

TV RADIO MIRROR

EXCLUSIVE

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ETHEL and ALBERT?

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Lawrence Welk
BIG NEW CONTEST

DIO MIRROR'S N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition



ROSEMARY CLOONEY



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LASSIE

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Ernie Ford**





You can have **That Ivory Look** in just 7 days

Very young beauties have it—so can you! Yes, the *milder* your soap, the more your skin will look like hers. A simple change to regular care with her pure, mild Ivory leaves your skin deliciously *clean*, so soft and healthy-looking. That Ivory Look becomes you, too!

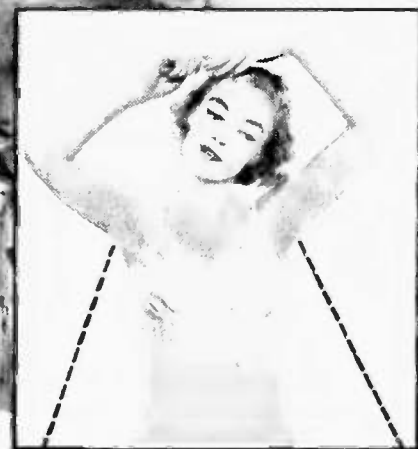


Wash your face with pure, mild Ivory . . . mild enough for baby's skin and so right for your complexion, too.

99 1/3% PURE...IT FLOATS

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!

New! Doctor's deodorant discovery now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



This Seal certifies that New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

The roast is almost done, the table's set, and she's whipping meringue for his favorite pie. Suddenly, he's home!

But this busy, pretty wife is ready for that bear-hug *any* time. She uses New Mum.

This doctor's deodorant discovery now contains M-3, an invisible ingredient that *keeps on* destroying odor bacteria 24 hours a day.

New Mum is *all-day dependable*—used by more fastidious women than any other deodorant. Contains no harsh ingredients—will not block pores or irritate normal skin. Creamier New Mum is fragrant, gentle, safe for prettiest fabrics—*stays moist in the jar*.

Buy New Mum today at any toiletry counter—it's that milk-white jar with the bright red cap.

Proved in comparison tests made by a doctor. A deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. Yet, New Mum *with* M-3, tested under the other arm, stopped odor for a full 24 hours.



New Mum® Cream

with long-lasting M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)

Another fine Product of Bristol-Myers



she's popular!

Because she comes into contact with so many people, she relies—naturally—on internal sanitary protection. She mightn't put it in so many words, even to herself, but there's lots about the bulky belt-pin-pad harness that is definitely repellent to fastidious women. The possibility of odor, for example. Or bulges. All the difficulties and problems, in fact, that Tampax eliminates for good and all!



she's a leader!

She was the first in her set to turn to Tampax. Nobody urged her, nobody advised her—she made up her own mind from an ad such as this. Every Tampax advantage seemed to her logical, true—and desirable. The way it ends disposal problems. The fact it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Even the pleasant discovery that you can wear it in your shower or your tub. (And many women do!)



she's a Tampax user!

She wouldn't go back to "all that other rigmarole" (as she puts it) for the world. As she tucks a Tampax package in a corner of her suitcase, or puts a few spares in her purse, she's even grateful for the small size and inconspicuousness of Tampax. You can get your choice of 3 absorbencies of Tampax (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Why not do it this very month? Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

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Cover portrait of Tennessee Ernie Ford by Gabor Rona of CBS

buy your November copy early • on sale October 6

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*She
was losing
him...*

**and she didn't
know why**

SHE HAD ADORED HIM from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him . . . and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but

they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

**No tooth paste kills germs
like this . . . instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral

hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

**Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved
four times better than tooth paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste



In his office at WCBS, Bob and his assistant Charlotte Lord discuss latest song recordings—including some written by Bob.



He and accompanist Sy Mann were in the Cavalry at the same time, but only met 5 years ago at WNEW.

A Man and His

WCBS star Bob Haymes' varied and eventful life has been sprinkled with stardust and shows every promise of bigger and better things to come

By ELLEN TAUSSIG



On the go from sunup to sundown, Bob has found his own ways and places to relax. Like Bob himself, they're unusual.

AMID the frantic hustle and bustle of the show-business world and its inhabitants, it is refreshing to meet someone who tries and, for the most part, succeeds in leading a comparatively normal, well-balanced life. Such a person is Bob Haymes—singer, actor, composer and all-around good fellow who for half his young life has been active in all phases of the entertainment fraternity.

Currently, Bob entertains Station WCBS listeners twice daily with *The Bob Haymes Show*, from 8:15 to 9 A.M., and *Melody In The Night*, from 10 to 11 P.M. On the morning show, the mood is bright and breezy as Bob spins records, gives the time and weather, sings a few songs, and chats with his gifted accompanist, Sy Mann. On his evening show, Bob sets a quieter, mellower pace with soothing instrumental and vocal recordings.

Though young in years, Bob has had extensive experience in movies, night clubs, on Broadway and in radio and TV. During his thirty-two eventful years, he has also managed to see a goodly part of the world, and says, "I never like to get in a rut."

Born in White Plains, New York, Bob was two when he and his mother and brother Dick moved to Paris. Bob's mother, formerly a concert singer, had entered women's fashions and soon became one of Paris' leading couturieres. Bob received his early education in France and Switzerland, and spent some time in England. Returning to this continent, he finished his education at Loyola School in Montreal. Then, at seventeen, he set out to become a singer.

Having been coached in singing by his mother, Bob landed a job with Carl Hoff's orchestra in Armonk, New York. In the next few years, he appeared throughout the country, with Bob Chester, Orrin Tucker, George Hall and Freddie Martin. During his singing stint with Freddie Martin at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, Bob was asked to make a screen test for Columbia Pictures. The result: leading roles in some 25 movies, including "Over 21" with Irene Dunne, and "Cover Girl," with Rita Hayworth. At the same time, Bob carved his niche in radio circles, starring on his own network show, *Sunday Serenade*, and *Sealtest Village Store*.

The Army interrupted Bob's career in 1942, and



After getting his pilot's license a year ago, Bob bought a Swift, which he keeps at Teterboro Airport.

Dreams

he became a member of the U.S. Cavalry. After a year and a half, however, an injury landed him in the hospital, and he was later discharged.

Moving to New York, Bob took a turn on Broadway, appearing with Grace and Paul Hartman in "Angel in the Wings." Next, he turned his talents to writing—composing songs, and writing special material for stars such as Eddie Cantor, Vic Damone, Eileen Barton, and his brother Dick. In 1949, Bob briefly resumed his night-club singing, then in 1950 returned to radio with a series of programs for Station WNEW before joining WCBS.

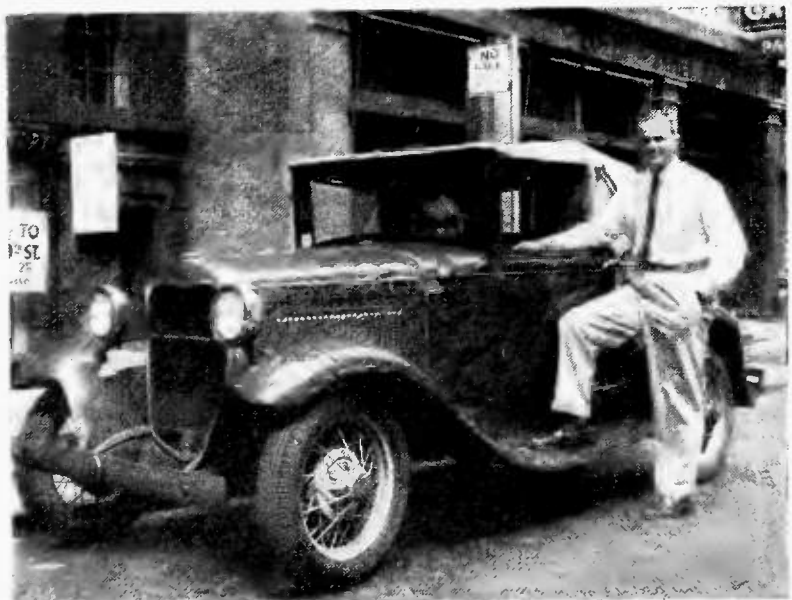
Nowadays, Bob pursues a multiplicity of interests. In addition to his radio shows, he has been writing the *Julius La Rosa Show* seen on CBS-TV, and continues with his song-writing. Two of his newest songs, "Pass It On" and "Let's Stay Home Tonight," have been recorded by La Rosa.

Although he works hard and steadily throughout the week, Bob insists on time off for the weekend. A natural athlete and lover of the wide-open spaces, Bob feels "You really aren't living unless you're outdoors." Two other loves are his Model A Ford and flying. A good mechanic, Bob always had a hankering to take an old car and fix it up and, since last February, he's been doing just that with his Ford. Paradoxically, Bob also owns his own plane—which he calls Tom Swift—and likes to get up into the wild blue yonder once or twice a week. On vacations, Bob flies himself down to the Caribbean, where he has part-ownership in a boat and goes fishing and skin diving. And, although he has a bachelor apartment in the city, he says, "If I didn't have to get up so early in the morning, I'd certainly have a home in the country."

Although he has spent most of his life in the show-business spotlight, Bob says he would eventually like to concentrate on writing songs and shows—because it comes easily to him, and because he feels it isn't as nerve-racking. This is but one of Bob's many dreams, which include a home of his own, more travel, more songs to be written. And, no matter what Bob wants, his eagerness, drive and all-around ability seem certain to gain for him his goal, for he is one young man who knows where he's been, where he is—and where he is going.



A capable pianist and organist, Bob taught himself to play while he was singing with orchestras throughout the country.



Bob's latest pride and joy is his Model A Ford which (with apologies to the new Thunderbird) he calls his Lightningbird.

T
V
R

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

• By Jill Warren



Funsters Dave Willcock and Cliff Arquette preach *Do-It-Yourself*, will practice it now on Saturdays.



Newlyweds Martha Wright and Mike Manuche, a New York restaurateur, enjoy dinner at The Harwyn.



Birds fly in a mobile in the nursery Morton and Lois Hunt decorated for their fledgling, Jeffrey Marcus.

THE FALL TV season is about to begin, and there are many new and interesting shows on the 1955-56 network schedules.

NBC: More than seventy-five mammoth productions have been set for NBC-TV's "Spectacular" series this year, embracing the entire field of entertainment. "The Skin Of Our Teeth," with **Mary Martin** and **Helen Hayes**, will be presented September 11, followed by a musical version of "Our Town" on Monday night, September 19. **Frank Sinatra** stars in the Thornton Wilder classic, in the role of the narrator, and **Eva Marie Saint** will play the girl. This will be her first singing role.

Max Liebman's first spectacular this season will be a musical based on *Heidi*, to be presented Saturday night, October 1. Starring in the immortal children's story will be **Ezio Pinza**, English comedienne **Jeannie Carson**, **Dennis Day** and **Pinky Lee**.

Perry Como tees off his new Saturday-night, hour-long show on September 17. It will feature a rotating list of guest stars, and plenty of music.

Variety will be the word on Tuesday nights, with **Milton Berle** and **Martha Raye** alternating most weeks. Also set for the same Tuesday-evening time during the season are **Bob Hope**—who is to do six shows—and **Dinah Shore**—who has been signed for two.

Do-It-Yourself, which was a popular Sunday-night half-hour on NBC-TV this past summer, has been given a fall daytime berth on Saturdays, beginning September 24. **Cliff Arquette** and **Dave Willcock** are co-starred, and the comedian-hobbyists will demonstrate how to make everything from a jungle gym to a shower curtain, with laughs tossed in with the instructions. (Continued on page 22)

DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A
Cleaner, Fresher Complexion... Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1.

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2.

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.



Mild and Gentle



Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method:

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

She's shooting for Stardom

Philadelphia beauty Shirley Forrest has parlayed hard work and talent into an increasingly successful career



Shirley lives at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Feldman. They had once wanted Shirley to be a teacher, but are now very happy and proud of their daughter's success.



Shirley (with Louis, WPTZ's hair stylist) practices what she preaches, finds her work inspiring because it helps so many.

EVERY career-minded person has his formula for success, and lovely Shirley Forrest is no exception. Shirley has mixed the tangible—hard work—with a bit of the intangible—luck—to become a star on two TV stations, with a dual career in fashion and singing. At Station WPTZ, Philadelphia, Shirley presides over *Charm Headquarters*, Saturdays and Sundays at 12:15 P.M. Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., she presents *Beauty And Fashions* on WPFH-TV, Wilmington, Delaware. Both programs are designed to educate women of all ages in the ways of charm, beauty and fashions. Guests include famous models, fashion coordinators, show-business stars, as well as viewers. Shirley proves herself an expert in the field, too, as with ease and grace she demonstrates beauty techniques and comments on fashions. . . . The other half of Shirley's career, operatic singing, is displayed on WPFH-TV, Sunday evenings at 7:30, on *Opera Workshop*, which features light and grand opera. Shirley femcees the program and often takes a lead role. . . . A native of Philadelphia, Shirley showed a love for music at an early age. She began taking singing lessons her senior year in high school, and paid for them by modeling. She also worked her way through the University of Pennsylvania—where she majored in German—doing TV work, modeling, and lecturing at the Philadelphia Modeling School. Her first TV break came in 1951 as a result of placing in the finals of the Miss Philadelphia Contest. Still only a sophomore in college, Shirley became "The Magic Lady" on WFIL's *Let's Have Fun At The Zoo*. Highlighting her senior year was an exciting trip to Jamaica to narrate and star in the featurette film, "Dream Island." Since graduation, Shirley has plunged full speed ahead with her career. For her beauty and fashion shows there are models to audition and train, guests to interview, mail to answer, and numerous rehearsals. Then there are singing lessons in New York, personal appearances at women's clubs and fashion shows. "I love my work," Shirley says with eagerness, "and have the incentive to try to go further in my two careers." Then she adds, with a twinkle, "Marriage and children, of course, are important, too, but I still have plenty of time." Judging performances past and present, it seems likely that, whatever Shirley Forrest wants, she will get—and justly deserve.

New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle *...can't dry hair!*

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! For the instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action, it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!



What manageability! What a joy to set! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place . . . luscious deep waves . . . softer, lovelier than you ever hoped they'd be!



You'll enjoy the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful feeling, luxurious lather that feels twice as rich, and is twice as rich. *Busy* lather that actually polishes your hair—brilliantly. A sensational new Helene Curtis beauty discovery!



When your hair sparkles, *you do!* Make your hair your *loveliest* feature . . . soft as summer clouds and shimmering like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle—Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Sounds wonderful? It is! Try it and you'll agree. 29¢, 59¢ and \$1, everywhere!



STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



HELLO again from Hollywood, where we're just winding up the final scenes on "The Benny Goodman Story." Working a double schedule—making a movie in the daytime and doing television at night—I'm about ready for a vacation. But before taking off for who-knows-where, I've got some interesting record news.

"Fill Your Home with Music" is Decca's idea to start off the fall season, and a fine idea it is. They have gathered together a terrific group of special album releases, with Bing Crosby heading the list. "Old Masters" is the name of the Crosby set, and it's a wonderful follow-up to last year's "Bing" album. On this one there are thirty-six songs done by the Groaner through the years, and they are all the original master recordings. Bing has included ballads, rhythm songs and special material—such tunes as "These Foolish Things," "Shoe Shine Boy," "And the Angels Sing," "Mr. Crosby and Mr. Mercer." Sammy Davis, Jr. singing "Just for Lovers" is also included in Decca's big album special. Sammy does a wonderful job on twelve romantic songs—such as "Wait Till You See Her," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "The Thrill Is Gone." The arrangements are great, and so is the band, conducted by Sy Oliver.

"Ethel Merman Memories" is the title of another big Decca album, with Ethel belting out the great tunes of the Gay Nineties and the Roaring Twenties. "Tara Boom De Ay," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Memories," "Frankie and Johnny," and many others are given the Merman treatment. The music was arranged and conducted by Jay Blackton, with The Mitchell Boys Choir and The Old Timers Quartet.

I'm very pleased that Decca has also included "Steve Allen's All-Star Jazz Concert" in this special album release. This set was actually recorded during a concert at Manhattan Center in New York City in May, 1954. It has been done up in two volumes, and features such talented jazz stars as Yank Lawson, Bobby Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Ray McKinley and Sylvia Sims. The tunes are all standards such as "Big Noise from Winnetka," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "That's A-Plenty," and "Basin Street."

Woody Herman has done up a good record of "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" and "The House of Bamboo." Both tunes are theme songs from two new movies of the same titles. (Capitol)

"Young Ideas" is Gordon Jenkins' latest, with a great vocal chorus by Stuart Foster. The tune is a beautiful ballad which you may have heard introduced on NBC-TV's "The King and Mrs. Candle" production on August 22. The reverse side finds Jenkins' orchestra and vocal chorus playing and singing a new rhythm tune,

"Goodnight, Sweet Dreams," which is very reminiscent of "Goodnight, Irene."

Lillian Briggs is an exciting new singer just signed by Epic Records. For her first release she sings "I Want You To Be My Baby" and "Don't Stay Away Too Long," with O. B. Massingill's orchestra. Lillian's style is a little like Kay Starr's and, incidentally, she is also a fine trombonist.

The "King of the Mambo," Perez Prado, has recorded a new album called "The Voo Doo Suite." It's a Prado composition, done in four movements, and quite unusual, to say the least. (Victor)

Dean Martin may be feudin' and fightin' with his partner, Jerry Lewis, but he certainly sounds relaxed on his new album, "Carolina in the Mornin'." Accompanied by Dick Stabile and His Orchestra, Dean croons a whole slew of Southern-type standards, including "Mississippi Mud," "Basin Street Blues," "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," and others. (Capitol)

Dean has also waxed a cute duet with the French chantoosie, Line Renaud, called "Relax-Ay-Voo," and it could be a big hit. On the backing, Line and Dean revive the popular oldie, "Two Sleepy People." Dick Stabile's orchestra provides the music on this, too. (Capitol)

"Harp Magic" is the name of a new album by Robert Maxwell, one of the finest harpists in the country. Accompanied by a large orchestra, Maxwell plays such lovely standards as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," "Prelude to a Star," and "In a Sentimental Mood." He also does a magnificent solo of "Clair de Lune." (M-G-M)

Capitol has produced a big, new album of "Oklahoma!" taken directly from the soundtrack of the about-to-be-released

movie. It features the film's stars—Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson and Charlotte Greenwood—singing the Rodgers-Hammerstein score.

"Satch Plays Fats" is a new Columbia album. Translated, it means Louis Armstrong and his orchestra play some of the tunes written by his late friend, the talented Fats Waller. In his inimitable style, Satchmo does such wonderful oldies as "Honeysuckle Rose," "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "All That Meat and No Potatoes."

Don Cornell's record of "The Bible Tells Me So" has been a big smash, and Kay Armen hopes to win honors with her version of the same song—which, incidentally, was written by Dale Evans (Mrs. Roy Rogers). Kay gives it the beat interpretation, complete with hand-clapping background. On the reverse she sings a religious ballad, "I Wonder When We'll Ever Know" (The Wonder of it All). Kay gets good support from Joe Lipman's orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers. (M-G-M)

"Tonight at Midnight" is a new instrumental album of all standards, with fine arrangements by Don Costa. The piano solos are by a fellow named Steve Allen. (Coral)

Victor is releasing a fabulous collector's special in "The Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band." They have done up five 12-inch LP's in one deluxe package, all taken from newly-found tape recordings the late Miller made while he was in service. You'll feel nostalgic at such tunes as "G.I. Jive," "In the Mood," "Suddenly It's Spring," "Begin the Beguine," and dozens of others recorded by Miller's big band.

That does it for now. I'll be seeing you again next month from New York.



With her husband Paul Weston providing the music, Jo Stafford scores another big hit with "Ain't Cha-Cha Coming Out Tonight." (Columbia)



Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Blithe Spirit" hairstyle. No nightly settings are needed.



Soft, natural from the start . . . that's the "Soft Talk" hairstyle after a Bobbi. And Bobbi is so simple to give!



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi always gives you care-free curls as in this winsome "Capulet" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Confection" hairdo. And the curl stays in—no matter what the weather.

NEVER TIGHT, NEVER FUSSY

Softly feminine hairstyles like these are yours with a Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

If you dread most permanents because you definitely don't want tight, fussy curls, Bobbi is just right for you. This easy pin-curl permanent is specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

Bobbi gives a curl *where* you want it, the way you want it—always soft, natural, and vastly becoming! It has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair.

You pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out . . . immediately you'll be happy with your hair. And the soft, natural look lasts week after week. If you like softly feminine hairstyles, you'll love a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for "Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles." Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. \$1.50 plus tax.

