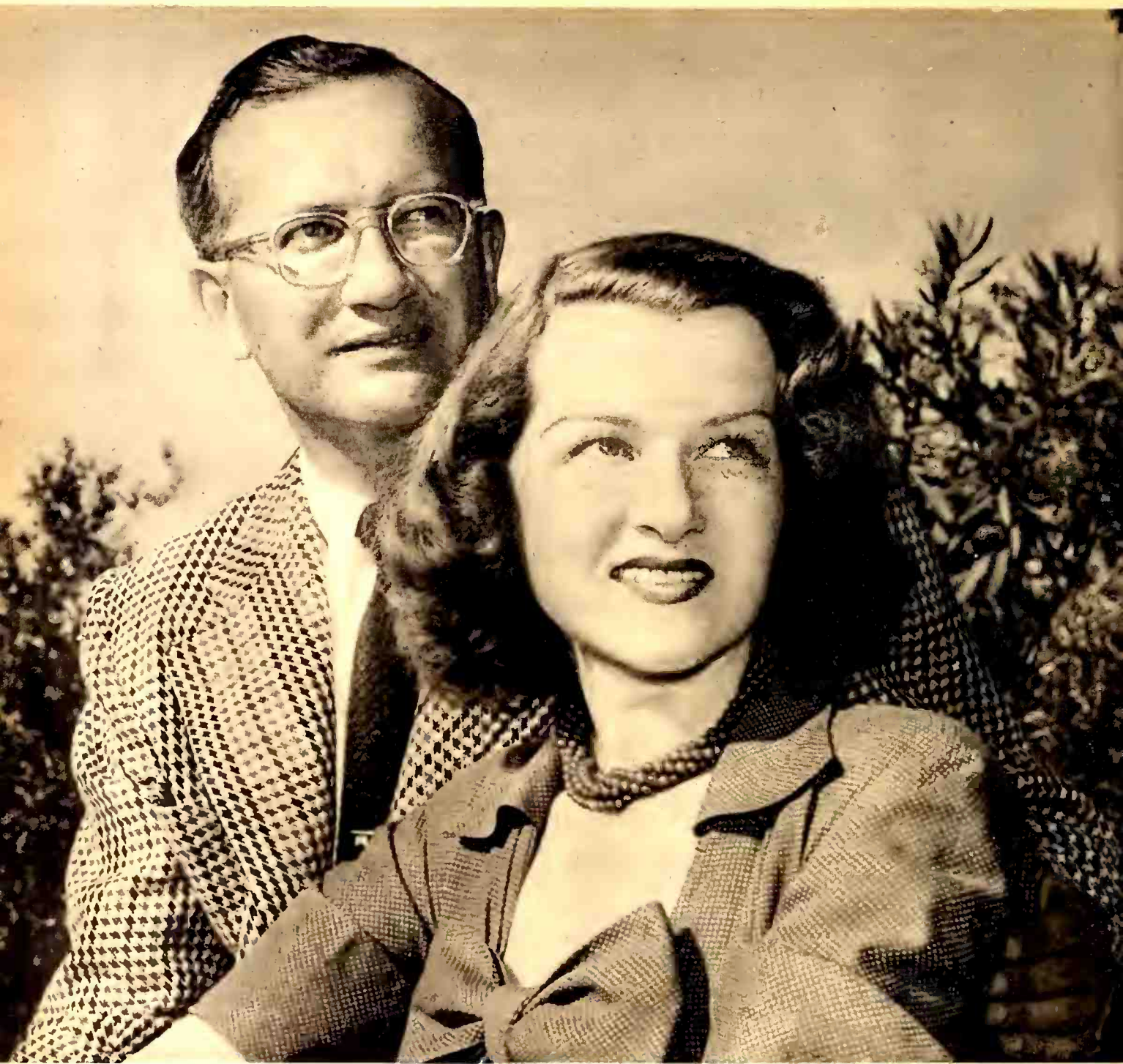
Because (see attached letter of 50 words or less)

Her address

Your name

Your address

Firm name



It was Paul who "discovered" Jo as a singer. But it took more years than either would like to remember—to realize what they'd found in each other.

HOW WONDERFUL CAN MARRIAGE BE? PAUL WESTON AND JO STAFFORD



Their pet hobbies: Bridge—and the poodles, Cricket and Beau.

Honeymoon happiness

by Maxine Arnold

HOME . . . there's no place like it. . . . So agreed honeymooners Jo Stafford and Paul Weston as, back from their exciting European travels, they were rediscovering all the wonders of their own grey-shingled Cape Cod abode atop its own picturesque hill overlooking Bel Air.

"And how about those gladioluses!" breathed the bride.

When they left, the yard was being done over and looked like somebody with a crew-cut, but now every flower bloomed its special welcome for them. And, at that, the gladioluses were running a poor second to the Westons' devoted cook, Lillie Mae, and their deliriously happy pooches, Beau and Cricket

—who were blooming each in his or her own way all over the place.

Lillie Mae had whipped up some of her own brand of strawberry shortcake—"Ah figured you wouldn't get any 'over there.'" The dogs, just back from the canine beauty salon, were all gussied up for the occasion with fresh poodle-dos, and Beau, the only piano-playing poodle in Local 47 (the Musicians' Union), kept raeing back and forth to the piano hitting a chord out of sheer pleasure—because his folks, Mr. and Mrs. Music, were baek home.

A mighty magic moment, this. A moment almost as misty as that on the deck of the S.S. *Independence* steaming into New York when (Continued on page 96)



Returning, the newlyweds looked back on a fabulous trip—looked forward, even more, toward home.

CAN'T DESCRIBE IT—BUT THEY KNOW IT IN THEIR HEARTS

I NEVER LOST THE

When we told people we'd won The Big Pay-Off—a trip to Paris, a mink coat—they thought



My husband Powell—who had to answer the questions—was understandably nervous, though emcee Randy Merriman did his best to put us both at ease.

DREAM

we were crazy. We were. Crazy with joy!

By JOAN LOBEL

NO ONE believed me. Strangers thought we were tipsy. I phoned my sister and said, "We were just on The Big Pay-Off and won a trip to Paris and a mink coat." She hung up.

We went into restaurants, drugstores and hotels to tell anyone who'd listen our good fortune. "Listen to the crazy kids," they said. "No show gives away anything like that. They're crazy." But I'm here to say it's all true—the sensational Paris trip, the expensive mink coat and the accessories that ranged from lingerie to gowns.

It all started when I had a miserable head cold. My husband Powell and I live in Cleveland, Ohio. We're a fairly average couple. We both work, Powell as a real estate salesman, and I myself as a personnel counselor. We live on a budget, trying to save enough money for a home and a family of our own. Our last vacation was our honeymoon, three years ago. You can probably fill in the other details from there. The possibility of owning a mink coat had never crossed my mind. The idea of a trip to Europe is something else again: There is a dream I've bundled in my head since childhood.

"One of these days I'm going to get on a tramp steamer with all my pennies," (Continued on page 80)

The Big Pay-Off is seen on NBC-TV, Monday through Friday at 3 P.M. EDT—Sunday, 8 P.M. EDT—for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

The Marquessa Pamela de Connick—the show's representative in Paris—took us to Cafe de Colisee, on the Champs-Elysees.



When we landed in Paris, we stepped out of the plane feeling like billionaire celebrities.



We were all eyes during sight-seeing tours, saw everything—from Montmartre to Versailles.



My camera-fan husband took pictures of me in the Tuileries, in front of the statue of Diana.

Jane's heart—and program—are always open to such public-spirited organizations as the Girl Scouts.



the **SECRET** of a good life

by Martin Cohen



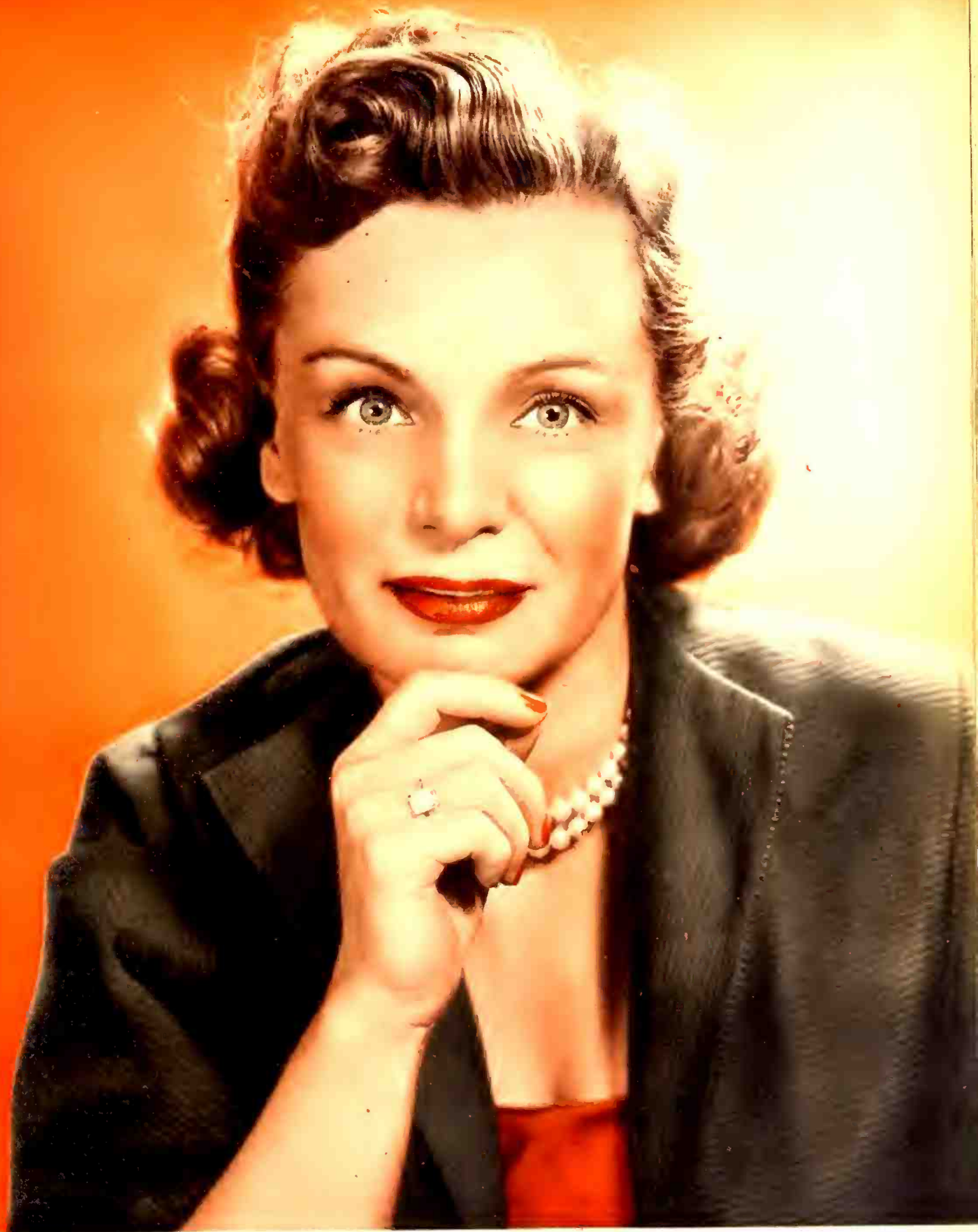
EIGHTEEN years ago, a beautiful, gifted young woman came perilously close to emotional collapse and the end of a career that held the golden promise of fame and fortune. In that year, her child was born crippled, and she suffered the loss of her husband. The young lady was Jane Pickens, whose daily program brings warmth and sunshine to so many over NBC radio.

Until those fateful months, Jane's life had been fantastically successful: Jane was endowed with loveliness, intelligence and such great musical talent that, from the age of fourteen on, she had won scholarships to the best academies here and abroad. Critics and teachers predicted a magnificent career—and then her world came crashing down around her.

Nothing in her background had prepared the sweet-faced, trusting, talented girl for the blow fate struck. Jane's childhood was happy, fruitful and musical. Her father, a cotton broker in Georgia, was an (Continued on page 71)

The Jane Pickens Show is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, NBC network.

JANE PICKENS' WORLD CRASHED AROUND HER



EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO. BUT FAITH IN GOD GUIDED HER TO A RICH, FULL LIFE



Expressive looks and gestures came naturally to Johnnie, even at age one.



His mother has always been his pal; he visits her often, out in Oregon.



Western landscapes helped to inspire "The Little White Cloud That Cried."

JOHNNIE RAY'S life story

PART II



Success, to Johnnie, has meant extra happiness he's been able to give his family. Left, his sister, Elma Hass, and her daughter enjoy a song which he recorded. Above, his parents admire the fine farm he bought for them.

“I FOLLOWED MY HEART AND IT LED ME HOME”—THROUGH JOHNNIE’S
LONG STRUGGLE TO SING HIS OWN WAY—AND FIND HIS OWN TRUE LOVE

by Gladys Hall

WHEN JOHNNIE was fifteen, the Râys moved to Portland and Johnnie made the adjustment from a small town to a large town very quickly. At Franklin High, which he attended, he was popular, had a host of friends and was part of almost everything that went on in the way of entertainment.

When it came time to make plans for the Senior class play, Johnnie was appointed chairman in charge of seeing to it that all went well. “In addition,” Johnnie said, laughing, “I wrote the script, directed, produced and I also—this is the pay-off, the ham supreme!—played the leading part!”

Yet at no time did Johnnie lack perspective or humor about himself, according to his older sister, Elma Ray Hass.

Elma remembers one classroom incident which, when Johnnie described it to the family, gave them all a hearty laugh. The class had been asked to give its reactions to a show-off. When it came Johnnie’s turn to speak, he said: “I do get a little miffed at a show-off, but only because he’s usually doing something that I wish I was doing!” The teacher frowned upon the levity but the class, like Johnnie’s family, had a laugh.

Now, as then, Johnnie has perspective and humor about himself.

“I haven’t a great voice,” he said. “Sincerity in it, and my heart. Like Jolson, maybe?”

And again: “I don’t particularly like to listen to my own records. I sang flat three times,” he laughed, “in ‘Cry.’”

Then as now, however, he also had his faith in, with God’s help, his star.

Thinking back on Johnnie’s graduation from Franklin High, what his sister most clearly remembers is, she says, young John in his somber cap and gown, along with the appropriate facial expression. “I also remember what the principal said as he presented John with his diploma. ‘Here is a boy,’ he said, ‘who tells me that when (Continued on page 85)

- He dreams now of a farmhouse for Marilyn and himself, "where the children Baby and I hope to have will grow up, as I grew up. . . ."



CITY HOSPITAL—

the Miracle of love

A boy named Checkers found it was easy to hate
—but even easier to love—once he knew how!

CHECKERS stood belligerently in front of Dr. Crane and Robert Baker in the living room of the Baker home, located on the grounds of the State Training School where Baker was assistant superintendent. Checkers' freckled twelve-year-old face held fear but, over and above that, defiance and hate. Yes, he'd stolen Dr. Crane's pen—yes, he'd destroyed a picture with his knife—and what did he care that Baker was going to lose his job because Baker had defended him against the head of the institution, who had wanted to throw him into solitary for his latest escapade? . . . This had been the scene Dr. Crane had witnessed some two nights before. Mary, Baker's wife, had tried to tell Baker he should allow Checkers to be punished and, now that Checkers had run away, it was Mary who kept reminding her husband that she'd "told him so." The evening grew late and Dr. Crane started to retire as Mary and her husband were still arguing. It must have been a short time afterwards that Dr. Crane heard the sounds of crying and muffled, running steps as if urgent things were going on below. Dr. Crane descended to the living room and the scene that met his eyes made his throat suddenly tighten. Mary knelt beside Checkers, whose freckled face was covered with tears. "It wasn't until we heard the radio in the car we'd stolen that I realized what it meant—I didn't want Mr. Baker to get fired over me—honest, I didn't. Then Wally and I got in a fight over my returning and he knifed me and I bound him up in the back of the car—and, well, Mr. Baker gave me a break, so I just had to give him one, too." For an instant, Mary looked deep into Checkers' eyes, "You know, Checkers, you and I were both wrong. I was fighting with my husband because I felt he was giving too much of himself to you. You were fighting him, too, because no one had ever given you anything of himself." "Yes," interrupted Checkers, "it's funny about us people, isn't it? When you're hurt, you sure try to hurt back!" "You're right," replied Mary and the tears in her eyes shone as brightly as Checkers'. "But," she added softly, "when you're loved, you want to love in return." For a moment Checkers hesitated as Mary went on treating his leg wound, then slowly, painfully he reached out and patted her head. . . . Dr. Crane knew in that moment a human life had been saved, not by medicine, but by the miracle of love.

City Hospital, CBS, Sat., 1:30 P.M. EDT; CBS-TV, alternate Tuesdays, at 9 P.M. EDT; for Carter Products. Pictured in their radio roles are: Santos Ortega as Dr. Crane; Charlotte Manson as Mary; Joey Walsh as Checkers; Mason Adams as Baker.



MAN COMES ALONG

arts willing and able to pray—everything will be right. This Doris Day believes now



I was nobody's "Dream Girl"



Not even my own! Then I realized there was only one person who could do anything about it—myself

by
Janette Davis

Now I'm glad I worked so hard to overcome my "three F's," and hope I can help others to wage and win the same battles.

DURING the years when you are growing up, you are always trying to make yourself into the kind of person you know you can be, whether you put this thought into words or whether it's just a feeling you have, deep down in your heart. Sometimes, of course, you get discouraged and start thinking there isn't much you can do about yourself, anyhow, so why bother? I believe everybody goes through that phase, especially in their early teens. I know I did. It wasn't until I was about sixteen or seventeen that I really took stock of myself, stopped dreaming up excuses for my failings, and came to some definite decisions.

Jan, I said, there seem to be three things that are wrong. You can do something about each one of them; in fact, you are the only one who can. First: Freckles! Every summer you bake in the sun without a hat and then you are miserable because you freckle. (I had red hair, since darkened to auburn, and the light skin that goes with reddish hair.) Second: Fingernails! You bite them dreadfully. That's pretty silly for a pianist who wants her hands to (Continued on page 98)



Learning to conquer my failings—and improve my assets—prepared me for that big chance to appear with Arthur Godfrey on his many shows.

Janette Davis is heard on Arthur Godfrey Time, M-F, 10 A.M., CBS, for Toni, RealEmon, Rinso, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Chesterfield, Sonotone, Frigidaire (simulcast, CBS-TV); King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table, Sun., 5 P.M., CBS, for Holland Furnace; Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 3 P.M., CBS-TV, for Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Toni. All EDT.



the GUIDING LIGHT of LOVE



So like—yet so unlike—the role she plays, Jone Allison has found a happiness that Meta Roberts has never known

By DIANE SCOTT

FOR CLOSE to three years now, Jone Allison has been your Meta Roberts on CBS radio's *The Guiding Light*. Recently, *Guiding Light* added to its laurels—and Jone's—by making its debut in television. Jone's debut, too. For, although she did a few spots in the early days of video, this is her first stellar appearance on what she calls "grown-up TV."

So believable is Jone in the role of the unfortunate Meta, on both radio and television, that fans by the dozen ask, "Are Jone and Meta really *alike*?"

There are similarities. Meta Roberts is a physically beautiful young woman or she wouldn't have had the chance of a raindrop in a hot sun of being a model in Hollywood. Jone, in a subtle way, is beautiful, too. Her hair is reddish-brown. She wears it in an individual coiffure, which she designed herself. Her eyes are dark blue and have that jewelled look. Her face is delicately modelled, her complexion translucent. She is of medium height and, of course, model-slim.

Meta Roberts is extremely feminine, or she wouldn't become as emotionally involved with men

—and trouble—as she does. Jone, with the exception of the fact that she does not become involved with either men or trouble, is ditto. She is, indeed, just about the *most* feminine career girl I've met in the theatre world and, from Garbo to Debbie Reynolds, I've met them all.

The way she dresses, for instance . . . the day we lunched at New York's Hotel Gotham, Jone was wearing a navy sheer, shirred from the neckline to the hemline (and nothing is more quaintly soft than shirring) with fragile lace at throat and elbow-length sleeves, delicate jewels of jade and gold by way of earrings, rings, bracelet. Dainty laces and dainty embroideries are Jone's trademarks. She collects 'em. Loves 'em. Beautiful blouses, too. And jade.

"I get down on my knees," Jone laughed, "and beg my husband to give me jade for my birthdays, Christmases, our anniversaries. Have a passion for it."

Like all truly feminine women, Jone, the career girl, is home-loving and domestic. She'll tell you: "I'm a terrible house-keeper. Rely on a maid, more

It took a meeting long after "first meeting" to make Jone and Jack understand their hearts.



the GUIDING LIGHT of LOVE



Femininity is Jone's keynote, both on and off the air. In making a truly distinctive home for husband Jack, she's turned many a decorating trick—like that bedroom lamp above, converted from an old spinning wheel.



A mutual passion



than I should, in that department." Nevertheless, Jone's husband, radio and TV producer Jack Mosman—and her home, which is a duplex apartment in New York—come first and foremost in Jone's "scheme of things entire." She loves to cook, admits, "I am a good cook. One of my specialties is veal birds à la Rossini. And one of my prized possessions is a cookbook supposed to be translated from the prize recipes of Napoleon Bonaparte's chef. All of them begin," Jone laughed, "'Go out with bow and arrow and kill the stag,' or something. In other words, everything from the slaughter of the animal to its appearance on the dining table is included. I skip the slaughter," Jone laughed again, "and begin Operation Casserole, or whatever it may be, at the kitchen stove."

Jone has a passion for interior decorating, too. The home of a charming woman invariably, it is said, is a frame for her personality. Jone's is.

"Our living-room walls are the color," Jone said, "of the skin of an eggplant. For the tone of the draperies and the rug, we went into the inside of the eggplant—they are a pale, greeny, strange yellow. One large sofa is the color of the draperies. A smaller sofa is red-striped for accent, for gaiety. There is a dark green leather chair by the fireplace, again from the eggplant. Across one wall is the bookcase and record cabinet, which Jack designed. It's enormous, it's huge—we have quite a library

The Guiding Light, sponsored by Procter & Gamble, M-F, on CBS at 1:45 P.M. EDT, on CBS-TV at 2:30 P.M. EDT.



... sailing started their romance. Now they have their own boat, handle it with skill.

of records—it's handsome and was made by two brothers who buy the wood of old barns and houses in process of being torn down so that, while the workmanship is new, the wood is aged and beautiful.

"Our little dining room is done in wood papering, the color of weathered pine. Our bedroom is in green, with white-painted woodwork and 'features' our old, cherry four-poster bed, canopied, with a peach muslin spread which is a copy of the spread in the bedroom of George Washington's home in Mt. Vernon.

"A mixture of Early American and traditional English is the way you'd describe our home, I think.

Or, better still, since we did it ourselves without benefit of interior decorator, a mixture of *us!* We have some lovely antiques, which should make me," Jone added, with a sigh, "a better duster, waxer, oiler; in a word, a better housewife than I am."

In the small amount of leisure time she has, Jone "haunts" auction rooms and antique shops. On her terrace is a fabulous old table, the top of which was, once upon a time, a church window. In the bedroom, a spinning wheel, now doing duty as a lamp, gives a lovely light. Mounted in a shadow-box on the living room wall is a copy, so old its cover is tattered, of (Continued on page 88)

Jone loves to combine the old and new: Nate the table on their terrace, made from a dismantled church window—and the canopied four-poster with a coverlet canopied from George Washington's home.



the GUIDING LIGHT of LOVE



Femininity is Jane's keynote, both on and off the air. In making a truly distinctive home for husband Jack, she's turned many a decorating trick—like that bedroom lamp above, converted from an old spinning wheel.



than I should, in that department." Nevertheless, Jane's husband, radio and TV producer Jack Mesman—and her home, which is a duplex apartment in New York—come first and foremost in Jane's "scheme of things entire." She loves to cook, admits, "I am a good cook. One of my specialties is veal birds à la Rossini. And one of my prized possessions is a cookbook supposed to be translated from the prize recipes of Napoleon Bonaparte's chef. All of them begin," Jane laughed, "Go out with bow and arrow and kill the stag, or something. In other words, everything from the slaughter of the animal to its appearance on the dining table is included. I skip the slaughter," Jane laughed again, "and begin Operation Casserole, or whatever it may be, at the kitchen stove."

Jane has a passion for interior decorating, too. The home of a charming woman invariably, it is said, is a frame for her personality. Jane's is.

"Our living-room walls are the color," Jane said, "of the skin of an eggplant. For the tone of the draperies and the rug, we went into the inside of the eggplant—they are a pale, greeny, strange yellow. One large sofa is the color of the draperies. A smaller sofa is red-striped for accent, for gaiety. There is a dark green leather chair by the fireplace, again from the eggplant. Across one wall is the bookcase and record cabinet, which Jack designed. It's enormous, it's huge—we have quite a library

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Jane loves to combine the old and new: Note the table on their terrace, made from a dismantled church window—and the canopied four-poster with a coverlet copied from George Washington's home.





OUR GAL SUNDAY

When you try to solve another woman's problem, expect the worst—hope for the best

SUNDAY couldn't help smiling to herself over the expression on the faces of pretty little Audrey West and Robert Hunter. If those two weren't in love, Sunday had never seen romance before. As she pattered about her garden, Sunday thought about the events of the past few months—how tragically they might have ended! When Audrey's mother and father, Rosalind and Alec West, had first arrived at Fairbrooke and became Sunday's neighbors, there had been something definitely wrong. Sunday had sensed this as she felt the great tension on Alec's part. He was in need of some sort of mental and moral assistance. Young Audrey seemed to be torn in her loyalties between love of her mother and her father.

Then it was that Sunday learned the truth. Somewhere along the line, Rosalind, once a beautiful stage actress, had acquired an intense possessiveness which threatened not only to darken the lives of her husband and her daughter but would ultimately have led to her own destruction as well. In ruthless fashion, she had "arranged" the accident in Alec's automobile when she found he had turned to other people in his search for the love and affection which he obviously wasn't getting from her. The "accident" caused Rosalind to bring Alec to the new hospital which Lord Henry Brinthrope, Sunday's husband, had endowed. Since it was famous for its orthopedic and paraplegic services, Rosalind knew that her husband would get the best in medical services.

But it was also the hospital which provided still another complication in Rosalind's life, for it was here that Audrey met Robert Hunter, who was visiting his relatives, the Brinthropes. It wasn't too difficult for Sunday to guess what was wrong when she heard Rosalind talk. Even more evident was the effect on Audrey's personality as her mother began putting stumbling blocks in the way of the romance. Slowly Audrey's love for her mother was turning to hidden hate! Then came the day when Sunday broke a rule of behavior which she had once tried to establish—never interfere with another's life. However, so much was at stake, so much could be done, if she could just make Rosalind see the truth. Sunday said things which she honestly believed, said the things necessary to make Rosalind at last see what she was doing in her effort to keep everyone clinging to her.

From that moment on, it was relatively simple for Rosalind, once she was able to see that the trouble was not in Audrey, not in Alec—but in herself. Rosalind, once she understood, became capable of infinite understanding toward Audrey, infinite love and companionship with Alec. Sometimes, mused Sunday—watching Robert smile down at Audrey—poking your nose in other people's business can come to some good!

Our Gal Sunday, CBS, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, for Anacin. Gerriane Raphael, Richard Newton and Vivian Smolen are seen at left in their roles as Audrey, Robert and Sunday.

They were, Sunday thought, as happy as two lovers could be who had at last come out of the shadows into the sun



The Racket Squad idol
has what it takes to win
a woman. Better still,
he knows how to treasure
the woman he's won!

REED HADLEY—

From blonde Duchess and black Noches (above) to auburn Helen and ten-year-old Dale (below), the home vote is unanimous—they think Reed's just great.



Helen Hadley plays a very leading role in the lives of her men-folk. She helps Dole with his homework—demonstrating on the blackboard—and cues Reed in his lines for next day's rehearsal.



Hero to his family

By BETTY MILLS

"It's very baffling," said the tall, dark, handsome young man, as he ruffled his hand through his hair. "But then, ladies have always baffled me."

For a moment Reed Hadley looked very much the opposite from the assured, non-baffled Captain Braddock he portrays on CBS-TV's *Racket Squad*. In his capable hands he held an off-season valentine, all pink, ruffy, and terribly feminine. It had just arrived in the mail and was signed by ten teenagers who begged Reed to show that he had received it by winking on the next telecast of *Racket Squad*!

The valentine, only one of hundreds of letters Reed receives weekly, is typical of his fan mail. He gets romantic communications—in all shapes and forms—every day by the dozens. Some letters are from housewives who do not aspire to meet him, only want him to know their deep-felt admiration for him. Other, more amorous letters are from younger listeners who want to know if he's married—and (Continued on page 102)

Reed Hadley is seen as Captain Braddock on *Racket Squad*, over CBS-TV, Thursdays at 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Philip Morris.



Dad's advice is tops, too. If he wants that swing mode safer, Dole scrambles to fix it.



Professional family: Jack with five of the Juvenile Jurors—Laura, Billy, Charlie, Mai-lan, Ronnie.

Successful Romeo

JACK BARRY IS IN LOVE WITH YOUNGSTERS, OLDSTERS AND



Private tete-a-tete: Jack supper-clubbing with lovely singing star Marcia Van Dyke.

AT FIRST sight—and sound—Jack Barry is one “golden boy” of radio-TV who really has everything. At thirty-four, the sleek-haired emcee is handsome as a matinee idol, has the movie studios clamoring for screen tests. His personality wins the adulation of bobby-soxers, glamour gals and housewives alike. He has two immensely popular programs currently on television: *Juvenile Jury*, on NBC-TV, and *Life Begins at 80*, over Du Mont. As their mastermind, he’s making upwards of \$150,000 a year and has long been considered one of the most marriageable men in show business.

For Jack Barry has, indeed, had everything up to now—except a wife. Several nights a week, he’s been a familiar sight at New York’s smartest spots, squiring New York’s top models, cover girls, debutantes and starlets. He’s dated





He studies child psychology, wins serious awards—the governor of New Jersey even proclaimed a special "Juvenile Jury Doy."



Jack has a very gay side, too. Off-duty, he spruces up for another glomorous date.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO HAS HIS HEART

by Jack Mahon

such noted beauties as Eva Gabor, Gigi Durston, Betty Alexander, Ruth Cosgrove, Lillian Moore, and is currently being seen around with the lovely Marcia Van Dyke of musical comedy fame, who is known to have his heart. Gossip columnists have had him ready to ride the marry-go-round a couple of dozen times since his star rose so spectacularly a half-dozen years ago. But, each time they were about to tie the knot for Jack, he confounded them by switching his attentions to another glamour girl.

"I'm not ready to fall in love yet," he always told them. "I'm too busy with a family of my (Continued on page 100)



Jack Barry emcees Juvenile Jury. NBC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EDT. Also, Life Begins at 80, Du Mont, Fri., 9 P.M., for Serutan.



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such noted beauties as Eva Gabor, Gigi Durston, Betty Alexander, Ruth Cosgrove, Lillian Moore, and is currently being seen around with the lovely Marcia Van Dyke of musical comedy fame, who is known to have his heart go-round a couple of dozen times since his star rose so spectacularly a half-dozen years ago. But, each time they were about to tie the knot for Jack, he confounded them by switching his attentions to another glamour girl.

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Jack Barry sponsors Juvenile Jury, NBC-TV, Wed. 8:30 P.M. EDT. Also, Life Begins at 80, Du Mont, Fri. 9 P.M. 10c. Scrant.



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Jack has a very goy side, too. Off-duty, he spruces up for another glamorous date.



Private tete-a-tete: Jack supper-clubbing with lovely singing star Marcia Van Dyke.



Scandal swirled about Helen's lovely head, jealousy dogged her every step—no matter how hard she worked to forget her love for Gil and tried only to be his loyal friend.

The Romance of Helen Trent—

CYNTHIA WAS DETERMINED TO RUIN HELEN'S CHANCES FOR HAPPINESS—EVEN AT THE EXPENSE OF HER GOOD REPUTATION

PRETTY, blue-eyed Helen Trent bent her blonde head over her drawing board and worked intently on the sketch of a costume for Jeff Brady's latest motion picture. She was trying desperately hard to finish it before the time for production to begin. On her sketch-board was the newspaper with columnist Daisy Parker's latest lie about her, printed in black bold type. Hard as she was trying to concentrate on her work, Helen couldn't help but glance at the newspaper each time she looked up. Finally she took it and stuffed it savagely into the wastepaper basket. "It isn't fair," she found herself saying. "I know why this is going on, but it just isn't fair." For days now, Daisy Parker had been spreading the rumor that Helen was a home-breaker and a fortune hunter. It seemed to Helen that, ever since Cynthia had entered her life, trouble had brewed and bubbled. Helen couldn't help it if she was in love with Gil Whitney, the man whom Cynthia had tricked into marriage. Both she and Gil had supposed each free of entanglements when they had met and found a mutual attraction. Then Cynthia had re-entered Gil's life, claiming him as her husband, establishing and finally proving her claim—only to have it clearly demonstrated that the marriage ceremony had been accomplished by trickery when Gil was a victim of amnesia during the war. Helen could understand Cynthia's desperate fight to get Gil to return



Gossip began as Gil's estranged wife, Cynthia, gleefully plotted with Hollywood columnist Daisy Parker to blacken Helen's name. It grew as others added rumors, for envious reasons of their own.

See Next Page 

Whispering Secrets

The Romance of Helen Trent—Whispering Secrets



That accident with Barclay Bailey, for instance! He was seriously injured, Helen was badly shaken up—and Gil was the first passing motorist to give them aid. The gossip grapevine made much of that.

to her, but it still wasn't fair that she should get together with Daisy Parker and outline a vicious gossip campaign designed, not only to keep Helen from Gil, but also to wreck Helen's career at the Jeff Brady Motion Picture Studios. True, Gil was a successful lawyer now that he had fought and won several important law cases, but did Cynthia really feel that spreading gossip would win him back?

Would this make Gil love her when he had already made it clear he had no feeling for Cynthia? As Helen's hands completed the figure drawing in front of her, she thought over all that had happened in the past few months. There was the offer of a lucrative job with Barclay Bailey, who had fully recovered from his serious automobile accident—the accident in which Helen had escaped in—



See Next Page ▶

Recovering, Barclay himself was suspicious of Gil's presence at the scene—but still so enamored he tried to win Helen by offering her a big job with his studia.

jury but not gossip about herself. Helen shook her head as she remembered the scene with Barclay when she had refused his generous offer of a job. It wasn't just because she was loyal to Jeff Brady—and she certainly was that—but it was also because she wanted no further involvements with Barclay, who was openly in love with her. In a way, Helen thought, she was responsible for all that was going on for Barclay *was* jealous of Gil and he, too, was beginning to believe the concerted gossip campaign against her. His parents weren't helping much, either, by hashing over and adding to every idle scrap of talk that was said about her. Helen was certain they believed her nothing but a fortune hunter and they, too, were using the Daisy Parker columns to ruin Helen's reputation. Besides, there was Lydia, Jeff Brady's wife. Lydia was jealous of Helen, believed the worst—that Jeff's interest in Helen was more a personal one than a business inter-



Though Helen refused the job, Barclay's wealthy parents were ready to believe any evil and Cynthia gave them final "proof" Helen was a fortune hunter!

The Romance of Helen Trent—Whispering Secrets



That accident with Barclay Bailey, for instance! He was seriously injured, Helen was badly shaken up—and Gil was the first passing motorist to give them aid. The gossip grapevine made much of that.

to her, but it still wasn't fair that she should get together with Daisy Parker and outline a vicious gossip campaign designed, not only to keep Helen from Gil, but also to wreck Helen's career at the Jeff Brady Motion Picture Studios. True, Gil was a successful lawyer now that he had fought and won several important law cases, but did Cynthia really feel that spreading gossip would win him back?

Would this make Gil love her when he had already made it clear he had no feeling for Cynthia? As Helen's hands completed the figure drawing in front of her, she thought over all that had happened in the past few months. There was the offer of a lucrative job with Barclay Bailey, who had fully recovered from his serious automobile accident—the accident in which Helen had escaped in-



Recovering, Barclay himself was suspicious of Gil's presence at the scene—but still so enamored he tried to win Helen by offering her a big job with his studio.

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Though Helen refused the job Barclay's wealthy parents were ready to believe any evil and Cynthia gave them final "proof" Helen was a fortune hunter.

See Next Page ▶

The Romance of Helen Trent—Whispering Secrets



And what of Jeff Brady, Helen's boss, whose interest in building her career has always kept tongues wagging?



Devoted to her boss, Helen feels there are many differences between Jeff and his wife—besides the latter's jealousy—but Jeff won't even discuss it.

est. No matter how hard Helen tried—and she tried very hard—to patch up things between Lydia and Jeff, neither had done anything to mend the feelings of the other, and both had been quick to blame Helen for interfering. At last, as the natural light from the window above her sketch-board faded, Helen put down her drawing pencil. It was finished and, if Jeff Brady approved, the last of the costumes could be completed in the morning. As she stretched her arms and began to put her pencils away, she thought about the meeting she would soon have with Gil. They were going to have dinner to discuss plans for his law firm. It would be the one bright spot in her day. She knew that all this gossip was having the opposite effect from what Cynthia had hoped for—if anything, it was drawing Gil closer to Helen and farther away from his unloved wife. Where would it all end? Certainly she had a right to share Gil's company and his plans for his future, although perhaps she could never be a part of those plans. Would she ever be free, would Gil ever be free of various entanglements to allow them to work out their own destiny? As she made her way out of her office, Helen wondered.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Helen Trent.....Julie Stevens
 Gil Whitney.....David Gothard
 Cynthia.....Mary Jane Higby
 Jeff Brady.....John Stanley
 Daisy Parker.....Sarah Burton
 Barclay Bailey.....Tom Collins
 Mrs. Bailey.....Ethel Remy
 Mr. Bailey.....John Riggs

The Romance of Helen Trent, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS;
 sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.



Cynthia's tactics have only driven Gil further from her. He's now learned how she tricked him into marriage, realizes her rumors about Helen are lies.



But Cynthia's still determined to wreck Helen's career—and to share in the wealth from Gil's. It is she who is really the fortune hunter, not Helen.



Will love be strong enough for Helen and Gil to overcome treacherous gossip, fight their way free to a happy life together? What lies ahead for them?

my Astonishing husband



Two sides of Mel Torme—personal and professional: Above, with school friend John Poister and Uncle Art; below, drumming for fun with Skitch Henderson at the piano.



“I had a strange,
panicky feeling
that the next few moments
would decide my future.
And I was right,
for they opened the door
to a glorious future
as Mrs. Torme.”

by
Candy
Toxtou Torme

Cameras and queries
greeted Candy and Mel
at the license bureau.
Then a quiet ceremony, a
heartfelt kiss—and
a wedding gift which any
bride would treasure!





WHEN Mel and I married, our friends' packages of crystal, silver and linen delighted me. Yet the present which pleased me most is one seldom found in a display of wedding gifts. Mel wrote me a song. It's a simple, lilting melody, easy to sing, and with the kind of words any boy can say to his girl and not feel silly saying them. Mel calls it "There Isn't Any Special Reason." It's our love story. Since then, other boys and girls have made it doubly precious by singing our song with us.

There wasn't any special reason, to quote Mel's title, why he should fall in love with me at first sight. Yet Mel insists he did.

We met in a New York night club. I had a date. Mel didn't. The man I was with introduced him, and Mel sat down at our table. I had heard of Mel Tormé, of course. Everyone in show business had heard of Mel Tormé, the astonishing young star who confused the critics. They no sooner had him labeled a motion picture actor than he turned up singing on radio and recordings. When, as the Velvet Fog, he had bobbysoxers spinning, he wrote (*Continued on page 82*)

Mel Tormé can be seen and heard on his own program, The Mel Tormé Show, on CBS-TV. Consult your paper for day and hour.



“WE’VE LEARNED A LOT FROM OUR HOBBY—FRIENDLINESS AND A GOOD WAY OF LIFE,” SAYS THE HEROINE OF THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE

TWO HAPPY PEOPLE

LISH! Lish, come quickly," called Les from the top terrace. And from the urgent note in his voice I knew something was wrong, so I flew up the brick steps leading from our vegetable garden.

When I rounded the corner and spied Les, he called, "Now honey, don't get excited—I just killed a snake, a big one!"

I smiled to myself, because I wasn't excited, but Paw was! He detests snakes and spiders. Yet he just hates killing anything.

"I—I don't know if it's a poisonous or a friendly kind of snake," explained Les, "he was just so big, I didn't wait to ask any questions."

"Oh, Les, Les," I laughed, "for two old inveterate jungle explorers, we're about the softest-hearted pair I know. And I've a feeling every living thing on this place knows it, too."

It's so true. Since living in our sunny hilltop Valley home in Sherman Oaks, California, my husband Les Tremayne and I have already made friends with a bushy-tailed squirrel who raps on our side door if we forget to put out his daily ration of peanuts. And even the big blue jay who lives in the same pine tree cocks a disapproving eye if we're equally lax in supplying him with a handful of the nuts. Animals simply love us!

There was the gopher who lived somewhere underneath the house, but who soon discovered (Continued on page 69)

Alice Reinheart and Les Tremayne are Virginia and Jeff in *The Woman in My House*, M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, on NBC, for *Sweetheart Soap*.

by Alice Reinheart



Mexico fascinates Les and Alice Tremayne—who literally "dig up" everything they can!

Among the many things the Tremaynes share are memories of trips to such exotic spots as Xochimilco.



who's who



Larry Robinson

RAISED on radio scripts instead of Mother Goose tales, Larry Robinson, heard as Brad on The Second Mrs. Burton, started his air career at the age of three. He gave his first performance on the children's program, Coast to Coast On A Bus, singing "The Old Farmer" in fluent Danish, taught him by his actress mother. Larry was born in New York City, where his father was a lawyer. When the young star was five, his father died, Mrs. Robinson moved Larry and his elder brother to Manhattan from their suburban home. Larry began to attend Professional Children's School at about the same time that he got his first Broadway role as Pud in "On Borrowed Time." His performance received high praise from the critics, and after the play ended its run he was cast as Harlan in that longest-run hit, "Life With Father." Even while playing on Broadway, Larry continued his radio work and, when he made his first appearance as Sammy on the radio version of The Goldbergs, he had already been cast more than 5,000 times in different radio roles. Until a few years ago, Larry considered radio and TV parts mere bread-and-butter means to the end of attending medical college some day, but now he has decided on radio and TV as a career. Larry is still unattached, seldom dates actresses, they always talk "theatre."



Gerrianne Raphael

GERRIANNE RAPHAEL started her show-bizing a year later than Larry Robinson, but she has more than made up for that year she missed. Starting her career at the grand old age of four, Gerrianne was one of the Let's Pretenders. She combined an amazing memory (enabling her to act before she could read scripts) with a child's sense of whimsy. She, too, went to the Professional Children's School in New York, while acquiring practical experience on the Broadway stage in plays like "Solitaire," when she was nine; "Guest in the House," at eleven; and at sixteen in "Good-bye My Fancy." Most of Gerrianne's summers were spent in the straw-hat circuit, and one vacation to Bermuda landed her a job in a night club. Her creative ability is not limited to the stage—Gerri is an expert cook, and makes all of her own clothes. She found this necessary, since she wears a size seven dress and finds it very difficult to buy appropriate garb for her one-hundred-pound, five-foot-four frame. In her present role on Our Gal Sunday, Gerrianne portrays a girl of her own age, whose family's theatrical background creates a heartbreaking problem (see page 51). Gerrianne's actual home-life is completely opposite, though. Her own parents, a former actress and a pianist, have given Gerri much encouragement.

in Radio-TV



Gale Gordon

GALE GORDON beats the Robinson-Raphael entrance into show business by miles, for he made his first stage appearance at the age of eight days. The offspring of a great vaudeville family (see next column at right), Gale was born while his parents were on tour and his proud father insisted on introducing his son to the audience. Gale always wanted to follow in his parents' footsteps and got his first bit part at fifteen dollars a week in "The Dancers." Since then he has been on the stage, screen and in radio, now devoting all his time to the airwaves. Aside from the stage, Gale's other great passion is for travel. He spent five years in London, fourteen in New York, and for the past fifteen years has lived in Hollywood. In 1948, Gale joined the U. S. Coast Guard, spending eighteen months in the Pacific assigned to LST's. The actor is a writer of some merit, too. He has published two books and two one-act plays. Painting is another of Gale Gordon's hobbies—he sold his first one to Bing Crosby's guitarist. Gale's versatility can be recognized in two of the many roles he plays. On *Our Miss Brooks* he is the bombastic principal of Madison High School, and in *Halls of Ivy* he is the lovable Mr. Merriweather of the college's Board of Managers. Gale is married to the former Virginia Curley—an actress of course.



Gloria Gordon

BORN IN Liverpool, England, Gloria Gordon began studying voice at an early age. She made her theatrical debut as a mezzo-soprano in Carl Rosa opera productions. Switching from the more serious side of the entertainment world to the light-hearted musical comedy and vaudeville brackets, Gloria played the famed Coliseum and Hippodrome theatres in London. It was at the Hippodrome that she met an American pantomimist and quick-change artist, name of Charles T. Aldrich. She voyaged to Detroit to be his bride. From that time on she was an American citizen, and mighty proud of it. Gloria gave up the stage for several years to raise her two children, Gale (left above) and Jewell. In 1923 she returned to the stage in Richard Bennett's "The Dancers." Gale appeared in the same show, and it was then that mother and son decided to take the same stage name. After "Dancers" closed, Bennett organized a troupe to tour the country in a skit called "To Let." Gloria joined the cast, made her first trip to Los Angeles in 1928—liked it so much she's been living there ever since. When she isn't busy playing *My Friend Irma's* landlady, Mrs. O'Reilly, she spends leisure hours making household gadgets out of tin cans, and distributing them among her many friends. Her companion is Nuit, a pet spaniel.



Bob relaxes with his personal angels in the heaven called "home"—san Randy, wife Gloria and daughter Michelle.

Bob Poole—Paradise found

A simple but sure-fire philosophy helps him balance a happy home and busy career

by Marie Haller

PEOPLE tell me I'm a real easygoing guy. Well, perhaps I am . . . I like to think so. And, if that is the case, it's not—contrary to common belief—because I'm a slow-moving Southerner.

"Rather, it's because somewhere along the course of living I ran across a piece of philosophy that made quite an impression: 'When you feel like you're at the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on!' I don't know, maybe I picked it up in the Navy—which, sure as you're living, is full of ropes and knots—or perhaps one of my park-bench acquaintances passed it on to me. It might even be that some wise man wrote it, and I read it. No matter, it's the philosophy, not the source, that's important.

"And, let me hasten to add, you don't have to wait until you're really at the end of your rope (Continued on page 87)



Two Happy People

(Continued from page 65)

the delicacies of my labor-of-love, the vegetable garden. The poor, tender baby plants didn't stand a chance against the invading gopher. The cunning little devil seemed to sense we didn't want to hurt him. Finally it was a question: My beautiful radishes and carrots or that greedy gopher.

So one morning Les (I couldn't bear to do it), armed with his .22 target pistol, patiently waited for the offender to poke his head above the ground. Ultimately the little fellow peeked out from his hole and the two stared at one another. I don't know who was the more surprised, Les or the gopher. Les fired. But friend gopher was faster. He disappeared before the report. And, as if to signal his defeat, he quickly sealed up the opening of his hole and we never saw him again.

We were delighted! We didn't want to kill him, anyhow.

I imagine this picture I'm painting of Les Tremayne and Alice Reinheart, actors, is a far cry from what most people suspect. When we're performing on NBC's *The Woman in My House*, or other radio dramas, we're just what we're supposed to be. Actors—we hope. But when we're on our own, as like as not we're studying life in one shape or another. Usually in the form of our favorite hobby, pastime, and avocation—archaeology.

"Archaeology," our friends exclaim, as we're proudly showing off our beat-up, 1500-year-old pots, "how did you get interested in that?"

As I always say, if you're interested in people, you can't help but be interested in archaeology. And who isn't interested in people?

Les and I just love to go on those long, hot, dirty field trips where, after endless digging in the ground, we uncover some bit of life, thousands of years old.

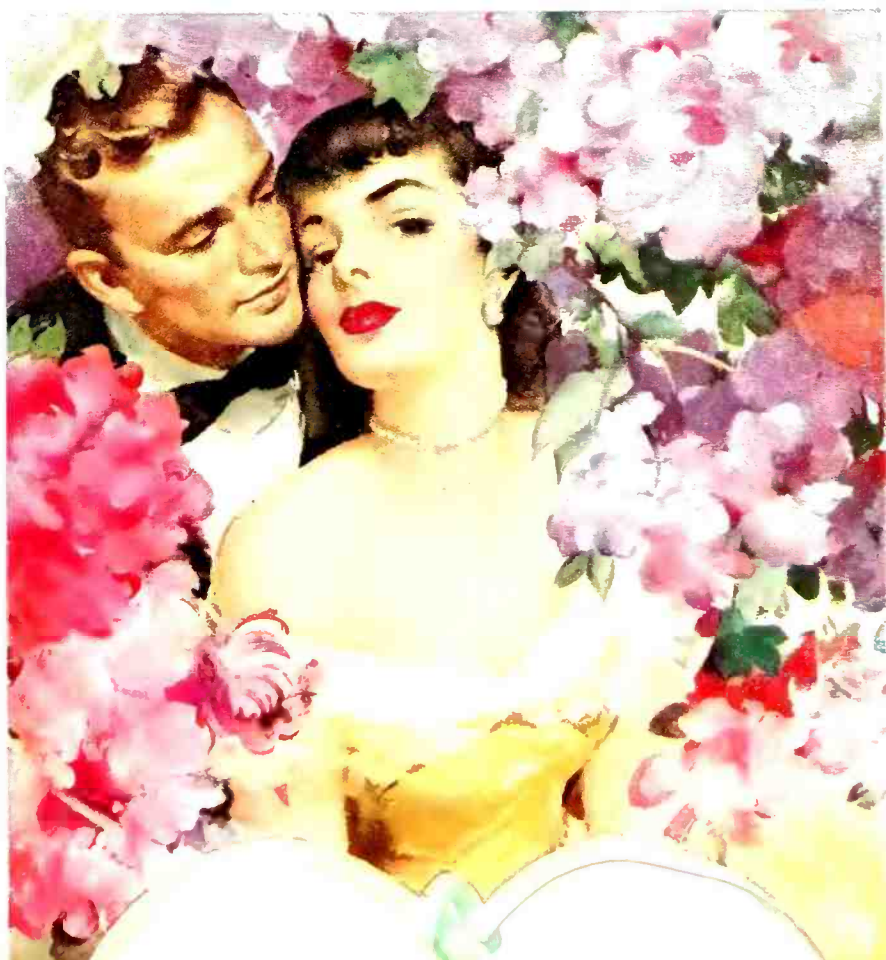
Last summer, following courses at UCLA, we persuaded our professor, Dr. George Brainerd, to let us join an expedition at work in the Mojave Desert. From his hesitancy, Les and I gathered he thought we couldn't "take it." But at last he said yes, and we happily packed our sleeping bags, took some old "digging" clothes and set off as excitedly as most people on their first visit to Paris.

We joined the rest of the class, now living in tents with dirt floors, no sign of a shade tree and hardly any water. Although the desert was hot, their reception was pretty cool, because, as we later learned, they thought: Here come those actors, undoubtedly stuffy people.

But when we changed into our "work clothes," we looked just as seedy as they did and this heartened them a bit. Soon we were all the best of friends because we shared the common cause of digging to uncover 5000-year-old dwellings. We "proved ourselves," driving thirty-three miles twice every week for food and drinking water—with no water to bathe in.

Yet we came home from that two-week field trip on Cloud Number Nine. We had lived! There is no thrill compared to the excitement of uncovering old traces of life. Perhaps you have to have tried it to really appreciate it. But it kind of gets into your blood like other hobbies you can't break—and don't want to.

Les and I sometimes think we only "exist" between trips to Mexico. We don't mean to sound disparaging of our full, active radio and motion-picture life in Hollywood, because we love that, too. But it's when we're in the heart of Mexico, exploring like Stanley and Livingstone,



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Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!



"I 'creamwash' daily with Noxzema to help keep my skin looking smooth and fresh," says Polly Aaron of Norwalk, Conn. "It's a fine greaseless powder base, too!"

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Look lovelier—or no cost!