FUN for ALL



On and behind the scenes: Above, guest Rudy Vallee leaps into action and acts out a "stumper" for his team while the opposing team beams as the seconds fly by. Below, Rudy joins producer-emcee Mike Stakey (seated at table) and the regular panel members (left to right, around Rudy and Mike), Hans Conried, Dorothy Hart, Jackie Coogan, Carol Haney, Robert Clary and Ricky Graziano, in a pre-show discussion. Says Mike, perched cozily beside a CBS-TV camera: "The personalities who make up our teams have as much fun as the home audience, and often ask if they can come back!"



At lunch with Mrs. and Mr. Rudy Vallee, Mike asks Rudy to guest on the show. Mike and his staff spend a full week—lining up talent, selecting stumpers, handling endless show details.

As a student at Los Angeles City College, Louisiana-born Mike Stokey was active in the dramatic club. One of the group's favorite pastimes during rehearsal breaks was playing charades. Always a fellow with a headful of good ideas, Mike decided the game would be a natural for television and presented his suggestion to a Hollywood station. They agreed with Mike and, in November, 1947, *Pantomime Quiz* was born. Today one of the oldest and most popular TV shows, *Pantomime Quiz* and creator Stokey can boast a fine record. In 1949, the show won an "Emmy" as TV's most popular program, and Mike was voted TV's Outstanding Personality. The next year, Mike was voted TV's Favorite Quizmaster and his brainchild was named the Best Live Show. . . . No newcomer to show business, Mike has spent most of his career—except for four years in the Air Force—announcing, writing, directing and producing radio and TV shows. *Pantomime Quiz*—seen on CBS-TV, Fridays at 8 P.M. EDT—is, of course, his all-time favorite and proves what Mike has always said—that "actors like to act for fun, as well as money."

INTRODUCING NEW

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Soft

SHAMPOO

100% NON-ALKALINE!
Will not dry or devitalize hair!



*Agrees with the
Healthy, Natural,
Non-Alkaline Condition
of Scalp and Hair!*



*Lets Hair Behave
and Hold a Wave!*



*As Gentle and Mild
as a Shampoo can be!*



*Leaves More Luster!
More Natural Color!*



*Over Twice as much
for your money as other
Leading Shampoos!*



*Curls are Softer!
Easier to Set!
Stay Set Longer!*



SPECIAL OFFER!
SO YOU'LL GET
ACQUAINTED FAST!

30¢ OFF
ON GIANT
12 OZ. SIZE

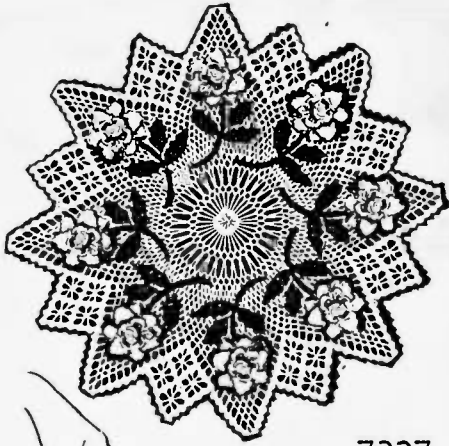
REGULAR PRICE 89¢

YOURS ONLY 59¢ WHILE OFFER HOLDS

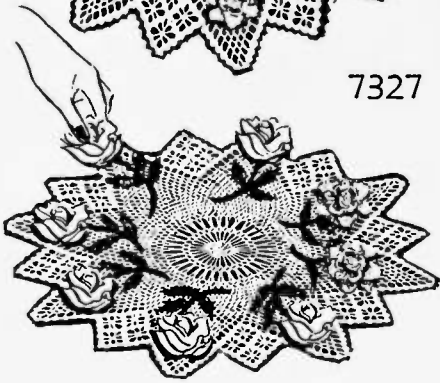
We offer this big saving because we know—once you try PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO, you'll always use it. Tell your friends! Hurry! Regular 89¢ price (even that's a bargain) comes back when limited Special Offer supply is gone.

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NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



7327

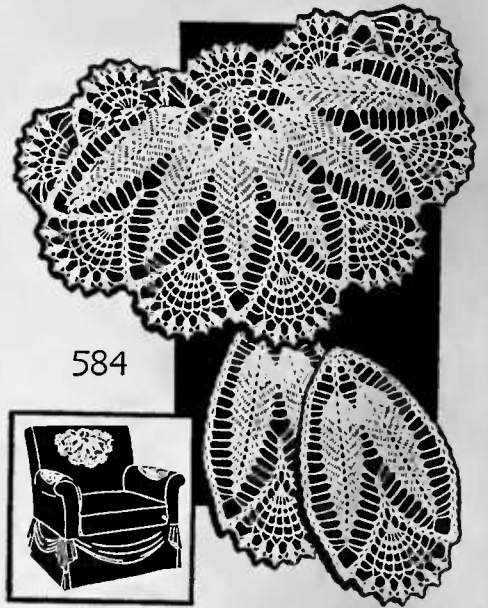


7327—Crochet roses in color to decorate this unusual doily. They stand up in life-like form against their lovely background. "3-D" doilies: larger, 22 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller, 13 inches. 25¢

584—Protect and beautify your fine furniture! Feathers in a fan shape add interest to chair or buffet. Use No. 30 crochet cotton. Directions included. 25¢

7046—Sew this pretty party dress with puffed sleeves, embroidery icing. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery. State size. 25¢

7285—Colorful rickrack and simple crochet stitches make this pretty cover doll. Keeps mixer clean. Pattern pieces, transfer of embroidery, directions. Use No. 30 crochet cotton, rickrack. 25¢



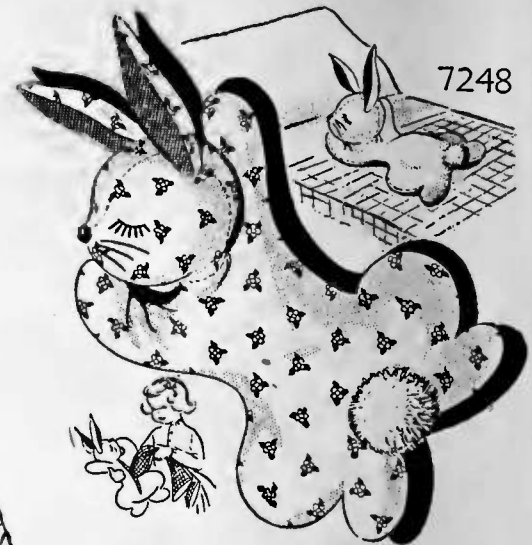
584



7046
SIZES
2-10



7285



7248



667
SIZES
12-18

7248—He's a doll—he's a 'Jama Bag. The children pop their P.J.'s into the slit in front. Bunny snoozes on their beds till night-time. Two flat pieces plus round stuffed head. Pattern pieces, transfer. 25¢

667—Crochet this shell-stitch jumper of knitting worsted. Wear it over blouse for daytime; for evening, trim with metallic-thread-flowers. Directions for crocheted jumper. Sizes 12-14, 16-18 included. 25¢

7392—For TV relaxation—make yourself ballet and boot style slippers. Transfers, pattern pieces, directions. Sizes Small, Medium, Large, Extra-Large included. Use velvet or quilted fabric, trim with embroidery. 25¢



7392



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GIRLS
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OUTDOORS
WITHOUT IT...**



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Going places? Keep your hair in place the **SPRAY NET** way...it's such a joy!



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Now There Are Two Fabulous Formulas
New **SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET**, without
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REGULAR SPRAY NET for more elaborate
styles, harder-to-manage hair.

Whether you're working, playing, shopping . . .
we can take one worry off your mind. Your hair!
A whisper of Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET** will
keep it just the way you set it . . . soft, natural,
and *in place* the whole day through.

For Helene Curtis has found a way to put
"holding quality" into a hair spray without
making you hate the feel of your hair. It's the
wonderful, wonderful spray that leaves no
stickiness whatsoever.

A pretty hair-do will always pick you out of
the crowd. Smart girls never go outdoors
without Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET**—it's
America's favorite hair spray because it really
is the best . . . in every way.

3 SIZES: New 69¢ size, Large \$1.25, Giant \$1.89—all plus tax

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion



When You're Late For A Date...
Just set your pin curls with
Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET**.
They'll dry in minutes!

**NEW
69¢
SIZE**



Now you can try **SPRAY NET**
for only 69¢. Perfect for
purse, travel, bathroom
cabinet.



Left: Ward Wilson, Jim Gordon, Gussie and Marty Glickman give out with baseball facts, statistics and feministics. Below: Marty, Ward and Gussie join Vince Scully, who does the play-by-play accounts of Brooklyn Dodger games.



*"Gorgeous Gussie" Moran,
tennis star turned sportscaster, proves
she's still the most popular*

GLAMOUR GIRL OF SPORTS

HAVING stood the tennis world on its collective ear by wearing lace panties on the staid Wimbledon courts, Gorgeous Gussie Moran this year did likewise to the baseball world and inspired a Brooklyn bard to write: "Baseball was a matter of facts/ And figures and statistics;/ Now that Moran is in the clan/ It is naught but feministics." . . . The kidding is good-natured for, as distaff member of *Warm Up Time* and *Sports Extra*—the sports commentaries that precede and follow the Brooklyn Dodger baseball games on New York's Station WMGM—Gussie has won the hearts of the Flat-bush Chowder and Marching Organization. The Brooklyn Dodger Sym-phony blares out her charms and Hilda Chester rings out praises of Moran on her famed cowbell. . . . Gussie was co-starring on a Los Angeles sports show when WMGM asked her to join Marty Glickman, Ward Wilson and Jim Gordon on the two programs. She went to Vero Beach for spring training, studied "The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball," committed back copies of "The Sporting News" to memory. Today, she spouts batting averages with the best of them and also injects such interesting lore as the fact that the Gil Hodges have a bathroom done in pink. As a result, the shows have built up a large feminine audience. Women are flocking to Ebbets Field, although Gussie, in order to be at the studios for broadcast-time, watches the games on TV. . . . To be near the WMGM studios, Gussie has rented a three-room apartment in Manhattan's East 60's. She does her own cooking, preferably Mexican and Chinese food, also designs tennis clothes. . . . Gussie first took up tennis while in high school in Santa Monica, California. She received world-wide publicity when she appeared on the tennis court at Wimbledon wearing lace panties, but Gussie's press clippings also tell of her superior coordination and sound strokes. In 1948, she was fourth-ranking in the national amateur standings. . . . The tall, long-legged, green-eyed damsel wishes that people would refrain from asking, "Do you have them on?" They mean the lace panties, but, as Gussie sighs, "What can you say?" . . . A local sportswriter smiled when he said that: "Incidentally, when male sports commentators fluff one, they call it a bloomer, but with Gussie, shouldn't it be called a panty?"



From "tennis anyone" to "who's on first."



revolution in lipstick

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will be

old-fashioned



Soft Touch

THE REVOLUTIONARY **NEW** LIPSTICK BY *Toni*

... glides on at a touch ... yet stays on
twice as long as "long-lasting" lipsticks

Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch and forget about it. No need to retouch — with Soft Touch. No messy smear ... and so comfortable!



Three new shades for the new season in Red — Rose — Coral

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"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Rhonda Fleming. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Rhonda Fleming starring in "TENNESSEE'S PARTNER"

A Benedict Bogeaus Prod. An RKO Radio Release. Color by Technicolor.

Ask your questions—

Matchmaking

Could you tell me whether Richard Coogan, who plays Paul Raven in *Love of Life*, is married in private life? He and Peggy McCay, who plays Vanessa, make such a perfect couple on TV, and their roles as husband and wife seem too real and convincing to be fiction. I like to believe they are really in love off-camera.

D.F., Hartford, Mich.

Richard Coogan is happily married to a former singer, Gay Adams, and they have a five-year-old son, Ricky. Peggy McCay is one of New York's most popular belles, but has still to say her "I do's."

Cupid to Cop

Would you tell me about Ben Alexander, who plays Officer Frank Smith on *Dragnet* and *Badge 714* on TV?

A.S., Clintonville, Wis.

Ben Alexander began his career at the age of three in the movie role of Cupid. Nevada-born Ben followed this debut with eleven years as a top child movie star. But his present role as Sgt. Friday's sidekick is good casting. Ben's godfather was Jack Finlinson, assistant chief of the Los Angeles Police Department for thirteen years. And, as Ben says, "I look like 90 percent of the cops in Los Angeles." . . . After Cupid, Ben played child parts, notably in the "Penrod" series, then was cast as the "bad boy" and decided to quit movies when he was beaten over the head in "Are These Our Children?" In 1929 he enrolled at Stanford University and, while there, made his last film, "All Quiet on the Western Front," for which he won a number of acting awards. Ben entered radio in 1935, became a leading emcee and announcer on such programs as the *Charlie McCarthy Show* and *Father Knows Best*. He debuted on TV in 1949, was co-starring with his wife on a weekly Los Angeles and San Francisco giveaway show when Jack Webb spotted him and asked him to join *Dragnet*, his first dramatic role in 17 years. . . . Ben claims he is more of a businessman than an actor, proves it by owning four thriving West Coast gas stations and two motels. He started the gas stations to keep the men in his former Army radar division together and currently employs all of them. . . . Ben has a twelve-year-old son, Nicholas, by a former marriage, and he and his wife Lesley have recently welcomed a new Alexander. Their home is in Hollywood, their chief pleasure a large cabin cruiser called "Sunday's Child," a description which applies to both Ben and Lesley.

information booth

and we'll try to find the answers

Father And Son

I should like to know something about Buster Crabbe, who stars with his young son "Cuffy" in NBC-TV's Captain Gallant Of The Foreign Legion.

N.C.G., Winnetka, Ill.

Ten-year-old Cullen "Cuffy" Crabbe walks off with this year's honors for small-fry adventures, having tripped off to Africa with his dad Buster Crabbe—swimming, movie, radio and TV luminary—to make friends with Arab youngsters, meet some bona-fide Foreign Legionnaires, spend some time in Gay Paree, receive an Italian motor scooter as a gift—and, incidentally, film the *Captain Gallant* adventure series. . . . Buster Crabbe's youth was equally exciting. Born in Oakland, California, Buster was raised in the Hawaiian Islands, on a pineapple plantation on which his father was overseer. Like most Island youngsters, Buster practically lived in the water. In high school, he was a 16-letter man, winning a letter each year in football, basketball, track and swimming. He won the light-heavyweight boxing championship of Hawaii while at the University of Hawaii, then returned stateside to study law at U.S.C. . . . At this point, the 1932 Olympics were staged in Los Angeles and Buster won a place on the U.S. swimming team and then proceeded to win the 400-meter title, becoming the first Olympic swimmer to do the distance under five minutes. That was the second Olympic appearance for Buster, whose swimming accomplishments have netted him five world

records, 16 world, and 35 national, championships. . . . Hollywood promptly signed the trim, 200-pound swimming star as a movie star and he made some 170 films, including the Tarzan, Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon series. In 1940, he swam at the World's Fair, then formed Buster Crabbe's Aquaparade to tour the states and Europe for five years. His first TV program, *The Buster Crabbe Show*, drew 11,000 letters its first week, and was followed by *Figure Fashioning By Buster Crabbe* on TV and *Luncheon With Buster Crabbe* on radio. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Crabbe have three children—Cuffy, 10, Sande, 18, and Susan, 16—all of whom reside in New York's suburban Westchester County. The Crabbes also own a home on Lake Arrowhead, California. And all are expert swimmers and riders.

Encore With Tears

I would like to know something about Carol Richards, who sings on CBS-TV's The Bob Crosby Show.

C.H., Phoenix, Arizona

The first time titian-haired Carol Richards was asked to do an encore, she wept bitterly. Four years old at the time, Carol "thought they meant I didn't sing it right the first time." But after more church choir and amateur production singing in her native Harvard, Illinois, Carol learned to enjoy her curtain calls and, at fifteen, was happily vocalizing on an Indianapolis radio station. Meanwhile, she continued her formal schooling, studied dramatics, sang in the glee club, edited her school paper, made her debating team, and was president of her class in her junior year. Then the big break came in the form of a singing contest conducted by Bob Hope in 31 cities. Carol won, appeared on Hope's show and pleased "Ski Nose" so much he brought her to Hollywood for more guest appearances. Soon Carol was being featured on the *Edgar Bergen Show*, *Bing Crosby Show*, *Martin And Lewis Show*, and *Lux Radio Theater*. She starred on her own network radio show, played Dennis Day's girlfriend, and was featured on *I Love Lucy*. She's recorded solo, has also disc-dueted with Bing Crosby, and has played in the top night clubs. In August, 1954, she joined the *Bob Crosby Show* as a temporary replacement while Joanie O'Brien was on her honeymoon. But audience reaction was so enthusiastic that Bob asked Carol to stay on as a member of his troupe.

Carol lives with her two young daughters in an unpretentious, three-bedroom house in North Hollywood. A talented decorator, she paneled her living room with



Carol Richards

knotty pine, papered her own bedroom and created a circus motif for her daughters' room. Her hobbies are sculpturing and poetry and she also enjoys swimming, watching football games and the outdoor life.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not TV RADIO MIRROR.

Baird Fan Club (Bil, Cora and their puppets), c/o Robert Brawnschweiger, 155 Virginia St., Hillside, N. J.

Bob and Ray Fan Club (Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding), c/o John Collins, 712 E. 27 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Steve Lawrence Fan Club, c/o Carol Massie, 762 Cooper Ave., Lowellville, O.

McGuire Sisters Fan Club, c/o Dale M. Hoffman, 20 North Main St., Box 2, Miamisburg, O.

Kokomo Club (Perry Como), c/o Jane Devening, 1315 Q Ave., New Castle, Ind.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO 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.



Ben Alexander

12 CHILDREN'S DRESSES

\$3.45

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ALL FOR ONLY

12 Children's Dresses at this low LOW price!



Tremendous assortment!

Good condition, ready to wear. Washable, colorful cottons!

Price includes all 12 dresses!

Sizes 1-6X	\$3.45
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FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ORDER!
RUSH ORDER NOW!

Send \$1 deposit now! Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. and postage.

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You must be 100% satisfied with merchandise or return within 10 days for refund.

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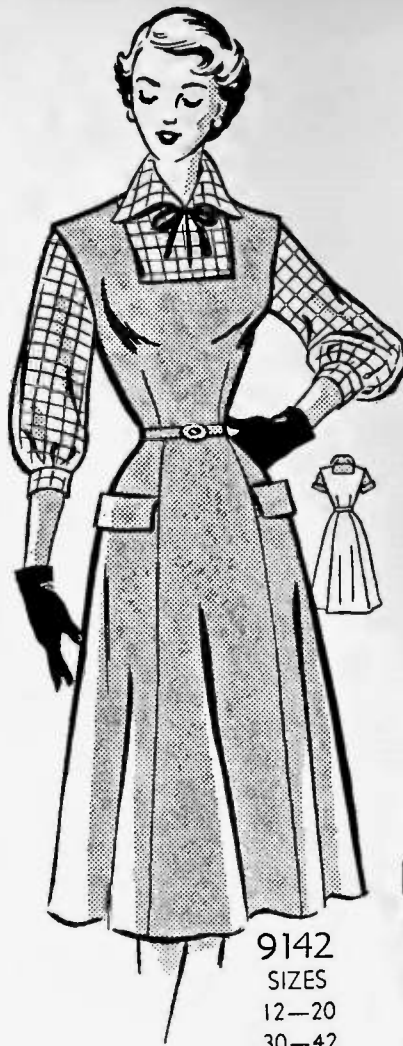
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New Patterns for You



9142
SIZES
12-20
30-42



9389
SIZES
9-17



9172
SIZES
34-48

9142—Wear this jumper with its own blouse or with other blouses and sweaters. Bare it for a date-dress. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 jumper takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 1 7/8 yards. 35¢

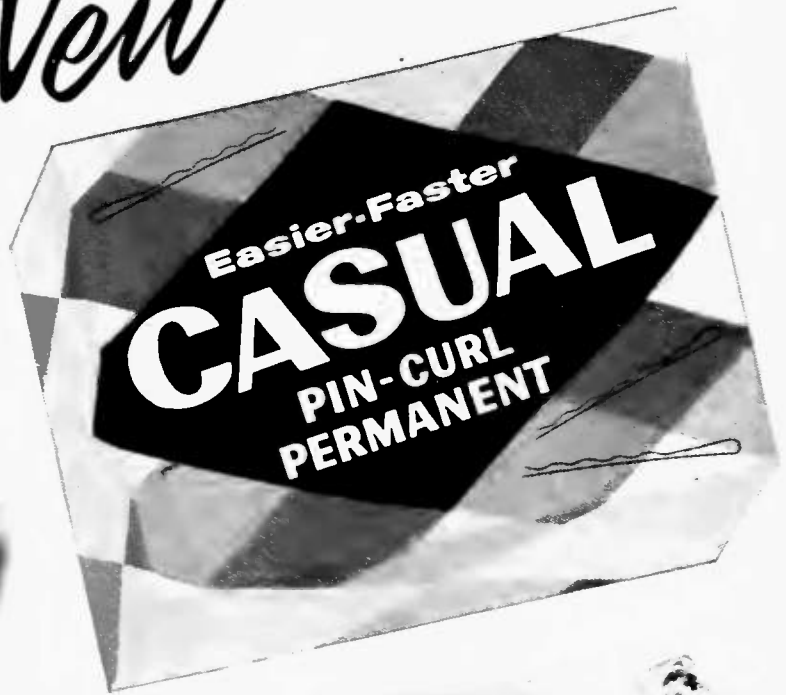
9389—Beginner-easy, jiffy-sew. No waistline seam. Nip-in the waistline with your favorite waist-cincher. Jr. Miss Sizes 9-17. Size 13 takes 5 yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢

9172—Complete wardrobe of mix'n'match separates in one pattern. Each styled to slim, to flatter. Women's Sizes 34-48. Size 36 skirt and vest takes 3 5/8 yards 39-inch; blouse, 2 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

Send thirty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing.