Follow this simple beauty routine

Morning: 1. For thorough cleansing, apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water *wash* your face with Noxzema as if using soap and water. How fresh and clean your skin looks after "cream-washing!" No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Apply Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base.

Evening: 3. "Creamwash" again with Noxzema. See how make-up and dirt disappear.

4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help your skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! And it's *greaseless*, too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

*externally-caused

NOXZEMA skin cream



that we're living life to its fullest. When Les has on his beloved Bush jacket from Marshall Field's and I'm nattily attired in old slacks and a long-sleeved cotton shirt, we think we're our most beautiful! At least we feel like it, because we're our happiest.

I made my first brief two weeks' visit to Mexico in 1944, before I knew Les. But I never stopped talking about the wonder of the place and my desire to get back to see all I had missed that first time. One of my first impressions of Les was that he shared my enthusiasm for Mexico. He had been there in 1940. So, naturally, where did we go on our first vacation in 1946, following our marriage in '45—Mexico!

We went again in 1948, 1949, and 1950. And we're already dreaming about an expedition to Mayapan in 1953. But it is 1948 which stands out to date, for that was our first visit to Yucatan, Mexico's famed peninsula, which boasts thick, steaming jungles and the remains of the great ancient civilization of the Mayas—the greatest, incidentally, of our Western Hemisphere.

Les and I are always asked by our slightly mystified friends, if we are so crazy about old things, how come we don't collect antiques. It's as simple as this—we like to *find* old things, not *collect* them

We've had to pay some unusual prices in time and energy—not to mention honest-to-goodness money—in pursuit of amateur archaeology! But we don't regret a minute of it.

In 1949 we took a regular archaeology course at Columbia University. This meant we had to turn in term papers! Because I had more spare time than Les, who was working nightly in the stage play, "Detective Story," I took my time doing research and study for what I thought would be a dilly of a report. Les, I knew, was working on his paper backstage every night. But imagine my surprise when his term paper, so good it now rests in the New York Museum of the American Indian, received an A! I came up with a B-plus.

We have so much pleasure in just learning about archaeology that when we do come into possession of a rare piece of pottery we're unbearable to live with. Several Christmases ago, I wanted to get an ancient piece for Les. Visiting the Carlebach Galleries in New York I not only was able to purchase a 2000-year-old pot, but ended up by getting myself asked to be the Associate Curator of the Folk Museum in Sante Fe, New Mexico.

Mr. Carlebach, who knew all about Les and me, arranged my meeting with the Curator of the Museum, then visiting in New York, for a talk about the position. From the shocked expression on the gentleman's face, I gathered this was his first experience with an actress, much less a small blonde actress interested in archaeology. He asked me to take the job, which I had to refuse because Les and I just couldn't give up our acting professions for which we'd worked so hard, no matter how tempting the offer of life in Sante Fe. I haven't abandoned the idea, because some day Les and I probably will retire to a museum, either as perpetual visitors or workers. We both hope it will be the latter.

We've learned a lot about living, through our interest in archaeology. Why hurry, rush and beat your head against the wall? We've come to appreciate things—dead or living. That's why we can't bear to harm anything. Even the snakes or the gophers who eat the vegetable garden. As I said, I'm sure they know it, and this makes them our friends. To us, that's important.

The Secret of a Good Life

(Continued from page 36)

accomplished pianist. Her mother was a singer who trained her three daughters to sing and harmonize from childhood—the Pickens Sisters started early, and Jane was a happy and talented member of this trio.

When Marcella was born, the doctors told Jane that her baby would require many operations. Then came the loss of her husband. Then one blow followed another, as she learned that Marcella couldn't be helped in weeks or months or even a few years. There would have to be constant attendance, a change of climate in winter and summer, special treatments. It would be a long time, an indefinite time.

"Even today, after all these years, I remember that period as the most desperate time in my life," Jane says. "The problems to be faced and the decisions to be made for the baby and myself nearly paralyzed me with fear."

In every sense of the word, Jane's family had always been good Christians, respected by their neighbors, but, like many people, they hadn't gone to church regularly and had never taken religion very seriously. Jane herself just didn't miss religion until everything turned itself inside out.

"My outlook couldn't have been worse then," she remembers. "There were plenty of people with advice, some of it good, but it didn't work for me. I wanted to make my own decision and I turned to God as instinctively as a sick child turns to his mother."

Jane's religious experience was so deeply felt that out of it she developed a philosophy rich enough to cope with every need of her life.

"I began to think of faith, hope and charity and just what it meant to me and everyone I knew, and my life took on new meaning," she says. "I found there was enough guidance and meaning in religion to meet every crisis or doubt we face in this modern world."

"Patience must have been the first thing I learned," she adds, "and how can you have patience unless you have faith in God's working for the good of man?"

"I think it's the time element which defeats most of us," Jane noted. "If we can't fix something immediately, we get a sense of hopelessness and depression. Without faith, no human being can endure gradual progress which would otherwise seem endless."

Jane's goal was to get Marcy as physically fit as possible and, along with this, she wanted Marcy to develop independence: "No human being has dignity without it." And, step by step, Marcy—as Jane calls her daughter—is developing independence of her own. Marcy, now eighteen, has never walked. But she is a model young woman, lovely, intelligent and diligent. She is a fine artist and twice has won awards in the Chicago Tribune contests for fashion designs. Marcy thinks for herself and makes her own decisions.

"Everything besides Marcy was and is secondary, but I found my new understanding of religion helpful in many other ways," Jane tells you. "Now, suppose there's a neighbor who makes your life miserable. What do you do about it? Do you fight back with name-calling and malicious gossip?"

Jane found herself in a similar situation some years ago, when she was singing in a Broadway show. It was before she attained star billing and she shared the stage at various times with others in the revue. A few of these people teamed up on her. They were rude: They purposely used coarse, vulgar language in her presence

and insulted her in the same terms.

"I felt like crying many times, and I did privately," she recalls. "I wouldn't like it any more today, but then I was much younger and it was a real shock."

But Jane's reaction wasn't entirely emotional. When in trouble, she tries to analyze the situation. Whether or not she arrives at the right solution, at least she understands better what is happening. She decided these few people in the show were, for some reason, afraid of her—either out of jealousy or fear that she could hurt them on or off stage. Instead of fighting back on their terms, she continued to treat them pleasantly. In time, they saw that Jane was a friend without a petty bone in her system.

"That goes right back to faith, hope and charity," she states. "And there's a quotation, although the exact words fail me. 'He drew a circle that shut me out . . . but Love and I had the wit to win—we drew a circle that took him in.' Don't you think that would work in a community as well as the theatre?"

Jane lives alone in a Manhattan apartment. Marcy must be South during the winter for her health and then again dur-

A LETTER FROM HOME

Have YOU written our boys
in service this month . . .
this week . . . this day?

ing the summer she goes to the country. Jane visits her frequently and, in-between times, Marcy comes to New York.

There is always time for real living in Jane's crowded schedule. Every morning Jane practices for a full hour. And this is an ordeal—painful, tedious work, but she never misses. After work, she answers all the phone calls that have accumulated. There is no time for lunch and her pick-up is merely gelatin and crackers before she rushes off to the NBC studio to rehearse and broadcast her five-day-a-week show. From the broadcast, she goes into conference with the producer and writers, meets with her manager, stops for fittings, pauses for an interview and devotes time and thought to the work of the Cerebral Palsy Foundation. She is National Co-Chairman, along with Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith and Arthur Godfrey. Her position is not a mere title, for once or twice a week she travels to any part of the country to lecture and to organize local committees.

Jane's intense interest in the Cerebral Palsy Foundation came about through her religious experience. Curiously enough, it was the same philosophy which also solved a social block. A long time ago she had a fear of meeting people. No matter how satisfied she was with her appearance, when she got to a party, she froze up inside. Shyness?

"That's what we call it," Jane says, "but sometimes it's a matter of being too absorbed with ourselves. In a way it's selfishness, nasty word that it is."

Religion taught Jane to project herself, interest herself in the welfare and problems of others. When she met strangers, she began drawing them out. She found each person had something different and stimulating to offer. Instead of fearing a strange gathering, she was excited at the idea of meeting new people. This projection, when extended, accounts for her

broader and deeper interest in the Palsy Foundation.

And when Jane gets lonely, for celebrities are no more immune than anyone else, she may listen to music or read a while for diversion, but invariably she begins to think of something constructive she can do for herself and others.

"I get constant inspiration from the Good News Reel letters on my program," she says. "It's amazing how one good act is like a spark that starts off a chain reaction of good events."

Recently, Jane read a letter from a little girl named Margery Jean who was dying of cancer. It was a courageous letter that the girl had written without the knowledge of her parents. She wasn't concerned with herself, but she wanted to know why her family couldn't get out of their cramped, pitiful home and into a decent house. Well, another woman heard Jane read the letter, a woman whose best friend had just died of cancer. She wrote Jane that the little girl's letter had given her new hope, the will to live. And that wasn't all. Margery Jean's own neighbors were so moved by the girl's faith that they moved her family into a better home. Margery Jean got to live there two weeks before she died.

"When you face a problem, even if it's an incurable illness, the terror fades away," Jane says. "People can't make anything of their lives when they live in fear."

Just about five years ago Jane was literally at the end of her rope. Her bookings fell off and for six months she was out of work. In the meantime, her bills and Marcy's piled up.

"I'm a singer but, according to my manager, no one wanted to hear me sing. What could be worse?"

Instead of wallowing in her own misery, Jane practiced more strenuously than ever. She came up with fresh ideas, new interpretations of songs. She told herself things would work out well. And fortunately, as she puts it herself, she was introduced to Moe Gale, one of the top managers in the country.

"I was sold on Jane immediately," he remembers. "God had given her a fine mind and a great voice for doing good. I saw that her problem was a temporary thing, for Jane is the kind of person who does things outside herself, in the interest of others. A person with that kind of attitude can't fail."

Jane's comeback is now show-business history. She recovered so quickly that by 1949 she was offered the starring role in "Regina," the famous musical version of "The Little Foxes." The part called for not only a great singer but a woman who could act, as well.

"There were doubts about my dramatic ability," Jane recalls. "I had never before attempted such a part on Broadway. But I pitched right in. I knew I could do it."

Well, New York music and drama critics are merciless, sparing no one who falters. But they were unanimous in acclaiming Jane's performance.

"Meeting a crisis squarely, intelligently and calmly is the most difficult but most effective way to get along," Jane observes. "We all have daily doubts: The baby's cold could turn into a fever, the budget won't stretch, hubby is upset by his boss, the Smiths and Browns will likely ruin your party with an argument." Jane smiles and, with her hand, just pushes them all aside. "Well, if you tell yourself everything's going to work out all right, you can save yourself a lot of grief and misery. And many times it's that positive attitude itself which makes things better."

When the Right Man Comes Along

(Continued from page 42)

an important factor in Doris Day's life even before she ever met him; the agency he heads handled her business and professional affairs even before she came to Hollywood.

When her career started zooming, she saw Marty nearly every day—on business. Because they were both unhappy and lost in the vacuums left by their earlier broken marriages, they also sometimes spent a social hour or two together, going out to dinner or to a show.

But that they belonged together, for always, didn't occur to either of them. At least, Doris says, it didn't occur to her.

Marty was the right man, all right. But, before she could know it, be ready for her happiness, Doris testifies, she had to find a whole new set of values, make some drastic changes in her thinking.

There's a big lurid sign on the highway near Warner Brothers' Studio (Warner Brothers is across from us, it boasts) which urges all passers to "Relax—let Paul do it!"

"I had to relax," Doris says straightforwardly, "and let God do it."

Like most people who have had a deep religious experience, Doris is reluctant to talk casually about it. Her religious adviser has told her that she doesn't have to: "Just try to be a good person," her mentor counselled her, "and your light will shine."

And it does.

People gravitate toward Doris these days as to a welcoming fire on a cold night, marvelling at the way she's changed, at her contagious happiness when she explains that she just "learned to think differently—and to be grateful." Driven, worried people find themselves wishing that they could learn those lessons, too. Just as Doris herself, a driven, worried girl only a few short years ago, marvelled when she met an old friend who when she had last seen him had been sick, unhappy, and lost, and now miraculously was well and in love with life.

Only his *thinking* had changed, he said. "I wanted to think that way, too," Doris remembers. And, being the open-minded sort of girl she is, she began to read about and study the religion which had helped her friend, and thus found her own solution.

She learned to know what things are really important in life—love and gratitude, sincerity and simplicity and honesty. And she discovered in the process what she really wanted in life—marriage to Marty, first of all.

"And with Marty," she says, "came everything else"—stability that she needed, the home that was really a home, a family togetherness such as she had never known before.

"Terry (her ten-year-old son) really made the decision for us." The boy had adored Marty from the first time he saw him. "And he needed a man to confide in," Doris admits.

But Marty, long before there was anything half so personal in his relationship with Doris (he was her manager, she was his most profitable client), took a fatherly interest in Terry, worked out all of his little-boy problems on a man-to-man basis.

"I want Marty for my daddy," Terry announced after their comradeship was cemented. And he would have Marty for his daddy, Doris knew right then. It was as simple as that.

There is nothing duty-ish about Marty's concord with Terry. He loves doing things with the boy. On a recent Saturday Doris, unexpectedly excused early from the set, got home at noon to find Marty and Terry

in a flurry of preparation.

"Oh, boy," yelled Terry, when his mother came in, "now you can come, too. Marty and I are going to my school's play day."

So Doris whisked into some relaxing clothes and off they went to the school.

A program of races was underway—potato races, barrel races, relays. At first only the children participated, and then some of the adults got in on the fun. A little tyke she had never seen before pulled at Doris' elbow. "Come on," he said, "you can be in the whistle race."

Doris came on, ran briskly toward the judges' stand, where a small blue-jeaned aficionado stuffed a handful of crackers into her mouth. "Eat," he said, "and then whistle. Then start back."

"I can't whistle," Doris reported, laughing, "even without crackers."

She swallowed the dry, salty mouthful, puckered her lips—but nothing happened. She tried, and tried again. In the meantime, her small opponents were romping back down the long field.

Doris, grimacing and laughing in turn, glanced at the sidelines where Marty, his stereo camera around his neck, was frantically taking pictures.

SPECIAL FALL ISSUE

Read all about the new shows, the new stars . . .

October RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale September 10

"His stereo is always around his neck," Doris says. "Rather, *my* stereo. I thought he should have a hobby, so I loaned it to him. I haven't had a hand on the camera since. Nowadays I come home from work after having my picture taken all day—my hair is up in curlers and my feet are killing me—I walk in the door and Marty shouts 'Hold it!' And I thought he needed a hobby!"

Doris lost the whistle race, but she made a passel of new friends, who insisted that she participate in all of the remaining contests.

"I had a ball," she beams.

Everybody was staying for dinner, but the Melchers hadn't brought along any food. Fortunately, the Kenny Bakers had an enormous hamper full of cold chicken and potato salad and chocolate cake—plenty for three more.

"Unless," as Marty warned, "my wife embarrasses me as usual."

"I love to eat," Doris admitted cheerfully. After all that running she was famished.

"You can have some of mine, Mom," Terry volunteered, amazingly. Terry loves to eat, too. But it was a big day with his whole family on hand, and he was willing to give a little.

They stayed at the school until almost ten o'clock. When it got dark, they turned on the lights on the basketball court, piled records on the phonograph and had a square dance.

At one point, the little girls were invited to dance with their daddies, the boys with their mummies in a wild version of the "Hitchhiker Dance."

Terry, of course, grabbed Doris, and Marty settled down to take pictures. (The

Melchers hope to have a daughter one day, or another son, or maybe even both. But for the present Marty was prepared to sit this one out.)

A nine-year-old girl saw him on the sidelines and approached cautiously.

"Mister," she said, "when we have this dance my daddy always ducks. I've looked everywhere and I just can't find him. Would you dance with me?"

They made a charming couple.

In the middle of last June, right after Doris finished "April in Paris," the three Melchers took off in their car for a fishing trip to June Lake.

"I don't like to fish," Doris confesses, "I can't kill *anything*." But her two men wanted to go, and she could sit on a sunny rock in the middle of a mountain stream and look at the sky and just relax.

"It was the first time in a long time that I had had a chance to take a trip anywhere with Terry." She had been working straight through the summers for several years.

"We almost took Terry on our honeymoon," she recalls, laughing.

"Actually we didn't want to go away at all. But brides and grooms are supposed to go on honeymoons, and we thought we should conform."

"Have you ever seen the Grand Canyon?" Marty asked, when the problem came up.

"I can't remember," said Doris, who wasn't remembering anything those days except her overwhelming happiness.

Anyhow, they went to the Grand Canyon (spending their wedding night in a sweltering hotel room in the heart of the lettuce country, El Centro).

They stood on the rim of the vast crater and looked.

"Well?" asked Marty.

"Well, it's beautiful," Doris admitted, adding quickly, "I wonder how things are at home. Let's call Terry."

So they called Terry, who said everything was fine but they should hurry home. They hurried home.

Home, although both Marty and Doris feel it is the best place to come home to they've ever had, and they love every brick and board of it, has been in the process of redecoration practically since they moved into it, and a lot of sitting is being done on floors.

The refurbishing job is taking so long only because both Marty and Doris are busy working people and have only a few hours every week to work with the decorator. The final effect "has to be perfect."

"And we're being *extravagant!*" Doris admits. Doris Day, that is, who has been zealously economical ever since a glorious spending spree the first year she was at Warner Brothers ("I just wrote checks," she says).

"How Marty had to slave to get all that straightened out!"

Marty taught Doris to economize, but where their home is concerned he is just as much a pushover for the oldest fruitwood table, the finest china, as she is.

"Everything has to be right," Doris glows, "we won't compromise. We purchase what we can—but wait for the really fine things, if we have to."

Home is important to the Melchers. Like the other things Doris has learned to know have the only real value in this life, Home is spelled with a capital and it has to be right.

Everything important has to be right; everything important is right for this girl who learned to relax—and let God do it—and for her right man, who was right there all the time.

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Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (above)

She has unusually fine skin that needs special protection from wind and sun. "I feel nothing I've ever used keeps my skin looking so smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream," Mrs. Vanderbilt says.



Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor (at left)

People always notice the exquisite look of Mrs. Astor's skin. Mrs. Astor is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. She says, "I've used it since my early teens. Pond's is my most helpful and most necessary cream."

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo (at right)

She divides her time between her native England and her adopted South America. Any change in climate can easily bother skin. But Lady Bridgett says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin always smooth. I really feel I *couldn't* be without it."



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(Continued from page 31)

in college theatricals himself and I don't think he ever did get the theatre out of his blood or ever will. As a little boy, Bob and his father used to go to a neighborhood vaudeville house almost every Saturday afternoon, where they sat right smack in the front row and Bob could watch the drummer and drink in the beautiful beat of the old-time vaudeville music. Bob got to know the whole roster of big-time and small-time acts—the comics, the blues singers, the tap dancers, the dog acts, the class dance teams, the jugglers, acrobats, aerialists, strong men and magicians—and the rhythm of the music sang in his ears and beat in his blood during all the years of growing up. No wonder that show business is a part of him now and that his knowledge of it is so complete.

It's his boast that he was one of the first—if not the very first—disc jockeys. At seven, his father brought him a little microphone device that could be hooked up to the loudspeaker of the family radio. Bob would play his favorite records and give each one an appropriate announcement from his post in the hallway. It was strictly a sustaining program in the interests of family fun. But he was probably a perfectionist even then, as he is now, always trying to better his last performance.

Part of his dissatisfaction with things as they are stems from the fact that he has uncannily good judgment of what people will like, and he therefore has no patience with himself when he thinks he has fallen short of that. His ability to judge a new song is uncanny, too. He can tell almost at once if it will be a commercial success. Since I have known Bob, whenever he has said a song is good, but not commercially good, time has proved him right.

Life in the Lewis office is never dull and hasn't been during my five years there. My boss is a man of many moods, and I can usually tell which one will prevail through the day when I hear his voice over the telephone in the morning. If he sounds a little tired and impatient, I try to postpone some of his minor appointments. His schedule is always crowded to the minute and I know he will need a breathing space somewhere during that particular day. But he will never let me cancel any appointment that involves a promise to help someone, especially any young performer he is trying to boost.

Bob even gave me a break on TV—the most frightening experience of my life, I can tell you. The script on one of his Sunday evening shows called for a skit burlesquing an average day in the life of Robert Q. Lewis. "Who, better than Gloria, could play my secretary?" Bob demanded, during a casting conference. Unwillingly, I was given the role. All I can remember about it very clearly was that the whole cast was fitted with horn-rimmed glasses just like Bob's. To this day, he has never commented on my performance, but I think the fact that I am still his secretary and not his leading lady speaks for itself.

As Bob's office secretary I keep strictly out of his private life, but naturally it's no secret to me that he dates some of the loveliest and most glamorous girls in show business, being an eminently eligible bachelor who is a wonderful host and a gay companion. He likes theatre and night-club openings, and he loves parties at his terrace apartment high up in a midtown New York hotel. Parties for Bob mean getting together the people he really likes, not just big-name stars or important people for the sake of publicity. They,

too, are among his guests if they happen to be his friends, but so are the many others—the people he works with on his programs, the old friends he knew on his way up, the youngsters trying to get established. Bob participates in a party, besides hosting it. He loves to play some of his wonderful collection of old records and he joins in the singing without being coaxed. Besides a record collection, he has old postcards from all over the world, totem poles, yellowing playbills, shaving mugs, and cuff links. These latter are one of his extravagances and he usually comes back from a trip with at least one new pair.

I never have known anyone more devoted to his family. Working with him so closely, I have seen how considerate he is of his parents, and nothing interferes with any date he makes with them. I have heard him turn down the most marvelous invitations because he would not ask his parents to change their plans to have him at the family dinner table—for the roast beef that his mother knows is his favorite dish. Bob has one brother who lives with his parents and is an executive of a clothing store chain.

I've learned to say "Yes, Bob," when he comes into the office complaining that his dog, a mischievous mutt he named Matinee, just has to go because he has been misbehaving again. I know very well this is all bluster and that Bob is as soft-hearted towards his dog as he is towards 'most everyone else.

Actually, I have quit my job about five times in five years, but each time Bob has given me a chance to cool off and retract my resignation. The last time, about a year ago, I was quite definite, or so I thought. Bob said to me, "Gloria, the next time you get angry and feel like quitting you'd better just get up and go home for the day, until you feel better about things. Otherwise, I might just have to take you up on this some time, if only to preserve my own dignity." I haven't quit since!

Last year, when a friend asked me to write a little handbook called *The Secretary's Job*, Bob was as pleased as I was at the request, and even contributed a humorous foreword, which reads like this (the book is now out of print because the company did not stay in business, so please don't send for your copy!):

"The writer of this book, Miss Gloria Dulchin, is well known to me. She is of sound mind, completely honest, and devoted to her work. Unfortunately her work is not of much importance to me. It is my work in which I am interested. Writing this book has taken her mind off my work. I, therefore, should like to suggest that anyone who reads this book, follows all the instructions therein, and assimilates all the material, can have a job as my secretary starting practically immediately. Miss Dulchin will be available to any publisher as a writer of cook books. She makes one heck of a chicken pot pie. Robert Q. Lewis."

As it happens, the job as Bob's secretary will be open soon and I will be making chicken pot pies instead of stenographic pothooks. I already have my engagement ring and will be breaking in my successor in the office late this fall. (Don't get your hopes up—the job is already filled—though, as you probably noticed on page 31, you can have a chance to see what it's like to be Bob's secretary for a day!)

I'm sure that even now my successor is wishing me an early and happy marriage, so she can get started being Robert Q. Lewis' secretary, one of the most fascinating jobs in a completely fascinating business—show business!

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Young Dr. Malone Brighter Day	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Harmony Rangers	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Paula Stone News, Frank Singiser	My True Story Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:30 10:45	Double or Nothing	Take A Number	When A Girl Marries	
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Les Nichols	Lone Journey Top of the World	
11:30 11:45	Bob and Ray Dave Garraway	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 12:25 News, Frank Singiser	Jack Berch Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent
12:30 12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Faith in Our Time		Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 News	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	Pickens Party Meredith Willson Live Like a Millionaire	Dixieland Matinee News, Sam Hayes Say It With Music	Mary Margaret McBrite Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life	John Gambling	Ladies Be Seated	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party
3:30 3:45	Pepper Young Right to Happiness			Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Local Program 4:25 News, Frank Singiser	Cal Tinney Thy Neighbor's Voice	It Happens Every Day 4:05 The Chicagoans
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman in My House	Mert's Record Ad- ventures	Dean Cameron	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Merry Mailman Songs of the B-Bar-B 5:50 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparky Fun Factory 1, 5:55 World Flight Reporter	Barnyard Follies Hits and Misses Curt Massey Time

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 Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Robert Q.'s Wax- works
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	The Lone Ranger	Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15	The Railroad Hour	Jazz Nocturne	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flashes	Captain Hornblower with Michael Red- grave
8:30 8:45	Voice of Firestone	Magazine Theatre	Chicago Signature	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	Romance Steve Allen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	America's Music Robert Montgomery Dangerous Assign- ment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Time For Defense	Walk a Mile with Win Elliot Robert Trout, News 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 Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Robert Q.'s Wax- works
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Silver Eagle	Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Scarlet Pimpernel Barrie Craig, Investigator	Jimmy Carroll Show Dr. Kildare	Mayor of Times Square Escape With Me	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Meet Your Match Truth or Conse- quences	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canham News	Luigi Steve Allen Show 9:35 Pursuit
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	What's My Line? Robert Montgomery Stan Kenton Concert	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News United or Not	Strawhat Concerts Music

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	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 Lone Ranger	Robert Q.'s Wax- works Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	First Nighter Great Gilderleeve	Music for Half-Hour Great Day Show	Postmark U. S. A. Valentino	Big Town with Walter Greaza Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Best of Groucho Big Story	News, Bill Henry Out of the Thunder Family Theatre	Mr. President Crossfire	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Steve Allen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Summer Serenade Robert Montgomery 10:35 Portrait of a City	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News 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 Curt Massey 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. Rukeysier Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Robert Q.'s Wax- works Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Mystery of the Mind	Symphonic Strings Out of Thundcr	Mr. Broadway Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge	FBI 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 I Cover the Story	Mr. Chameleon 9:25 News Steve Allen
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Nightbeat Robert Montgomery Music, Robert Armbruster	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Henry Jerome Orch.	Hollywood Sound- Stage

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 Curt Massey 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. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Robert Q.'s Wax- works Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Summer Show Bob & Ray Show	Summer Show Gracie Fields	Top Guy This Is Your F.B.I.	Musicland, U.S.A.— Earl Wrightson
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Mario Lanza Show Who Goes There?	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Armed Forces Review	Summer Show Summer Show 9:55 News, Win Elliot	Big Time with Georgie Price Steve Allen
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Hy Gardner Calling Words in the Night Robert Montgomery Portraits in Sports	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Sports Page	Robert Trout, News 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00				News of America
9:15				
9:30	Anybody Home with Kathi Norris			Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		St. Louis Melodies
10:15				Galen Drake
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Bruce MacFarlane, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Quiz Kids
10:45				
11:00	My Secret Story	Fun with Classics	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		Adventure on Thunder Hill		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	U. S. Marine Band	At Ease, with P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News Public Affairs	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Mind Your Manners	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:30				12:55 Cedric Adams
12:45				
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Music	Navy Hour	Grand Central
1:15				1:25 It Happens
1:30	Dude Ranch Jamboree	Dunn on Discs	Vincent Lopez Show	Every Day City Hospital
1:45				
2:00	Coffee in Washington		Front and Center	Music With the Girls
2:15				
2:30	Big City Serenade	Georgia Crackers	Jackson & Frank	Make Way For Youth
2:45				
3:00	Down Homers	Bandstand, U. S. A.	Pan American Union	Report From Overseas
3:15		3:25 News		Adventures in Science
3:30	U. S. Army Band	Sport Parade	Lone Pine Mountaineers	Farm News Correspondents' Scratch Pad
3:45				
4:00	Win, Place or Show	Caribbean Crossroads	News	Stan Dougherty Presents
4:15		Finnegan's Box Scores		
4:30	Musicana	Mac MacGregor's Show	International Jazz Club	Cross Section, U.S.A.
4:45				
5:00		Harmony Rangers	Roseland	P.F.C. Eddie Fisher
5:15				
5:30	Author Speaks	Bands For Bonds	At Home With Work Club Time	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Key to Health	Pee Wee Reese		

Evening Programs

6:00	News, Bob Warren	Smiley Whitley	Una Mae Carlisle	News, Ed Morgan
6:15	Eart Godwin, News			U.N. On Record
6:30		Pentagon Report	Bob Finnegan, Sports	Sports Roundup
6:45			Talking It Over	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	As We See It	This I Believe
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Women in Uniform	7:05 At the Chase
7:30	Case History	Down You Go	Dinner at the Green Room	Gunsmoke
7:45	Friend of Faith	7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc Jockey	20 Questions	Saturday Night Dancing Party	Gene Autry
8:15				Tarzan
8:30	Stars in Khaki 'n' Blue	MGM Theatre of the Air		
8:45				
9:00	Ohio River Jamboree			Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Robert Q's Wax-works
9:45				
10:00	Summer Show	Chicago Theatre of the Air—Summer-time Concerts	At the Shamrock	Music
10:15				
10:30	Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street		Dance Music	

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	String Quartet		Lyrical Speaking	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:45	Faith in Action			Organ Concert
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:30	News, Peter Roberts			
10:45				
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	William Hillman	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade	Health Quiz	Christian in Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN Is My Beat	Reviewing Stand		11:35 Invitation to Learning
11:45	The Author Speaks			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Charis Sista	College Choirs	Brunch Time	People's Platform
12:15	Latin American Music			
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith, News
12:45		Frank and Ernest		Bill Costello, News
1:00	Critic at Large "Mike 95"	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	Invitation to Music—James Fassett
1:15		Health Quiz	National Vespers	
1:30	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	Lutheran Hour		
1:45		1:55 Game of the Day*		
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines in Review	The Symphonette
2:15		Dixie Quartet	Sammy Kaye Serenade	On a Sunday Afternoon—Eddie Gallaher
2:30	Summer Show	Health Quiz		
2:45				
3:00	Elmo Roper	Jimmy Carroll Sings	This Week Around The World	Galaxy of Hits
3:15	America's Music		Billy Graham	Music For You
3:30	Bob Considine	Bandstand, U. S. A.		
3:45	Intermezzo			
4:00	The Falcon with Les Damon	Green Hornet	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Band of the Day
4:15				Main Street Music Hall
4:30	Martin Kane with Lee Tracy	Under Arrest		
4:45		4:55 Bobby Benson		
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	San Francisco Sketchbook	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15	Whitehall 1212	True Detective Mysteries	Heart Strings	World News, Robert Trout
5:30				5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas	Sgt. Preston of the Yukon	George E. Sokolsky	Summer Show
6:15	Rangers	Nick Carter	Don Gardner	
6:30	The Chase	6:55 Cedric Foster	Here Comes The Band	
6:45				
7:00	Promenade Concert	Affairs of Peter Salem	Concert From Canada	December Bride
7:15		Concert Bands	Time Capsule	Doris Day Show
7:30				
7:45				
8:00	Meredith Willson's Music Room	Hawaii Calls	Stop the Music	Frank Fontaine Show
8:15	Best Plays	Enchanted Hour		Phillip Morris Playhouse
8:30				
8:45				
9:00		Sylvan Levin's Opera Concert	Drew Pearson Masquerade	Meet Millie with Audrey Totter
9:15		Music	Three Suns Trio	Inner Sanctum with Boris Kartoff
9:30	Summer Show			
9:45				
10:00	Meet the Press	This Is Free Europe	Paul Harvey	Robert Trout, News
10:15	American Forum	Little Symphony	Gloria Parker	Syncopation Piece
10:30			Bill Tusher in Hollywood	

* Approx. time—Midwest & Southern areas only.

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 AUGUST 11—SEPTEMBER 10

Baseball on Television

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Tues., Aug. 12	8:20 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
	8:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
Wed., Aug. 13	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
	2:25 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Thur., Aug. 14	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
	2:25 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Fri., Aug. 15	8:20 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Sat., Aug. 16	1:20 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Sun., Aug. 17	1:50 P.M.	*Boston vs. Giants	11
	2:05 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Tues., Aug. 19	8:25 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Wed., Aug. 20	2:25 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Thurs., Aug. 21	2:25 P.M.	Chicago vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Fri., Aug. 22	2:25 P.M.	Cleve. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sat., Aug. 23	1:55 P.M.	Cleve. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sun., Aug. 24	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Mon., Aug. 25	2:25 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Tues., Aug. 26	8:20 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Wed., Aug. 27	2:25 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Thurs., Aug. 28	2:25 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sat., Aug. 30	1:55 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
	8:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Sun., Aug. 31	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
	2:05 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
Mon., Sept. 1	1:25 P.M.	*Boston vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Wed., Sept. 3	8:20 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Fri., Sept. 5	1:20 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Sat., Sept. 6	1:20 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Sun., Sept. 7	2:20 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Tues., Sept. 9	1:20 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
	8:20 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Wed., Sept. 10	1:20 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9 & 6

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6

The personable Mr. Garroway with the video eyeopener of news, special events and entertainment. Others: James Fleming, Jack Lescoulie.

10:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)

Fifteen minutes of sight into the Godfrey Gang's radio show.

10:45 A.M. Al Pearce Show • 2 & 6

Veteran comic Al pierces morning gloom assisted by pianist Edua Fischer, monologist Arlene Harris. Show begins 10:30 Fridays.

11:15 A.M. Bride and Groom • 2

Wedding bells ring out as John Nelson emcees, Phil Hanna sings.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Worthy contestants try to earn as much as \$500 in cash.

12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2

The scrambled events peculiar to love and a chicken farm.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6

Fun, music and comment with Ruth and her fifty studio guests.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6

Dramatic serial starring Peggy McCay with Paul Potter.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6

Day by day story of the problems of younger generation.

12:45 P.M. Kovacs Unlimited • 2

Forty-five mad minutes with Philadelphia's mad-man.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6

Entertainment and good, clean fun with Garry and his crew.

2:30 P.M. Guiding Light • 2

The popular daytime serial will follow same storyline as radio show.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4 & 6

Lingerie and mink and a trip abroad are among the prizes awarded to the lucky woman in this quiz show with genial

Randy Merriman and lovely Bess Myerson.

3:30 P.M. Johnny Dugan Show • 4

Stunts and comedy with the handsome tenor and Barbara Logan.

4:00 P.M. Matinee in New York • 4 & 6

Bill Goodwin and Robin Chandler co-star with summer variety.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4

The dramatic story of life in an American small town.

6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2

Full-length Hollywood and London feature films.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6

Wonderful whimsey with Burr Tillstrom and lovely Fran Allison.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M,W,F)

Capsule musical comedy starring Pinky Lee and Martha Stewart.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore • 4 (T,Th)

Dinah returns August 26. Until then Liberace, the amazing piano

virtuoso, offers interpretations of classics and pops.

7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9

Legitimate Broadway plays presented in their original form.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6

John Cameron Swayze edits the news with late newsreels.

Monday P.M.

8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids • 4

Pea-size geniuses have a ready answer for quizzical Joe Kelly.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Young professional entertainers bid for a boost to stardom.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6

Thirty-minute recitals by outstanding American singers.

8:30 P.M. Wnshday Theatre • 7

Hollywood films to lighten your Monday night ironing.

9:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 2 & 6

Comedy series co-starring Gale Storm and silent screen star Charles Farrell. They play daughter and widower-father.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4

Unearthly, haunting tales with Frank Gallop as narrator.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4

The noted actor is producer-host to fine drama series.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2 & 6

Top-flight drama while Studio One closes down for the summer. August 11, "The Man They Acquitted;" August 18, "One in a Million;" August 25, "The Good Companions;" Sept. 1, "Stan, the Killer;" Sept. 8, "The Happy Housewife."

Tuesday

8:00 P.M. Tomorrow the World • 2

Andre Baruch emcees Hollywood films.

8:00 P.M. Midwestern Hayride • 4

Whoopdeedoo with the Pine Mountain Boys, yodelin' Bonnie Lou, guitarist Smoky Duval, Lazy Jim Day and Emcee Bill Thall.

9:00 P.M. Boss Lady • 4

Glamorous Lynn Bari as beautiful "boss" of a construction company in a new situation-comedy series. Filmed in Hollywood.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

Fictional thrillers and taut documentaries in this series.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Relax in your armchair orchestra seat for excellent drama.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

One of the best thriller-dillers. Dick Stark is your host.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6

The show that boasts such cum laude graduates as Frank Sinatra, Vera-Ellen and Robert Merrill with a new crop of hopefuls.

10:30 P.M. Candid Camern • 2

Allen Funt catches innocent New York citizens off guard.

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6

Long-time favorite Frank Parker with romantic ballads, plus

TV program highlights

pretty Janette Davis, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, the Mariners, Chordettes, Tony Marvin and Archie Bleyer's orchestra.

8:00 P.M. Adventure Playhouse • 5
Full-length film fare from British and American studios.

8:00 P.M. Youth Wants to Know • 4
Teenagers literally and figuratively fire redhot questions at prominent congressmen and other public officials.

8:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4
Jack Barry emcees as a panel of cute youngsters try to solve involved problems of their contemporaries and parents.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Host Warren Hull draws out the heartrending stories of needy contestants and quizzes them for prizes of up to \$500.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
One of video's very first and still superb dramatic theatres.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 7
Exciting adventure starring Lee Bowman as the famous criminologist. Florenz Ames portrays his father, Inspector Queen.

9:30 P.M. The Hunter • 2
Barry Nelson, Hollywood and Broadway star, as a wealthy young American whose business activities involve him in adventure.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Burns & Allen • 2
The great husband-wife comedy team in half-hour shenanigans biweekly: August 14 & 28. Alternating with—

Al Pearee Show • 2
Fun-making variety with Al in his famous droll characterizations.

8:00 P.M. The Best of Groucho • 4
Reruns of a select group of Mr. Marx's You Bet Your Life.

8:00 P.M. Date with Judy • 7
The indefatigable teenager in hairbrain comedy.

8:30 P.M. Steve Allen Show • 2
Variety show stressing comedy and music. Biweekly: Aug. 14 & 28th. Alternating with—

Amos 'n' Andy
The uproarious comedy of errors as Kingfish misadventures with Amos and Andy. Aug. 21 & Sept. 4.

8:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7
Host Dennis James offers an opportunity for fame and fortune to a weekly trio of professional talent-tested entertainers.

9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4
Factual, strong crime drama alternating with Gangbusters.

9:30 P.M. Mister Peepers • 4
Weekly story of mild-mannered schoolteacher (comedian Wally Cox) who becomes befuddled in humorous situations.

10:30 P.M. I've Got a Secret • 2
Elfin Garry Moore presides as moderator while a panel of distinguished members tries to ferret out the "secret" of contestants.

10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 & 6 at 11:00 P.M.
Excellent suspense melodrama, filmed in Europe for video.

10:30 P.M. Author Meets the Critics • 5
Verbal fisticuffs in discussions of provocative books.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
The humorous aspects of a harried father (Stu Erwin) and his wife (June Collyer). Sheila James and Ann Todd as daughters.

8:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Dancing Party • 2 & 6
Light variety with song and humor and, naturally dance. Kathryn Murray, Arthur's wife, as your gracious hostess.

8:00 P.M. Curtain Call • 4
Worthington Miner, renowned for his productions in Studio One, with a new half-hour dramatic series: Aug. 15, "The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth, B. A.,"; Aug. 22, "The Liar,"; Aug. 29, "The Model Millionaire,"; Sept. 5, "The Summer People."

8:30 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 2
Originating in Hollywood, Mike Stokey is emcee, assisted by blonde Sandra Spence. Opposing teams of entertainment world celebrities compete in a variation of charades.

8:30 P.M. We, The People • 4 & 6
Spotlighting the dramatic and entertaining highpoints of the political race to the White House.

9:00 P.M. Doorway to Danger • 4 & 6
High-voltage series replacing vacationing Big Story.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5
Popular panel quiz from the windy, windy city.

9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
California-born Eve Arden stars as the very human English teacher who just can't help getting into a merry mix-up.

9:30 P.M. Campbell Playhouse • 4 & 6
Thirty-minute film stories featuring Hollywood actors.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
Star-studded vaudeville with host-comedian Larry Storch.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6
Great circus variety acts. Jack Sterling as Ringmaster.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Bud Collyer, assisted by glamourlovely Roxanne, challenges studio couples to perform stunts for valuable prizes.

8:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2
Six amateur songs showcased with top-ranking vocalists.

8:00 P.M. All Star Summer Revue • 4 & 6
Full-hour variety show, spotlighting guest stars.

9:00 P.M. Continental Film Theatre • 2
9:00 P.M. Blind Date • 4 & 6
Six young men vie for blind dates with three beautiful young ladies as Arlene Francis charmingly femcees.

9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Dance Party • 4 & 6
Comedian Jerry Lester, of Open House fame is host.

10:30 P.M. Assignment Manhunt • 4 & 6
Ruthless criminals and saboteurs relentlessly tracked down.

Sunday

11:45 A.M. Joe DiMaggio's Dugout • 4
One of the Yanks' greatest stars with big baseball talk.

4:00 P.M. Fearless Fosdick • 4
Puppets, based on Al Capp's characters, in comedy adventure.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 & 6 at 5:30 P.M.
Spectacular acrobatics and circus acts with Claude Kirchner.

6:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2
John Daly moderator to panel-quiz on current events.

7:30 P.M. Lucky Clues • 2 & 6
Basil Rathbone stars in mystery panel show.

7:30 P.M. Meet the Press • 4
Well-known political figures are put on the spot by newspaper men as decorous Martha Rountree and Lawrence Spivak moderate.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
Excellent entertainment knows no season as Ed Sullivan's show continues through warm weather with four-star acts.

8:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4
A trip to anywhere in the world.

8:30 P.M. Mrs. America Contest • 9
Four beauties vie weekly for the "Mrs. New York" title.

9:00 P.M. Information Please • 2 & 6 at 6:00 P.M.
The familiar roster, Fadiman, Kiernan and Adams, signal America to wake up and stump the experts in this pioneer panel show.

9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6
Sunday's sixty-minute theatre offering fine productions.

9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2
Bert Parks emcees the famous quiz show that has paid over ten thousand dollars apiece to many of the big winners.

10:00 P.M. Hall of Fame • 4
Sarah Churchill, the Prime Minister's daughter, is narrator to half-hour drama based on famous historical persons.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line • 2
Regular panelists Kilgallen, Cerf, Francis and Block take turns at vacations as guests help guess your occupation.

10:30 P.M. American Forum • 4
Pressing problems of the day debated. Theodore Granik moderates.



Are you in the know?

For a back-to-school ice breaker —

- Try o new romance
- Plan o Leap Year dance

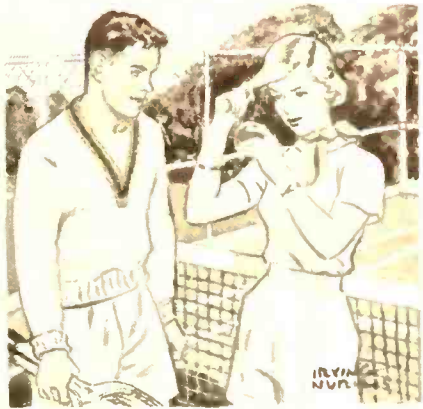
New term . . . new faces; and it's up to you femmes to start the shy guys social-whirling. Plan a Leap Year dance, with ample eats; each doll inviting a new classmate. And for a quiet riot—feature a cut-in, where the gals tag and lead! "Ice breaking" is a matter of forgetting about yourself. As you do (at certain times) with Kotex—knowing those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Furthermore, you get extra protection with that special *safety center*!



How should they settle the check?

- One for all
- On the cuff
- Pool the moola

Spare the waiter needless waiting while you buttercups pool your loot! 'Stead of knocking him out with the slow count, let one gal settle for all. Saves confusion. You can pay her in advance or when leaving. But when buying *sanitary protection*—there's no "one for all" absorbency of Kotex, because different gals have different needs. So try all 3 absorbencies. Find the one for you.



If you're a problem blonde, should you —

- Brush up
- Brighten up

Towhead, woehead!—when shadowy threads bedin the gold. Brushing helps undarken the roots: draws up excess oil. Also, tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten topknots—safely. You'll always be the fair haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On problem days choose *Quest* deodorant powder, best for napkin use. Safe. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors.



Do smart school belles treat teachers —

- To lunch
- Like people
- With kid gloves

Oke. You don't aim to be a P.C. (privileged character). But you needn't be a B.P. (bored plenty) either. In or outside the "ivy halls," why not treat your teachers like *people*? Be friendly. Get to know them. You'll find they're interesting. helpful . . . fun! And don't try the "calendar absentee" gag—for Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*, keeps you *really comfortable*.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- Circle your colendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy o new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic — this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-

twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait 'til the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Why not buy *two—for a change!*



KOTEX IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY

I Never Lost the Dream

(Continued from page 35)

I would tell Powell, "and see Europe."

"Sure," he answered, smiling tolerantly. And that was all. All for him. But I have always believed that anything is possible. And I never lost my dream.

It was a January day of this year that I stayed home from work with runny eyes, a red nose and a box of nose tissue. During the day I phoned my sister, the one who is a housewife, and she told me about a new television show, The Big Pay-Off.

"Guess what the prizes are! A mink coat and a trip to Paris for two," she told me.

At three o'clock that afternoon, I tuned in the show and my dream got a new lease on life. When Powell got home from work, I was all excited.

"You have to write a letter this evening," I said, then described the show. Randy Merriman asks a husband or boy friend four questions. The first three correct answers "pay off" in women's clothes and accessories. But, for the fourth correct answer, it's *Paris in mink*. "You have to write the program and tell why your wife deserves these prizes," I added.

"Ridiculous."
"Surely you can think of some reason why I deserve to be a winner."

He sighed and said, "Of course, I can think of plenty. But it's silly. We wouldn't stand a chance in the world of getting on the show."

"Anything is possible," I said, and argued and coaxed and coaxed and argued, and two weeks later Powell wrote the letter.

The letter described our meeting, which was a bit different from the usual boy-meets-girl. The boy was a patient in a Philadelphia hospital. He had spent four nightmarish years in the Army, the last two in battle in the South Pacific, where the fighting was bad and his buddies were killed daily. And he was recovering very slowly from his war injuries because he lacked spirit.

The girl was in a group which had come to cheer up the patients and, when she saw the soldier, she said, "What a solemn-looking character you are!"

Powell later told me it was the first remark that had pierced his despair. Everyone else had been sympathetic but serious.

Well, the girl came back frequently and stopped to see the soldier every time. She learned from doctors and nurses that he was extremely depressed. This was delaying his recovery. She was sympathetic but refused to show it. She would tease him, talk general nonsense, sometimes tell him about her dates. Then, one day, he suddenly came to life and talked for a solid hour. When she left that afternoon, she kissed him.

From that day, when Powell began to talk freely, his recovery was rapid. In fact, he quotes the doctor as saying, "A pretty girl sometimes does more for a man than all the doctors put together." Well, pretty or not, it didn't tell the whole story. It was love that actually helped in the healing, for that's what Powell and I had for each other. That was the incident Powell described in his letter to The Big Pay-Off.

"You only saved my life," Powell told me, "and if you don't deserve a chance at those prizes, no wife does."

He mailed the letter on January twenty-first, and my hopes were high. I'd been preparing for a trip to Europe all my life. From childhood, Mother, who was a native of Vienna, had entranced me con-

tinually with stories of the Continent. As a youngster, I collected foreign postcards. I read travel books by the ton and spent three years in college studying French in hopes that some day I would get abroad. Oh, I was anxious, all right.

A week later, we received a short reply from the office of The Big Pay-Off. They asked us to be in their offices on Friday, February the first, for an interview, to determine whether we would be on the show. And Powell was away, visiting his father in York, Pennsylvania.

I lost no time in getting to a telephone and placing a long-distance call.

"Why don't you take a train to New York Thursday and I'll leave after work and meet you in New York."

"Well—"
"But you are only three hours from New York now," I said hurriedly.

Of course, he didn't really have much time to think in a three-minute call. And he agreed. By coincidence, we both walked into a hotel lobby at the same time Thursday night.

"I told you it was possible," I said first thing.

"They aren't guaranteeing that we'll be on the show."

"We will," I said confidently.

The next morning, we were in the outer office of the producer with five other couples, waiting to be interviewed. And we were the last to go in. That was the first time we met Randy Merriman, who emceed the show with Bess Myerson. Well, Randy was amiable and wonderful, immediately putting us at ease.

"Let's call each other by our first names," he said. He asked us questions about the letter Powell had sent, how we lived and what we did. Then he told us to wait outside a few minutes. We did, holding hands, and then he came out and said, "You kids are going to be on this afternoon."

We both jumped up.
"Now try to relax," Randy said, "but don't be surprised if you're nervous. Honestly, I always get a lump in my stomach before every show."

We found ourselves on the streets then, just aimlessly walking around, waiting for time to report back to the studio. Someone had said there was no sense in going

to the library to study—there was one chance in a thousand that we would hit on the questions that would be on the show. We walked up and down Broadway, our eyes open but seeing nothing. And about one o'clock we reported to the studio.

When the show began, we suddenly discovered that it wasn't absolutely certain we would be on. We were the last of four couples and there was another couple carried over from the preceding day. If we didn't get on that Friday afternoon, we'd be out of luck, for Powell had to be back at work Monday morning.

We sat in the audience while the other contestants went before the cameras. And then we got the signal to go into the wings of the stage. None of the other couples had gotten beyond the second question, so they were moving rapidly. I still get nervous just thinking about those minutes. By then, our brains were positively rattling, Powell's especially, for he had to answer the questions.

Powell's knees were figuratively buckling and then Bess Myerson came by, put her arm around his shoulder and gave him a little pep talk.

Then we were separated and I found myself being led out to the "wishing chair" and there was Powell up in front of the cameras with Randy Merriman. From then on, I was practically feverish.

The first question, a musical one, was for shoes, lingerie and a dozen pairs of hose.

"For your Big Pay-Off starter," Randy said, "tell me the title of this song."

They played the music. I knew it well but couldn't think of the title, and I realized then what they mean by "freezing up." Then I heard Randy say, "Speak up, Powell."

Powell said, "My Darling, My Darling."

The audience applauded and a model was demonstrating the next prizes: A lovely purse, a handmade Chinese cocktail hat, costume jewelry and a party dress.

"Here's the second question," said Randy. "The gates of a Hungarian prison opened in December of 1951 and four American flyers were freed. The Hungarian government invoked a heavy ransom for the release of these men. Within ten-thousand dollars, what was the amount of money paid by the United States Government?" (Pause, big pause.) "If you read your newspapers, you'll know that one." (And how many times had I been irked when Powell hid himself behind the evening paper?)

"One - hundred - and - twenty - thousand dollars."

"Right on the nose," Randy called out. The audience reaction was deafening and right then and there I began to tremble all over. I hardly saw the next set of prizes—luggage, perfume and a diamond wrist-watch. My mind was on Paris.

At that point, Randy pulled out his handkerchief and mopped Powell's face before he read the next question.

"President Truman nominated an American General to be the first United States Ambassador to the State of the Vatican City on October 20, 1951. Name this General."

"General Mark Clark."
"Right again."

There was the uproar again from out front. I could feel the excited expectation of the audience, for we were now headed for the big pay-off. Randy and Bess stood on either side of Powell for support. Then there was a tense quiet as Randy began.

"For a mink coat and a trip to Paris," he said, "we're looking for the American

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figure who referred to certain members of the Senate as 'a little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own.' For the big pay-off, name the originator of this historic phrase."

"I didn't know and I was thinking hard. Truman. Roosevelt. Who? I didn't know. I couldn't hear Powell say anything and, although my eyes were open, I'm sure I lost consciousness. The next thing I knew someone was yelling, "You won!"

I ran across the stage, hurling myself into Powell's arms. And the audience was shouting and many of them were crying, they were so happy.

"You're delirious," I told him, "but so am I."

It was like midnight on New Year's Eve. Even the people who assisted on the show were cheering, as thrilled as we were. They took pictures and congratulated us over and over. And then the show was over and we were out on the street all by ourselves.

Even Broadway seemed quiet. It was hard regaining our balance.

"I don't believe it," Powell said.

"Me neither."