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New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!



**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

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Practical as "everyday" ware
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Holmes & Edwards sterling inlaid silverplate

Just as the best man won you . . . Holmes & Edwards wins you. It is the best . . . the *only* silverplate with extra sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces. 52-piece service for 8 and chest, \$84.50.



Two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls
and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 6)

Monday, October 3, is the starting date for a new daytime series called *Matinee*. It will be seen weekdays and will be a full-hour, live dramatic program with a complete new drama and cast each day. Scripts will come from all sources. Some will be originals; others will be repeat showings of some of the best night-time dramatic television of the past. *Matinee* promises to be a tremendous undertaking: During the season it will present some two hundred and forty-four different plays, requiring twenty directors and approximately five thousand actors.

Jackie Cooper stars in a new situation comedy, *The People's Choice*, starting Thursday night, October 6. The former child star plays a government bird-watcher-turned-councilman. His leading lady will be Pat Breslin, in the role of the mayor's daughter.

Two interesting one-shots have been set for Sunday night, October 9. The first is "Tomorrow—1976," which will be part of NBC's forthcoming "Telementary" series and will offer viewers a look at life in the United States twenty-one years from now. The second will be a special show, starring Ethel Merman and paying tribute to her twenty-fifth anniversary in show business.

CBS: *The Ford Star Jubilee* will be a monthly one and one-half hour program to be seen every fourth Saturday night. Noel Coward, Mary Martin, and Bing Crosby have been signed to alternate in the star spots, with Bing penciled in to lead off the series on September 24. Orson Welles has also been signed in the capacity of actor-director. His first production will probably be the CBS-TV version of "Trilby," with the bearded Orson playing Sven-gali.

The Phil Silvers Show makes its debut Tuesday night, September 20. This is the long-awaited filmed situation comedy, with Phil playing an Army sergeant. CBS-TV refrained from presenting it last year—even though they had the complete series already filmed—because they didn't have the proper time spot for it.

The Jackie Gleason Hour begins Satur-
(Continued on page 24)



Crosbys—Gary, Bob and Cathy—each have contract ties to the CBS clan.

PLAYTEX[®] Introduces the Amazing New
Girdle Material...*Figure-Slimming* FABRICON^{*}!

Sensational New PLAYTEX

light-weight
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Made of wonderful new *split-resistant*
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more freedom! Fabricon has more stretch! No other material has Fabricon's give-and-take s-t-r-e-t-c-h!

new coolness! "Open-pore" Fabricon lets your body breathe! Only Playtex Girdles are so soft, cool, absorbent.

invisible control! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere. No other lightweight girdle tucks in your tummy, slims down your hips like this new Playtex Girdle. Makes all your clothes fit and look better. Does more for your figure than girdles costing up to \$15.00! And Light-Weight washes and dries in a wink. New Playtex Light-Weight Girdle \$4.95. At department and better specialty stores everywhere.



THERE'S A PLAYTEX GIRDLER FOR EVERY FIGURE
For more control . . . Playtex High Style Girdle with the new non-roll top . . . \$5.95
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*All Playtex Girdles are now made of split-resistant Fabricon.



Playtex . . .
known everywhere
as the girdle
in the SLIM tube.

P. S. The girl is wearing the new Playtex Living[®] Bra† made of elastic and nylon, \$3.95

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and Pats. Pending

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Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how essential a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater "peace of mind" can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

ZONITE's Many Advantages

Scientific tests proved no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet SAFE to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It completely deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 22)

day night, October 1. The first half will be the variety *Stage Show*, and the second half will be the Gleason filmed production of "The Honeymooners," with his cohorts, Audrey Meadows and Art Carney.

Navy Log, a factual adventure series drawn from the heroic exploits of the U.S. Navy, as logged on the official record, is being presented in half-hour dramatizations Tuesday nights. The dramas—all true-life stories—will depict the courage and daring of Navy personnel in this country and abroad. The Navy is cooperating with CBS-TV, providing facilities, information and the like, to produce the series.

Chrysler will begin presenting their Thursday-night special shows in a few weeks, alternating the dramatic *Climax* with the musical, *Shower Of Stars*. Jack Benny has already been signed for ten appearances.

Victor Borge has been signed to do two special one-hour, one-man performances on CBS-TV this season. The Danish musician-comedian will also make several guest appearances later in the fall.

ABC: M-G-M, the last motion-picture studio hold-out against television, has finally joined the parade. Beginning Wednesday night, September 14, *The M-G-M Parade* will become a weekly TV show, following *Disneyland*. George Murphy will serve as host and director.

September 14 is also the date for the new *Disneyland* series, starting off with "The Legends of Davy Crockett," co-starring Fess Parker as Davy and Buddy Ebsen as George Russel. In "The Legends," Walt Disney is introducing a new character—who could possibly become another national hero to youngsters. He is Mike Fink, the legendary American keelboat king, and he is played by Jeff York, an actor who stands six feet, four inches, weighs 230 pounds, has a fifty-inch chest measurement, and also possesses a rousing baritone voice. Needless to say, Disney has signed Jeff to an exclusive contract.

Warner Bros. Presents makes its bow on Tuesday night, September 13, with the first of its filmed drama series, "Casablanca."

Also to be seen during the season will be complete stories done around the movies, "King's Row" and "Cheyenne." Actor Gig Young will appear each week as host and will present a six-minute segment of each show, "Behind the Cameras at Warner Bros. Studios."

Medical Horizons is an interesting new TV series, beginning Monday night, September 12. This documentary will promote the American way of medical life by presenting specific accomplishments in medicine brought about through the teamwork of modern medical research, education and practice. The series will originate live from medical institutions and research centers throughout the country.

This 'n' That:

CBS has signed Cathy Crosby, Bob's daughter, to a contract, and she's all set for a vocal career, following completion of her schooling. Cousin Gary also has a CBS pact, and the network would probably be very happy if they could tie up the rest of the "little Crosbys."

Dr. Frances Horwich, "Miss Frances" on NBC-TV's *Ding Dong School*, will start a teacher-recruiting drive this fall on her show. She hopes to go into the serious problem of the teacher shortage in the "parents' portion" of program, and will urge parents to encourage young friends and relatives to enter the teaching field.

Mary Stuart is singing Joanne Barron's lullabies to her own baby Cynthia now. Mary, who is married to TV producer Richard Krolik, has starred as Joanne in *Search For Tomorrow* in more than 1000 CBS telecasts.

And Jack Benny is now a grandfather! His daughter, Joan, and her husband, Seth Baker, are the proud parents of a tiny lad, named Michael. Jack celebrated the occasion by knocking a year off his age, and says from now on he's thirty-eight!

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. R.W.I., Lafayette, Ind.: Curt Massey did sing on Chicago radio in the early 1940's, but hasn't done much professionally



Nurse Eva Blumstein shows off baby Michael to his mother, Joan Benny Baker, and Jack Benny, who thereupon "aged" from 39 to 38!



Jayne Meadows gets a head-start on Yuletide with hand-crocheted gifts.

since his show with Martha Tilton went off last year. He spends most his time with his family on his ranch near San Diego, California. . . . Miss L. K., Puryear, Tenn.: Bess Myerson, of *The Big Payoff*, is married to Allan Wayne, a manufacturer, and they have an eight-year-old daughter. . . . Mrs. H. A., Rochester, N. Y.: Jan Arden has been off the Robert Q. Lewis show for some time and has been doing mostly night-club work in the East and Midwest. . . . Mrs. L. McN., Philadelphia, Pa.: Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike) is scheduled to be one of the main human characters on the forthcoming *Mickey Mouse Club* show. . . . Mrs. F. C., South Hadley Falls, Mass.: Louise Albritton has not appeared on any regular show since *Concerning Miss Marlowe*. In private life she is married to newscaster Charles Collingwood. . . . Miss L. L. V., Chicago, Ill.: Tony Martin's real name is Alvin Morris, and he was formerly married to Alice Faye. . . . Mr. J. W., Los Altos, Calif.: Vampira, who emceed the late-hour horror show on Los Angeles TV, is not married. Her real name is Maila Nurmi.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Minerva Pious, the famed "Mrs. Nussbaum" of Fred Allen's radio program several years ago? Minerva has done little professional work since the Allen show went off the air. Recently, however, she signed to play a featured role in the movie, "Joe Macbeth," which is being filmed in Europe for release by Columbia Pictures.

Haleloke, the Hawaiian songstress and ex-Little Godfrey? Haleloke now has a steady job with a New York organization specializing in Hawaiian flowers, information and services. She recently guested on *Horace Heidt's Show Wagon* on NBC-TV.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.



... Are you always fresh as a daisy?

Everywhere—all day—you'll be confident of your loveliness . . . when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant. Your underarms will stay fresh, moisture free.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient known!

Fresh is extra effective . . . yet it's kind to skin. Creamy smooth, not sticky, not greasy. Has a delicate fresh fragrance. Use Fresh every day—have an air of freshness always.

COMPARE!
See if your present deodorant is as effective as Fresh
Test it under one arm. Use Fresh Cream under the other. See for yourself if Fresh doesn't stop odor best, keep underarms drier, protect your clothes better than any other deodorant you've ever used.



a *Fresh* girl is always lovely to love

Fresh is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

T
V
R



What have they done to WHITE RAIN?

Feel it! Gobs and gobs more lather!

Feel that rainwater softness!



What a clean feeling! Will my hair be soft and sunshiny...in better condition? I just know it!

NEW PACKAGE...
NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE...

WONDERFUL NEW
LOTION SHAMPOO!



NEW *WHITE RAIN*

By *Toni* the people who know your hair best!

Born to be an ACTOR



John Baragrey's wife is Louise Larrabee — actress.

For a romantic gentleman like John Baragrey, life is all drama—and drama is the life for him

By ERNST JACOBI

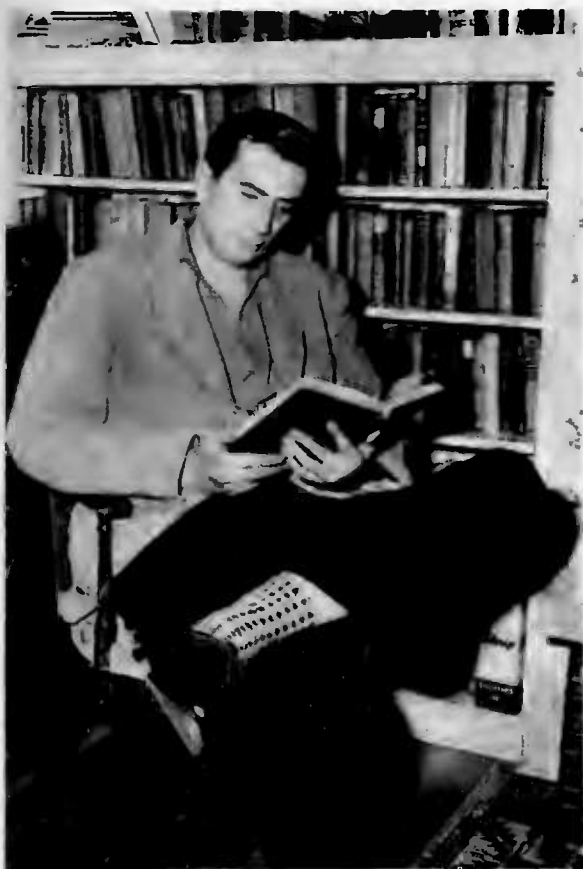
ON THE EVENING of November 28, 1954, John Baragrey took his final bow in his ninth Broadway flop, a farce called "One Eye Closed" which had lasted all of three performances. With rare unanimity, critics had panned it unmercifully, punning on the difficulty of "keeping the other eye open." Although Baragrey had received his usual excellent notices for his own part, the cumulative effect of nine successive failures was still depressing.

It hardly helped that his agent called a couple of days later, offering him

See Next Page ►

Born to be an ACTOR

(Continued)



For all his fine physique, John would rather read than roll logs. And, though he loves to cook, he'd rather eat! He and Louise are "city folks," but enjoy country life when playing summer stock at such playhouses as the one in Ivoryton, Conn.



a job on radio. "I don't know," Baragrey said doubtfully. "I don't even know if I can do it."

John had been in the theater for fourteen years, done a number of movies, and been a highly popular television star since 1946. He'd never done anything in radio, though, and—while he would have welcomed the opportunity during his struggling years—he couldn't get excited over it at this point of his career. Moreover, considering his lean and rangy six-foot, three-inch frame, his shock of black hair, arching eyebrows and aristocratic features, anyone was bound to agree that using only his voice was a shocking waste of valuable assets.

"It's a very good daytime drama called *The Doctor's Wife*," his agent explained. "You're to play the part of Dan Palmer, an idealistic young doctor practicing in a small town in Connecticut . . ."

"A doctor?" Baragrey interrupted, suddenly interested. "A small-town doctor. Okay, Dick. Thanks a lot. I'll take a stab at it."

As he put down the phone, John's mind skipped back some twenty-five years to his childhood and early youth in the little town of Haleyville, in the northern part of Alabama.

In those days, young John Baragrey (his real name, his father being of Basque descent) had idolized his Uncle Wash—Dr. Washington M. Godsey, his mother's brother and Haleyville's only resident physician. He'd spent more hours on more afternoons with him than he could count or remember. And, when Uncle Wash had recently passed away, his death had opened up veins of sorrow and regret unexpected after all these years.

Uncle Wash's house wasn't far from that of the Bara-



John Baragrey has acted in virtually every medium—TV, radio, Broadway plays, Hollywood films. While entertaining troops in the Pacific, during the war, he and Louise were cast in the same play for USO. And that's how John met his bride-to-be.

greys and each afternoon, when John came home from school, he went a little out of his way to see whether his uncle's black Ford coupe was standing in front of the gate. If it was, he'd go in or patiently wait outside, hoping to be taken along on his uncle's calls. In the car, Uncle Wash would talk to him almost as though he were a grownup, treating him like a young colleague, explaining his cases to him and filling him up with medical lore. When there was no danger of contagion for the child, the doctor would let John carry his bag into the house for him, give him a chance to listen and observe and let him occasionally help with some medical

chores. "My assistant," he always introduced John to his patients. But Johnny's proudest moment came once during an emergency, when Uncle Wash had to operate immediately and really needed an assistant. There was no one else available, and he had to let Johnny apply the ether and watch the patient's breathing.

"Well, Doctor Baragrey," Uncle Wash said, after it was all over. "I think we did a good job."

"That 'we' lingered for a long time," John recalls today. "I think in those days I wanted to be a doctor almost as much as I wanted to be an actor."

The wish, the drive to be an (Continued on page 82)

Daddy's wife ~ At home



Jean Hagen believes in growth and development, with one motto: "Don't be afraid to be yourself."



Danny Thomas and Jean were thrilled when "Make Room for Daddy" won an Emmy award in its first year on TV.

By BETTY MILLS

JEAN HAGEN, co-star on *The Danny Thomas Show*, "Make Room For Daddy," was changing in her dressing room when teenager Sherry Jackson—who plays her daughter Terry—came bursting in, chattering like a hot Geiger counter. She pirouetted in front of Jean and, all in one teen-age breath, exclaimed, "My-new-skirt-what-do-you-think-of-it? Isn't-it-just-the-greatest!"

Jean's look traveled down the skirt from waist to hem. It was like one long, all-enveloping pant-leg, leaving only a half-inch peek between lower hem and bobby-sock. Jean said, "It reminds (*Continued on page 86*)"

The Danny Thomas Show, "Make Room for Daddy," on ABC-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the American Tobacco Co. for Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes and by the Dodge Dealers of America.

Jean herself has been nominated for both TV's Emmy and Hollywood's Oscar awards. But her most satisfying starring role is as a housewife—and mother of little Aric Philip, 3, and Patricia Christine (known as "Chris"), 5.

Jean Hagen followed her heart
to the Danny Thomas show—and to
a happy marriage all her own



Tom Seidel is Jean's real-life husband, a building contractor, who does wonderful things for their house.



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Tom Seidel is Jean's real-life husband, a building contractor, who does wonderful things for their house.





It's "just like old times" for 20-year-old Steve Lawrence, when he helps sister Rose and their mother with the dishes.



Young Steve Lawrence had a dream, and another Steve—Allen, that is—is helping to make it come true

By ED MEYERSON

AS EVERY baseball fan knows, Brooklyn is obviously part of the United States, since the Dodgers play in the National League. But, to many a TV fan, Brooklyn's chief export seems to be participants for quiz shows and studio audiences. Even on *Tonight*, NBC-TV's late show, Steve Allen merely has to interview someone who says he's from Brooklyn and the audience invariably responds with laughter and cheers.

But to Steve Lawrence, the handsome young singing star of *Tonight*, Brooklyn is no joke. That's where he lives! And, like all Brooklynites, he not only loves the place—he'll defend its honor at the drop of a hat. What's more, although Steve is now a top recording artist as well as a regular on the Allen show, he continues to live near the same community where he was born, and where he grew up.

"I read the papers," Steve says. "All this juvenile delinquency—there's no excuse for it. When I was a kid, our neighborhood was just as tough as it is today. We were under the same influences. As a matter of fact, I was in a club myself. Everyone was. A couple of kids would get together and say: 'Let's have a club,' and that's how it would start. Then they could all wear the same kind of jackets with the name of their club on the backs—and 'SAC' (Social Athletic Club) under it.

"My club was the 'Alabama Dukes'—but the worst we ever did was get into snowball fights. Today, the 'Dukes' are all responsible citizens, holding down jobs or serving in the Army. Some are already married and have children (Continued on page 99)



Fans surround him in the studios. But, at the old neighborhood candy store, he's still just Steve—who likes ice cream.



Steve Lawrence sings on *Tonight*, starring Steve Allen, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:30 P.M. EDT (11 P.M. CDT), under multiple sponsorship—and the preceding *Steve Allen Show*, over WRCA-TV (New York), M-F, 11:15 P.M., sponsored by Knickerbocker Beer.

SOMETHING FOR MOTHER



Music has always been part of his home. Above, left, brother Victor joins Steve in a song for papa Max and mama Anna. Below, left, Judy Rotkowitz is not only a neighbor—and former schoolmate—but coordinator of Steve's fan clubs. Center, he still slips money into the refrigerator for Mother to find! And, right, he still likes to discuss things with his dad.





Like Diane of Valiant Lady



Left: Flora Campbell stars as Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, and Marion plays her rebellious daughter, Diane.

Not much of a view from the apartment



Marion Randall heard the city calling with a voice not to be denied

DREAM TOWN

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

HER MOTHER and father saw Marion (Sue) Randall off on the train to New York. Her father said, "Good luck, Sue. Don't worry about anything. You can always come home." Her mother kissed her cheek and said, "You'll have a wonderful time." She paused, then smiled. "I've always trusted you. I'm not worried about you now."

Sue smiled, too, and touched her mother's hand. "Thank heaven for that." And she got on the train and came to New York, where she got a room at the Studio Club, and a job, and she made some friends. . . .

Thus begins the story of one of the newest and brightest young TV stars in show business. When I kept an (Continued on page 75)

Marion Randall is Diane in *Valiant Lady*, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored by General Mills for Gold Medal Flour, Bisquick, other products, and by The Toni Company.



She's a "soft touch" for a wee, wobbly kitten—but doesn't believe in keeping it helpless.



Marion's still enchanted by the very sidewalks of New York, and is getting used to the city's round-the-clock din.

she shares with Inez and Priscilla. But the girls love their kitchenette—their busy phone—and getting ready for dates! 35



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Left: Flora Campbell stars as Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*, and Marion plays her rebellious daughter, Diane.



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Not much of a view from the apartment



she shares with Inez and Priscilla. But the girls love their kitchenette—their busy phone—and getting ready for dates!