"We've got to tell someone," he said.

That's when we called my sister, long distance—but, even so, she thought we were talking nonsense. It took a second call to convince her. And we walked some more and I remembered to ask Powell the answer to the fourth question. Woodrow Wilson. What a man. And then we tried to tell some other people and they thought we were crazy. We were. Crazy with joy.

Because of a two-week session with flu and an operation my mother underwent, our trip to Paris was delayed until the first week of May. My boss at the Bell Vocational Service and Powell's at the Marvin Helf Realty Company generously gave us time off, even though it was a busy period in their businesses.

The day before we were to board the Pan-American Clipper, we arrived in New York and I received a complete head-to-toe treatment from Gerald, the famous beauty stylist. Meanwhile, Powell was in the producer's office getting details of the trip. We would be met at the Paris airport by a gentleman from the American Express who would give us our Paris itinerary, and we would stay at one of the best hotels in the world, Hotel Georges V.

The next afternoon we made a ten-second appearance on the Big Pay-Off.

"Here is a pair of live winners," Randy said. "In forty-five minutes, they leave for Paris."

And we were rushed out of the studio, with everyone waving goodbye. We felt that we were practically in France when we stepped in the plane. All the crew spoke French. There was French music on the speaker system and someone handed me an orchid and a bottle of perfume. Before we knew it, we were off the ground and being served champagne.

Dinner on the plane was scrumptious, served by Maxim's, the famous restaurant in Paris. We slept and, the next we knew, we were stopping to refuel at picturesque Santa Maria in the Azores.

We landed in Paris at 2:55 in the afternoon and stepped out of the plane feeling like billionaire celebrities. A photographer was snapping our pictures, a limousine pulled up, and we were escorted to our hotel. And my first sight of Paris was everything I imagined: The magnificent boulevards, the women and their poodles, the Champs-Elysees. And the noise, such noise: Hundreds of little automobiles and bicycles scooting about and everyone screaming at the top of their lungs.



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Then a doorman handed us out of the limousine and we paraded into the hotel. The manager came forward and bowed. There was a bellboy for every bag and even one for my beautiful mink coat. Our room was so large—well, the Clipper could have easily landed there. We had a balcony overlooking a garden and the furnishings were luxurious.

"Pinch me," Powell said, "it's impossible. Are we really here?"

"Can you understand what people are saying?"

"No."

"Then you're in France, all right."

To describe everything we did during the next eight days would fill a book. Every day was just crammed full of excitement. Food, we soon discovered, is considered one of the finer arts in Paris and we were sent to the best restaurants. We were told the sky is the limit and we never did come down to earth.

When we lunched at the Table du Roi, the chef came right over to the table and kissed my hand before I even saw a menu. Then I learned there was no menu. The chef himself decided what you would eat. And the woman, I discovered, is queen and her husband is at the foot of the table. The waiter or chef would slice the best portion for me and Powell got the leftovers. The only white meat Powell ate was what I gave him from my plate.

At the Tour d'Argent, a restaurant in existence since 1582, we ate pressed duck—number 229,100—prepared with a recipe as old as the building, the same recipe used for George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, Napoleon III, Edward VII, Princess Elizabeth and every other notable who stopped in Paris.

We were all eyes during the sight-seeing tours and saw everything. We spent two exciting days at Versailles and Fontainebleau, the most magnificent show-

places of Europe, once the palaces of kings. We saw a room with walls of gold that cost fourteen million dollars. We visited the abodes of Marie-Antoinette and Madame du Barry. So much, and too much to tell about. It was breath-taking.

Paris lives by night and we conformed. Our supper took always two and a half hours from eight to ten-thirty, and then came more fun. We were in the most famous theatres and night clubs: The Latin Quarter, the Opera, the Bal Tabarin. One night, we saw the famous Folies Bergere. Powell liked it.

To everyone we explained how we had won the trip. Surprisingly, the French accepted our prize as just another indication of the wonders of American life. Americans who hadn't heard of The Big Pay-Off were astounded.

One night when we got back to our hotel, I wanted chewing gum badly. The only room open was the bar, and I asked the bartender.

"You could try the drugstore but the drugstore is closed," he said.

"Try Broadway and Forty-Second Street," an American called from a table.

We turned around to face George Raft. He asked us to sit at his table, and we told him and his friends our story.

"How about that," he said. "I've got to work hard to make this trip and you win it."

When we left at the end of eight days, I knew my dream had come true. Paris was everything I'd imagined: Exciting, romantic, gay, beautiful, enchanting.

On the plane back, Powell said, "This I call The Big Return. We've had an experience that I'll remember as long as I live."

And, if I could make a wish come true, it would be that everyone who reads this wins the same trip on The Big Pay-Off. It could happen to you, too. Anything's possible.

My Astonishing Husband

(Continued from page 63)

another song, and people spoke of him as a composer. Since then, he's entertained with great success in night clubs, and now—television, where his CBS show gives him a chance to reveal a multitude of talents. A hard man to classify, my Mel Torme.

We three had a pleasant evening, but there wasn't any special reason why I should carry the acquaintance further. I told him as much when he phoned next day to ask for a date.

I didn't see him again until we both had returned to Hollywood, two months later.

Glimpsed through the milling crowd at one of the smartest cocktail parties of the year, Mel's rebellious forelock of yellow hair, his quick, boyish smile, seemed familiar, but I didn't particularly care. It was one of those evenings when I felt lost. Even my new dress hadn't given me a lift. Everyone else was having a wonderful time, but I was wondering how soon I could slip away and go home. I had just found an inconspicuous place to set down my glass when Mel turned up at my elbow.

"You're Candy," he said. "I met you in New York. Can I get you a cocktail?"

"I'll tell you a secret," I confided. "I don't drink."

"I'll tell you another. I don't either."

Instantly, there was a bond between us. Each knew how the other felt. It was silly to be bored to death in the midst of a brilliant party, yet we frankly acknowledged we were. We edged into a

corner and sat down to talk.

As the gaiety and laughter swirled around us, we found we had much to say to each other.

We started, I think, by discovering our mutual love for Chicago. Mel was born there; I had worked there.

Somewhat surprisingly, I was soon telling him things I seldom talked about in Hollywood, simple, personal things that didn't quite fit the brittle bright pattern of conversation in a city where everyone is an actor, and sets his scene to depict the character he wants to be.

I told Mel, too, about my name problems. I was born Florence Tockstein. At the College Inn, it became Candy Toxton. Now, I had still another name. Now I was Susan Perry.

Mel considered them all, and announced, "I like Candy Toxton best."

As he said it, the syllables became a song. "That's like you," he added. "It has rhythm, movement. But Candy Toxton Torme sounds better."

I stared at him, unbelieving. Literally, this was so sudden. I had seen this young man only once before. He had the grace to blush. Suddenly, I was flustered, too. "Let's go," said Mel abruptly.

For a moment, I had a strange little panicky feeling that the next few minutes would decide what would happen during the rest of my life. I wasn't ready for a big decision. My own career looked bright, and I had no room for romance. A million excuses tumbled around in my mind.

"Please," Mel repeated. "let's go."

Without a protest, I got my wraps and followed him, asking myself as I did so, why I was so pliant, what gave this young man his sense of power, of sureness.

I learned, as bit by bit I pieced together the Torme story, that the sureness, the sense of power, constitute Mel's most outstanding characteristic. He sets an objective, and it doesn't matter how many obstacles are in his way; Mel overcomes them and reaches it.

It has been that way since he was a tiny child, I found, as the story unfolded. I heard parts of it that night from Mel as we stopped at a drive-in for hamburgers, and more of it the next evening when I went with him to the hot-rod races where he had a car entered. I heard it, too, from his parents when we spent evenings at his home, drinking Cokes and listening to his huge collection of records.

Mel was only four when he got his first professional engagement singing with the Coon Saunders band at the Blackhawk Restaurant. Not much later, during the foamy days of Chicago daytime drama, he became a radio actor. He had to stand on a box to reach the microphone, but he read his lines like a veteran. Already, young Mel was insisting he didn't want to be "good for his age," he just wanted to be good.

He was learning, too, this strangely serious small boy, to play drums and to set music down on paper. He wrote the first of the 250 original melodies which he still has packed away in a trunk, and he also began making orchestral arrangements of the compositions of others. Bands bought them, bought them not because they were turned out by an appealing boy, but because they were good arrangements. Mel felt grown up and pleased with himself.

Mel, in telling it to me, said wryly, "At thirteen I thought I was grown up for

sure. Harry James came to town, looked me over, and concluded I was a bargain. I was arranger, singer, drummer. He hired me, and practically on fire I went back to Hyde Park High School to say goodbye. I told all my friends and some who turned out to be not quite so friendly. Oh, it was a great thing, they held farewell parties, and everything.

"Then James checked with his attorneys," he went on. "In twenty-three of the twenty-four states of the proposed tour, there were laws which would have required the band to carry a tutor for me. James said he was sorry, but I'd have to wait a while.

"No one at school believed me. They thought I had just made up the part about the job, that I had never been hired at all. You know the way kids can be. I'd come into a drugstore after school and they'd all stand up, bow from the waist, and yell, 'Here comes Harry James's ex-drummer.' There was only one friend who stood by me, and that was John Poister.

"But that wasn't the worst," Mel added. "There was a girl, a girl who wasn't impressed. Call it a school-kid crush if you want to, but to me it was serious. I mourned and moaned, and finally I packed all my grief into a song. I wrote 'Lament to Love.' Harry James recorded it, and it stayed at the top of the Hit Parade for a month."

Success of his tune restored Mel's prestige so much that when Mel and John Poister wrote a musical comedy and his high school staged it, Mel had the lead; he and John produced and directed. The school made enough money to buy an honor plaque on which were listed the students in service.

Next step, for Mel, was a tour with Chico Marx's band. They reached Hollywood, and Mel recognized that's where

he wanted to be. Only in Hollywood could he find an outlet for his varied talents as a singer, actor, song writer, arranger, drummer, producer and director. His mother, father and sister joined him, which gave his parents a chance to insist that he take time out to finish high school.

Hollywood put him to work. As a drummer, he got bit parts in Frank Sinatra's "Higher and Higher" and in Cary Grant's "Night and Day." He also achieved stardom, junior grade, as leading man in the Gloria Jean epics. He kept his hold in music by organizing a quintet known as the Meltones.

When his eighteenth birthday rolled around, the Army took over Mel's booking. Although his face was unlined, his stomach had spent fourteen years in show business, and Mel was on a crackers-and-milk diet. After two months, mess sergeants and medics decided he wasn't tough enough for the Army and sent him home.

"I wish they could have seen how I worked," Mel said. "Compared to what I did, Army life was a vacation."

When he listed his activities, I could understand what he meant. His time was split up between motion pictures, radio, recordings, and personal appearances.

"You should have seen some of the spots I've played," said Mel. "Carlos Gestel, my manager, decided to toughen me up by making me face live audiences. My first really big booking was at the Copacabana in New York."

I had heard that story. People in show business still talk about it. The crowd at the Copa liked sophisticated entertainment. They didn't know what to make of this slender young man who crooned into the mike in a style all his own. Mel Torme didn't mean a thing to them. Few had

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ever listened to his records. Emphatically, they turned their backs.

Fred Robbins, the New York disc jockey, heard of his plight. He also knew, from requests for numbers, how popular Mel had become with his own generation. Fred, who had dubbed him "The Velvet Fog," started spinning Mel's platters and talking it up.

Down came the kids, in droves. Coke sales at the Copa jumped. When Mel sang "Making Whoopee" as a slow torch tune, his fans pushed doormen and regular customers out of the way to hear him.

I discovered other things about Mel, during those days in Hollywood when we saw each other every evening. He was sincere and honest and real. He didn't gamble, he didn't drink, he didn't smoke. We didn't run around. The few times we did go to night clubs, it was usually to hear some orchestra we knew and liked.

I could always count on three things happening on such dates. First, Mel would say, "And wear your blue dress. The one I like. The one you had on at the cocktail party." I wore it so many times it was almost in shreds and people must have thought it was a uniform. However, I didn't care much what others thought. Mel liked it, and that was enough for me.

Next, when we arrived at a night club, there would always come the time when the leader of the orchestra stopped at our table and said to Mel, "Want to sit in?"

Then Mel would climb to the platform and take over the drums. He explained it this way: "I know I'm not the best drummer in the business, I know I'll always make more money singing or in pictures. But I like the drums."

And the third thing I could count on was that before the evening was over, Mel again would ask me to marry him.

It seems strange now that I should have held out for so long, for we were both twenty-three years old, and both doing well.

The fact that I, too, was heading toward success produced the great conflict. I had worked hard to earn a place in pictures, and at last things looked bright. I had my first major part in "Knock on Any Door," and Columbia Pictures had great plans.

Living in Hollywood, both Mel and I had seen the marriages of too many of our friends break up because there wasn't room for two careers in one family.

"Look," Mel would say, "that's no good. What's the point of getting married if you are going to be on the Coast while I'm out on the road? I don't want us to be separated. I want you with me."

I would answer, "I want to be with you, too," and put off making a final decision.

Yet I was in love, too. As deeply in love as Mel was. So long as we both were in Hollywood, seeing each other every day, I could postpone making up my mind. It was when Mel started a personal appearance tour which took him all over the United States and into Canada that being in love turned into a problem.

I missed Mel, and I missed him bitterly. Without him, nothing, not even work on my picture, had any sparkle, any fun in it. Mel felt the same way, and it was worse for him, out on the road. I had my friends, my apartment, my job. He had hotel rooms, three to six shows a day, and long jumps between towns.

Our only link was long distance telephone, and Mel turned into AT&T's best customer. He would call me sometimes as many as five times a day. I'd protest, "But Mel, you can't afford it. You're spending a fortune in toll charges."

"I know it," he would answer, "but Candy, I have to talk to you." That went on for five months.

At last, in December, four years ago, when Mel was playing the Chicago Theatre, I couldn't stand it any longer, either. I dropped everything and came East to spend Christmas with him. Through all the return trip to Hollywood, I felt as lost as I had been at the long-ago cocktail party. The miles stretched out, bleaker and bleaker, each one taking me farther away from Mel.

Strangely enough, the thing that really decided us was a recording session. Mel had come back to the Coast to cut some records, and he asked me to go with him to the studio. "I've found a tune," he confided. "No, I didn't write it, but I wish I had. I think you'll like it, too."

He sat me down on a bench about twenty feet away from the microphone, and he sang right to me. After the first eight bars I knew what he meant. It was called, "She's a Home Girl."

I did a lot of adding and subtracting during that session. I added up our pleasant evenings, and I subtracted the time we had been apart. There were more of the distant days, but love reverses arithmetic, and being together was the important total. I asked myself, too, what I would gain even if I should become a great star.

Would seeing my name up in lights ever give me as much satisfaction as standing in the wings while Mel sang, knowing he was reaching out toward me, just as I was reaching toward him? Could a career ever be half as wonderful as the time between shows when Mel and I sat in his dressing room, making up new songs, playing records, or just talking? Could success, however bright, ever make up for being lost and alone, separated from the man I loved?

Suddenly it all seemed simple and inevitable. Being with Mel was my career, a career well worth the shoving aside of all other commitments which were in the way.

It's a strange thing, but the moment I realized that, all the turmoil I had been in for all these months subsided. I had, in its place, a peace, a contentment, such as I had never known before. This, I knew, was what I had been born to do.

When the band folded up its music, and Mel and I walked out on the street together, I said, "You win. One career is enough for one family. Let's get married. Now."

We almost eloped. I wanted to, but Mel thought twice. "I want my mother and father with us, and your family, too. I want my uncles, and I want John Poister, my friend from school. Let's go back to Chicago."

We studied his schedule, and found three days between engagements. I went on ahead to arrange things. For my wedding dress I chose a Christian Dior model of iridescent sea green taffeta, fashioned much like the blue dress Mel liked so well. It was a quiet little wedding, with just those we loved present in the hotel suite, but when Mel and I said, "I do," we felt they were the most important words we'd ever speak.

Our feelings haven't changed, but only grown stronger, in the three and a half years we've been married. The only thing that could possibly make us any happier is to have a family. And that's not too far off in the future, I'm sure. With Mel's TV career blossoming into full flower, and our life together growing sweeter with every passing day, we are more than content. There seems to be a new and deeper meaning in the words, every time Mel sings our special wedding-present song, just to me: "There isn't any special reason . . . but you're you and I'm me . . . we're in love, and you bet I'm proud."

Johnnie Ray's Life Story

(Continued from page 39)

he comes back to Franklin High the next time, it will be as a famous man.' The principal then added: 'Well, John, we shall see.'

"John had his Big Moment last January," Elma added, "when he came home to Portland and visited Franklin High as the nation's bobby-sox idol."

After his graduation in 1945, Johnnie went to work as a ship-welder, a soda jerk, a lumberjack. "And then, since I only knew singing and piano-playing and the demand that I be a 'second Gable' was not forthcoming, I went into burlesque in Portland. I sang songs and was straight man for a couple of comics. Even so, even thus, I was too 'weird,' I was told, for the customers!"

Fired from burlesque, young "Mr. Emotion" sang at the Rio Villa in Portland and in other of the croon-and-swoon set's minor temples, picking up seventy-five dollars a week—when, infrequently, he lasted a week. Today, Johnnie is cashing weekly paychecks of between \$5,000 and \$7,500, and for the same act.

When opportunity in Portland ended, Johnnie drifted up and down the Coast, continuing to sing in night clubs, including some not patronized by movie stars in Los Angeles. While in L.A., he played a bit part (so "bit" as to be anonymous) in Paramount Pictures' "A Place In The Sun."

"John struggled awfully hard for recognition and a bare existence here in the West," his sister says. "They love him now—but that is the way with success, isn't it?"

In the beginning of Johnnie's career, his parents felt that their son was sowing his "wild oats," that he'd get over it in time and come home to a good, steady life as a lumberman or, perhaps, a farmer. "But, in spite of their fear of the 'outlandish' work I was doing, they always had faith in me," Johnnie says, and gratefully. "They always backed me. Sent me money, coddled me, helped me along, prayed for me."

That his father played a major part in Johnnie's fabulous success, Elma revealed when she said:

"At the dinner table, one Sunday in August of 1950, Johnnie was talking about going East. The West, he said, would have none of him but perhaps in the East, in New York . . . and my father said: 'Go ahead, John, go East and take advantage of every opportunity. Some day, you'll strike it rich. Meanwhile, if the going gets too tough, call me and I'll send you money to get home. Remember this, you'll always have us to fall back on.' Then Dad gave John a check sufficient to feed him for quite a time—and Johnnie Ray was gone!"

In less time than it takes to tell, Johnnie Ray was calling home—but not for money. Soon, he was sending money, every week. Then he was sending for Mom and Dad to come East for his opening at the Paramount Theatre and, as it developed, for his wedding, too. Now he has bought Mom and Dad a farm, near Salem, Oregon. And is planning to set his sister up in business in a little record shop. Planning, too, for the farm he and Marilyn will some day make their home: "A farm where I can have my million dogs, and where the children Baby and I hope to have will grow up, as I grew up, with fields and streams and woods for their playgrounds, animals of all descriptions for their playmates and God in their blue heaven, as He was mine."

Success, when it finally came to Johnnie

Ray, came swiftly, spectacularly. Came breathlessly. Like this:

While working his way across country to his mecca, New York, Johnnie stopped in Detroit and sang for his supper at Detroit's Flame Bar. During his brief engagement Bobby Seymour, a disc jockey, heard "The Weeper" and—stirred as he had never been by a singer before—asked Danny Kessler, visiting in Detroit, to "Listen to this kid. He sends you!" Danny Kessler, then recording director for Okeh Records, listened to "the kid." And, as Danny tells it, "A bell rang."

In Detroit, Danny put Johnnie and two of Johnnie's songs, "Tell The Lady I Said Goodbye" and "Whiskey and Gin," on records. These were the first two recordings Johnnie Ray ever made.

Also in Detroit, Danny introduced Johnnie to Bernie Lang, a young man of about Johnnie's own age. Bernie had been a song-plugger in New York but had aspirations to become a manager if he could find "the right talent." Danny described would-be-singing-star Ray to would-be-manager Lang. "This," said Danny, "is the kid for you."

As Johnnie tells it: "When Danny introduced us, Bernie and I took one look at each other and that was that. A wave length—and it has paid off."

The records "made noise," as Johnnie phrases it.

"They were the biggest-selling records in Cleveland," Johnnie said. "But I didn't know it. Didn't know it, that is, until one night I went into Moe's Main Street Cafe, not as an entertainer, but to hear Don Cherry, who was singing there. Later in the evening, with everyone feeling friendly, I was asked, as is sometimes the custom, to sing. I got up and sang—and the lid of the place blew off! That's when it happened. That's where it happened. That's when we knew. That's when we realized the possibility of what might happen, of what could happen. . . ."

What did happen. . . .

In New York, Johnnie's records came to the attention of Mort Miles, recording director of Columbia Records. Mort found "Cry" (and what could be more appropriate?) for Johnnie. "Cry" started to hit (it has now sold better than 4,000,000 copies, which beats the record for any Columbia song on record, with the single exception of "Rudolph, The Rednosed Reindeer"), and Johnnie, a human skyrocket, was up among the stars.

Meantime, he played the Town Casino, his first major night-club engagement, in Buffalo. He opened with Ann Shelton and Ethel Smith, as the first number on the bill. After opening night, he went on last. No one could follow him. No one, since then, ever has.

After the Buffalo triumph, he continued on in night-club engagements until, at the Boulevard in Queens, New York—which canny manager Lang planned as a strategic showcase for his star—Johnnie was heard by Jack Entratter, one of the owners of New York's talent-happy Copacabana. Mr. Entratter, who knew an "attraction" that would make show-business history when he saw and heard it, signed Johnnie Ray. And so Johnnie, who, for eight tough but never discouraged years, had kept his eager eyes turned toward mecca, reached his goal.

Never in the annals of the Copa's crowded clientele had it been as crowded as, its owners say, Johnnie Ray crowded it. For which, at the end of his sensational engagement, the appreciative Copa management gifted John with a Cadillac convertible ("A Cad convertible was, for years," says Johnnie. "one of my tall



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dreams!") and Johnnie gifted Marilyn, whom he courted at the Copa, with a diamond ring which he placed, also at the Copa, on her "engagement" finger.

When, soon after their marriage, "Mr. and Mrs. Emotion" told me their story, their love story, Johnnie said: "It's the same old story, really, the same old true story of everything I believe in and have lived by, which is—follow your heart and it will lead you home. I've followed my heart in my work, never compromising. I only sang the songs I wanted to sing and sang them my way, even when I'd lose jobs because, they'd tell me, 'Your work is too weird.' I never compromised, I followed my heart and it has taken me where I want to be. I've followed my heart in love, too, never compromising with half loves, light loves, and it has led me home. My heart's home. I feel as if I am where I want, and was meant, to be."

And Marilyn, small and sprite-like Marilyn ("I always call her 'Baby,'" Johnnie says), with her curly dark hair and beautiful black-lashed blue eyes, said gravely: "I didn't really know, at first. I just realized that something close had happened to Johnnie and to me."

"We didn't actually meet at the Copa," Johnnie explained, "not, that is, the first time. We met first out in Hollywood, at the Mocambo—which is owned by Marilyn's Dad—when, one evening, my date of that evening and I dropped by to have a late snack. At the table where we joined some people we knew, I was introduced to Marilyn—I don't remember by whom—I only remember that my date sat at my right and she sat at my left and that I was trying to hold her hand under the table all evening."

Shortly after their meeting at the Mocambo, Johnnie left the Coast and didn't see Marilyn again until, some four months later when he was playing the Copa, he heard that she was in town, called her and—"We dated, thereafter," said Johnnie, "every day."

"Most of our dates were in Central Park, driving around in a hansom cab, sometimes in the early morning, sometimes in the moonlight. We took long walks up and down Fifth Avenue, window shopping, and staring up at the skyscrapers. Once we took the ferryboat to Staten Island, and—"

"And every night, three times a night," Marilyn's small, soft voice broke in, "I sat at a table at the Copa and caught Johnnie's act, all three performances! And as I watched him I'd think, and keep thinking, He's tall and handsome, with beautiful eyes, wonderful eyes (they are, you know), cute too. . . . He has tremendous talent, I'd think, tremendous—a terrific showman and with such depth and sincerity. . . ."

"I think the same now, only more so," said Johnnie's bride, "because now I know that, in addition to being handsome and tremendously talented, he's thoughtful, too, and sweet, and very romantic. Every time he has to go somewhere without me, he brings me a present, even if it's only a package of lollipops, which," Marilyn laughed, "it sometimes is. Or a gag bottle of perfume, in the shape of a lamp post. I know, too, how good he is—his love of his mother and father and sister, his love of dogs and children and everything that's good—that's Johnnie."

"And just as I'm more in love with him every day of our lives together, so I'm increasingly excited about his work. Every day and evening, while he was at the Paramount Theatre in New York, every show he gave, even if there were seven a day, I always stood in the wings, jumping up and down like one of his fans. And every show then, and now, is like seeing him for the first time. I under-

stand his fans," Marilyn said then. "I've been asked 'Aren't you jealous—so many girls so excited over Johnnie?' No, I'm not. I think it's wonderful that so many people love Johnnie. It's a great thrill. . . ."

"She understands my fans because," Johnnie laughed, "she's one of them. She is my fan. She's my number one fan. She always gives me a good-luck penny just before I go on and when I come off I make for her like a homing pigeon. 'Was I all right?' I ask and, if ever she shouldn't say 'Wand-er-ful' with neon lights in those neon-lit lamps of hers, I'd die!

"But we've got ahead of ourselves—we were talking about our pre-marital dates 'up in Central Park' and elsewhere. Let's see, where was 'elsewhere?' Well, we went to the movies a lot, and to the theatre, too, on matinee days. We saw 'The King and I' (Yul Brynner is one of our good friends) and I think it was when they were singing 'Hello, Young Lovers' ('Hello, Young Lovers' is our song!) that I decided to ask her to marry me. What do I mean, I 'think'? I know that immediately after the show we took a drive in the Park and I was telling her how lonesome I was, how I needed love, had waited for it, watched for it, never found it; how I needed to be in love, never had been—until now—and then I just said 'Will you?' Just 'Will you?'—that was all. And it didn't take her two minutes to say 'Yes.' Just 'Yes,' she said. That was all. That was everything."

And so, on a June day, in the bridal suite of New York's Hotel Warwick, with Marilyn's parents and Johnnie's parents and a few close friends with them, Johnnie Ray and his "first and only love" promised—their young eyes shining—to love, honor and obey for as long as they both should live.

After the ceremony they had a little, private ceremony of their own when, with no one near, Marilyn gave Johnnie a wedding ring, her gift to him.

"She hung it around my neck," Johnnie said, "on a thin gold chain. It just reaches my heart. That's where I wear it now—and always."

In one year, everything has happened to Johnnie Ray. Fame—high above and far beyond the star he envisioned for himself, bright as it was. Money—more money than the little, barefoot farm-boy ever dreamt of or knew. And love.

"The faith I had in God—and in myself—was well placed," says Johnnie Ray.

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Bob Poole

(Continued from page 68)

to apply this wisdom. No, sir, whenever you have a problem—and who doesn't?—just tie a knot and hang on. Easy does it, my friends, easy does it."

Which is a pretty clear picture of Bob Poole, one of radio's most easygoing, as well as most-listened-to, personalities. Yes, if the time ever comes when there is but one man left in the business without ulcers, it will probably be Bob Poole—and that, despite his unusually heavy Monday-through-Friday schedule.

Each day, after Poole's Paradise, Bob heads for home to play with the children—Michelle, aged four, and Randy, a little under a year. After dinner, he squeezes in an hour's nap before watching TV with his delightful wife, Gloria. Before he knows it, "time off" is over, and Bob and his typewriter go to work preparing the next day's scripts—Bob writes the complete scripts for both his shows. If all goes well, he finishes his writing and climbs into bed somewhere between two and three in the morning.

Multiplied by five days a week, here is the family portrait of a busy man—but not one headed for a breakdown. . . . for the simple reason that, when he hits a snag, he merely ties a knot, and hangs on.

"One of the most important knots I ever tied," continues Bob, "had to do with my move to New York. In 1946, after my discharge from the Navy, I went to work for Station WWL in New Orleans, where I originated Poole's Paradise. The show 'took'—people seemed to like my slow buffoonery and foolishness, mixed with records and some serious notes. I thought I was set for life . . . a wonderful wife, an adorable daughter, security in a job, and a most pleasant mode of living. We had bought a beautiful nine-room Colonial house with large grounds in New Orleans. In fact, just shortly before my New York offer came along, I had invested \$2,000 in camellias and azaleas for our garden. Above and beyond all this, we were surrounded with friends and family, Gloria being a New Orleans girl.

"Then, suddenly, six months after we moved into our new home, the network offered me a coast-to-coast contract if I would come to New York. Well, what to do? Sure, the added income was enticing, but I knew that the difference in the cost of living would eat pretty heavily into that. As it turned out, for my six-and-a-half room apartment in Forest Hills I pay about three times what it cost me to maintain our nine-room home in New Orleans. And the move also meant pulling up our roots—leaving our friends and Gloria's family.

"Believe me, I tied a knot in that rope but fast, and Gloria and I hung on for dear life. Then after a short time of hanging, we found we could think our problem through clearly and sanely. Once it was thought through, we were certain we had arrived at as sound a decision as human beings can hope to make.

"We moved to New York, certain our future was here. Never once have we regretted the move. We've found that people north of the Mason-Dixon line, so to speak, are just the same as those south of it—except, perhaps, that they talk a little faster. It's for certain people are just as warm and friendly . . . and, it's for sure that we're real proud to have our second offspring a 'darned Yankee!' Five years ago we tied the knot and hung on, thinking through to a decision. Now, we can look back, knowing that what was well thought-out yesterday is making a Poole's Paradise today."

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The Guiding Light of Love

(Continued from page 49)

Thomas Paine's *The Rights of Man*. Jone likes to think it was carried and read—and re-read—by some young soldier during the Revolution. Another treasure is a picture Jone bought at an auction one day. A little oil of a French peasant, on the back of which is inscribed, in faded ink: "Toujours votre ami, Ed. Manet."

"Manet always signed his paintings, 'Edouard Manet,'" Jone said, "so this may not, of course, be a Manet. Or rather, not the Manet. But I'm not going to have it appraised. It's kind of fun to wonder. . . ."

Meta Roberts could not always be described as a creature of impulse. But Jone is. As an example, Jone was christened J-o-a-n, Joan, same like all the famed Joans—Crawford, Fontaine, Evans, Blondell, et cetera and et cetera. Soon after she started in radio, Joan changed the Joan to Jone. Not because numerologists so advised. Jone doesn't bother her pretty head about isms and ologies. She changed the spelling of her name because: "Suddenly one day, it just seemed like it might be fun," Jone laughed, "so I did."

This change of name, or the spelling thereof, is a clue to Jone, who is a creature (as lovely women are popularly supposed to be) of many impulses—some of which land her, as she admits with amusement, on Uneasy Street.

As an instance, when she first started in radio and TV, Jone went one day to see a producer about a TV job which, she'd heard, was "open."

"This was some ten or eleven years ago," Jone explained, "and in those days I was scarcely working and couldn't have been more unknown. When this producer asked me the stock question: 'What have you done?' I told him that I was working in summer stock with the Southampton Players and named the play in which (strictly as a supernumerary) I was appearing. So far, so good, and also true, but when he asked me what part I was playing, impulse got the better of me and I told him I was playing the second lead, naming the character by name. To which Mr. Producer replied, both eyebrows ascending, 'That's the part my wife is playing.'"

"I went quietly," Jone related, with relish, "but quickly!"

Other than in beauty, femininity and impulse, Meta Roberts and Jone Allison are just about as opposite as possible.

Meta Roberts has been on trial for murder. Jone can't even read a whodunit without shuddering.

Meta Roberts is a girl who has suffered a great deal, more than her share, in fact, as you who have followed her through the years—and tears—know so well.

"Everybody has known some unhappiness," Jone remarked. "Every woman past her teens has met some hurt, great or small, and so have I. But as compared with Meta I have suffered, I should say, not at all."

Meta's troubles, most of which she brings on herself, started with her complex about her decent, but unremarkable, family. Because she was, shamefully, ashamed of her family, she ran away from home and so her troubles began. . . .

Jone loves her family dearly, is proud of them, was happy with them and never ran farther than around the block from home. Not until after her graduation from Friends Seminary did Jone meet with a family impasse. Even then, it was a slight one, and surmountable:

"I always wanted to be an actress," Jone said, "since I'd spent most of my indoor life as a child listening to radio, particularly to serial dramas and dramatic

things, I particularly wanted to be a radio actress. But after finishing school, I had to throw a fit to avoid going to college. Born of a non-theatrical family, my parents took a dim view of the theatrical profession for their daughter. However, I threw the fit—whereupon my family, understanding as they are, agreed to give me two years in which to get a job, after which, if I had not been successful, I agreed to go to college. I never," Jone laughed, "went to college."

Also unlike her fictional counterpart, Meta, who brings disaster to everything she touches, courts disaster wherever she goes, Jone, starborne, walks a celestial Milky Way. Almost from the start, for instance, Jone struck pay-dirt in her chosen career.

"I just feel I've been lucky in radio," she says. "Don't know how it's come about, only know—and am grateful—that it has."

Since her network debut in 1940, Jone has been heard on Lincoln Highway . . . as Mary Aldrich in *The Aldrich Family* . . . on *Light of The World*, *Home of the Brave*, *Pepper Young's Family*, *Kitty Foyle*, *Brave Tomorrow*, *The High Places*, *Tennessee Jed*, *Rosemary* . . . and, of course, *Guiding Light*.

In her private life, too, stars shine on Jone Mosman, nee Allison.

Curiously, the one time Jone was not impulsive was the one time girls are liable to be all impulse—meaning, when she fell in love. Or rather, when she took her own time in calling love by its right name.

"I first met Jack," Jone told me, "when he was directing Kitty Foyle on radio, with Julie Stevens in the name part and with me in an all-but-nameless bit part. We met one morning in the studio—and eight years later we got married. Which is impulse in sharp reverse," Jone laughed, "wouldn't you say?"

"During all of those eight years, I doubt that Jack and I ever said more than 'How dee do' and 'G'bye' to each other. I worked for him, off and on. We ran into each other, now and then, at studio parties and the like. And that was it. There was never so much as a flirt between us. I never thought he was attractive, never did. I just never thought of him as a man at all, period.

"Then one day, some seven years after our first meeting, we practically collided on a Fifth Avenue bus and sat, quite by chance, together. Merely to make conversation, I asked him where he was going. 'Sailing,' he told me, 'like to come along sometime?' 'Why, yes,' I said, 'be delighted.'

"So the next week we went sailing on the Sound off City Island. It was fun. I liked his love of the sea and of boats and his knowledge of both. I liked him. It was the first time in all the years I'd known him that I thought of him as a man—and an attractive one—instead of as a director for whom I occasionally worked.

"After that first sailing date, we continued to see each other—at sea and ashore—and we liked, enjoyed each other. All the more, perhaps, because, as individuals, we are so different. Jack is much more deliberate than I, quieter. And deeper, as a man should be. He uses his mind whereas I just go along, and if I get into trouble . . . !

"As we grew to know each other better, it was the strength in Jack that I fell in love with. I don't mean physical strength, though that is there, too, but the kind of strength which was, I gradually realized, something I could rely on, depend on, count on. . . .

"Also, different though we are as indi-

viduals, we are in the same business, which is always a bond between any two people and a very valuable, gilt-edged bond between married people. Jack's career is important and exciting to me; my career thrills and interests him and outside of a sense of humor—which I suspect is the most important thing in marriage—sharing career-interest is the best Golden Wedding Day insurance ever written!"

Just when, where, how, in what words, if any, Jack said "Will you?" and Jone said "Yes, I will," Jone doesn't remember. Doesn't believe there was any calendar date on which she said to herself, "This is love," or any proposal-on-bended-knee to remember.

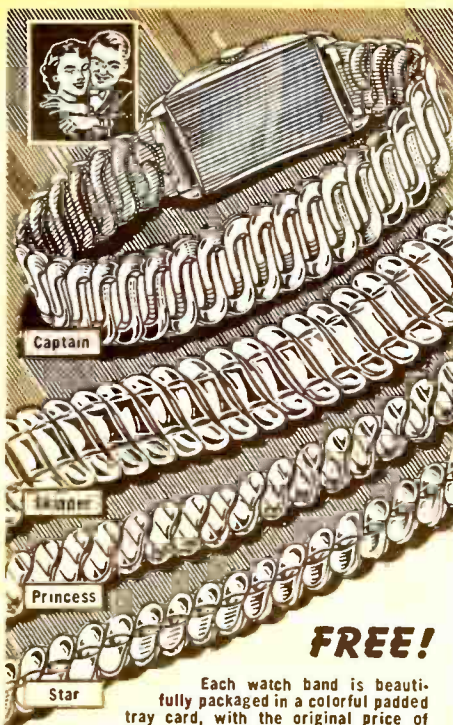
"The only thing that comes back to me," Jone said, "is of sitting in Louis and Armand's one evening, having coffee, and of hearing myself suddenly exclaim, 'Oh, I can't get married on the twenty-eighth—I have Tennessee Jed!' Which presupposes that, at some previous time, Jack must have proposed and I must have accepted. I can also recall Jack's expression when I said 'Tennessee Jed.' It asked, without words, 'How could you do a thing like Tennessee Jed on the day you planned to get married?' Believing, as all people connected with show business believe, that 'The show must go on,' he was nonetheless kind of shocked that a radio show should keep me from getting married.

"It didn't. I think they must have written me out of the script or something for we got married, on schedule, on August 28, 1949. Our friends, Toni Darnay and her husband, Bill Hoffman, stood up with us and, after the ceremony at City Hall, we had a wonderful, big lunch at wonderful, old Fraunces Tavern in downtown New York. Then we had the customary for radio and TV people, two-and-a-half-days' honeymoon. Which we spent at the charming old Outpost Inn in Connecticut—and no thanks to us, either, for we'd forgotten, unimagineably, to make a reservation. As it was the Labor Day weekend, it was a minor miracle that the sky wasn't our roof. The minor miracle was brought about by the friends we paged, all the friends we thought might have 'pull', for help in our dilemma. At the eleventh hour, one succeeded."

Other than the threat of no roof over their honeymooning heads, things went then—and have gone since, Jone says—as smoothly as fine silk. Back home after the brief honeymoon, Jack gave up his apartment, moved into Jone's and now, in the same building, they have their present, and much larger, duplex.

"Which will probably be Ye Olde Family Homestead for the Mosmans," Jone laughed. "With Jack's hours what they are, and TV added to radio for me, it doesn't look as if we'll ever get away to the country where we would like to live. Weekends when we're not on the boat, we drive around Long Island or Connecticut and look at lovely old houses and gardens and dream about living in this one, or that one—and then, still dreaming, drive back to town again. On the whole, however, mine is a happy life, I'm pretty well content," Jone said, with a purr in her pretty voice, "with my life."

On the air, Meta is one of life's unfortunates, for whom everything goes wrong; Jone in real life is a girl, at whose christening all the good fairies came, bearing gifts. "Yet I seem to understand Meta completely," Jone said, "perhaps because her character is so well-drawn, is such good writing, that it plays itself. I think, too, that Meta has, of late, pretty well adjusted her life, now knows pretty well where she is and may one day be able to say, with me, 'I am well content.'"



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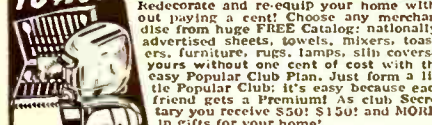


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“I love you, Elizabeth,” Jack had said. “Doesn’t that mean we’re

I was too love starved

by Elizabeth Miller Mason

IT WAS the most beautiful spot in the world, the most beautiful moment; and if ever I myself had come close to looking beautiful, it was now. Jack had told me, on the plane coming down to Nassau, that I'd looked beautiful at our wedding, and my heart had been so grateful to him for that. But I knew that it wasn't quite true. I'd been too tense, too nervous, it had been far too nearly a dream in which I was numb and mechanical for me to be looking my best.

That had had to wait until now, when we sat opposite each other in the hotel dining room, and I looked at his strongly drawn, handsome face, at the feathering of gray through the black hair, and said to myself in wonder and gratitude, "I'm his wife. I'm Mrs. Jack Mason! And it's true, not a dream at all!"

Jack's eyes met mine, and he smiled. "Elizabeth. You look like an angel."

I laughed. "I hoped I looked more like the other thing, in this outfit." I brushed the net frill around the strapless bodice to make sure it was where it ought to be. "Don't I look sophisticated and chic in this—what was it Terry called it?—this creation?"

Jack pressed my hand. "Sophisticated, chic and alluring." He lifted his glass to me, but with a sudden irritated quiver of my heart I saw that his eyes had become preoccupied again. Terry! What a talent I had for saying the wrong thing! Just when I'd been congratulating myself that for the first time in weeks I could be sure Jack had thought of nothing but me. Not his practice, back in Dickston; not any of his patients. Not even Stan Burton, though he was so desperately ill. Nor Terry, Stan's wife. . . .

Shame warmed my cheeks. Really—how petty, how mean-minded could I get? I must remember that what Jack had told me was true, true, true—Terry Burton was nothing to him but the wife of his best friend. To be so concerned with my old, worn-out jealousy of Terry when, as her friend, I ought to be concerned only with hoping

Stan was better. "You're not a schoolgirl, Elizabeth," I told myself fiercely. "Pull yourself together! You're just giving way, looking for something to feel sorry for yourself about, because everything's too good to be true. Stop it, or you'll spoil everything. You'll spoil your own honeymoon, and Jack's pleasure. . . ."

"Elizabeth?" Jack was frowning, leaning across the table. "What is it, darling? You've suddenly gone so pale—"

"You promised to leave your doctoring back home!" I retorted as lightly as I could. "There's nothing wrong with me, Jack Mason! Don't you go looking for trouble!"

There was a sudden, tremendous crash, and Jack laughed as I jumped. "Only the band coming in," he said. Even as he spoke, a teasing rhythm began, and there was stirring at the tables as other diners got up to dance. Jack looked at me inquiringly.

"I'd love to," I said. "But listen to that rhythm, Jack. I don't know if I can!"

Jack grinned. "I'm darn sure I can't, but come on, woman. If you don't live dangerously on your honeymoon, when will you?"

It was surprisingly easy, once we got out on the floor, where the lights were dimmer and we were happily melted together with the others. The music had a complicated, insistent, infectious beat, and after a while I stopped worrying about how well or badly I was following it. It was sheer heaven to be swaying about in Jack's arms.

"Ah, the tropics." Jack murmured. The music stopped, and he mopped his brow and mine with a handkerchief. "So this is the way it gets into a man's blood. There's a lot to be said for it, you know!"

"It was fun!" I was (*Continued on page 92*)

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard on CBS, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, for General Foods. Bart Robinson is seen here in his original role as Dr. Jack Mason, with radio actress Jean Gillespie as Elizabeth Miller Mason.

one flesh, one spirit?" Would I ever find the answer to his question?



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still surprised that nobody had pointed a finger at me or jeered. I pushed my hair back off my temples and repeated, "Such fun! Let's do it again!"

Jack pulled me close as the music started again. "It's incredible. Do you know I've never seen you look like this before? So alive? So vivid?"
"So happy," I whispered against his cheek. And I was—I was!

Even though any time I wanted to I could take in the solidity of the rings on my left hand, or better still, reach up and touch my husband's cheek—even so, there were times when everything around me seemed to hang suspended in unreality. Wasn't it a dream—didn't it have to be? Surely nothing so wonderful could have happened to me, Elizabeth Miller. Surely it wasn't possible that, after all the years of loving Jack, I had actually seen his impersonal friendliness warm into love for me. With all the mistakes I'd made, all the wrong, foolish things I'd done... the drinking, the insane recklessness that lonely frustration had driven me into... At those times my breath would almost stop, and I would clutch at Jack to make sure of his reality, of my possession...

"I love you too, my sweet," Jack said. "It's kind of frightening when you stop to think that it's all real, isn't it? And only a few hours ago—"
"Thirty-eight hours ago."
"There we were, and they were saying those words over us." He sighed. "If only I'm not too old for you, Elizabeth."

"You—old!" I smiled against his shoulder. "I haven't been sixteen myself for—well, call it quite some time."

"Oh—just numbers." The music reached a mad, clamorous finish and stopped abruptly, and we clung breathlessly to one another before we started working our way back to our table. "Just numbers," Jack repeated, when we were seated and cooling our hands against our frosted glasses. "The way you are, you'll always be young. You're always fighting, Elizabeth—always in rebellion. Always wanting something better, more perfect. That's enough to keep anyone young. Me..." he shrugged his shoulders, so wide and straight beneath the rough white cloth of his dinner jacket. "I've been old all along. Nose to the grindstone. Work, work, work. Never doubting, never wondering where I was going—just certain—sure there was only one place to go."

"Oh, Jack," I whispered. "Don't be so silly. Don't you know you've made me the most enchanted, most ecstatic woman in the world?"

"You know what?" Jack said, suddenly. "Too many people in this room. I mean it."

"Too many married people," I agreed. With one accord we got up and walked out, across the lantern-lit stone terrace, and down the steps to the beach.

The beach... the luxurious, Nassau movie-set hotel... the music, the exotic food, the color, the gaiety... all of it, coming on the heels of my wedding, was almost more than I could stand. Late that night, long after Jack was asleep, I lay awake following the lacy moon-patterns on the far wall, actually rejoicing in my wakefulness because it gave me a chance to count my blessings. Jack's even breathing sounded rhythmically, almost purposefully, in the room. Would he ever be unable to sleep from pure happiness? It wasn't likely. A doctor had to train himself to catch sleep whenever, wherever he could. A doctor had to live with purpose... and so did a doctor's wife. A doctor's wife! Me? As confused and selfish and—yes, childish—as I had always been? Oh, it was going to be hard to make

myself the right wife for Jack.
Suddenly I was restless. I threw back the coverlet, slipped into my robe, and stole out on the terrace. Down below, the road was white and deserted in the brilliant moonlight; from somewhere came the sharp click of horse's hooves, and the indistinct murmur of conversation, probably a couple smoking a last, awfully late cigarette, reluctant to end the night's festivities.

But the shadow was back; I wasn't any longer dizzy and exalted with happiness. Strange how the blight came and went; thinking back, I realized with wonder that there were two or three times at least while Jack and I were in the dining room when the thought of Terry might have crept in to spoil things. But it had come only once, and had been quickly, easily banished. Because Jack was with me, perhaps; because when I was looking at him, touching him, I knew that my doubts were ridiculous, left-over fears, relics of the long months when I'd loved him uselessly and watched him, in his turn, sternly holding down his feeling for his friend's wife.

We'd even talked about it, Terry and I. I could close my eyes now, so far away in time and space, and almost see her clear, earnest eyes, with their charming upward tilt at the corners, as she repeated, "Elizabeth, you're so wrong! The only thing Jack has ever felt for me is friendship. That's a kind of love, I grant you—in the best sense, it has to be—but it's not that kind. It's you, Elizabeth. I know Jack loves you. If you could just relax and believe in it, believe in yourself, you could be so happy!"

At the time I had refused to listen, afraid to start hoping because I had learned how much simpler it was to live without hope than to live with a hope that I felt meant the danger of destruction. Nevertheless, my heart had heard; it had known somehow that she was telling the truth. And slowly, gradually, Jack himself had worked the rest of the miracle. I did believe in our love. I knew that Terry was no more to him than Stan—a great deal, of course, because as Terry had said, you couldn't have real friendship without love mixed into it.

If only Stan hadn't become ill. I sighed and shivered a little, drawing my robe more closely around me against the wandering night breeze. Another one of those startlingly selfish thoughts—but this time no shame rose to kill it. I couldn't help it—any woman would resent having the greatest moment of her life marred by the kind of thing that had happened. Such a wonderful wedding—Mother and Terry and Jack had seen to that. I had gone through it in a cloud as mistily floating as my veil. That much I'd had, anyway. It wasn't till we turned with joined hands toward the back of the church that we saw what was going on. Stan, his eyes all queer and lost, his face a frightening clay-gray, and Terry, just reaching him in time to catch his weight as he sagged, turned to Jack with horror and stark dreadful fear in her pleading glance.

An awful moment. Jack, I suppose, had the most presence of mind, because it wasn't so shocking to him to see Stan collapse. He was the only one of us who had suspected that Stan was ailing. And, of course, even at his own wedding a doctor remains a doctor.

Could any woman blame me for remembering—even in the flurry of closing around Stan and somehow getting him off into the minister's study—how Jack had wrenched his hand from mine just bare seconds after we'd been made man and wife? It was unworthy, it was horrible in the face of Stan's serious at-

tack, but I could still recall the sudden, sharp chill of aloneness. Then, almost at once, concern for the Burtons drove out all other sensations. And, though they wouldn't allow me to help or in any way upset the wedding party's schedule, of course nothing could be the same with Stan lying there . . . and Jack taking care of him until Stan could be taken to his mother's home.

It was a heart attack, a bad one, and not the first. Stan—who had always been so matter-of-fact and sturdy! Talking it over later, as we were finally on our way to Nassau, I understood things that had been puzzling to me before. Knowing that Stan wasn't well, of course Jack had been concerned. That explained his many conversations with Terry; the way he seemed to hover over them—I had thought because he couldn't keep away from Terry, but I'd been wrong.

It explained, too, his preoccupation. I don't suppose he realized how bitterly hurt I was those first few hours, which should have been entirely mine. He couldn't get Stan out of his mind. He tried; he was loving, wonderful . . . but every now and then his eyes became abstracted, and I felt as though he had retreated behind a door I wasn't supposed to open. He and Stan had been friends for years and years, of course. But—I was his wife, his bride!

Under the moon like this, starkly alone, I couldn't be anything but honest. "You know Jack loves you," I told myself aloud. "You know it in your bones. What devil is there in you that drives you to make trouble, to look for trouble? Is that what Jack meant by my being in rebellion? Then I've got to stop. I've got to stop!" For I knew, in that moment of blinding honesty, that unless I did stop, unless I relaxed and believed in Jack, in myself, in our life together—our marriage couldn't go on very long.

I must face the fact that Jack was a person in his own right, as well as my husband. A man and a doctor and a friend. He turned all those faces to the world. I couldn't insist that he suddenly discard them, to be nothing but Elizabeth's husband. There was no way to do it. In my right mind I wouldn't even want to do it, for I loved him for all that he was, all he'd built up. Because he was all those things, he was the more worth loving. "You've got to be less self-centered," I told myself fiercely. "You've got to try!"

In his sleep, Jack turned and murmured something. Quickly I threw away the cigarette I had started, took a last deep breath of the flower-scented night air, and came quietly into the room again. I felt once more relaxed and at peace, as though my battle had been fought and won and left outside there on the balcony. In no time at all, I was asleep.

I woke next morning to the brilliant sunshine I was getting used to, with almost no memories of the night before . . . but with a light-heartedness that felt as though someone had cut the ropes binding me to the earth. It was the greatest pleasure of all to see Jack responding to my mood. No—not a mood, I vowed. Just my true happiness coming through at last. Not a mood that would change and veer with every wind.

And it withstood the first wind very well. After breakfast, I was savoring what we had agreed was the best coffee we'd ever had when Jack excused himself. "I'm edgy about Stan," he confessed. "Seems to me I should have heard by now."

Quick fear brushed me. "You don't mean it's that serious, Jack? You're not ex-

pecting—" I couldn't finish the thought.

"Oh, no. I think Stan will pull through this one all right." He covered my hand reassuringly. "As well as anyone can predict, at any rate. Only—well, I asked Terry to wire me about his progress." He paused. "I'm going to phone up, Elizabeth. Just to get it off my mind." He drained his cup and touched my shoulder lovingly as he went out.

I poured myself another cup and sighed. But it was a serene sigh; with enormous self-satisfaction I realized that my reaction had been right, this time. When he mentioned Stan, I hadn't flinched, nothing had cowered inside me. Every day in every way I'm getting better and better, I thought, smiling as I remembered the saying that had been so fashionable. Mother used to tell me, when she was a girl. Vaguely, I remembered now the things I'd told myself the night before. Yes, it had been a battle. And it looked as though I had won. . . .