Garry's Golden



Garry's acts of kindness sometimes take a reverse twist, letting others do unto him what impulse dictates—thus, one eager fan discovered that Mr. Moore's crew cut isn't half so bristly as it looks! Left, he's low man on the totem pole—Ken Carson just above, then Denise Lor and Durward Kirby.

By WARREN CROMWELL

SIX TIMES each week, Garry Moore sends this gentle admonition to the millions of faithful television viewers who make it a point to tune him in: "Be very kind to each other!" At the close of each television show on which Garry is emcee, the friendly thought is spoken, and the warm philosophy thus expressed has come to be known as part of Garry Moore and part of his programs.

Yet, when the program is over and the lights in the studio are turned off, the thought is not forgotten. It is not forgotten by the many viewers, as letters attest, nor is it forgotten by Garry Moore himself. For the man with the crew haircut and the unusual sense of humor lives by the precept he voices.

Garry gladly tells how he began using the thought. "It all started," he says, "at the end of a radio program of mine back in 1949. It was the custom then, as it still is, at the end of a show, when there is a little time left over, to give a slogan for safe driving. On this occasion, I spoke (Continued on page 101)

Garry is moderator of *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Winston Cigarettes. His *Garry Moore Show* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.



Rule



His heart goes out to such gallant youngsters as Billy Jennings in the 1955 Easter Seal Drive for crippled children.



That rocker was a gift from a fan—his secretary, Shirley McNally (below), can tell of many, many grateful letters.



Our Mr. Moore knows that giving a smile costs nothing—but receiving one can be more priceless than uranium



It was thrilling beyond belief . . . the happy Ferrer home in California, the arrival of precious Miguel Jose, all the fun of being wife and mother. But there was more to come, as Rosie found new worlds to conquer . . . in England, Scotland—and Ireland.



EVERYTHING'S ROSIE

By MARTHA BUCKLEY

THERE are two men in Rosemary Clooney's life these days. One of them calls her Rosie. The other doesn't call her anything. She calls one Joe. The other is named Miguel—but he's better known as "Bombo." One, of course, is her husband, Jose Ferrer. The other is her "fat baby" (the quotes are Rosemary's), who was born on February 7, this year.

It took me just about five minutes to discover all this when I saw Rosemary in London recently, for the first time in more than two years. . . . "So hello," said Rosie, as she breezed into London's swank new Westbury Hotel—for all the world as though it were the Brown Derby

and we'd seen each other only a couple of weeks before.

"What's new?" I countered—as though the whole world didn't know what's happened to Rosemary Clooney in the past two years or so.

Rosie tossed back her mane of blonde hair, smoothed her tailored black wool suit as she sank gratefully into a chair and grinned the typical Clooney smile at a hovering waiter.

"Something long and cool with lots of ice," she said. "I don't usually mind drinks without ice in England," she explained, "but this 'unusual weather' has got me. Might be back in California." And (Continued on page 84)

Rosemary Clooney Sings is heard over CBS Radio, Mondays, from 9 to 9:15 P.M. EDT.

Jose and Rosemary Clooney Ferrer

—and son!—find the whole,

wide, wonderful world

lying before them



WIN A VISIT WITH A STAR



Break The Bank: Dynamic emcee Bert Parks congratulates Jim, Betsy and Willard Allis after they broke the bank for \$5200.



The Lawrence Welk Show: The maestro and his Champagne Music have long been a West Coast sensation.



First-prize winner will be flown to and from New York or Los Angeles via United Air Lines.

An exciting weekend in New York or Hollywood, as the guest of Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, can be yours—almost for the asking!

How would you like to live the life of a celebrity—be the guest of a celebrity—for a fabulous weekend, in New York or Hollywood? Sound exciting? Well, it will be for the lucky winner of this big new contest. All you have to do is decide whom you would like to meet—Bert Parks, star of *Break The Bank*, in New York—or the star of *The Lawrence Welk Show*, Maestro Welk himself, in Hollywood. Once you've made your choice, answer the ten questions selected by Bert Parks and Lawrence Welk from *Break The Bank* categories and, in fifty words or less, tell why you would like to meet the star of your choice. Then mail in the complete coupon on page 41—and start dreaming of a delightful weekend that could happen to you!

Bert Parks is master of ceremonies for *Break The Bank*, on ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EDT. *The Lawrence Welk Show* is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT. Both popular programs are sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America.



ANSWER ALL OF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

1. Featured in Irving Berlin's smash musical, "As Thousands Cheer," was the song, "Having a Heat Wave." The gal who introduced this song is a great singing star. What is her name?

Answer: _____

2. One of the most famous little girls in storyland and movieland is the heroine of "The Wizard of Oz." Judy Garland played the movie role. What is the name of that famous fictional little girl?

Answer: _____

3. Gilbert and Sullivan gave us many delightful tunes. Remember the one about three young ladies who sang, "Three little maids from school are we"? Name the operetta in which this song was featured.

Answer: _____

4. As a dancer she was known as Lucille LeSueur, but she went to Hollywood, changed her name and, in the Roaring Twenties, roared to stardom in a movie called "Our Dancing Daughters." What is her name?

Answer: _____

5. An all-time hit, "Lazy Bones," was composed by a man who has many other hits to his credit, including "Little Old Lady." Name this composer.

Answer: _____

6. Mexico has given us many stars. One of the most famous was the man who starred in such big silent movies as "Prisoner of Zenda," and "The Student Prince," with Norma Shearer. Name this famous man.

Answer: _____

7. A popular song of not so long ago was "The Carioca," which became a smash hit over night. It was featured in a movie which starred Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Name that movie.

Answer: _____

8. She was born on Christmas Eve, became famous as a stage star in "Daddy Long Legs," then as a movie star in such roles as "Mrs. Dodsworth," opposite Walter Huston. Who is she?

Answer: _____

9. The beautiful "Indian Summer" first came to life as a piano piece in 1918, and was well up on the "Hit Parade" of 1939. Name the great composer who gave us "Indian Summer."

Answer: _____

10. This lovely actress was once a schoolteacher, but she left her students for starring roles in movies such as "Lloyds of London" and "My Son, My Son." Who is she?

Answer: _____

Complete the following sentence in 50 words or less: I would like to meet
(Check one only)

BERT PARKS IN NEW YORK

LAWRENCE WELK IN HOLLYWOOD

because _____

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY or TOWN..... STATE.....

Mail your entry to:
Win a Visit with a Star
TV RADIO MIRROR
P.O. Box 1789
Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1. Each entry must include the coupon containing your complete answers to the ten questions above, plus your fifty-word statement saying why you would like to visit *either* Bert Parks in New York or Lawrence Welk in Los Angeles.
2. Address entries to: Win a Visit with a Star, TV RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 1789, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y.
3. This contest ends midnight, Friday, October 7, 1955. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
4. The first-prize winner will receive a weekend for two as the guest of Bert Parks in New York—or as the guest of Lawrence Welk in Los Angeles—depending on the choice specified. The winner will be flown to and from New York or Los Angeles by United Air Lines, will meet Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, stay at a luxurious hotel, visit leading night clubs and the theater. The fifty second-prize winners will each receive a "Break the Bank" game. The fifty third-prize win-

- ners will each receive a Lawrence Welk record album.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in answering the ten questions above, and originality in stating reasons for wanting to meet either Bert Parks or Lawrence Welk, in fifty words or less, on the coupon.
6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.
7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees (and their relatives) of Macfadden Publications, Inc., the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corp., its agencies and dealers.
8. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to the entries. Names of all winners will be announced in the January 1956 issue of TV RADIO MIRROR.



Tommy Rettig is a growing boy and needs all the energy faads I can give him. He's also a "typical fan," proud of his autographed pictures. And he has great fun with Lassie, who "auditioned"—and chase!—him for his present TV role.

HE LOVES A "LASSIE"

By MRS. ROSEMARY RETTIG

AS THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Tommy Rettig's mother, I often get letters like this: "Dear Mrs. Rettig: My son has just turned fourteen, and overnight he has become a stranger to me—we hardly talk the same language any more. Did you have this problem when Tommy turned the teen-age corner? And, if so, how did you handle it?"

Although much of Tommy's time is taken up with acting and the CBS-TV *Lassie* (Continued on page 94)

Tommy Rettig is Jeff Miller in *Lassie*, returning to CBS-TV, Sun., Sept. 11, 7 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Campbell Soup Company.

Now, in his teens, a new habby—dancing at home, with such friends as Jim Haakstratten, Marilyn Hall and Fred Gabourie.

But, now that he's 13, my son

Tommy has also discovered girls—and all the other teen-age problems!



He daesn't consider it wark, playing with such wonderful people as George Cleveland ("Gramps"), Jan Clayton (his TV mather, Ellen)—and Lassie.





Tennessee's Partners

By BUD GOODE



Ernie clings to the name "Tennessee" as he clings to the rewarding memories of his childhood on a farm.



Most of all, Ernie hopes to be the same kind of dad to Buck and Brion as his own father has been to him.

SOME PEOPLE think of Tennessee Ernie Ford, star of both NBC-TV and CBS Radio, as a rollicking, romping, riproaring humorist from Tennessee. Yet there is a gentleness of nature in Ernie that many of his listeners have sensed with their inner ear, and many of his viewers have seen with their hearts as well as their eyes.

With his booming bass voice, black hair and brown eyes, Ernie is ruggedly handsome. Yet his bigness of frame surrounds a gentle nature, the sort of stuff that philosophers are made of. His "Ernie-isms" are being accepted across the country as woodsy philosophy. Ernie is becoming a pea-picker's Plato.

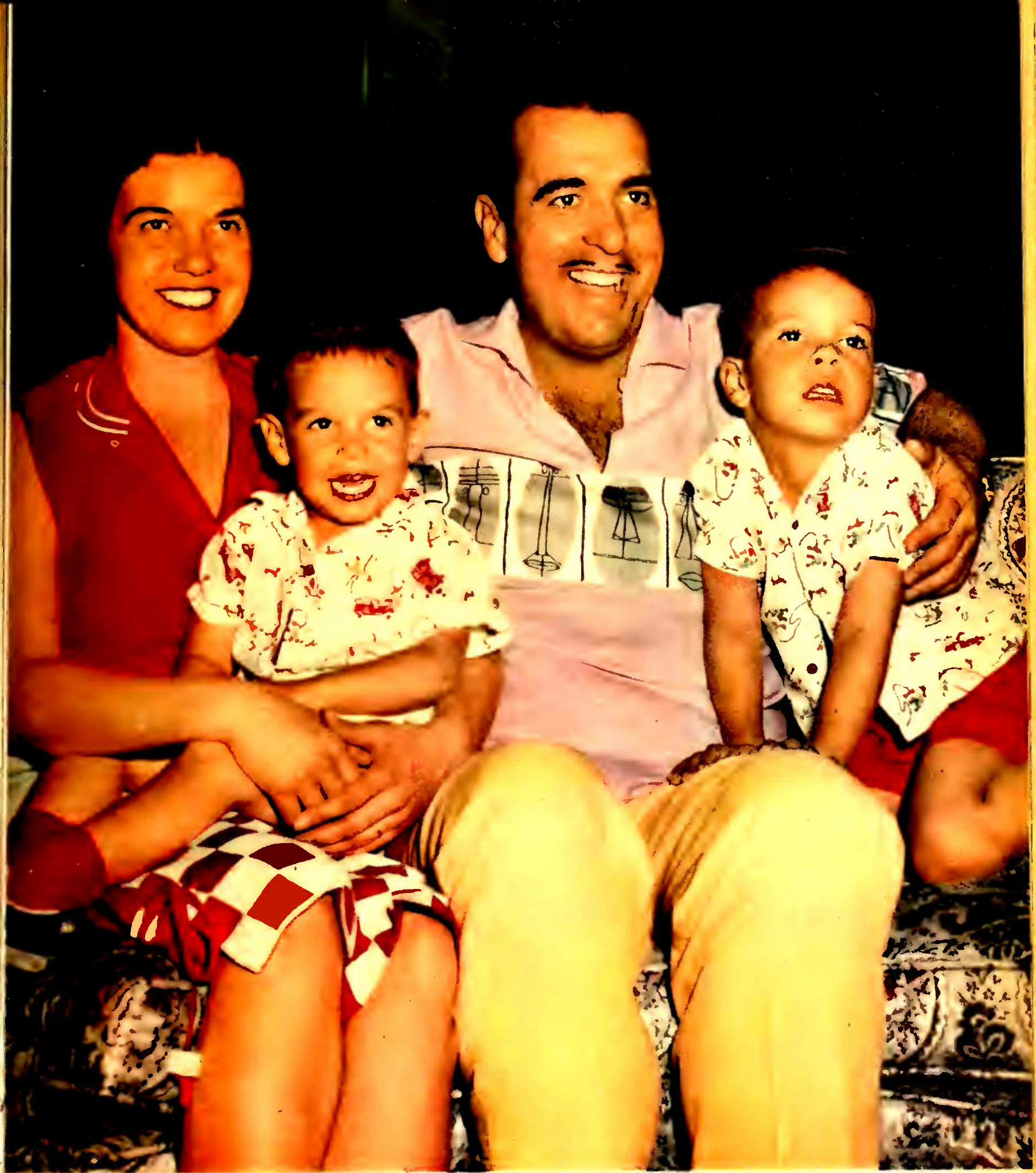
It's the thoughts of a man, as well as his actions, that make him a philosopher. On the Sunday of last May 29, for example, Ernie once again found himself back in the choir box of the Anderson Street Methodist Church in his home town of Bristol, Tennessee. He was home as a result of a gigantic celebration held in honor of the Tennessee boy who made good. Throughout the entire state, Governor Frank Clements had proclaimed it "Tennessee Ernie Ford Day."

Though he had traveled far and fast in the past five

Continued →

Life for his children is set in a different scene, but Ernie has found that the same truths apply everywhere.





California branch of a fine Tennessee family: Ernie, wife Betty, and sons Jeffrey Buckner (Buck) and Brion Leonard.

“Faith, family and friends”—these are the magic words which shape Ernie Ford’s philosophy and set it to music

Tennessee's Partners

(Continued)



Ernie now has a pool 'n' everything. But the family's greatest joy is just "being together."



years—from a small Pasadena radio station, to Hollywood radio, TV and recording contracts, all topped by two weeks at the London Palladium—none of the experiences of his rocket-like rise to success compared with the thrill that Ernie felt at that moment, as he stood looking into the upturned faces of his family and friends.

There have been moments in all our lives when we've experienced an electric mental flash where a moment of pure vision spotlights the meaning of life. As Ernie stood singing to his old friends their welcoming smiles reached up to him. He was engulfed by a great, warm, back-at-home feeling. It was this which prompted the sudden flash of insight: Faith, family and friends—these things, he saw, were the lasting things in life . . . they never change.

What makes a man think such a thought? What are the subtle forces in his background which, like rivulets—when suddenly joined together—become a clear river of thought that makes a man a philosopher? What has given Ernie Ford the background for his homespun pea-pickin' Platoisms?

From the time he was eight years old to the time he left home at eighteen, Tennessee Ernie Ford lived on a farm near Bristol. "My dad," he says, "was an easygoing man who taught me many things. 'There are some things in life,' he used to say, 'that you'll always have to put up with. You might as well get used to them. On a farm, they're weevils, potato bugs, late spring rains, and heavy winter snows. Son, you'll just have to get used to them.

"'Patience,' my dad said, 'is best learned on a farm. You can be in a hurry with your chores, but with your crops you've just got to wait six months. No amount of frettin' will bring them out of the ground any faster.' And my dad also taught me that there's no place on the farm for worry. A farm was meant for work. Worry never helped crop or calf. When you've got troubles, you do a little bit about it every day. The doin' will chase the worryin' away."

But a philosopher is made of more than thoughts. Ernie's music, for example, has taught him the relation of the note to the tune, the relation of the part to the whole; his music has taught him that first things come first.

"I learned my faith early," he says, "at the knees of my mother and dad. They were very active in the church. In fact, the kids from hundreds of miles around still refer to my mother as 'Aunt Maude' and my dad as 'Uncle Clarence.' Dad has taken these kids on everything from picnics to 'possum hunts.

"When I was just two years old," Ernie says, "my dad took me into his Sunday School class, braggin' on me that I knew all the words to 'The Old Rugged Cross.' I rightly don't know if I did or not. I later sang tenor in the choir. After my voice changed, I sang bass—been doin' so ever since."

As a result of his interest in music, Ernie early learned that in the pattern of life there is both good



Mother and Dad were so proud when their boy came back to Bristol for the statewide "Tennessee Ernie Ford Day." Ernie himself was humble and grateful—as he's teaching his own sons to be—for all the blessings and fun of life.

and bad. "When I was a kid," Ernie says, "I remember the preacher, my mom and dad and I used to go to the jail to visit the prisoners. We took cigarettes, food, magazines and song books along, and we all sang. After the preacher read a little out of The Book, we'd sing again.

"These jail congregations were made up of everything from murderers to chicken thieves. I remember how the prisoners pressed their faces up close to the bars and joined in the singin'. Their faces lit up and they all sounded real nice. You couldn't tell from their faces which were the hardened criminals. They all had a soft spot in them somewhere. It was clear to me then that, in (Continued on page 78)

Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble (for Dreft and Tide), Miles Laboratories (makers of Alka-Seltzer), and others. *Tennessee Ernie Show*, CBS Radio, M-F, 7:05 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes, and NoDoz, others.







Rosemary plays Bob Cummings' sister on his hilarious show. Ann B. Davis (left) is his assistant, Schultzie.



Dad leaves for work before Mother—and "Neats" (Nita Louise) wants a big kiss, too.

A FULL LIFE

Rosemary DeCamp (alias Bob Cummings' sister) loves every moment of her busy, sunlit days

BY FREDDA BALLING

SEPULVEDA BOULEVARD (alias U.S. Highway 101-A) is a colorful sight in itself, as it passes through a series of Southern California beach cities. There are antique shops, bait shacks, pet hospitals along the way, and occasional glimpses of the sparkling Pacific. The newest cars travel its many lanes, coastal shipping passes near the shore, the most modern planes zoom overhead from near-by airports. But, frequently, the most colorful sight along Sepulveda is lovely Rosemary DeCamp (alias sister Margaret MacDonald of *The Bob Cummings Show*). (Continued on page 69)

The Bob Cummings Show, on CBS-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Winston Cigarettes. Previous episodes can be seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT, thru September.

Left: Her husband is Judge John Shidler, and their daughters are Margaret, 12; Martha, 9; Valerie, 7; Nita Louise, 3. Below: Margaret reads at bedtime to her sisters—and mother Rosemary.



All Rosemary's leisure is spent with her girls. Above, a game with Margaret.



The youngsters are always in something. Here it's good, gooey paints for Martha and Neats.





Ethel and Albert



Two wonderful people—Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, who are happily married—but not to each other!

By MARTIN COHEN

ALAN BUNCE, who co-stars in *Ethel And Albert*, was at home in his built-in-1750 clapboard house when one of his sons got tangled in a crazy phone call.

"What's it all about?" Pop asked.

"They want Peg—Peg Bunce," number two son reported. "They insist there is a Peg Bunce here."

Alan grinned. After eleven years, he is used to it. So is Peg Lynch, who is the other half of the *Ethel And Albert* team. Very often, people insist—to Peg's and Alan's faces—that they *must* be married. The reason is simple and flattering:

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Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce (above) are so real as Ethel and Albert (at left), viewers believe they're actually husband and wife. But here are their true-life families, gathered on the lawn of Peg's Connecticut home: From left to right—Alan and his daughter Jill (Virginia); Peg's aunt, Mrs. Helen Renning; Peg's mother, Mrs. Frances Lynch; Alan's son Elliott; little Elise Astrid and her mama, Peg Lynch; Peg's husband, Odd Knut Ronning; Alan's son Lanny (Alan Nugent) and Alan's wife, Ruth Bunce!





"Lise," at four, looks like Odd, acts like Peg, has a brightness all her own. "We're not rushing her," says Peg. "She's rushing us!"



Mama Peg is off to become her other self, Ethel. But Lise's in good hands, with Grandmother Lynch.

Ethel and Albert

(Continued)



Albert at home: At the piano, left to right—son Elliott, Ruth and Alan Bunce, daughter Jill, son Lanny. Below, the Bunces' German shepherd looks the other way, as Alan and Ruth raid the vines.





Actually, there's plenty of playtime for both Lise and her parents, at their charming country home, when Peg isn't writing, producing, acting in *Ethel And Albert* and Odd Ronning isn't busy with his work as a consultant engineer.

Their domestic skirmishes on TV look as though they're really being played for keeps. Peg and Alan know what they are about, for both are very much married—but not to each other.

The second question that always comes up is this: Are Peg and Alan in private life anything like what they appear to be on the show? Well . . .

TV's Albert Arbuckle is inclined to be a little boastful—Alan Bunce is self-effacing. Albert Arbuckle bumbles quite a bit—Alan gets to the point rather quickly. And Alan Bunce himself, for all of his first-rate TV clowning, is quite serious. He was president of the New York chapter of AFTRA for two terms and

then president of the whole national organization for another two terms. This is not an office given a man who is frivolous.

And Peg Lynch?

"Well, I'll tell you," Alan says. "Peg's got a great sense of humor. That's obvious from her performance and the kind of script she turns out—but she hardly ever laughs at my jokes."

Peg may not laugh at a joke, but sometimes that's flattering: The better the joke, the busier Peg is analyzing it. She's got a big, well-oiled, powerful brain, and she's got into the habit of using it. She's a hard-working gal. She owns the (Continued on page 79)

Ethel And Albert, starring Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, CBS-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Instant Maxwell House Coffee.

Below, at right—Alan and Ruth have an historic old house in Connecticut, too, dating back to the Revolution. Below, at left—a strictly family foursome, with Lanny and Elliott on this side of the net, Jill and their dad on the other.



Who's Who on

MONITOR

NBC gives new meaning to weekend listening as it presents a spectacular parade of personalities and events throughout the world

SINCE last June, NBC has been providing its listeners with a weekend magic carpet, called *Monitor*, which reaches any place in the world where there is something of interest or importance, with the mere push of a button. With a format as flexible as a rubberband, *Monitor* snaps into action each Saturday at 8 A.M. and bounces through forty hours of continuous entertainment. Some of the biggest names in show business serve as "communicators," handling four-hour segments of the program, while other celebrities appear intermittently as featured performers. At one moment, *Monitor* may take listeners to a night club for a jazz session, to a Broadway theater during play rehearsal, to a championship sports event, a wedding—even into the ocean to hear oysters laughing. On the purely practical side, there are frequent time signals, weather and traffic reports, local and worldwide news. *Monitor* listeners are certainly familiar with the bleep-bleep tones heard periodically. This is *Monitor's* unique trademark—which, actually, is a distortion of the high-frequency tones heard when making a long-distance telephone call. Thus far, *Monitor* has made great strides in revolutionizing the purpose and function of radio and, as long as listeners "stay aboard" its magic carpet, they can look forward to even more unusual horizons ahead.



FRANK BLAIR, handsome *Monitor* communicator, who, at 39, is a 20-year veteran of broadcasting, is also one of NBC's busiest news commentators. A native of South Carolina, Frank forsook a pre-med course to join a stock company as a director. A few months later he took one of the company's actresses as his wife, then joined a Charleston station as a newscaster. Subsequently, he switched his news activities to Washington, served in the Navy, moved to New York in 1953. Frank, wife Lillian and their seven children now live in Irvington.



MORGAN BEATTY, another communicator, has been broadcasting to NBC listeners of the top-rated program *News Of The World* for nine years. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, he became a newspaper reporter while still in high school. After attending college in Kentucky and Missouri, he was a member of the Associated Press from 1927 to 1941, when he joined NBC as military analyst. The next year he was a war correspondent from London, then a Washington correspondent until 1946, when he became editor-in-chief of *News Of The World*. Morgan lives near Washington with his wife and two sons.



NBC President Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr. sits in on a *Monitor* session handled by communicators Clifton Fadiman, Walter Kiernan, Morgan Beatty and Dave Garroway. Behind them is Radio Central, the \$150,000 push-button "listening post of the world."



JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE takes time out from "hopscotching the world for headlines" on his nightly *TV News Caravan*, to preside as a communicator on a *Monitor* segment.



DAVE GARROWAY, always "at peace" on or away from his marathon radio and TV schedule, also lends his easy-going nature to a four-hour slice of *Monitor* entertainment.



CLIFTON FADIMAN, who for many years has combined his great talents as an author, editor, critic and lecturer with radio-TV emceeing, is right at home as a *Monitor* communicator.

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who's who on **MONITOR**

(Continued)



Monitor covers the world for NBC Radio from 8 A.M. EDT on Sat. to 12 midnight, Sun., and includes regularly scheduled network shows and frequent "breaks" for local-station news.



PAULINE FREDERICK, NBC's diplomatic reporter, and the only woman network news commentator, has filled her life with "firsts" and "onlys." After earning her B.A. and M.A. at American University in Washington, D.C., she launched her journalism career by interviewing the wives of Washington diplomats for the *Washington Star*. Since then, Pauline's traveled around the globe, covering war trials, spy trials, presidential conventions and inaugurations. In 1947, she was the only woman on a B-29 mission to the inauguration of the President of Uruguay. She was also the only woman commentator to cover the opening of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris, the lifting of the Berlin Blockade, and the Korean crisis in the U.N. One of her latest firsts, on *Monitor*, occurred at the 10th Anniversary celebration of the U.N. in San Francisco, when she got the first American radio broadcast with Russia's V. M. Molotov.

ART BUCHWALD, *Monitor's* roving European correspondent, travels about the continent. Armed with his tape recorder, Art chats with noted Americans-in-Paris, foreign diplomats, and the man on the street—from cab driver to gendarme. Art, who has regaled *New York Herald Tribune* readers for several years with his column, "P. S. from . . .", was born in Mount Vernon, New York, thirty years ago. At 16, he joined the Marines, and spent 18 months in the South Pacific. After his discharge, Art studied at the University of Southern California until 1948, when he received a \$250 war bonus check and with it bought himself a one-way ticket to France. When his resources approached nil, Art got a job with *Variety*, next joined the European edition of the *Herald Tribune*. Happily married and "gaining weight every day," Art is at his best as he records the off-the-cuff remarks of the people he interviews.



AL "JAZZBO" COLLINS, whose soothing voice leads *Monitor* listeners through a Saturday night session of dance music, is a big man—in size and musical know-how. A native of New York, he majored in radio at the University of Miami, and has worked at many stations. Last winter, after four years at WNEW in New York, Al moved to NBC. When he comes down from his "cloud," he lives with his wife Shirley on Long Island.



HENRY MORGAN, satirist extraordinary, holds the extraordinary position on *Monitor* of TV reviewer, and relays his bizarre observations to listeners. In 1933, 20-year-old Henry became the youngest announcer in radio. Since then, he has startled and delighted audiences with his "inspired chaos," on a variety of radio and TV shows. A bachelor, Henry has an apartment in Manhattan where he reads avidly—and "thinks."



LEON PEARSON, who brings *Monitor* listeners up-to-the-minute reviews of Broadway plays and movies, has been with NBC for eight years as a news commentator and critic-at-large. A Swarthmore graduate, he earned his M.A. at Harvard, became a newspaper columnist and news commentator, then a globe-trotting member of the International News Service. He has won praise for covering the U.N. since its inception.



RAY GOULDING and BOB ELLIOTT, better known as just Bob and Ray, also serve *Monitor* as critics-at-large—largely humorous. The master cut-ups from Boston, who have been a radio and TV team for almost ten years, are apt to pop up any time throughout the weekend with their "cast"—from Mary McGoon to Steve Bosco—to present an off-beat review of a sports or stage event, or offer a special "bargain."

As daughter, wife, mother—and beloved star—Arlene Francis has earned and thoroughly enjoys

the Gift of HAPPINESS

By HELEN BOLSTAD



Arlene and her husband, Martin Gabel, share all their son Peter's interests—from pint-sized magazines to parlor football.



A CERTAIN magazine writer, well known for his bitter exposes of prominent personalities, once concluded an hours-long interview with Arlene Francis by saying, "That's enough sweetness and light. Now give me the names of some people who don't like you. I need to get some conflict into this story."

Although a bit taken aback, Arlene laughed and tried to comply. But, after a minute, she shook her head. "Obviously there must be some, but apparently I just haven't cultivated them. I can't think where to send you."

Remarking that he would find such informants for himself, the writer departed. His air was confident. Human nature being what it is, he might well have expected that a woman who divides her life among husband, child, television, theater—and innumerable charities—must, through the sheer pressure of time, have stepped on a few super-sensitive toes. Also, that a woman so successful in all her endeavors must certainly have aroused some sharp-tongued person's warped jealousy.

The result of his search (Continued on page 89)

Arlene Francis is editor-in-chief of *Home*, NBC-TV, M-F, 11 A.M. EDT and PDT, and its preceding program, *People At Home*, 10:45 A.M. EDT, under participating sponsorship. She is hostess of *Soldier Parade*, ABC-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EDT, for U.S. Army Recruiting, and a panelist on *What's My Line?*, CBS-TV, Sun., at 10:30 P.M. EDT, for Remington Rand and Stopette.



Favorite room of both friends and family is the library, which is Arlene's reading room and workshop and a gathering place for all visitors.



On the mantel, her mother's photograph—on stairway, an oil painting of son Peter by actress Claire Trevor.





1. Mother Burton has never been able to resist interfering in her children's lives. But, now that she is engaged to marry Buck Halliday, she has found a new life of her own. Her daughter-in-law Terry is delighted at the results of her plan to bring Mother Burton and Buck together, but, as she admires the engagement ring, Stan Burton disapproves strongly.

the SECOND Mrs. BURTON

RECENTLY, Mother Grace Burton has been feeling as gay and young as a June bride. Not that the "Dowager Duchess of Dickston" has lost any of her regal manner or envisions yielding any of the matriarchal claims which have always served as a constant reminder to her daughter-in-law Terry that she is "the second Mrs. Burton." Only that, silver-haired and still a handsome woman, Mother Burton is having a December romance.

Long a widow, Mother Burton reigns as head of Dickston's most influential family. It is a position the strong-willed woman thoroughly enjoys—although her efforts to dominate and guide the lives of her son Stan and his wife Terry, and her daughter Marcia and her husband Lew Archer, have sometimes proved to be destructive. Certain that she and she alone knows what is best, Mother Burton has been eager to protect her family, laying down the law rather than letting them make—and correct—their own mistakes.

With her magnetic personality, Mother Burton might achieve more by giving suggestions only, rather than the meddling tactics she has used. But her desire for control has been too strong for Mother Burton ever to resist interfering. This has aroused resentment among the second and even the third generation of Burtons—all of whom seem to have inherited Mother Burton's strong-mindedness. But, as Mother Burton meddles in their lives and tries to dictate policy on the family newspaper, she is moved by a fear that she refuses to admit—the fear of spending her last years alone in Burton Towers, the large mansion in which she would like her children, though married and with families of their own, to live with her.

Terry has long recognized this fear of her mother-in-law's. When her own father recently married again, late in life, it occurred to Terry that—if Mother Burton did the same—it might be the solution to keeping the matriarchal widow from interfering in her children's lives. For, if Mother Burton found a romantic interest of her own, she might be too occupied to interfere in her children's lives.

With this idea in mind, Terry and Marcia drove from Dickston to Poughkeepsie to learn something about Buck Halliday, the widower who had once been a beau of Grace Deever's and was John Burton's strongest rival before Grace married John some thirty-five years ago. The girls had called on Buck, found him a bluff, somewhat flamboyant, hearty and quite likable man. They suggested that he call on Mother Burton, and they asked that he keep their visit a secret.

The wealthy real-estate dealer has followed the girls' suggestion, and he and Mother Burton have found that the attraction they felt for each other in their younger days still stands. The romance blossoms as Buck and Grace have frequent dinners together, make a trip to the theater in New York and discover, in their middle-aged courtship, the pleasure of each other's companionship.

Marcia and Lew Archer and Terry are delighted with the way matters are progressing. But Stan takes an immediate and strong dislike to Buck. As Mother Burton's only son, Stan has had to fight hard not to be strangled by her apron strings. But now he objects to the idea of his mother's marriage—objects almost without knowing why. He searches for faults in Buck, but his objection

A December romance reveals a new aspect of Mother Burton—and promises changes for all those near to her



2. Behind Mother Burton's haughty veneer has always been the fear of a lonely old age. Now, this fear vanishes as she plans her marriage to bluff, flamboyant Buck Halliday.

See Next Page →

the SECOND Mrs. BURTON

(Continued)



3. As she helps Mother Burton with her trousseau, Terry draws closer to her mother-in-law and discovers a new warmth where she had formerly found only haughtiness.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

- Terry Burton.....Patsy Campbell
- Stan Burton.....Dwight Weist
- Mother Burton.....Ethel Owen
- Buck Halliday.....Howard Smith

The Second Mrs. Burton, heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Hazel Bishop "Stay-On" Cosmetics (for Long-Lasting Lipstick, Compact Make-up and Complexion Glow), General Foods (Instant Swans Down Cake Mixes), others.

only fires Mother Burton's interest in her suitor. Finally, despite Stan's protests, she accepts Buck's proposal of marriage.

Stan cannot even protest that Buck might be marrying his mother for her money or that the marriage might deprive him of his inheritance. For both Buck and Grace are more than secure financially and have signed an agreement that their fortunes will go to their respective families.

Then the subject of where Buck and Mother Burton are to live arises. Buck insists that they live in Poughkeepsie, where he is successfully engaged in the real estate business. But Mother Burton cannot think of leaving Dickston—where she reigns as social leader—or Burton Towers, where she reigns as family matriarch. Both are adamant in refusing to give up a home that means so much to each of them. As a result, the engagement is off and on and off again, as they quibble about the matter. Finally, Buck gives in and says that he will live in Dickston. As this point, Mother Burton remorsefully and romantically offers to live in Poughkeepsie.

During these quarrels over their future home, Stan claims that these disagreements prove Buck and his mother are not really in love. When the engagement is "off," Stan is pleased. When the romance resumes, he is unhappy.

Plans for the wedding move ahead, as Mother Burton shops for a trousseau and makes plans for the reception. Stan watches gloomily, and even Terry, Marcia and Lew—who approve of the marriage—must pause every now and then to wonder whether this December romance is really a wise step. Can the marriage which is now uppermost in all their minds really work out? Terry is optimistic—but, whatever happens, will this really change her own position as the second Mrs. Burton?



4. The engagement flounders as Buck argues that he must live near his real-estate business in Poughkeepsie and Mother Burton refuses to leave her home in Dickston.



5. Roses have always been particularly dear to Mother Burton. When Buck chooses this way of saying he'll live in Dickston, she remorsefully agrees to live wherever he likes. Terry sees the December romance full of promise of happy years to come for Mother Burton. But Stan, Mother Burton's only son, views the wedding plans unhappily. Are his doubts justified?

This is Kathy Godfrey



Above, baby Kathy with big brother Arthur in those childhood days at Hasbrouck Heights, N.J. Below, Mrs. Godfrey, the gallant mother they both admire so much.



So like her brother Arthur in her vivacity and courage, but with a feminine wit and charm all her own

By GLADYS HALL

THERE MAY BE warmer, folksier, more eager and outgoing people in the world than Kathy Godfrey—but I doubt it. We met the other day for the first time, at Cyrano's, the little French restaurant Kathy frequents in New York's middle Fifties. And, in less than nothing flat, it was heart-to-heart, woman-to-woman talk such as Kathy might have exchanged with a schoolgirl chum from her old home town of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, or with a good neighbor out in Arizona, where her home is now.

Before we parted, an hour or two later, I—who had known very little of Kathy Godfrey, other than that she is Arthur's sister and has her own network show on CBS Radio—learned that she is married to Dr. Robert

Now Kathy has her own children—a daughter, 18, just wed—and son Robin, 11, who visits Kathy in New York (below).





There are so many sides to our Miss Godfrey: Her valiant battle against polio . . . her warm love of "people" . . . and her enthusiasm for her programs, which let her meet and talk with many, many people.

See Next Page ►

This is Kathy Godfrey

(Continued)

Ripley . . . lives in a ranch house a short distance outside a Western city . . . has two children—her married daughter, Nancy, eighteen, and son Robin, who is eleven . . . that two English bulls (Snifty and Christopher Robin), an outsize collie (Nicholas the Great), a guinea pig, two parakeets, two ducks and three tanks of tropical fish (belonging to son Robin) are "the other members of the family" . . . and that "Rosalie the Indispensable" minds the house while Kathy, in New York, minds the mike!

Friendly is the word—perhaps the aptest and most fitting word in the dictionary—for Kathy Godfrey. Yet there are so many words to describe her:

Pretty, for instance. Kathy is very pretty. Sapphire blue eyes, dark-lashed. Dark hair, chestnut brown with russet lights in it. Slim—117 pounds slim. Five-foot-five in height. Chic. And, although you can't pinpoint it, there is a resemblance to brother Arthur, despite the difference in coloring. Perhaps it's the way she laughs, or an expression in the eyes—a "family resemblance." All this, plus a husky voice which has been described as "a combination of Jean Arthur and Margaret Sullavan, with just a hint of Loretta Young!"

Courageous. Definitely, Kathy has courage. The never-say-die brand of courage which enabled her, after being stricken with paralytic polio at the age of eighteen, to walk again . . . to marry and bear children . . . and

to have a career—a progressively more and more successful career in the field she loves with an abiding love.

And *happy*. For, when the talk turns to the Big Deal in her life as of now—the *Kathy Godfrey Show* on CBS Radio—her happiness simply shines! The show itself is a happy one, featuring guests, not just because they're singers or dancers or "names"—not even because they're the little tailor, age 87, from the Bronx, or the carnival barker or the understudy who were among her early visitors on the program—but because something *nice* has happened to them, something happy which they can pass on to you and me.

Spiritual, too, is a word that belongs to Kathy Godfrey. For—earthy as she is, and human as can be, and gay—there is spiritual quality about Kathy, and you feel it. What you feel is her faith, her own particular and proven faith, of which she says: "I'm pretty solid in my belief in the power of positive thought. I really do believe this—that, if you want something, really want it, *you will get it.*"

She should believe it. It worked for her. For, when polio hit Kathy and doctor after doctor told her she would never walk again (some even questioned whether she would ever be able to stand again)—*she walked again.*

Today, the active and agile (Continued on page 96)

The *Kathy Godfrey Show* is heard over CBS Radio, Sun., from 2:05 to 2:30 P. M. EDT.

Kathy would love to do a show with a panel of New York taxi drivers, "who know everything about everything." Below, son Robin agrees that cabbie Morton Weinberg really seems to know his stuff!



**YOU ARE YOUNG AT HEART
LISTENING TO MUTUAL —
the radio network for all America...**



... with your **COKE TIME** star
EDDIE FISHER,
TUES., THURS., 7:45 pm EDST

T
V
R

Do you really know yourself?

LIFE is unpredictable. Nobody can say for certain what problems tomorrow will bring, but if you know yourself, how you react, what you want out of life, you can meet problems with the odds all on your side.

How would you act if in-laws were spoiling your children? What would you do if the man you love turned to someone else? If you had more money, would you know how to use it well? Have you found faith and learned to live with God?

Life's problems are many. Happiness can be just around the corner or can be gone forever. You will want to capture it for yourself and for your family.

You can learn to know yourself better by reading TRUE STORY—the magazine of human problems told by the people who lived them. These people are not rich or famous; they are ordinary folk who have come through one of life's many trials and learned some important truth they want to share.

**How would you have acted in their place?
Would you have done as well—or worse?
Could you have avoided the problem entirely?**

Only when you have known the innermost feelings of others can you know your own feelings. Only when you understand others can you claim to understand yourself.

This sharing of human experience in a complicated world is the idea behind TRUE STORY. It is carried out even in the homemaking, child-care, beauty, and self-improvement features. The Editors who conduct these important departments were chosen not only for their thorough knowledge of the subject but for their broad experience with people and how they live, their eagerness to talk with readers and learn their opinions. Recipes, for example, come from readers. They are tested scientifically in the TRUE STORY kitchen but they have first been tested and found good by a housewife and her family.

If you believe that you can learn from your neighbors, if you believe that in the long run the sum of human experience is the surest guide, if you believe that the effort to understand yourself and other people better is of first importance in leading a good life, then read TRUE STORY, not only for entertainment but for the truth it tells you about life.

J. S. Manheimer

PUBLISHER

A Full Life

(Continued from page 49)

Regular travelers on Sepulveda are now used to seeing Rosemary—a remarkably pretty girl with gray-green eyes fringed with sooty lashes, brown hair dramatized by premature wings of white at each temple—talking furiously to herself as she drives along. Stopping at signals, she may consult a manuscript, experiment with a tone or gesture. She may review her timing, or question a stage direction, or caution herself—aloud—to pause at such-and-such a point for a laugh. Then, to the license plate ahead, she says: "Yes, but suppose the laugh doesn't come?"

Often, a fellow motorist reassures her by shouting to the actress—so busily exercising her art on the way home to her second "professional job" as wife and mother—"Hi, Rosemary! Very funny show last week. Keep belting 'em, kid!"

Rosemary DeCamp is almost never called "Miss DeCamp" or "Mrs. Shidler." The butcher, baker, electrician, veterinarian, delivery boy, ice-cream vendor, forty or fifty neighborhood children—and all passing highway acquaintances—know her approvingly as "Rosemary."