Sauntering out on the terrace, I was leaning over the balustrade watching the smooth, incredible blue of the sea, and thinking that it was a day for nice things to happen, when a nice thing did. A boy who couldn't have been more than nineteen came over and invited me to play a couple of sets of tennis with him, if I wasn't tied up!

"I might have known," he said with a dramatic sigh when I explained, gently, that I was waiting for my husband and I thought we were going to spend the day bicycling. "You don't have a sister in your pocket, I suppose? A twin sister?" I shook my head, laughing, and he laughed too. "Oh, well. However—do you think your husband would mind terribly if I—if I asked you to dance tonight?"

"I'll risk it! I accept right now," I said, and shaking hands solemnly on the agreement, he went his way. When Jack came out I was still so full of bubbles that his gravity seemed out of place. Then with a start I remembered what he had been doing.

I sobered at once. "What's the news, dear? How's Stan?"

Jack shook his head. "They couldn't get through. They're placing the call, and I'll have to stick around in case it comes through."

"Oh," I said. "Yes. Of course."

Jack looked at me. "Gosh, I am sorry, honey. I just remembered about our exploration—"

"It doesn't matter! We can go some other day. I'll just go in and tell them to cancel the basket lunch they're packing."

Jack held my arm, his face grim. "No, wait. I'm being a little more thoughtless than I believed I could be. It's our honeymoon, darling—our holiday. Why, Stan would be the first to call me down for spoiling it this way! We can call this evening. Let's go, just as we planned."

"Really, Jack?" I raised a radiant face to his. "Are you sure you won't be too worried?"

"Really," he said. He sounded so firm that I wondered if he too had won a battle of his own.

It was a perfect day. We got back, exhausted and utterly relaxed and happy, with barely enough time to clean up and dress for dinner, and there hadn't been a moment when we hadn't been blissfully content with being alone together. If things would just stay this way for a while, I thought, as we unclasped hands in order to take our seats at our table, long enough for me to build up my confidence, to get used to being secure in his love—then I wouldn't care what happened. I wouldn't need to fight battles with myself.

Almost as if he'd known what I was



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going through, Jack devoted himself utterly to me all through the meal. Afterwards, we had our coffee on the terrace. When the music started, we wandered back into the dining room. I had told Jack about my gallant young admirer, and he was determined that no young whippersnapper would find him afraid of competition. In fact he made a point of dancing carefully round the edge of the floor—"To give the young man a chance to see that you're here, and come running," he explained.

He did very nearly come running, to the great satisfaction of my husband. Mine, too. I kept telling myself it was just funny, but in a wry undertone of honesty I had to admit that no woman of any age is ready to laugh away the admiration of any man of any age . . . not if there's a chance it's sincere. Bob Talbot very nearly danced my feet off, first taking the precaution of introducing Jack to his own party, two attractive young couples who happily joined their table to ours and rapidly got to be the most hilarious group in the room. "No girl for you?" I asked Bob teasingly as we swooped about. He grinned.

"I'm a very particular guy, Mrs. Mason." "Call me Elizabeth," I said, "or I'll feel my age."

He thanked me gravely. "But you're no age at all," he told me. "You're—"

"I am not old enough to be called ageless, Bob—if you do that I'll go right back to my husband!" He laughed, and we danced in silence for a while. Then the music became smooth and slow, and it was possible to talk again. I said curiously, "Just how are you particular?"

"I want—oh, call it character. Looks, yes, and brains of course, but something else. Strength. Personality. Honesty." He held me away so that he could look down. "Think I'll ever find it all in the same woman? The way Dr. Mason has?"

"You're so very young, Bob," I murmured uncomfortably. "Of course you'll find it, in time." I wanted to add something about how deceptive a woman's looks could be, because my conscience cringed away from the adjectives he'd obviously meant for me. Strength, honesty—me! With the thoughts I'd had about Terry, about Stan, even about Jack's absorption in his profession! But I only repeated, "You'll find what you want. And what fun it is to make a few mistakes before you do!"

It was a gay evening. Around eleven, so tired I could barely walk, I caught my heel in the flounce of one of my two fashionable petticoats and fell against Jack, with whom I happened to be dancing at the time. "Oh, dear," I muttered. "I knew I'd come to grief with these trimmings and deckings."

I excused myself to go upstairs for repairs. I had only two drinks all evening, but I was now so unused to any liquor that they'd been enough to create a happy, hazy mist through which everything looked somehow indistinct and different. Afraid I might wander into the wrong room. I checked with a passing bellboy, who politely directed me to my own, gave me a conspiratorial grin, and went off down the corridor. He thinks I'm tight, I thought huffily. Then I heard myself giggle, and got quickly into the room. If I wasn't I was the next thing to it!

It wasn't until I turned to shut the door that I saw the envelope. It had been slipped under the door—the unmistakable red and white of a radiogram. Instantly I was completely sober. I wasn't thinking yet, but my instincts jumped into frantic alertness. There was nobody to send us a wire, no reason for a wire—except from Terry. And if it came from Terry . . . what would it say about Stan?

I don't know how long I stood there, looking at it. What would it say? If Stan were better, would she have bothered to send a wire? She would have dropped us a note, or waited till Jack called. She must know Jack's going to call, I thought with sudden venom that surprised me and yet seemed perfectly justified right then. She knows he couldn't do without news of his beloved Terry for such a long time.

So it must mean Stan was worse. Perhaps . . . even dead. I felt clamminess on my palms, on the back of my neck. Jack would go back at once, naturally. His best friend. His best friend's dear little wife, who would certainly need a man to lean on in her trouble. But it was my honeymoon! My only honeymoon, the first happiness I'd known in years, years . . . and I'd waited so long and planned so minutely and hoped so passionately that it would be a happy time. We had only three days of it! Was it fair—no matter what happened back home in Dickston? Oh, we'd help—when we got back, we'd do anything. But we were entitled to this much unspoiled, untroubled time alone! We had to have it!

About ten minutes later, the frill repaired, my make-up freshened, I went down again and joined the others. I was as gay as I knew how to be. Gayer, as a matter of fact. I had to laugh loudly enough, talk fast enough to drown out the memory of that radiogram being torn into shreds by my hands, being burned in an ashtray . . . by my hands. I hadn't even read the thing. I'd been afraid to know.

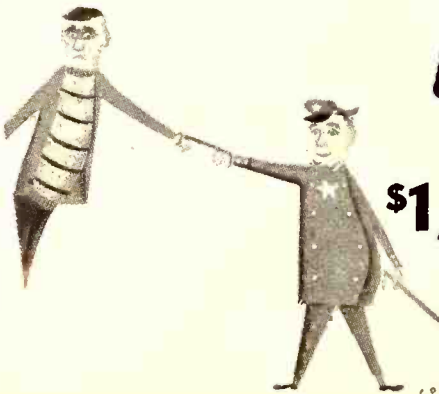
The only thing I remember about the rest of that night was Jack taking a glass out of my hands. He didn't say anything or look reproachful. In fact, he smiled. But the message was clear, and thank

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heaven, I kept enough presence of mind to understand it. After that I was ready to go up to bed, secure that I had drunk enough to bring on sleep.

The next day was a travesty on the day before. The worst of it was that I could still recall, almost feel, the sparkle that had made everything a marvelous adventure. It made the leaden apprehension that filled me now all the more hopeless by contrast. Jack would find out. Of course, he'd find out. I must have been drunk or mad to think for a moment that I could do this horrible thing. And when Jack knew . . . then he'd believe I wasn't the wife for him. All my respect for myself had gone up in the smoke of that selfish, cruel little fire. How could he have any for me, when he knew?

By afternoon, facing him became intolerable. A dozen times he asked me, frowning with concern, if I felt all right, and finally I admitted to a blinding headache and said perhaps I ought to go up and lie down. Postpone the evil moment.

I must have slept for quite a while, for when I opened my eyes the room was almost dusky. I lay for a moment while full memory flooded back over me, and then I threw my arms over my eyes with a moan. "I don't want to wake up," I said aloud. "I don't want to. Not yet!"

"I don't blame you, Elizabeth." There was a movement in the far corner by the desk, and Jack came slowly toward me and stood looking down. I didn't try to avoid his eyes. The look in them would have burned through whatever I could possibly have put between us.

"You know?" I said.

"Yes, I know. At least I know something must have—" He turned away abruptly, walked to the wall, and came back and sat down on the bed's edge. "What beats me," he burst out, "is how you expected to get away with—whatever you did. What did you do, anyway, burn it?" I nodded miserably.

"Picked it up, tore it into little tiny pieces, and burned it—right there, in the big glass ashtray. And now we'll never know, will we?"

"Don't be silly," Jack said irritably. "Naturally when the bellboy told me he'd slipped it under the door and asked if I'd received it all right, we phoned for a verification." As simple as that, I thought.

"Elizabeth . . . can't you tell me why you did it?"

His irritation had faded, and I shrank from what sounded like tenderness. Better to have him furious, disgusted, appalled . . .

"Why?" he repeated. He reached over and took my hand, and there was no mistaking his tone now. I wrenched the hand away.

"What's the difference? It's done. Nothing I can say will undo it. Only . . ." The tightness in my throat made it hard to speak. "Only it is—was—our honeymoon, Jack. I was so desperately afraid you'd have to go back home . . ."

"And if I had?" He still spoke softly, reasonably. "What of it, Elizabeth? Marriage isn't just the length of a honeymoon, is it? I never thought so. It's forever. It's—everything, taking the good with the bad, the pleasures with the duties and difficulties it certainly brings. What if we'd had to go home? I gather you mean that if Stan were worse, or if the attack had proved fatal, I'd have gone—and I would. But—suppose we did go? We're married, dear. We can take another trip next month, next year, any time—God willing. There's no excuse for our acting like children, afraid a favorite toy is going to be snatched away. We've got each other for keeps."

Tears rolled uncontrollably across my cheeks and dampened the pillow. "You don't understand," I whispered. "I've waited so long. There was such a long time when you didn't know I was alive. I can't get used to the idea that it's changed now. I'm still so afraid that anything can wipe me from your mind instantly—your work, or Stan—or Terry—" The implication of what he had said struck me then. I raised up on one elbow. "Jack—do you mean Stan isn't—?"

Jack smiled faintly. "No, he— isn't. As a matter of fact, Terry had wired to say he was gaining. So you see . . ."

I saw indeed. All for nothing. My cheating and cowardice had been all for nothing. If only I hadn't gotten panicky like that, Jack need never have known to what depths I could fall. I lay back again, hopelessly staring up at the ceiling. Jack took my hand once more.

"You're acting like a child, Elizabeth," he said seriously. "You've done a mean, unworthy thing—but, for heaven's sake, let's not make a great tragedy out of it. As a matter of fact . . ." he hesitated and rubbed his free hand across his forehead. "It's my fault, too," he said unexpectedly. "Oh, darling, what can I do to make you believe in us? I thought you finally did, when we came down here. You looked and seemed so—at peace, and happy. Is it my fault that you're still insecure, not convinced that I love you as deeply and strongly as I do?"

"Jack," I whispered. "Are you sure you want to say these things to me? Now, now that you know what a dishonest—"

He put his fingers over my lips. "Let me finish. It was dishonest. It was—stupid. And if you want to be ashamed of it I certainly won't stop you, because I think under the circumstances, knowing as you did that the cable might have carried news of the death of my oldest friend, it was a shameful thing to do." He clasped my shoulders roughly, and put his face close to mine. "But do you really, in your right mind, think I would break up our marriage over it? Do you think marriages are made of crepe paper?" He gave me a little shake and released me. "I love you, Elizabeth. Doesn't that convey the same things to you as it does to me? That we're—one flesh, one spirit? That we approach the world as a partnership? That no matter what other jobs we have, whom else we may be fond of, how we may be temporarily separated, nothing can diminish the fundamental togetherness into which we've entered? I haven't waited all these years in order to take on a wife who means any less to me than that. You can believe me, Elizabeth. I don't know how else to say it."

There was a silence in the darkened room. Fighting for composure, I felt at the same time blindingly happy and desperately miserable. I'd fallen so far short . . . been so much less than he thought me. Would the rest of my life be enough to make up for it? I'd try so hard, harder than anyone had every tried before to believe and to make him believe in us. I didn't know how to say it, either. I wanted to thank him for his understanding, his forgiveness . . . but with what words? After a while I did the only thing that seemed right. I sat up, slipped my arms round his neck, and held him very, very close for a long time. Then I said almost reverently, "I believe that you love me. I believe all the things that you said, and I say them, too. And I love you with all my heart and soul."

Jack turned his head and kissed me. "Well, that's all straight," he said cheerfully. "And now, Mrs. Mason, shall we pick ourselves up and go on with our honeymoon?"

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Honeymoon Happiness

(Continued from page 33)

they first glimpsed the Lady in the harbor—the Eighth Wonder of the World, which they felt the other Seven would do well to see. Until that heart-swelling moment, they hadn't realized just how homesick they were. Although they'd had a general idea. Theirs was a trip to long remember—motoring and sight-seeing through England, France, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. But there arrives a saturation point when a Yank can't work up enthusiasm for one more ruin or old master . . . when, feeling somewhat like a couple of Boy Scouts, one says to the other, "I'd rather look at the Thrifty Drugstore."

Now, in their happiness at being home again, they wondered why they'd ever gone away. . . .

"Well," recalled the bride, "I went to play the Palladium. . . ."

This she would never forget. She'd undertaken the English engagement with more than her usual opening-night jitters—and for a highly understandable reason. Wondering how the British audience would receive her recalled to mind the English sponsor who'd fired her from her first radio show—a program which also marked her first teaming musically with Paul.

"We've known each other 8,000 years," Jo laughs, but with a look in her blue eyes that denotes she's enjoyed every thousand of them. . . .

A more accurate account, however, would be twelve years. They met when Jo and seven male singers comprised the Pied Pipers, and Paul Weston and Axel Stordahl, then arrangers for Tommy Dorsey, heard the group sing and got them a job on Dorsey's New York radio show. Once arrived in the big town, however, their professional stay was but brief. Their English sponsor, seeing his show for the first time, happened by the studio just as the Pipers were bearing down on "Hold Tight! Hold Tight! Foo-ra-de-ack-asaki—Want Some Sea Food, Ma-Ma—" The shocked and sedate Englishman wanted no part of the group, ordering them out of the studio and off his show.

You might say the weeks that followed were tough. "Why don't you just say we were starving?" suggests Jo. Her bridegroom recalls how the eight Pied Pipers traveled Times Square in a hungry pack: "Axel and I felt terrible about the whole thing. After all, we were responsible for their being there. Whenever we saw our singers coming down the street en masse, we cut over to Eighth Avenue in a hurry—to keep away from them. We were really embarrassed."

Later, however, after the singing group made their way back to the West Coast, Dorsey decided to use a group of four for a Chicago date, and three of the male Pipers and Jo rejoined their discoverers. Paul Weston has arranged all of Jo Stafford's songs ever since.

In 1946, he began arranging her future, as well. They dated steadily and, while Hollywood gossip columnists insisted on setting the happy date for them, the lovely auburn-haired singer and her Irish musical maestro went their own quiet way making music together—that would, each knew, add up some day to a lifetime of "Lohengrin."

That date was hastened, the bride now insists teasingly, one afternoon a year ago, when the groom couldn't work up a golf game. They were sitting in the car by the golf course in Palm Springs when he proposed to her. Paul had planned to play a round of golf and Jo intended to

walk around with him. But no clubs were available, and they were back in the car wondering what they'd do instead, when he turned to her and said suddenly, "I'd like to be married to you. Would you?" And Jo heard herself answering her beau and best friend of five years with, "Now that you mention it—yes." Despite Paul's present insistence that "I'd already been giving the matter some thought," his bride says laughingly: "I've always said that if Paul could have found any clubs and played golf that afternoon, we wouldn't be married today."

They exchanged vows one 11 A.M. last February (the twenty-sixth), without fanfare, at St. Gregory's Church in Los Angeles, in the presence of their immediate families, Jo's manager, Mike Nidorf, and her maid and cook, Lillie Mae. With her forthcoming Palladium engagement—and since Paul Weston, West Coast artist and repertoire head of Columbia Records, needed to scout songs and talent abroad—a business trip became their European honeymoon.

Jo's nervousness opening night was exceeded only, she says, by that of her husband. "When Paul's nervous, he flicks his right thumb—and he was really thumbing up a breeze that evening." And Jo? "Me—I said my usual small prayer, the gist of which goes: 'Don't let me fail.'" Her bridegroom bolstered her confidence with the customary encouraging word he's employed before any opening for lo, these many years. "Paul always uses a corny childish psychology—which I can see through completely—but it still sounds good. 'What's the worst that can happen?' he says. 'You'll faint—and they'll carry you off the stage—and you'll make the papers bigger than ever. . . .'"

But Jo didn't faint. Nor did her arranger-groom. The only items carried from there were rave reviews, and her sad memories of "Seafood, Mama" were assuaged by the applause given "Shrimp Boats," not to mention her famous hepped-up rendition of "Temptation."

Jo was no stranger to the British, it developed. They heard her broadcasts on Radio Luxembourg regularly. They were very gracious, and they were no little impressed by the formal reception given by the American Embassy (the first for any entertainer) in honor of their "Singing Diplomat," as they referred to Jo, in recognition of her work with the Voice of America and her regular Sunday-night recorded shows over the Luxembourg radio.

Their American sense of humor was to stand them in great stead often, ere these two Yank innocents returned from abroad. . . .

Nothing in a travel folder had prepared them, for instance, for the hilarious difficulties to be encountered in the simple operation of ordering cornflakes topped with bananas, their favorite breakfast combine. They fought the cornflake-banana battle all over Europe—and never once won. What they ordered and what they got were ten different things. Just plain bananas sliced on just plain cornflakes was apparently too downright simple for the elaborate European cuisines.

Checking into a small hotel in Avignon, France—say—they would go into great detail ordering cornflakes, either "with" or "without," the night before, for their breakfast the next a.m. "Two orders, of cornflakes? Oui—" the waiter beamed. He was still beaming the next morning when he placed before them two steaming bowls of hot cornmeal *mush*.

By this time, having decided there was no conceivable way to get the two to-

gether they decided to try ordering a "Banana au Naturel," then chasing it with the cornflakes. An enlightened reaction from the waiter, in the hotel where they next stopped, seemed to promise, at long last, success. "Banana au Naturel," they said. "Oui," he smiled. "Cornflakes? *Mais oui!*" he smiled again. The cornflakes arrived, accompanied by a generous serving of bananas piled high in a sherbet glass with whipped cream filigreed all around and a maraschino cherry on top! "And it seemed so simple," laughs Jo, remembering now.

More confusion set in during their shopping expeditions, particularly in Italy, where they discovered they were expected to go into an Abbott and Costello "Who's on first?" routine to get to first base with the shopkeepers, long used to being haggled with and bargained down. "If you don't," they were advised, "they'll think you very dull." They got Lillie Mae a white handstitched blouse in France. For Mitch Miller, musical director for Columbia Records—and quite a gourmet—some elaborate recipes: "One a special Mediterranean fish dish, well-sauced. You marinate yourself for three days preparing it."

In London, Jo bought some lovely china vases of the year 1820—to go with her beloved Royal Doulton collection at home. She bought a fascinating handpainted papier mache tray and stand, concerning which the shopkeeper apologized, "This isn't too much of an antique—just 1870."

With her bridegroom's six years of visual study of the French language—"but I never planned to *speak it*!"—Jo depended on Paul's translations to make their desires known. Usually, he made a noble try but, when they stopped in Juan Les Pins, France, and Jo decided to visit the local beauty salon, "Paul refused to go along—and I had my first experience of really going it alone." The salon, located over a restaurant, looked harmless enough. Their driver called the shop to make sure somebody there spoke English. The hairdresser assured him that he himself spoke English *very well*.

She decided to get a manicure, too, and found she had a badly-split nail which was giving them trouble. Jo kept suggesting a way to fix it, and the manicurist kept smiling and nodding, but nothing happened. "I had the feeling I wasn't really getting through to him," she laughs. Finally, Jo called for the hairdresser who spoke English so well to come to her rescue. "Look, will you please ask the manicurist if there's any glue?" she said. "I'd like some glue to fix my fingernail." The hairdresser was proud to be of service. "Oui, Madame," he smiled, "cheese, ham or liver sausage?"

But the honeymooners had no difficulty in interpreting and enjoying the beauty and romance around them. The breathtaking views in Lucerne, Switzerland, of blue lakes against green mountains, backgrounded by the distant Alps covered with snow. The wide tree-shaded boulevards of Paris. The flower-strewn countrysides. The impressive historical landmarks that are Rome's. Driving along on Sunday evenings it seemed so funny to hear Jo's voice on the car radio via Luxembourg. "Tonight I'll be in Paris"—and remember the night she'd recorded it two months before in Hollywood. Now and then, Paul was inspired to write a song. Driving from Rapallo, Italy, he'd gotten the melody for a waltz. When they got to the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, they'd rushed downstairs immediately and found a piano—"You played it for me and some of the keys stuck," Joe reminisces. "It's a sweet little French waltz," she adds.

"No lyrics yet," explains Paul. "Jo's

been a great help on the songs she does. She has a fine ear for a lyric," he says.

"You're speaking of the gal who only turned down 'To Each His Own,'" she reminds. "You had to twist my arm on 'Serenade of the Bells.' And what about 'Whispering Hope'—I didn't want to do that one, either. . . ."

"Don't forget I've picked some dogs, too—although I'd rather you would," he smiles.

They'll always consider themselves the luckiest tourists ever. Their American Express driver, Kay Kandjean—"his name is really Jean, but you call him Kay"—turned out to be a tournament bridge player. Together with Mike Nidorf, who accompanied them, they had some fast and furious bridge games wherever they stopped for the night. The Westons are admittedly bridge-happy. For instance, when others go to New York, they see the shows. When Paul and Jo hit the Big Town, they spend most of their time having their bridge game analyzed. They really take their bridge game seriously, at home or abroad. "Argue? Well, we do a lot of—rehashing. But we never leave a gathering in separate cars."

It can now be revealed that the strange little bits of paper mysteriously floating around the European countryside, with numbers and symbols scrawled on them, are not enemy codes—but just bridge hands written down by Jo and Paul and saved for later discussion as to how the hand "might have been made."

At the last, they found themselves missing their fellow-members in the Westwood Bridge Club, and the feverish sessions with cronies in the music room at home. It was about this time they knew the only sight they wanted to see was their own, their native land. As Jo says, "We just got plain homesick."

Their devoted Lillie Mae, a faithful correspondent, kept them informed on all developments.

But there were many other details Lillie Mae couldn't fill in. The view, for instance, from the curved picture window in their living room which reveals a breathtaking sweep of city and sea and sky. Their own flower-fringed green lawns, and the eucalyptus trees that lean dreamily over their oval blue swimming pool. . . .

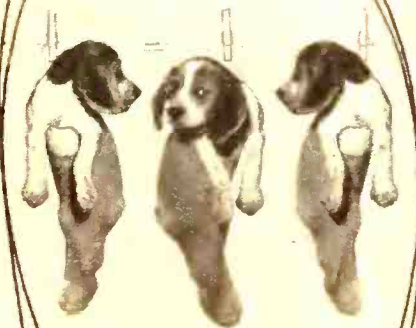
They missed working on arrangements together—Paul with his shoes off, feet propped up on the coffee table in comfort, and Jo padding around in her beloved ballet shoes. They missed coffee the way they like it. And they missed—much too much—their personality poodle, Beau, who gets bored when they look at television and keeps banging away on the piano until he gains their eye (and a cookie) again. Beau, who takes a beligerent stand at the door barking a hint that all visitors—including reporters—should go. "Now you bark," his master reminds him. "Where were you when the house was broken into three times while we were gone?"

Looking around them, Jo and Paul asked each other yet again, "What has any place got that *this place hasn't?*" Stuck for an answer, they prepared to unpack their stickered suitcases and settle down.

The next morning, with her heart in her hand, Jo made a visit to her physician whom she hoped would confirm what she had suspected, the most urgent reason of all for returning to her beloved home. Two days later, a radiant Jo was able to greet Paul at the door with the news a baby was on the way and due to arrive sometime in December. Jo and Paul's honeymoon was indeed ending with complete fulfillment of their dreams.

With a song in their hearts—they were home.

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I Was Nobody's "Dream Girl"

(Continued from page 44)

look nice. (I was a pianist before I became a singer.) Third: Fat! (And here I minced no words with myself.) You are just a little fat redhead, and if you don't watch out you are going to get plumper and plumper. There's no reason why you should stop gaining when you go on eating and eating.

That last "F" troubled me far more than the first two, for one special reason. I have a very pretty sister who is just two years younger than I—and a little taller. While Lucille's figure was getting softly curved and slim and graceful, mine was getting rounder and rounder. The worst of it was that people used to make comparisons between us and, while I liked to see my sister looking prettier every day, I now felt completely miserable alongside of her.

I have to admit, however, that I tackled Fat last, after I disposed of Freckles and Fingernails. Maybe it was better that way, in the long run. Fat was the hardest, and by overcoming the other two I got the courage to start working on the third "F."

Freckles, of course, were the easiest because I, personally, could only do so much about them. I could protect my face and neck as much as possible from the hot Arkansas sun. (We lived first in Humphrey, later moving to Pine Bluff, where my folks still live.) Whenever I sunbathed that summer I reached for a hat with a wide brim or I draped a scarf or towel over my head and neck, and I used lotions and creams to help keep the freckles away.

Nature came to my rescue during the following summers by making me less and less susceptible to freckling, until now it's hardly any problem at all. But that first year I really tried hard. I was highly rewarded, for I got through the summer with only a few light freckles that no one even noticed.

Biting my fingernails was a long-time habit, not easy to overcome, but I am a determined person once I make up my mind. I made it up for keeps: the night I played the piano at a party and a boy I liked watched my hands intently as they moved up and down the keys in fast tempo. How ugly he must have thought my hands were! At that moment, I saw my hands as he must be seeing them, and I decided I was through with nail-biting, a stupid habit and a disfiguring one.

Not even my mother's encouragement to use her manicure things, or the little set she had bought me for myself, did as much to help as the one good look I got at my own hands through the eyes of that boy. Oh, I fell from grace a couple of times and had to let my nails start growing all over again, but it took only a few weeks to banish nail-biting from my life forever.