Her reaction to this camaraderie? "Sometimes I'm startled, but I'm always more flattered than surprised!"

Wholesale adoption of Rosemary by the population is not a new manifestation. Originally, it was fostered by her Nurse Judy Price characterization on the Dr. Christian radio program. It was advanced by heartwarming "best friend" roles in such films as "Cheers for Miss Bishop," "Hold Back the Dawn," "Blood on the Sun," "From This Day Forward" and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." Lately, she has been repossessed by all her old-time fans—and claimed by a multitude of new ones—because of her outstanding performance on *The Bob Cummings Show*.

Funny as that show is (and it boasts a masterly script by writer-producer Paul Henning), it can never come up to actual life in the DeCamp-Shidler household. Rosemary and her husband, Judge John Shidler, live in a hillside house on a wind-washed, sun-dazzled piedmont about thirty miles from the nearest movie studio or TV station. Set on a curving street named Camino de las Colinas ("Highroad of the Mists"), the house is a rambling, two-story, white stucco structure with wide, arched windows and a red tile roof. It is surrounded by trees half a century old, by *copa de oro* vines heavy with their great golden flowers, by *bougainvillaea* in clarion bloom, and by resplendent views of the timeless Pacific.

"Rambling" is not precisely the correct term for the house. It sits still, actually, but it vibrates like a bass drum marching in a high school band. In this case, however, the band is inside the drum. The DeCamp-Shidler complement of children is four—all girls. However, to the best of everyone's knowledge, there has never been a day during the past plenty years when a mere quartet of children flowed in babbling stream through the house. Usually, the number would be twice to three times the "native" population.

The Shidler roll call reads: Margaret, Martha, Valerie, and Nita Louise.

Margaret was born November 21, 1942. She is a willowy, blue-eyed girl, full of dreams about becoming a concert pianist. Her heroine is Myra Hess, and one of the most breathless evenings of her life was that spent at a Hess concert.

Martha was born July 25, 1946. ("There was a pause in the roll call between Margaret and Martha," Rosemary explains,

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brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

T
V
R

"because John was away at war.") Martha is known as the family zoologist and gypsy, one activity supplementing the other. "I never know where she is," her mother notes equably. "One afternoon I decided that I had wondered once too often about where she was spending so much time, and set out to look for her. I was told that she had been working on some sort of cave, an activity positively forbidden in these unstable clay hills. I located the young lady almost at once—only her feet and ankles showing. When I shouted at her to crabwalk out of there with speed, her answer came back, muffled but ecstatic: 'I have found five baby owls.' Well, I've always wanted a white owl and Martha knew it, so all scolding was forgotten while she and I drove around the neighborhood finding homes for the abandoned feathered babies that we couldn't keep."

Martha also has the distinction of having captured, without gloves, what may be the only three-cornered lizard in the California hills. That's right: It had two tails. In the old days, it would have been instantly christened "P-38," but the "Davy Crockett" set has never heard of World War II's most fascinating outline against the skies.

Martha's butterfly collection was the joy of her heart until it was raided by a vandal, a tragedy inadvertently given worldwide publicity. What the news dispatch lacked in authenticity, it supplied in sprightliness. The marauder who munched on the lepidoptera was Martha's baby sister, Nita Louise, eighteen months old at the time and distinguished by an odd appetite and no qualms.

Rosemary happened to mention the domestic mishap at the radio station and the next thing she knew, the story had been grabbed gleefully by one of the wire services. A single discrepancy was included: The owner of the butterfly collection was stated to be Judge Shidler. You know how those things are handled—"Noted jurist loses priceless collection to small daughter's palate."

A few weeks later the letters began to pour in from Hong Kong, Patagonia, Egypt, the Pacific Islands, and the upper Amazon. Along with the letters of condolence came handsome specimens of the butterflies typical of the writers' geographic area.

Judge Shidler, tepid toward the entire winged world up to that point, suddenly became interested. Thereafter, in his rare spare hours, he might be found with text, notebook, and magnifying glass, studying the rainbow array of fancy-flies—while making sure that they were well out of tongue-reach of the young lady with the exotic cravings.

By that time, Martha—whose collection had started the whole thing—had turned to a new hobby: Money. She is now known as "Little Dough Eyes." She owns a ceramic piggy bank roughly the size of a yearling calf, and there is a local rumor that before long she won't be able to lift it without a crane.

Daughter number three is Valerie, born December 14, 1947. Perhaps the prettiest of a wonderfully comely group, she has the ingratiating habit of asking visitors for their autographs. She has spent enough time with her mother on shopping tours to have come to the conclusion that autograph-collecting is something every alert child does. It is the family opinion that she currently owns the finest known collection of the squiggles of ice-cream vendors, garbage collectors, TV repairmen, grocers' delivery boys, and casual passersby.

Being fascinated by the written word, Valerie is also inclined to communicate with her mother by note. Several times each day, Rosemary is in receipt of some such neatly printed request as, "May I go

over to Susie's house answer yes or no." Nita Louise, the baby whose hobby is eating anything that doesn't scream first, was born March 21, 1952, and is dubbed "Neats" by the family. "Neats" is an exact accolade. Temperamentally, she is a junior-grade fashion plate. She is agog over new shoes, ribbons in her hair, and ruffled dresses worn over five petticoats, and she resists with considerable force the morning suggestion that she get into her zipper suit. (Rosemary dresses the girls in identical styles, varying colors to suit the complexion of each. Mainly, they wear quilted cotton zipper suits for leisure, a system which has saved Rosemary hours of shopping time and hours of junior indecision over what to wear.)

The father of this agile brood is a tall, handsome, dedicated man of the law who met Rosemary when she was a student at California's renowned Mills College, and he himself was completing his law course at Stanford. "When I met him," Rosemary recalls, "I knew he was an exceptionally dedicated man, but it didn't dawn on me that our home was to be sort of a recuperating station for various kinds of fledglings with broken wings"—which is the DeCamp way of saying that Judge Shidler regards the providing of shelter and counsel for

R. S. V. P.

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November issue of

TV RADIO MIRROR

on sale October 6

the worthy unfortunate as one of the responsibilities of his job. Sometimes, the Shidler guest is a teenager who needs temporary guidance; sometimes, it is a frightened girl in her twenties, a long way from home, who needs assistance through professional training, a divorce readjustment, or pregnancy.

Also involved in good works of various kinds—such as sewing for the local hospital and aiding at bazaars—are Rosemary's mother, who lives near by and drops in regularly, and Judge Shidler's mother, who is also a frequent joiner of the clan.

Now that you have met the central figures in a cast likely to shag in and out of this drama, it is only fair to detail for you a more or less typical day in the life of actress-householder Rosemary DeCamp Shidler.

This particular morning got under way at about seventy degrees, bright and clear

and altogether ideal for Rosemary to sort out, for prompt completion, one or two projects from among the several hundred planned in her dreams. Because the dining-room wall had been painted a dusty rose recently, she decided that Project One might consist of adding vertical serpentine silver lines on the window wall for a contemporary effect, reminiscent of wave marks upon sand. Also, this could be entrusted to a corps of junior workers while Rosemary assailed Project Two: Building a tile-topped circular seat around a magnificent old evergreen growing in the garden.

In the dining room, Rosemary assembled ladders, stools, brushes, thinner, aluminum paint, and a zipper-uniformed crew. At her own site of endeavor, she collected trowels, grout, tile, and the outline of a tentative design.

In a few moments, industry was rampant—a fact which spread through the neighborhood as if wafted on the fragrance of popping corn. In no time, each daughter had a buddy on deck and eager to help. In no time plus-one-hour, each daughter had at least two buddies. In no time plus-two-hours, sixteen Brownies assembled for a meeting which had been overlooked in the date book.

Rosemary shunted the Brownies to the lower patio, where they prepared to haunt field and stream, doing whatever Brownies do do. Meanwhile, there was a drive on milk, Cokes, and fruit juice. With grout on her hands and mayhem in her heart, the tile-setter was called upon again and again to mix punch, supply additional sandwiches because someone had forgotten her little brown bag loaded with provisions, and to arbitrate discussions between Brownies and certain anti-Brownie guests.

At this point, the telephone rang and the welcome voice of an old school chum brought word that the chum was at the airport and had been notified of a two-hour minimum delay in airline connections. She and her husband wondered if it would be convenient. . . . Of course, of course. Just tell the cabbie to take 101. . . .

No time now to get that new permanent; no time to buy that airy new frock; no time to do anything except whip up iced coffee and one of those spontaneous-combustion desserts.

The guests arrived, greetings were exchanged, and the upper patio was pre-empted for the adults—at least, that was Rosemary's edict to her small fry and their battalion. Conversation proved to be easy, familiar, and altogether delightful. Actress, tile-setter, decorating foreman, and mother relaxed simultaneously into one woman's uncomplicated enjoyment of her guests.

Promptly, a joyous scream from the lower patio was followed by a mass attack upon the adult meeting and the leader's announcement. "I've just found one of our lizards, the one with fingernail polish on its nose. Where shall I hide it so the cats can't get it?" And she held up a wriggling organism in triumph.

Rosemary said, "Excuse me a second," and gave her daughter both advice and admonition. "And now, where were we. . . ."

Mrs. Shidler, the judge's mother, arrived for a brief call, was introduced, and a second later was spied by her grandchildren. "Mah Jongg," they yelled, avalanching upon her. "Come down to our patio and play Mah Jongg."

She said she had to make a telephone call first. She had been trying to make contact with a friend all day without success. She returned shortly to say that there was no response—perhaps all the telephones were out of order. (The airline had agreed to call Rosemary's guests when their plane was thirty minutes away from take-off.)

Mrs. Shidler was drawn Mah Jongg-

ward when a new chorus of screams arose from the lunch area. Some villain had "filled" the Brownie sandwich bags with bees. The adults went to the rescue, found a total of two bees. No trial was held, but it was apparent that some zoological type had, at considerable effort and peril, trapped a bee in each of two luncheon sacks simply to keep the day from becoming a bore.

Rosemary led the trek back to the breeze-filled patio, cool and peaceful to the eye, and was presented with a letter. "May I have an ice-cream bar? Answer yes or no," it read. Rosemary wrote, "No. Mrs. John Shidler," and returned it to her three-year-old, serving as messenger for both parties to the communique. A moment later, an upstairs window opened wide and a flurry of paper torn to confetti bits came floating down in eloquent comment.

From the lower garden arose a jumble of murmurous delight as a new delegation, headed by an ecstatic Shidler lass, broke through the gate, announcing: "Merry Christmas (the dog) is having her puppies. First, she had one, and just now she coughed up another one."

This announcement was still trembling in the air when a magazine writer and photographer (due a day later, according to Rosemary's calendar) arrived to do a home sitting.

Said the traveling guests, "It's been wonderful, but I think we should be getting back to the airport since we seem to be out of communication. . . ."

The air was split by a shrill wail.

Until that moment, throughout the not uneventful afternoon, Rosemary had remained imperturbable, accepting each new development with bland philosophy and a shrug highly flavored with "C'est la vie."

Now, abruptly, she sprang into action, her eyes wide, her movements quick and correlated. The amused spectator had been translated instantly into the mother whose ear knows every note and modulation of a child's cry. The wail, rising near and nearer, was not that of outraged pride or angry frustration. There was fright in it, and need.

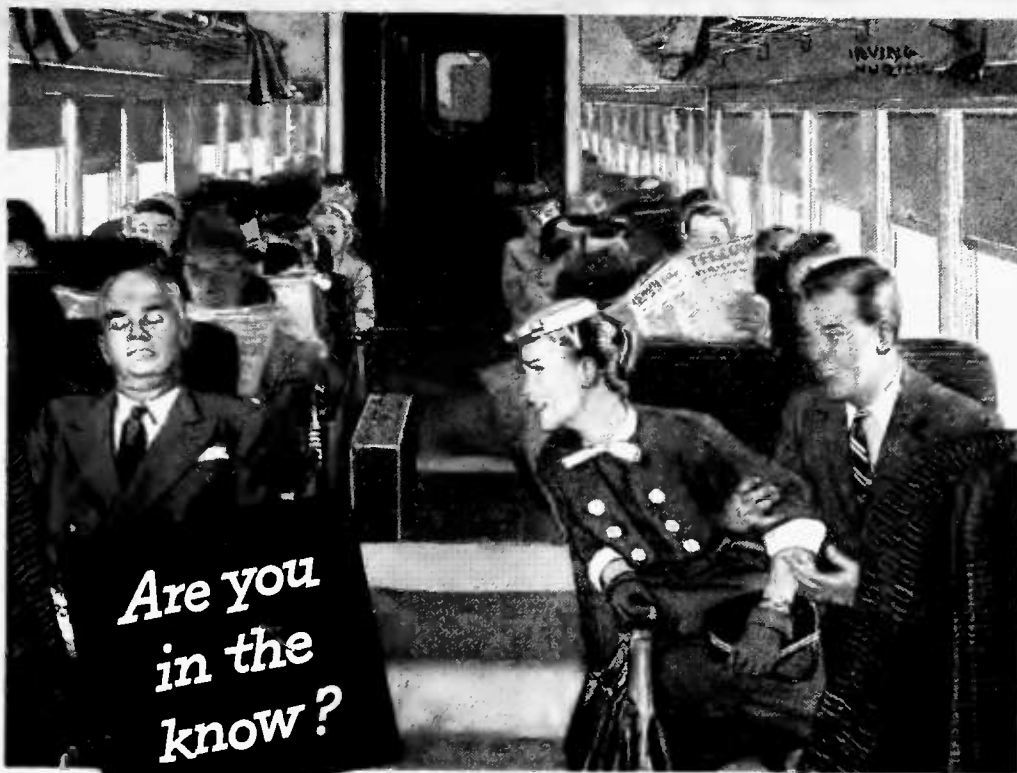
It was Valerie who rushed into her mother's arms, blurting something about a fall from the swing. Expertly, Rosemary looked her over, deciding that the small nose was not broken, only skinned, and that the forehead was only scraped, not badly bruised. Rocking back and forth as she crouched with the seven-year-old in her lap, Rosemary kissed the tears away, murmuring the comfort and reassurance that are powerful cures for small damage. Finally, she set the child back on her feet and headed her toward further play.

The guests, somewhat shaken, moved toward their taxi, uttering the niceties—lovely home, delightful visit, it must never again be so long between meetings. Then Rosemary's chum said frankly, "I don't see how you manage, yet you certainly do—beautifully. You're *everything*: Wife and social worker, homemaker and mother, career woman and handyman. I should think you would have had a nervous breakdown before this."

Rosemary laughed from the depths of her heart. "Me—nervous? I don't have time for that sort of thing." And, as she waved her guests on their way she added, "Hurry back, and when you think of me, just remember—it's a full life."

Martha joined her mother. "Look—a three-cornered lizard. It has two tails," she particularized.

Rosemary studied it. "Only on these premises could it happen," she muttered. "But, as I said, it's a full life."



Are you
in the
know?

How to cope with a wolfish stranger?

- Konk him Outwit him Get off the train

You're the perfect lady you were brought up to be—but to Fang Boy you're just another morsel of smooch-bait. How to escape his clutches? (Got a bumbershoot handy?) There's a simpler way than denting his so-called brain. *Outwit him*—by asking

another male passenger to exchange seats with you. It's a perfect squelch. Fail-proof! Ever try to outwit *calendar* problems, too? You can, by choosing Kotex*, and getting the safety—the *non-fail absorbcency* you need for perfect confidence.



To snare a Man of Letters, should you speak—

- First His language With an accent

So you don't know a dribble from a drop kick, hey? Better start discovering the sports page, if you want the letter-sweater lad to get your message. Learn to talk boy language—about football, basketball, track. See what an ice breaker it can be. And don't be a *date breaker*, at "that" time! Go to the games in comfort—with Kotex and the chafe-free softness that *holds its shape!*



Which does most for your social rating?

- Your gloves High heels Your hat

You'd prove you're part of the "grown up" world? Wearing a chapeau adds to a gal's social stature. Forsake the bareheaded or peasant (babushka) look. A hat's vital to your outfit—for church, club or school ceremonies; job hunting, travel. To add poise on certain days, let Kotex and those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Try all 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super.

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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurligh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.)	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale One Man's Family Second Chance	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:15 10:30		Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olson Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	
10:45	10:55 News		When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich		Companion— Dr. Mace Paging The New	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle		
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Fibber McGee & Molly	Queen For A Day *Wed., Faith In Our Time	Albert Warner, News Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind Howard Miller Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Noon News 12:05 Here's Hollywood	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45			Frank Farrell	Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Frederick	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes America's Front Door		Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45			Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00	News	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show
3:15 3:30 3:45	3:05 Wonderful City Spotlight Story Just Plain Bill			
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Right To Happiness Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family	Bruce & Oan Tex Fletcher's Wagon Show	Broadway Matinee Treasury Band- stand	
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Woman In My House Lorenzo Jones Lone Ranger 5:55 Oan'l Boone	Sgt. Preston Bobby Benson America's Business 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga 7:55 News	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Your Land And Mine	Top Secret Files	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
8:15 8:30 8:45		Broadway Cop		
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	Music Tent	Rosemary Clooney
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		9:25 News Freedom Sings 9:55 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan	Scoreboard 10:05 Oance Orchestra
10:15 10:30		Orchestra Distinguished Artists	How To Fix It Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45		Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00	People Are Funny	Treasury Agent	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News	Suspense 8:25 Doug Edwards Oisk Oerby, Fred Robbins
8:15 8:30 8:45	Oragnet	John Steele, Adventurer		
9:00	Biographies In Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 E. O. Canham, News	Oisk Oerby (con.)
9:15 9:30 9:45	9:55 News		Platterbrains 9:55 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan	Scoreboard 10:05 Oance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News New England Survey	Men's Corner Dance Music	How To Fix It Take Thirty	

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45		Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Conversation	True Detective	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News	FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards Oisk Oerby, Fred Robbins
8:15 8:30 8:45	News 8:35 College Quiz Bowl	Sentenced		
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Best Of Groucho Truth Or Consequences	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story Family Theater	Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 News President's News Conference	Oisk Oerby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Heart Of The News Keys To The Capital	Virgil Pinkley Sounding Board	News, Edward P. Morgan Behind Iron Curtain Relaxin' Time	Scoreboard 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45		Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Behind The Iron Curtain	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Strange Saga	Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Oisk Oerby, Fred Robbins
8:15 8:30	Dr. Six Gun	I Am Brady Kaye		
9:00	News 9:05 X Minus One	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Sammy Kaye Show 9:25 News Rhythm On Parade 9:55 News	Oisk Oerby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
9:15 9:30 9:45	The Loser 9:55 News			
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Joseph C. Harsch Jane Pickens Show	Virgil Pinkley Book Hunter Henry Jerome Orch.	News, Edward P. Morgan How To Fix It Front & Center	Scoreboard 10:05 Oance Orchestra

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Strange Saga	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy	Red Benson's Hideaway 8:25 News Hideaway (con.) 8:55 News	Godfrey Digest 8:25 Doug Edwards Oisk Oerby, Fred Robbins
8:15 8:30 8:45		City Editor		
9:00	Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Football from Orange Bowl*	Sammy Kaye Show	Oisk Oerby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall
9:15 9:30 9:45	9:55 News		A Treasury Of Music	
10:00	Ted Heath Orch.	Virgil Pinkley	News, Edward P. Morgan	Scoreboard 10:05 Oance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Stars In Action	Forbes Report London Studios Melodies *Begins Sept. 30	How To Fix It Indoors Unlimited	

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program	Ooug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Farming Business Monitor		No School Today	News Of America Farm News Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Breakfast Club Review 10:55 News	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News LeSueur
11:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Lucky Pierre Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	News 11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	National Farm & Home Hour Monitor	I Asked You Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Football—Game of the Week	Football	Football Roundup
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Football (con.)	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Teenagers, U.S.A. 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Pop The Question Magic Of Music	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson Gangbusters
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Wheel Of Fortune Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	21st Precinct Oisk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor	Grand Ole Opry	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Lawrence Welk	Country Style (con.) Your Hit Parade

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Monitor		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing Back To God	News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Monitor	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air Church Of The Air (con.)
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Monitor 11:35 New World	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir Invitation To Learning—"The Out-Of-Doors"

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor The Eternal Light	Marine Band News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	The World Tomorrow	News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question World Affairs Washington Week
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	Basil Heatter, News Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour	Professional Football	Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	News 2:05 Kathy Godfrey World Music Festival
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Professional Football (con.)	News 3:05 Pan American Union Billy Graham	World Music Festival (con.) 3:55 News
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Rhythm On The Road
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News	News 5:05 Church In The Home Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon 5:55 News

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Meet The Press Monitor	Public Prosecutor—Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News Evening Comes	Gene Autry
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Monitor	Richard Hayes Show Studio Concert	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky Valentino Travel Talk	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks Gary Crosby
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News, Paul Harvey News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Music Hall, Mitch Miller
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Joseph C. Harsch American Forum	Billy Graham Global Frontiers	Overseas Assignment Seven Deadly Sins Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation John Oerr, Sports