Fat was the last "F"—the one I kept turning away from, because it was the most difficult. I loved sweets of all kinds. (I still do.) I loved to eat. (I still do.) There were ten of us—my parents, and the eight children, of whom I am the eldest—to sit down at the family table. We all enjoyed our food and the talk and the fun we had together. I would sit and eat and eat, until one day I got on the scales and the hand moved up to 156 pounds. I was almost eighteen, 5 feet 3 3/4 inches tall, and I knew the time had come to face facts. I was overweight. What was I going to do about it?

I think I would have done something sooner if I hadn't been the type of girl

who is always invited out with the crowd, anyhow, and seems to be having a wonderful time. I wasn't the most popular girl in our crowd but I had the average amount of boy friends and fun. And I was always willing to play the piano while the others danced, which made me extra welcome. I suppose. Actually, I felt more comfortable at a piano than on a dance floor, although I never let the extra pounds become a block to keep me from enjoying myself or an excuse for holding back from normal social life and school activities. In fact, I sang at high school and later with the local band. I only knew in my own heart that I would be happier, more vital and more attractive if I were slimmer.

I don't suppose the other kids cared one way or the other but, as I neared my eighteenth birthday, I began to get so sensitive about size that, when someone looked at me hard, or people whispered together near me, I was convinced they were noticing that I was putting on weight. They probably weren't even thinking of me at that moment, but that sort of thing can get to be complex. It was then I knew the time had come to act, not merely to wish!

I made a definite decision to lose about thirty pounds. I knew it might take a year, if I wanted to keep the health and energy I needed to make good in my musical career, or in any life I might choose later on. I'm glad I had the good sense to realize that fast reducing, except in very special cases and by a doctor's advice, can be dangerous.

It did take about a year, but I was encouraged right away by dropping a couple of pounds, just as soon as I cut out candy and other sweets. My sister Carolyn, who now lives with me in New York and acts as my secretary and helper in everything I do, says she can remember me coming home from school every day with a soft drink in my hand and a candy bar in my pocket. That was the first thing I stopped.

Those first few pounds I lost made the whole thing seem less difficult. I could just see the rest melting away, until I began to notice that I wasn't losing any more, although I was being careful of every mouthful I ate. I didn't know this always happens. When you are forming new food habits, it takes a while before your body feels the difference. I got terribly discouraged, but I stuck to my decision.

I spent the summer that year with a great aunt who lived in Quincy, Illinois, and getting away from home and the family dining table was a big help. It was easier to curb my appetite, with no one watching to see if I was eating enough or to ask if I was ill if I ate less than usual. I was busy, too, studying piano and practising.

A busy, active life is one of the best ways to help take off weight—not because exercise gets it off (it takes an enormous amount of exertion to take off a few ounces), but because plenty of interests and activity take your mind off food and keep you from wanting between-meal snacks, the worst weight-increasers of all! You feel more like nibbling when you're just sitting around not doing anything in particular. Someone suggests going down to the drugstore for a drink or ice cream and you go, if you're not doing anything. Or if you're by yourself you raid the refrigerator, and all sorts of extra calories are added.

Unfortunately, Mother worried and I had to convince her that I was only leaving out the "extras" I never should have had, anyhow. Within weeks, she was

helping me, for the nice things people said about how well I looked made her feel better about it. For me, the compliments were the reward for a summer of self-denial. I felt like a real person, doing something that even those who loved me most couldn't do for me. I had stopped leaning on my family's approval and had realized that the world might not be so easy on my faults and frailties.

After that first summer away from home I was on my own more and more, doing radio work in Memphis (my birthplace, although I left there as a baby); in Shreveport, where I had my own show; in Dallas, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and finally in Chicago. When I lived alone, I did my own marketing and planning and I just wouldn't have anything around that tempted me toward fat. Instead of buying doughnuts (and I love them!) I started the day with a slice of toast, black, sugarless coffee, soft-boiled egg, and orange juice. I still eat that breakfast regularly.

Each time I shopped for new clothes and found myself buying a size smaller, it was all the encouragement I needed. The only really bad backsliding I did was fairly recently, in the summer of 1951, when I had a month's vacation in Hawaii. Being away from the rigid routine under which all radio-television performers must live, especially those of us on so many shows—I'm on the daily Arthur Godfrey morning shows on both radio and TV, and the big Wednesday evening TV program—it seemed a wonderful thing to be lazy, to eat when I pleased and as I pleased. I gained eight pounds, but the first week I was back in New York I went back to my careful eating habits and gradually lost the extra weight. That's the nice thing about having once slimmed down to size—you know you can do it again before it becomes a big problem.

I firmly believe a teenager who has let herself get fat has to find out first what is responsible for it. A doctor can tell her if there is anything wrong except too much indulgence in sweets and starches, but she herself will have to analyze her reasons for over-indulging. Perhaps eating means she is trying to escape some problem. Unpopularity? Boredom? Not doing well at school? Unhappiness about some home situation? About a love affair? Self-pity? Or self-satisfaction, because your folks think you're pretty "cute" just as you are?

Whatever a teenager finds she must face and solve. Some of the problems will smooth out in time, anyhow, but the

bulges in a girl's figure won't. There's no use using eating as an escape.

I myself learned not to be discouraged if occasionally I fell for a piece of chocolate cake or a soda, after I knew I had built up enough will power to resist most of the time. I never had these treats when I was alone, but I saved them for the times I might feel conspicuous by refusing dessert at a party or saying no to a boy who wanted to buy me something especially good. At other times, it got to be a comfort to know that I had something stiffer than jelly in my backbone, something that made it fairly easy to refuse.

Knowing how to dress right for my figure was always a big help. I never looked my weight because I wore skirts that weren't too full or too tight and I kept to plain colors and very little pattern. Luckily, I like simple lines, but I must say it was a nuisance to have to be so fussy about everything I bought. Thank heaven, I always had a small waistline, so that helped.

When I wore sports clothes I was particularly self-conscious. In fact, I think the chief value of sports in reducing was to make me want to look well in the casual clothes I had to wear for active sports, and to make me want to seem graceful and lithe.

The day came, however, when I really got off to an important start in my professional career as a singer, and there was a debut for which I wanted to wear something frilly and specially feminine and glamorous. I saw a perfect dream of a dress in a shop and I could hardly wait to try it on. It was a size 12. I knew it would now fit me, but was I slender enough yet to carry it well? When I looked into the triple mirror and saw how well it suited me, and how perfectly it fit, I felt repaid for all those months—almost twelve of them—when I had looked longingly into the windows of pastry shops and had pushed second helpings resolutely away.

You see, you never can know what lies ahead of you. A day is bound to come when you will want to appear at your best, for some one occasion or some one person whom you want to feel proud of you. Or you may be consciously preparing for something big in your life. The point is that, even on the average, ordinary day, it's a wonderful thing to know the satisfaction of facing and conquering something that troubles you, even a little at a time—just as I conquered my three F's—Freckles, Fingernail-biting, Fat.

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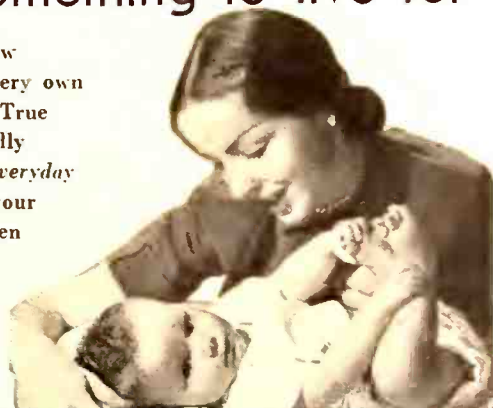
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Successful Romeo

(Continued from page 55)

own. My handful of kids on Juvenile Jury and my foster parents on Life Begins at 80 keep me far too busy for romance right now."

Despite their tender ages, ranging from six to twelve, the Juvenile Jurors have sometimes taken more than a passive part in Barry's romantic interludes. One night, for instance, they learned he had a date with a film queen about whom they had some mental reservations. They locked Jack in his dressing room and he missed the date. Rumors of that romance cooled with amazing rapidity.

On another occasion, serious-minded little Elizabeth Watson electrified Barry and the entire cast. This night, it seems Jack had a date with a famous cover girl, whom he introduced to Elizabeth. The latter stammered an acknowledgement, then burst into tears and ran from the room, shrieking hysterically: "You can't have my Uncle Jack. He promised to marry me!"

But once upon a time—when Elizabeth was too young even for Juvenile Jury—no one fought for Jack's favors, either in radio or romance, and Barry himself thought he was headed back to his father's handkerchief business. Born March 20, 1918, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Barasch of Lindenhurst, Long Island, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a B.S. degree in 1939, he had spent four years working for his dad, then taken a summer radio course in 1943 and finally, in 1944, got the job of his dreams with Station WTTM, Trenton—at the magnificent salary of twelve dollars a week.

Now, a year and a half later, he had made up his mind. Thanks to some hard plugging, several commercial and announcing jobs, plus emcee work on women's audience-participation and Army hospital shows, Jack had raised himself by his vocal cords to a snappy \$200 a week. He felt he was entitled to an executive's post, and that his work proved it.

"I went to the boss," he recalls, "and stated my case. 'Do something for me,' I demanded. He did. He fired me!"

Jack was a pretty sad and disillusioned young man that night, as he looked back—past his own personally-selected switch into a radio career—to those four hopeless years on the road trying to sell handkerchiefs for his father. Where was he headed now? Or was he only going into reverse?

He didn't know it then, but—if he hadn't been given the heave—he might still be something of a nonentity on one of the smaller stations. Instead, he took a job as an announcer at Mutual Network's WOR, at forty-five dollars a week (a cut of more than seventy-five per cent off his previous radio salary).

But it was at Mutual that Jack first attained prominence and established himself as a master of the ad-lib with Daily Dilemma, an audience-participation show in which guests were asked to solve such problems as: Should a wife tell her husband she's had lunch with an old beau?

He also aired a daily plea for Veterans' Housing, presenting some of the more tragic personal problems. There were an estimated 30,000 such homeless families in the metropolitan area at the time, but Barry succeeded in procuring an average of 100 homes a month for a solid year and was subsequently honored by the Veterans Club of New York.

Jack took a personal interest in WOR's famous Uncle Don kiddie program and

one night, for a gag, stopped some of the children on the show, as well as others in the audience, and started firing ad-lib questions on a variety of subjects at them.

"I was floored by the promptness, the understanding, the casual humor of their answers," Jack recalls, "and then and there conceived the idea for Juvenile Jury. We cut a half-hour disc and the following Saturday, May 11, 1946, we made our debut on the air."

The response was staggering. Thousands upon thousands of letters poured in from all parts of the country. Every parent in the land, it seemed, thought his or her offspring a genius and a natural-born radio star. News magazines and papers hailed the Jury as one of the discoveries of the year, and Universal Pictures signed Barry and his brood for a series of twelve movie shorts.

Juvenile Jury's format is simple—a panel of grammar-school-age youngsters eager to tackle the problems of their set, as sent in by other youngsters, teachers and harried parents—but its success has been proven beyond doubt, on both radio and TV. As proof, consider its current two-year, non-cancellable contract with the National Broadcasting Company for a plump, round-figured \$2,000,000.

"We've screened thousands of youngsters for Jury duty in the past six years or so," Barry explains, "but in all that time have used only about twenty-five. I look for a kid who is not afraid of a mike, who has a good imagination and likes to talk."

That's a fair description of the present panel of regulars, which includes—reading up through the age levels—Billy Knight, six, son of famous tenor Felix Knight; Mai-lan Rogoff, an authentic six-year-old Oriental princess, daughter of an American dentist and an Indo-Chinese mother; Laura Mangels, already, at six-and-a-half, a small blonde heartbreaker; Fonda Ruby Plotkin, also six-and-a-half, the panel's perpetually-amazed "Mrs. Nussbaum"; Ronnie Molluzzo, seven, excitable imp of the gang; the love-smitten Elizabeth Watson, nine-and-a-half; Charlie Hankinson, eleven-year-old expert on sports, particularly baseball; and Dickie Orlan, a poised, precocious man of the world at the ripe age of twelve.

Like Barry, young Mr. Orlan has something of a romantic reputation himself. "Girls," he confesses, "are always writing and asking me to marry them. I write back I'm not ready for that sort of thing. One girl even came to the studio and kept pestering me for a year for a yes or no answer. I finally told her I was engaged. It was a white lie."

Dickie is already contemplating the writing of his memoirs. "I don't know how much longer I can continue in this type of work," he bemoaned recently. "I was just a kid of six when I started, and was very temperamental. I couldn't read then and Jack used to read my fan mail to me. This was often difficult, for so many of my fans couldn't write."

Barry is used to acting as a combination of foster parent, schoolteacher, playmate, father-confessor and child psychologist to his family of rugged little individualists. He has a keen sense of what goes on in their minds as the problems are bruted about, knows how to tickle their funny bones and pounces on any slips they make to try and "get them on the hook." They often wriggle right off and leave him hanging in mid-air.

One night, he thought he had them as he told of a little girl who was very plain and knew it and had a hard time trying to become popular. What should she do

about it? Could the Jurors help her? Various methods of perfecting one or more skills, such as piano-playing and bike-riding, were suggested. Then Laura Mangels panicked the audience by cautioning the little ugly duckling: "Don't worry about your looks. Remember, looks aren't everything—look at Mrs. Roosevelt!"

Many times the Jurors get in heated discussion over some point and completely ignore Barry. On such occasions, he just sits by till he thinks enough expletives have withered the air. If he attempts to butt in too soon, he is firmly and finally squelched. It was Charlie Hankinson who once snapped, at such a moment: "Why don't you keep out of this? You're only an adult!"

It's part of Barry's highly successful technique—his easygoing manner, his lack of condescension, and his talent for phrasing questions—to set the stage so the kids have every chance to "top" him. The result is so relaxed and natural that, on one of the rare occasions when the pint-sized pundits thought Barry had given more of himself than was absolutely necessary, Dickie Orlan flattened him with: "Who do you think you are—Jack Barry or Jack Barrymore?"

Jack's understanding of child psychology seems to have come naturally to him. "I've always liked people," he observes, "kids in particular. While in college, I had a lot of fun watching them develop. You see, I was a baby-sitter while at the University of Penn."

Barry, who is intensely interested in trying to analyze the personality of the youthful guests who visit the program, is amused at the unexpected setbacks he often gets. One night, a young lady named Dorothy (aged seven) was asked what she wanted to be when she grew up. "A doctor," she replied immediately. "Why?" grinned Barry, confidently expecting a Florence Nightingale-ish reply. "Because," she answered sweetly, "I like to stick needles in people!"

There's one member of the Jury who probably couldn't have agreed with Dorothy less. That's Charlie Hankinson. Once, in Chicago, he caused a near panic in the Barry menage, screaming and clutching at his stomach. Jack, who was taking the gang to the studio, rushed Charlie to the nearest doctor. A few minutes later, all was quiet. The doctor's diagnosis: Charlie, who's always in a hurry, had put his underwear on inside out and the buttons had been jabbing him painfully!

The success of Juvenile Jury has had one completely unexpected result. "Strangely enough," Barry points out, "it was indirectly responsible for the creation of Life Begins at 80. That was in 1948, and for many months we'd been trying to get Fred Allen, the famous comedian, to appear as a guest on the show. Finally, I started writing him gag letters. One of them read: 'If we have to wait much longer for you to appear on the Jury, it will become an Octogenarian Jury.' Dan Enright—my partner—and I looked at each other, and I yelled: 'Hey, this is it. What an idea for a show!'"

That, of course, is a fair description of Life Begins at 80, which features a panel of lively octogenarians who discuss mature problems of love, romance, politics, the international situation and whatnot.

As he does with the youngsters, Barry lets the eighty-year-olds run the show, relying on their natural wit and individualistic reactions. If Juvenile Jury sparkles as refreshingly as ice-cold soda pop, Life Begins at 80 has the rare tang of vintage wine, fermented by the richness of good living, good health and good humor which

are characteristic of all those appearing on the show.

At eighty-four, handsome ex-dancer Lorna Standish is the "ingenue" of the troupe, in mannerisms, appearance and speech—"the kind of woman," as one fan remarked, "you can imagine yourself falling in love with a half-century ago." Mrs. Jessie Graham, one-time star of the legitimate stage, is just one year less young—eighty-five. But it's eighty-seven-year-old Georgiana Carhart, former opera singer, who is the stormy petrel of the show—"the Eloise McElhone of the over-80 set."

Some sample Carhartisms: "It's better to have 200 pounds of curves than 100 pounds of nerves" . . . "Whether you get married or not, you'll regret it" . . . "Don't ever worry about life; you'll never get out of it alive."

Male members among the Life Begins at 80 regulars include: Paolo Gallico, eighty-four, scholarly father of famed author-novelist Paul Gallico; bearded sea captain Edward Lane, eighty-four; Dr. Dean Hathaway, eighty-two, a retired minister; and Fred Stein, eighty-four, who was formerly a real estate operator.

"As with the Jury," says Jack, "we have only limited qualifications for appearances on Life Begins at 80. The members must be at least that age, able to speak and hear well, and have a sense of humor."

The simple formula has worked well. "The public must enjoy the opinions of these old-timers," Barry remarked. "In the early days of the show, the network decided to cancel it out. I announced the cancellation on the program, and the following week 75,000 letters poured into the station protesting the decision." It has prospered and grown tremendously ever since.

As he points out, "According to the latest census, there are approximately one million Americans eighty years of age or older. Thousands of these people lived out the remaining years of their lives in misery, forgotten, existing on some form of dole, but still ambitious, with no one willing to give them a chance to show they could still prove useful."

Barry is as interested in geriatrics—the study of the problems of the aged and their morale—as he is in child psychology. "I am proud to think our program has given many of these people a new lease on life," he says. "A year or so ago, I recruited the oldest barber-shop quartet in America. These men had sung together at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre a half-century ago but had been 'retired' for the past thirty years because they were 'too old.'"

"They were a sensation on my show. They were swamped with night-club and movie offers and signed to play in a series of twelve documentaries being produced by the American Society of Geriatrics."

A psychiatrist once told Barry he'd be interested in finding out, via his favorite couch, just how Jack has had such terrific success with youngsters—at both ends of the age-scale. The answer may not be found in any medical books, but the proof certainly can be found in Barry's bank-books!

"Out of the mouths of babes often come gems of wisdom," Barry is sure. And out of the glittering wonder of starry-eyed childhood, as well as out of the wisdom and serenity of happy old age, Jack every week distills the joy of living which this worried world so sorely needs today.

He's good and he's being handsomely rewarded for his talents.

Asked to give a talk on the subject of "Childhood," Barry himself inadvertently summed up the situation succinctly. "Just specify which childhood you want," he replied, "first . . . or second . . ."

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Reed Hadley—Hero to His Family

(Continued from page 53)

if he is—well, they'll just have to grin and bear it. If he isn't, they'd like him to do something about it. Most of the mail, the telegrams and the attempted phone calls boil down to the fact that Reed Hadley is that rare combination, in any woman's mind, of a man who's exciting, but stable! At least, that's what the ladies tell him over and over again.

"It's perfectly natural," Helen Hadley explains, "and no more than he deserves. I've always felt Reed was the most exciting man in the world and it's about time everyone else knew it, too."

Helen Hadley is an attractive red-head, with deep blue eyes, who should and does know. She's been married to Reed since 1940, after having first felt "that" attraction, just by glimpsing the back of his head.

"That's the man for me," she'd said to herself when she watched him walk ahead of her down the hallway in the apartment house in which she lived.

"To this day, I can't understand—I'll never understand—the feminine reasoning," says her husband, with a twinkle in his eye that belies the seriousness with which he considers Helen's mental processes. "How can a woman tell anything by the back of a head?"

To Helen's feminine mind, her reaction to Reed was perfectly logical, and it was also logical that she should maneuver an introduction and quickly learn that he lived in the same apartment house. After that it was up to Reed, and for one year he courted Helen until, one evening, it seemed perfectly logical to his masculine mind that they should get in his car and drive to Las Vegas for the wedding ceremony.

"We decided on the spur of the moment and just got married—that's all," says Reed. Man-like, Reed is completely lacking in sentimentality about the actual ceremony, but in his official biography he lists his wife as his most treasured possession! Helen is the most wonderful thing in the world to him.

He smiles quite often away from the television screen. This is because, in his portrayal of Captain Braddock in Racket Squad, he's pictured as a more stable character who's rarely called upon to just smile. "Yet Captain Braddock is my favorite role," quickly defends Reed, "because he's so much like me!

"I like being Captain Braddock because the man is an average, normal character. I don't have to act. I just relax and I'm Braddock."

During his radio and picture career, Reed has played every type of part. Excepting in 1938, when he was brought from New York under contract to Columbia Pictures and, during his six months on the lot, didn't set foot on a sound stage. Later, while under contract to 20th Century-Fox studios, Reed made some Westerns, detective yarns and a few others, but his speciality there was narrating documentary films.

"If you'd only give me something to sink my teeth into," he begged. And they did.

On a loanout to Paramount Pictures, Reed found himself cast as a native tribal chieftain in a Dorothy Lamour movie. He still groans to think about it. "Wearing next to nothing, but replete with a wild-feathered headdress and an 'Ugh, me, too' vocabulary, I was miserable. Now, when approached to play an Indian, I say, 'No, thanks, unless I can wear buckskins from head to toe.'"

What time isn't spent in filming tele-

vision is devoted to his home and family in Van Nuys. The Hadleys, Reed, Helen and son Dale, ten, live in a small ranch-type house with a large front yard and even larger back yard. Reed himself takes care of the grounds, which includes mowing giant lawns and looking after trees, shrubs and flowers.

"But I'm not much of a gardener," he moans. "I no sooner cut it back on one side than it pops up on the other. I cut both lawns just last week and, when I got around to the back lot, I could have sworn it was ready for cutting again."

The Hadleys bought their home five years ago when Reed was still under contract to 20th-Fox. The very next month he left the studio, so Helen and Reed repainted and redecorated the place themselves.

"I'm not much of a handyman either," he modestly says. "It's just like the lawns—I no sooner paint the frames all around, when I get back to where I started, they look like they need more paint." But even a brief visit to the house will dispel both these statements. For the house and yard are in perfect order.

Helen and Reed did over their rambling one-story home in different shades of gray, rose and pastel colors. The living room is furnished with big, soft, modern pieces and a wall-to-wall white string rug. The family television set is here, and so are the Hadleys' most every evening. "We don't go to many movies, but we do see the oldies on TV." This includes a serial Reed made several years ago which is getting a re-issue via video.

The enclosed rose-colored porch, directly off the living room, is the family's playroom, where they all get in on their favorite games. Here, too, Reed and Helen pitch in to help young Dale with his homework during the school season.

"Parents owe their children as much time as there is," Reed observes. "I don't feel kids should be left with strangers for their upbringing. We help young Dale with his work and he helps us with our relaxation. It works out fine that way and maximizes the time we can spend together."

After Dale has gone to bed, Helen helps Reed learn his lines for the next day's shooting. Reed has found the only way he can memorize his lines is by looking them over once or twice and then having somebody cue him.

This method of memorizing sprang from his early days in the theatre when he was working in a department store in Buffalo, New York: "I was crazy about the theatre then, and was acting in stock at nights. During the days I worked as a clerk in infant's wear, ladies' lingerie and other assorted departments. But I only thought about my lines. The bundle girls—or gals who wrapped the packages—were swell in that they kept the script under the counter and, when I came back to get a parcel wrapped, they'd cue me. The customers used to wonder what took me so long. I couldn't very well tell them I was running through the last act of 'Erstwhile Susan' while their package was waiting."

From stock and little theatre, Reed was graduated into a New York presentation of "Hamlet." Then Hollywood beckoned. Following the six months during which he sat out a contract at Columbia, Reed was eager for work.

One day his agent called to say he'd landed his client a great job in a Western. "A Western! Did you say I could ride?" Reed asked quickly.

"Oh, sure," proudly announced the

agent, "I fixed you up good. I said you were born and bred in Texas and rode like a veteran."

"Oh, great," moaned Reed. "I've never been on a horse in my life. How long have I got to learn to ride before the picture starts?"

"Five days," calmly answered the agent. "So," recalls Reed, "I had no choice but to learn in five days. And I did—almost!"

The first day, during which he was being coached by a famous trick rider Reed wore out three horses and his trainer. But the next morning the pupil was back on the scene, willing to try again. On the fifth day, Reed suffered a small accident. The horse stumbled and his rider fell headlong down a firebreak on the mountainside.

"I reported for work the next morning sporting a black eye to end all black eyes. But a little make-up helped cover it, and apparently no one knew the difference."

The company shortly thereafter went on location to Kanab, Utah. Reed, still a little uncertain in the saddle, was sitting astride his horse, waiting for the cameras to roll. He had one foot in the stirrup, his gun in one hand and the reins in the other, when somebody gave a loud yell which sent his horse flying at breakneck speed down the road.

"I hung onto the reins with one hand, couldn't find the stirrup with my other foot, and didn't know what to do with the gun I was holding. All I could think to do was mutter a feeble 'Whoa' between gasps. I'm sure the horse didn't hear me, and if he did he probably didn't understand my gasping 'whoa.'"

By the time aid arrived, the horse had worn himself out and slowed down. Another cowboy—a real one—rode up to Reed and said, "Man, that's the best riding I've ever seen. Where'd you learn to ride like that?"

"I couldn't answer," laughs Reed, "I was speechless."

"I don't ride now unless I'm doing a Western. Not that I have anything against horses, mind you, I just don't think we speak the same language."

Reed's son, young Dale, is impressed with his dad's appearance in Westerns, but is alarmed over the fact that Reed meets unfortunate endings in so many. "Gee, when are you going to be in a picture where you live all the way through?"

Because Racket Squad is seen rather late for little boys living in Hollywood, Dale doesn't see his Dad's TV performances regularly. But Reed's mother, living back east, does.

In spite of constant explanations, she can't understand the procedures of TV in which the films are viewed several months after completion. Last winter Reed suffered a case of pneumonia and, upon his return to the cameras, he looked peaked. But, by the time his Mother saw the films, he was rosy-cheeked and healthy again. Yet she couldn't believe this, because, after all, she had just seen him on her screen! So only a snapshot from Reed proved to her he was well again, in spite of a thin Captain Braddock on the video screen.

The millions of ladies watching don't seem to care how peaked he might look on occasion. It only serves to make him more enchanting—and they all want to help take care of him.

"But I'm already taken care of," he smiles boyishly, "by a wonderful woman. My wife!"

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