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, SEPTEMBER 8—OCTOBER 9

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
SEPT. 8, Th.	2:00	11	Kan. C. vs. Yankees
9, F.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yankees
10, Sat.	2:00	8, 11	Chi. vs. Yankees
	2:55	2	Dodgers vs. Cinc.-R
11, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Clev. vs. Yankees-D
	5:00	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.-R
13, Tu.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yankees
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.-R
14, W.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yankees
	9:00	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.-R
15, Th.	2:30	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.-R

D—Doubleheader R—Road game

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
16, F.	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	8:30	11	Bos. vs. Yankees
17, Sat.	2:00	2, 8, 9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Bos. vs. Yankees
18, Sun.	2:00	8, 9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Bos. vs. Yankees
20, Tu.	1:30	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
23, F.	1:30	11	Phila. vs. Giants
24, Sat.	2:00	2, 11	Phila. vs. Giants

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 4 & 8 Today—Awake with Garroway
- 8:55 4 Herb Sheldon And Ja McCarthy
- 9:00 2 Skinner Shaw—2nd cuppa coffee
- 7 Russell's Carner—Big, warm Todd
- 9:30 7 Morning Matinee—Feaure films
- 10:00 2 Garry Moore Show—Moore fun
- 4 & 8 Ding Dong Schaal—TV nurserv
- 10:30 2 Gafrey Time—Arthur is back
- 10:45 4 People At Home—Interviews
- 11:00 4 Hame—Arlene Francis, femcee
- 7 Ramper Room—TV kindergarten
- 11:30 2 & 8 Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
- 5 Wendy Barrie—Unpredictable & fun
- 12:00 2 Valiant Lady—Daytime serial
- 4 & 8 Tennessee Ernie—Pea-picking
- 7 Time Far Fun—More distraction for jr.
- 12:15 2 & 8 Love Of Life—Serial story
- 12:30 2 & 8 Search For Tamarraw—Serial
- 4 Feather Yaur Nest—Serial
- 7 Entertainment—Variety, Tom Posten
- 12:45 2 (& 8 at 2:30) The Guiding Light
- 11 Dr. Narman Vincent Peale
- 1:00 2 Jack Paar Shaw—Rollicking
- 1:30 2 & 8 Welcame Travelers—From NY
- 9 First-Run Features
- 2:00 2 & 8 Rabert Q. Lewis Shaw—Très gai
- 5 Maggi McNellis—Engrossing patter
- 2:30 2 Linkletter's Hause Party—Artful
- 4 Jinx Falkenburg—Interviews
- 5 Ern Westmore—Female renovating
- 3:00 2 & 8 Big Pay-off—Quiz for madam
- 4 Ted Mack Matinee—Variety
- 9 Ted Steele Shaw—Rhythm & relaxin'
- 3:30 2 Bab Crasby—Melodic variety
- 4 It Pays To Be Married—Bill Goodwin
- 7 Jae Franklin's Memary Lane
- 4:00 2 The Brighter Day—Daytime drama
- 4 & 8 Way Of The World—Story
- 4:15 2 & 8 Secret Starm—Serial
- 4 First Lave—Early wedded years
- 4:30 2 & 8 On Yaur Account—\$\$\$ Quiz
- 4 Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles with Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

- 6:30 4 Sky's The Limit—Quiz, M, W, F;
- Patti Page—Songs, T, Th.
- 11 Liberace—Keyboard virtuoso
- 7:00 7 Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Delightful
- 7:15 7 John Daly, News
- 7:30 4 Eddie Fisher—M, W, F; Dinah
- Share—T, Th.
- 9 Millian Dallar Mavies
- 7:45 2 Julius La Rasa—M, W, F; Upbeat—
- T, Th, singing stars. (Series ends Sept. 19)

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 9 Millian Dallar Mavies
- 10:45 11 News & Weather
- 11:00 7 4 5 News & Weather
- 11 Liberace—Candlelight concert
- 11:10 5 Featurama—Shòrt features
- 11:15 2 Late Shaw—Feature films
- 4 Steve Allen Shaw—Sock

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 2 Robin Hood—Premieres Sept. 26
- 5 Life With Elizabeth—Hilarious
- 8:00 2 Burns & Allen—Coupled comedy
- 4 & 8 Caesar Presents; Sept. 19,
- 8-9:30, "Our Town," musical version, with
- Frank Sinatra, on Praducer's Shawcase
- 7 Digest Drama—True stories
- 8:30 2 Gafrey's Talent Scouts—Variety
- 7 Voice Of Firestone—Long hair recital
- 9:00 2 & 8 These Whiting Girls—Comedy
- 4 The Medic—Penetrating dramas
- 9:30 2 December Bride—But April bright
- 4 Robert Mantgamery Presents
- 7 For Dactars Only—Live from hospitals
- 10:00 2 & 8 Studia One—Hour dramas
- 7 Eddie Cantar—Pop-eyed laffs
- 10:30 4 Big Tawn—Mark Stevens' adventures

Tuesday

- 7:30 2 Name That Tune—\$\$ Quiz
- 5 Waterfrant—Tugboat dramas
- 7 Warner Brathers' Presents—New,
- full-hour films. Premieres Sept. 13
- 8:00 2 Navy Log—Drama—Premiere Sept. 20
- 4 Place The Face—Returning 9/27,
- Miltan Berle Shaw; 10/4 Martha Raye
- 5 Star Playhouse—Hollywood films
- 8:30 2 Yau'll Never Get Rich—Phil Silvers
- 4 Arthur Murray Party—Till 9/20
- 7 Wyatt Earp—Terrific adult westerns
- 9:00 4 Fireside Theater—Jane Wyman
- 7 Make Raam Far Daddy—A bedlam
- 9:30 2 & 8 Joe & Mabel—New comedy
- 4 Pontiac & Circle Theaters—Hour
- dramas produced by Fred Coe
- 7 Du Pant Cavalcade Theater—Stories
- 10:00 2 \$64,000 Question—So much money!
- 7 Name's The Same—Fadiman's panel

Wednesday

- 7:30 7 Disneyland—Repeat films till Oct.
- 8:00 2 Gafrey & Friends—Returns Sept. 14
- 8:30 4 & 8 Father Knows Best—Comedy
- 7 M-G-M Parade—Half-hour films
- 9:00 2 & 8 The Millianaire—Stories
- 4 Kraft Theater—Superb hour plays
- 7 Masquerade Party—Costume quiz
- 9:30 2 I've Got A Secret—Moore's mum
- 7 Penny To A Millian—\$\$\$ Quiz
- 10:00 2 & 8 U.S. Steel Theater—Front Row
- Center—Alternating fine hour dramas
- 4 This Is Your Life—Live as of Sept. 21
- 10:30 4 Daug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

- 8:00 2 Bab Cummings Shaw—Farce
- 4 & 8 Best Of Graucha—New show
- as of Sept. 22
- 7 Saldier Parade—Hour of GI talent
- 8:30 2 Climax—Mystery & suspense yarns
- 4 Make The Connection—Quiz
- 7 Stap The Music—Beginning Sept. 22

- 9:00 4 & 8 Dragnet—Sgt. Friday at work
- 5 Wrestling—Two hours; live from
- WABD's studios
- 7 Star Tonight—Filmed teleplays
- 9:30 2 Four Star Playhouse—Absorbing
- 4 & 8 Ford Theater—Top-rated dramas
- 10:00 4 & 8 Video Theater—Back Sept. 22
- 10:30 2 Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans

Friday

- 7:30 2 My Friend Flicka—About a horse
- 5 Life With Elizabeth—About a gal
- 7 Rin Tin Tin—About o dog
- 8:00 2 & 8 Mama—Peggy Wood stars
- 4 Truth Or Consequences—Never dull
- 7 Ozzie & Harriet—Returns Sept. 23
- 8:30 2 Topper—Last of the series
- 4 & 8 Life Of Riley—Turbulent Bill
- 9:00 2 Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
- 4 & 8 Big Story—Hard hitting stories
- 7 Dollar A Second—\$\$\$ Quiz
- 9:30 2 Ray Milland Show—After Sept. 30,
- Our Miss Braks
- 4 & 8 Dear Phoebe—Funny stuff
- 7 The Vise—Spine-chillers from Britain
- 10:00 2 Undercurrent—Mystery; The Line-
- Up returns Sept. 30 with police stories
- 5 Alec Templeton—Piano patter
- 10:30 2 Person Ta Person—Morrow's visits

Saturday

- 7:30 2 Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
- 4 Show Wagon—Heidt's talent salute
- 8:00 2 America's Greatest Bands—Fine
- 4 Perry Como Shaw—Hour variety
- 9:00 2 Twa For The Maney—Shriner's back
- 4 & 8 People Are Funny—Art Link-
- letter; Oct. 1, 9-10:30, Liebman Presents,
- "Heidi," Ezio Pinza, Dennis Day, Pinky Lee
- 7 Lawrence Welk Shaw—Champogne
- music
- 9:30 2 It's Always Jan—Comedy stars Janis
- Paige; Sept. 24, 9:30-11—Fard Star Jubi-
- lee, with Mary Martin, Noel Coward
- 4 Durante-O'Connor Shows—Comedy
- 10:00 2 Julius La Rasa—Last weeks for Julie
- 4 & 8 Here's The Show—Gobel
- returns Sept. 24
- 10:30 2 Daman Runyan Theater—Stories
- 4 8 Your Hit Parade—Jounty music

Sunday

- 6:00 2 I Love Lucy—Repeat of early shows
- 6:30 2 Yau Are There—Expert documentary
- 7:00 2 Lassie—Returns Sept. 11
- 4 & 8 It's A Great Life—Hearty
- 7 Yau Asked For It—Art Baker
- 7:30 2 Jack Benny—Alternates with
- Private Secretary. Jack's first, Sept. 25
- 4 Spectacular—Sept. 11, 7:30-9, "Skin
- of Our Teeth," Helen Hayes, Mary Martin
- 8:00 2 & 8 Taast Of The Tawn—Variety
- 4 Sunday Hour—Comedy & variety
- 8:30 11 Dangeraus Encounter—Adventures
- 9:00 2 G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
- 4 & 8 TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
- 7 Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
- 9:30 2 Appaintment With Adventure
- 5 Life Begins At Eighty—Sprightly
- 10:00 2 Stage 7—New teleplays
- 4 & 8 Loretta Young Shaw—Stories
- 5 Mr. & Mrs. Narth—Whodunits
- 7 Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
- 10:30 2 What's My Line?—Job game
- 4 Bob Cummings Shaw—Comedy
- 5 China Smith—Dan Duryea stars

Dream Town

(Continued from page 35)

appointment to spend an afternoon talking with her not long ago. I hadn't any idea what to expect. After all, Marion (Sue) Randall is cast as the "star-crossed" daughter of Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady*—a girl named Diane, who has been married briefly, and who has come to New York to satisfy her restless ambition.

Diane is working for a suave character named Whitlow Preston, and a nice guy named Joey Gordon is trying to beat his time with her. And Diane—away from the restraining influence of her mother—is having a bit of a ball, playing-off one man against the other. Under such circumstances, one might well expect "Diane" to be one of those glittering girls you see strolling along Madison and Park Avenues, with hair like chrysanthemums and make-up a la Audrey Hepburn, perhaps—since Sue Randall herself had been a model for a while—even carrying the inevitable hatbox.

The girl waiting at the table in Louis and Armand's restaurant wasn't like that at all. Her dark brown hair, which obviously had never been touched by a drop of artificial rinse, was parted in the middle and brushed back in the simplest possible manner. Her young face was scrubbed-looking, and her make-up had been applied lightly, almost invisibly. Her pert nose was peeling a little from sunburn. She wore a simple black dress, and no jewelry.

It was only after we had talked for an hour or two that I realized there was good reason behind this austerity of dress and make-up. Although Sue is an extremely pretty girl with an excellent figure, her charm lies in her personality, in her serene poise and intelligence, her ability to be in command of any situation.

The impact of that personality is immensely heightened by the fact that she looks like a schoolgirl down from Vassar to meet a grandmother-who-disapproves-of-things. It's a good thing she *hasn't* got such a grandmother. Why? Well, that's quite a story.

You see, when Sue first came to New York, she put up at the Studio Club, an extremely respectable lodging place for young girls. At first, she didn't know anybody. Then, one afternoon, she stepped out of her room, all dressed up—just as the girl who lived next door came in, folding a dripping umbrella. "My gosh, is it raining?" Sue wailed. "And I left my umbrella in a cab yesterday!"

"It's pouring," said the girl, and matter-of-factly held out her own umbrella. "Here, take this one."

"But what if you need it before I get back?"

"Then I'll borrow from somebody else. See you when you get back, and I'll tell you how the system works."

Later that night, Sue returned the umbrella and had a long, informative chat with the girl, whose name was Priscilla and who was a private secretary and a singing student. She was twenty-four, and wise in the ways of the big city. She explained how girls at the Club augmented their wardrobes by borrowing from one another, and gave Sue some other pointers, as well—lessons that Sue, then only eighteen, might have had to learn the hard way.

Not long after that, another girl, Inez, a secretary in an advertising agency, joined the team, and this newly formed triumvirate of career girls—all for one and one for all—decided the only sensible thing to do would be to pool their funds and



The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent—so heartbreaking—as letters from young people with disturbed adolescent skin. That's why I feel it is important to alert mothers to the double dangers of this teen-age problem.

Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can even cause *permanent* damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn of another danger: acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave the child's skin *permanently* scarred.

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and proved effective. *In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.*

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share an apartment. They were already sharing everything else, anyway—including occasional dates with the same boy-friends.

The three girls started out early one hot summer morning, each with a newspaper with little pencilled circles dotting the rental columns. When they met at the appointed place in the middle of the afternoon, a more discouraged trio did not exist in all of New York. Comparing notes, they found that not one of them had walked into a place she'd care to stay in longer than fifteen minutes—well, Inez had found one, but the rent was out of sight.

They were dragging along Central Park West when Priscilla saw the "Vacancy" sign. "It's probably either a basement room or a ten-room penthouse," she said, "but take a look at that lobby. Cool, and all those chairs. We could at least sit down for a while."

It is by such remarkable flukes, as any veteran apartment-hunter could have told them in the first place, that you finally find what you're looking for. When the girls had cooled off long enough to follow the building superintendent into the vacancy on the first floor, they found a spacious living room, kitchen and dinette, and two bedrooms, one of them large enough for two of the girls to use.

The girls sighed in unison. It was just right, except there wasn't a stick of furniture, a rug or a curtain in the place. "You see, it would have to be furnished," Sue said to the super.

He grinned, "But it is!" And then he explained how the management kept a big warehouse full of furniture in Greenwich Village, and all the girls would have to do would be to go down there and pick out the things they wanted. "\$200 a month," he added, and waited.

Sue did some fast mental arithmetic. "That comes to \$66.66 for two of us, and \$66.67 for the other."

"Couldn't we rotate the extra penny?" Inez asked.

"I'll rotate if everyone else will," said Priscilla. The three of them turned to the super. "We'll take it!"

The apartment was finally furnished, and the girls moved in on a Friday afternoon. Everything was clean and sparkling, and it took them almost no time to pack away their things. Then, since they all had early dates, they went into a mad exchange of dresses, stockings, even shoes, and emerged twenty minutes later, three very smartly turned out young ladies.

Since Sue's date that evening was a pretty typical one, let's follow her on it. The boy was a law student at Columbia. She'd met him through her brother. He was tall and had a crewcut and was named Jim and was fun and altogether nice. They got an early start, the day was warm and sunny, so they grabbed a subway express to the Battery and then rode the Staten Island ferry for a few trips, to cool off.

They stopped off in the Village on the way back, browsing through bookshops and wandering past the sidewalk art exhibits in Washington Square. They stopped for some pizza at a hole-in-the-wall with sawdust on the floor, then made it to 55th Street just in time to beat the curtain of "Kismet." After the theater, they dropped in on a little spot on Sixth Avenue where a good new Dixieland band was holding forth, had clams at McGinnis' seafood bar on Broadway, then meandered on home. . . .

Even at nineteen, an evening such as Sue had had, topping a day of packing, moving, and unpacking in the heat, can leave a girl pretty worn out. Sue stretched out on her bed, pulled up a sheet, kicked it off again, sighed luxuriously, and thought, as

her eyes closed, "I'll sleep till noon. . . ."

No more than two or three hours later, the stillness was split wide open by what was surely the sound of ten model-T Fords being driven over a cliff, accompanied by shouts and shrieks of maniacal laughter. Sue jumped a yard in the air and landed on her feet, running. A second later, her roommates joined her at the window.

On the sidewalk a few yards away, a crowd of revelers, somewhat the worse for wear, was happily taking turns throwing empty beer cans at the outside walls of the apartment. The three girls squealed with indignation. But, before they could think of what to do, the party moved on, the noise they made diminishing as they turned the corner.

"I can see," said Priscilla thoughtfully, "that there might be disadvantages living on the first floor."

"It'll probably never happen again," Inez said, yawning. "Just a freak thing—I'm going back to bed."

"Me, too," said Sue, yawning, too. "Good n— wait! What's that?"

for

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They all stood listening, and there was no mistaking it. Somebody not far away had started playing a couple of bongo drums. As they listened, another set of drums started up half a block down the street, picking up the rhythm. Then, by twos and threes, more joined the chorus until the still, hot night throbbled with the weird beat, and the entire neighborhood seemed to be one great vibrating chorus. It wasn't until an hour later that, as slowly as it had begun, the serenade of drums faded and finally ceased.

"Now I've heard everything," Priscilla said. Sue was too tired to reply.

"But," Sue told me, "we hadn't heard anything yet. Half an hour later, it sounded like every siren in New York was screeching in our living room, and presently a hook-and-ladder, two fire engines, several police cars and the fire chief drew up around the corner. Just when we were getting dressed so we could run out into the street looking decent, they all went clanging away again. And, an hour later, as we were starting to doze off, five million kids came swarming onto the sidewalk in front of our windows and started bouncing balls against the wall, screaming

and fighting and generally having the time of their lives."

"Then you woke," I said, "and found it was all a nightmare."

"True, except that I didn't wake up. I hadn't even gone to sleep. I carried a bundle of laundry to the neighborhood shop, asked the people there some questions, and suddenly it was all clear."

Sue, fresh from Philadelphia, had read that the melting pot of New York had received a great influx of newcomers and hadn't yet had time to assimilate them, or adequately house them. But she couldn't have foreseen that a goodly portion of them had taken over the neighborhood around the new apartment, and in their casual way had made it home. Ebullient, fond of noise and laughter, they were packed sixteen-to-a-dozen in tiny rooms, and the streets had become their common living room and playground.

It was fun to make a big noise at four in the morning. It was hot and nobody could sleep, anyway, so why not play the bongo drums? It was easy to set fire to a mattress with a cigarette, but there was no water in the room, so why not call the fire department to put it out? Such fun, such excitement! And, of course, children must play somewhere when school is out. Such a lovely wall to throw the balls at!

"We finally figured out why we'd never noticed all this on our previous visits to the apartment," Sue said. "You see, we'd always been there in the early afternoon—the only time the neighborhood was quiet."

Well, there they were, and there were their neighbors, living it up all night and most of the day, and the girls had a lease, signed and iron-clad. What to do?

They stayed of course. "I was scared to death at first," Sue said. "Oh, not of anything in the neighborhood. But, when I told my folks I'd moved into a new apartment with friends, they decided to drive to New York for a visit, to sort of look things over. Naturally, I'd built the place up in my phone talks to Mother, and I could just imagine what they'd say if they had to dodge hurtling cans or—well, if they just heard how it was."

"The night they were due, all of us worked like mad to make the apartment look as nice as possible. But we knew it was a losing fight, because the weather was hot and humid and everybody within a square mile was up and out, and you couldn't hear yourself think. There were sidewalk picnics and squabbles and the bongo drums were starting and somebody threw the first can of the evening, and—oh, I knew we were in for it."

"And then, just half an hour before the deadline, I heard the wonderful sound of thunder. A few minutes later, the skies just opened up and buckets of rain fell. When my folks drove up, there wasn't a soul on the streets, there was no sound but the rain, and through the windows you could see the trees of Central Park glistening in circles around the street lights."

And Mrs. Randall, walking into the spotless, candlelit apartment, turned to her husband and said, "Why, my dear, it's charming!"

"It rained all night," Sue finished, grinning. "Fate was kind."

By now, of course, the girls have acclimated themselves to their neighborhood, just as anyone who is young and hopeful adjusts to the changed tempo of New York. While they cook dinner, or iron slips, or wash out stockings, they raise or lower their voices in conversation to equalize the noise outside. They are away most of the time, at work or at play, and when they are home they sleep comfortably against the clash and clatters. Now, the New York fire department would

wake them only if it thrust a ladder through their window and came in with hatchets and hose.

If Sue represents a new look in young TV stars, the story of her life so far has a new look, too, at least compared with most of the older biographies. By the old rules of the game, Sue would just be finishing college now, and then she would be presented to Philadelphia society in a white dress with a swarm of eager stags surrounding her, and then she'd get married and settle down to raise a family.

After all, the Randalls are Philadelphia "mainliners," and her father is a real estate counselor (indeed, he's president of the national association of such counselors, which he founded). Sue grew up in a big house, with a big garden, in an atmosphere of gentility and affluence. But, fortunately for her ambitions, there was never anything stuffy or Victorian about her folks or their attitudes.

They sent her to the Lankenau School, a private academy for young ladies where the only dramatic activities concern Mr. William Shakespeare, and the tall girls have to play the boys' roles. Sue was tall, but boys' roles didn't suit her at all, so she began joining little-theater groups around Philadelphia. One of them cast her as Miriam in "Dear Ruth"—and, from then on, Mr. Randall was wasting his breath when he kept talking, year after year, about Sue's going to college.

Sue was Corliss in "Kiss and Tell," and Jenny in "Jenny Kissed Me," and Ginny in "Goodbye My Fancy," and she did some musicals. She grew older and became pretty, and her brother introduced her to some of his fraternity brothers, and a new world of dates and romance opened up before her. She loved it, but she was not to be sidetracked by anything like a man—not yet, anyway.

She was going places. Nothing could stop her now. She modeled for a Philadelphia store, and for youthful fashion magazines. In 1952, she did her first stint in summer stock. And, finally, when she finished school, she took off for New York, with her parents' blessing. She studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and spent a summer at Richard Aldrich's Fal-mouth Playhouse, appearing with Helen Hayes—of all exciting and unforgettable experiences—and then in "Life with Father," and in "The Swan," with Gloria Vanderbilt.

Whew! Here we are, up to date, with our Sue getting assignments in *Pond's Theater*, *Armstrong Circle Theater*, *Kraft Television Theater*—and finally walking into the office of one Buz Blair and capturing the prize role of Diane in *Valiant Lady*, after a hundred girls had read for it.

And here's a revealing glimpse of Sue as she really is:

She came home to the apartment, not long ago, with a kitten a friend had given her. When Priscilla and Inez arrived an hour or two later, Sue was reading a book and the kitten was playing with a spool. "Don't worry," Sue said at once. "She's housebroken. The boy who gave her to me says she's a very rare breed. Very delicate. Can eat only scrambled eggs and imported chicken-liver pâté."

Priscilla and Inez stared at the kitten. "Well!" said Priscilla. "How delicate can you get? Have you fed her yet?"

"Sure."

"You mean—you scrambled eggs, and went out for chicken-liver pâté?"

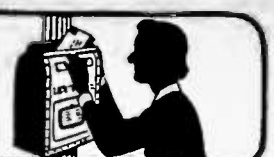
"Are you kidding?" Sue grinned. "I gave her half a can of cat food, and she gobbled it down. It was her, or me."

That's Marion (Sue) Randall—working hard to fulfill her own dreams, like a real *Valiant Lady!*



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Tennessee's Partners

(Continued from page 47)

the worst of us, there is some good.

"The preacher, my mother and dad and I even visited the chain gang. I remember how the prisoners clanked their chains in rhythm to our hymns. I learned another lesson there: It's never too late for faith to touch the hardest heart. Once, when we came on the gang, one giant of a man spoke up to the preacher. 'Go away,' he said, 'you can't do nothing for me.' And the preacher said, 'Why?' 'Because,' the prisoner said, 'I've killed a man.' But somehow the preacher's message of faith reached him. As we left, the big man said with tears in his eyes, 'Thank you, Parson.'

"I remember on Christmas Eves, during my teens, we used to sing carols from an old coal truck. My brother Stanley and I borrowed it from the coal man, drove it to the farm, filling it with straw, and the biggest part of the choir would pile in with my brother and me. We drove through the township from county poor-house, to the two jails, the old ladies' home and the orphanage, delivering Christmas parcels to the poor folks, candies to the kids, and singing carols to all. I can't think of a better way for a youngster to live the spirit of Christmas."

Every philosopher knows you can't take life too seriously, you've got to take it lightly and with a sense of humor. There were times in Ernie's early life when his humor and his music were closely tied together.

Ernie had two singing teachers when he was in high school: Mrs. Hayes, who traveled from school to school teaching music and glee club, and Mrs. Schroetter, the voice teacher at Virginia's Intermount College for Girls. "Mrs. Schroetter," says Ernie, "put on operettas at the end of the school season—but she had to go outside the college for her male voices." Since Ernie was one of the boys in her private class, he was always invited to take part.

"One evening after rehearsal at the college," he says, "it was raining. Mrs. Schroetter told me how to take a short cut through the building that would help keep me out of the rain. I took it, but didn't find the right door, because I ended up in the girls' dormitory. They were in their slips at the ironing boards out in the hall. When they saw me, they screamed and popped back into their rooms. One of the girls finally showed me the right door. But, until she did, there was more confusion than a bucket of red ants at a picnic.

"During rehearsals, I got sweet on one of the little gals in the college. I told her one day, 'You stick your head out the window tonight about 11:30 and I'll serenade you.' Well, to make a long story short, in an Eastern girls' college, you just never did anything like that. But I did. And I

got reported by the campus policeman.

"He told me I had to go down to the court next day to make an appearance. I told Mrs. Schroetter and she said, 'Oh, bosh, forget all about it.' I forgot it until the middle of my solo, when in came the local gendarme. He had a warrant citing me for contempt of court. It was all Mrs. Schroetter and I could do to keep him from hauling me off to jail right then. I had to promise faithfully I'd be there for sure, next morning.

"On top of the recent ruckus in the dormitory, I was getting a reputation around Bristol as a real law-breaker. If you don't keep your sense of humor, singing can get you into a pot of trouble."

There's an old saying that the best philosopher is the one who has his hand on the plow. Ernie, raised on a farm, was never a stranger to work.

"I remember," he says, "as a kid I used to go out in the corn field in the morning just as it was getting light, pick a pile of corn, haul it back to the barn, shuck it, shell it, sack it, and pack it on the mule.

"Then I got up on the mule and we rode down past Wheeler's Chapel—that's where Grandmother and Grandfather Ford were married—past the cemetery where they're now buried, and down past the old Barnes house (that's where my folks were married), to Mr. Hall's old-fashioned water-wheel mill.

"I gave the miller his share of the freshly ground corn, packed it back on the mule, and trotted off home. For dinner that night, we had corn bread made from the corn I'd picked in the fields that morning.

"Speaking of work, threshing time was the biggest thrill of my young life. When I was big enough to travel around to the neighbors, I used to work with the threshers sixteen hours a day. I was paid fifty cents a day and dinner. Though I was feeling mighty puny after sixteen hours of work, getting to sit at the table with the men made me think it was worth it."

When he was twelve years old, the Depression was on, and Ernie went into town every Saturday afternoon to work in Mr. Hughes' grocery store. "I swept out, carried packages, delivered groceries, and waited on customers," he says. "I worked twelve hours and earned one dollar. To a twelve-year-old, in those days, a dollar was a lot of money."

Boy and man, Ernie is as long on honesty as the state of Tennessee. At the grocer's one Saturday afternoon, while sweeping in the back, Ernie knocked a dozen eggs to the floor. Broke every one. He could have swept them up, put them in the trash, and never said a word. But he didn't.

"Eggs cost twenty-six cents a dozen," he says. "So, when I went up to Mr. Hughes, I figured I'd owe him another three hours' work—or at least he'd take it out of my one dollar pay check. It sure irked me, but I knew there was nothing else to do. When I told him about the eggs, he patted me on the head, saying, 'Well boy, too much honesty never hurt a man—but it sure bruised those eggs. Forget it.'"

Ernie belongs to the family-style school of philosophers. This is best illustrated by the manner in which his family spent their holidays. "The family liked to share. And it showed. Thanksgiving, Christmas, the Fourth of July—it didn't make any difference what the holiday was—all the uncles, aunts and cousins on both my mother's and father's side got together for dinner. They all brought something. I could barely see over the table. We always had turkey and chicken and country-fried ham with red-eyed gravy.

"Now red-eyed gravy is to Tennessee as beans are to Boston and as lobster is to Maine. You make it from the leavings of the ham in the frying pan. To make red-eyed gravy you add a half cup of coffee—plus your other ingredients. We put it on everything and what-have-you—biscuits, corn bread, light bread—(light bread, that's the store bought'n loaf)—all in all, we were pretty sloppy soppers.

"That was real family-style living. We never had less than three kinds of beans. And everything was home-made—cranberry sauce, jams and jellies, ice cream, everything. I especially looked forward to the holidays down at my cousin's in the country. The kids went rabbit and quail hunting. Sometimes we were able to add to the turkey, ham, and chicken."

Today, Ernie still celebrates family-style. "My wife Betty's sister comes down from San Francisco, and her folks come over from San Bernadino, and the country cousins gather over at our place in Whittier. Feel lonesome if we don't get more than fifteen or twenty around the table. And we try to have the same kind of spread—still eating pretty high off the hog."

But with all his success, Ernie has not changed in the eyes of his family and friends. His May home-town trip back to Bristol proved that. In the big parade down Bristol's main street, with his mother and father in the back seat with him, Ernie waved and called to most of the folks by their first names.

And next day, driving back to his house, he stopped in to see his near-by cousin; he found him in the yard cutting wood.

"Hi ya, Ernie," his cousin said without missing a stroke on the saw.

"Hi," said Ernie.

His cousin kept at the log, talking over the saw's sound. "Went down to the lake today. Caught a few fish—but they ain't been bitin' as good this year as last. . . ." Finally, he put the saw down and, wiping his brow, he said, "What's new with you, Ernie . . .?"

No, in the eyes of his family, Tennessee Ernie hasn't changed. It was as if he had never left home.

And the next morning, back in the choir box of the Anderson Street church, Ernie felt the same way. When the great, warm, welcoming, back-at-home feeling rushed over him, it was as if he had never been away. Looking out into the smiling up-turned faces of his friends, he had the thought that proves him a philosopher: Faith, family, friends—these give meaning to life . . . these are the lasting things . . . the things that never change.

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Ethel And Albert

(Continued from page 53)

show, writes the show, and acts one of the leads. Doing three jobs—plus being a mother—keeps her so busy that, unlike Ethel Arbuckle, Peg seldom has time for a nice, friendly spat with her real husband.

Peg Lynch was born in Nebraska, raised by her mother and grandparents in Rochester, Minnesota, and educated at the University of Minnesota. She majored in English and drama, so she went to work at a small radio station as a writer-announcer. In general, life was beautiful, and Peg managed to sell her show to ABC shortly after she arrived in New York, in 1944, and has since made the transition to TV. Today she has a four-year-old daughter named Lise, an antique house built around 1728—and the handsomest husband in New York City (and it's a big city).

Alan Bunce was born in Westfield, New Jersey. His mother died when Alan was in grammar school, and he was raised by an aunt. No one in his family was in the theater and he had no secret ambition to act. Out of high school, he went to work in the Cotton Exchange. He quit that job to sell candy. The next step, combining both experiences, might have been to sell cotton candy—but Alan, illogically, became an actor. Today, he has three children, an antique house that was headquarters for General Israel Putnam—and the loveliest wife in New England (and New England has a lot of people, too).

Alan originally got into theater work rather casually. While he was trying to sell \$500 worth of calories a week, a friend got him into a little-theater group. When he was offered a two-line part in a Broadway show, he stopped selling candy. Then one of the leads quit the show and Alan got the part.

"My family thought I was foolish to fool around the theater," he recalls. "They figured I'd have a fling, then settle down and do something sensible again. Actually, the theater kind of reached out and embraced me."

People in the theater took to Alan easily. Even his wife-to-be, Ruth Nugent, was practically thrust upon him by her father, J. C. Nugent, the actor and playwright.

"After my first summer in stock," Alan says, "I came back to New York to look up my only contact, Augustin Duncan, who was directing a play at the Belmont Theater. I went over to the theater and saw that the cast starred the Nugents—J. C., Elliott and Ruth. There was a rather stocky man in the doorway and he belted, 'What do you want?' I got scared and mumbled my reason for being there, and just then this auburn beauty comes to the door and the man says, 'You take my daughter to lunch, young man, and when you come back you can get to see Mr. Duncan.'"

That was how Alan met his future wife. She was cast as an ingenue that season and played her part so simply and beautifully that, for ten years, critics continued to compare every new ingenue with Ruth.

"She was so beautiful I'd just melt looking at her," Alan says. "It was a couple of years before we married, and by that time I was completely molten."

The marriage to Ruth also sealed Alan's marriage to show business. He has since played in many outstanding Broadway shows, including "Valley Forge," Howard Lindsay's "Tommy," and the Grace George vehicle, "Kind Lady." He has, in his twenty years of theatrical experience, toured the country dozens of times and played a half-dozen foreign countries. He has well over ten thousand radio and TV programs

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to his credit. During the past spring, he starred in *Pond's Theater*, *Kraft Television Theater*, *The Elgin Hour* and *Studio One*.

When he first met Peg Lynch, however, he was engaged in a six-year run as *Young Dr. Malone*, in person. "I fluffed my first audition for the role of Albert," he recalls. "I played the part for gags. But I was so enthusiastic about the script that Peg gave me another chance."

Peg had "arrived" by that time, and was on the ABC network fifteen minutes every weekday morning. She hadn't originally intended to play the part of Ethel herself, but it had been the conclusion of the program's director, Bob Cotton—after auditioning a few dozen actresses—that Peg was best for the role. When they subsequently lost their first Albert—Richard Widmark—to Hollywood, they auditioned a new crop of actors.

That was when Alan Bunce appeared on the scene, just eleven years ago. It was about that time that Alan became active in AFTRA, and he asked Peg's help in writing speeches. "To keep the facts straight, however," he says, "let's remember that I had another critic, too—my wife Ruth."

About eight or nine years ago, Bob Cotton and Alan noticed that Peg frequently absented herself without reason from their usual long daily chats. On August 12, 1948, they were invited to the Little Church Around The Corner for the explanation. That was the day Peg married Odd Knut Ronning.

Odd, a Norwegian, had been studying engineering at Syracuse University. He had looked up Peg and her mother because he was a distant cousin. Odd fell in love with Peg. Peg fell in love with Odd, too, because she wasn't crazy. Odd is very blond, very handsome and very, very nice.

Today, the Ronnings and Bunces live within five miles of each other at Stamford, Connecticut. Peg's house, more than two hundred years old, has thick black-walnut walls which are so hard you have to drill to get a nail in. In the center of the house there is a six-foot, square fireplace which faces into three rooms. The foundation consists of six boulders, each the size of a Cadillac convertible. Alan's home, though not as old as Peg's, has considerable historical significance, for General Israel Putnam used it as field headquarters during the American Revolution. Today its occupants are all civilians: Alan and Ruth Bunce, their two sons, Alan Nugent (Lanny) and John Elliott, who are Yale students—and Virginia, their fifteen-year-old daughter.

"The boys are bright and husky," Alan says. "Jill—that's Virginia's nickname—is a lovely girl. The way she takes to people kind of reminds me of Peg. The other day, we drove a package over to a neighbor and the neighbor wasn't home. Jill carried the package up to the door and, instead of just leaving it with the maid and running back to the car, Jill took her time. She chatted with the maid for a minute and you could see her warmth. It's in her manner. She enjoys people and likes to make friends."

When the Bunces bunch together, they look like a brush fire. All have red hair. Ruth is blue-eyed, with a trim figure. Now that the children are grown, she gives much of her time to community projects. She has been president of an organization which calls itself "Arts for Youth." The organization supplements public school programs with concerts, lectures, art exhibits, plays, etc. Another thing that keeps her stepping is General Putnam's old headquarters—which, incidentally, is now a fourteen-room house with two maids' rooms, the latter permanently unoccupied.

"The children are just as proud of Ruth as I am," Alan says.

The Bunces function smoothly as a family. A few summers back, they all took off on a six-week, ten-thousand-mile tour in the station wagon. Of course, there was no summer vacation this year, because of the show. For relaxation, Alan's chief hobby is carpentry. He has a fine shop which he made himself. He does practical things, such as building porches or putting windows in the barn. He also takes care of the Bunces' big German shepherd dog.

Peg and Odd have no dog. Odd, you see, takes his gardening seriously and wants no digging-type creatures in his flower beds. His flowers are beauties and fill him with joy, but life is still no bed of roses. During World War II, Odd fought in the underground movement against the Nazis. Now, a family of moles is leading an underground battle on his flowers.

"You're sitting on the porch," Odd says, "and suddenly you see a flower kind of tremble, shake and then violently disappear. We run for the mole trap and apply



it—but we haven't caught a mole yet."

Odd is a consultant engineer for a Massachusetts firm. He travels quite a bit, and Peg's in New York most of the time, but the house is never empty. Peg's mother lives there and—together with Peg's aunt, Mrs. Helen Renning—takes care of Lise when Peg is working.

"I don't like working in the city," Peg says. "But, if I'm home and Lise calls for me, I can't refuse her. I may have a deadline to meet, when Lise knocks on the door and says, 'Mommie, I forgot to kiss you good morning.' Well, you can't turn a child down—and so we wind up playing happily for half an hour."

Lise is quite advanced for a lady who was four just this past June. She can handle a typewriter well enough to turn out fifty different words. "It was all her idea to learn to read and write," Peg explains hastily. "We're not rushing her. She's rushing us!"

Lise is petite and pretty. In a general way, she rather resembles her father's side, but her interests are similar to Peg's. She

recently asked Aunt Helen if she would please take some dictation. And Lise dictated a script.

"We used a little girl in one of our shows and I made the mistake of telling Lise about her," Peg tells. "Well, I couldn't have expected it, but Lise cried because we hadn't cast her. I explained that she wasn't old enough and, for the next few days, she was so good. I suppose she was trying to show how old she really was."

Pictures of Lise cover one entire wall of Peg's New York bedroom. This apartment is the same one she occupied when she arrived in the city. It is a handsomely set-up place in an old brownstone on a very quiet park. The living room is big and comfortable, with a fireplace and huge windows, but it is here that Peg's secretary, Maggi McAllister, works. Peg prefers the small bedroom.

Her working hours are punishing. When she has writing to do, she may get up as early as three A.M. She has coffee and hot bouillon, and keeps working steadily until Maggi arrives around ten.

Peg's standards are set high, as is obvious from the quality of her show. She is quite serious about every detail and yet, in spite of her business-like approach, she has one of the most genial organizations in the business. As Walter Hart, her producer and director, says, "We've never had people work with us who weren't nice as well as talented."

Walter Hart and Alan Bunce are the only men permanently associated with the show. Walter's associate producer is Toby Sutton, wife of an actor and mother of a one-year-old. All, however, are enamored of Peg for her kindness and humanistic attitudes. And the show is something they are all proud of.

Pride in *Ethel And Albert*—along with a proprietary interest—seems to extend to all of Peg's fans. They have played a most important role in her career. If you are one of them, you know if you write Peg Lynch a letter, you get an answer from Peg Lynch. If you answer that letter, you get another letter from Peg. She has corresponded with some men and women for years.

When Peg meets one of her correspondents in person, they usually test her.

"I'm Mrs. Adams," a lady will announce.

"Which Mrs. Adams?"

"Of Spring Valley."

"Of course, you have a boy in the Navy."

Peg has a list of friends that totals around five thousand. The entire five thousand have not yet tested her memory but, so far, she has demonstrated phenomenal feats of recall when called upon to identify the hands which have written the letters.

Peg's fans are not only loyal but, at times, better informed on her status than Peg herself. A few years back, when she was on network radio, she was told in late spring that her contract wouldn't be renewed. She had planned a month's vacation in Norway and, under the circumstances, decided to extend it. Her fans, in the meantime, began to harass the network and were soon getting letters from the network president that read, in part, "You may rest assured that *Ethel And Albert* will return in the fall." The fans sent the letters on to Peg at her home address, and the letters were forwarded to Europe—and that was how Peg first learned she would have a new contract.

That happened during the first year of her marriage: "I remember calling Odd from the studio when I was fired. I remember how it all happened. The woman in charge of not renewing contracts came up to me and said, 'Peg, I've got something to tell you. Your contract isn't being renewed.' She waited and then said, 'Don't you want to say some-

thing?' So I asked, 'What's there to say? My contract isn't being renewed. That's all.' So she said, 'Come into my office and talk.' 'Talk about what?' She said, 'Talk about your contract not being renewed.' So I said, 'We've already talked about it.' She said, 'You know we don't want to lose you.' So I said, 'Lose me? You just canceled the show.' She said, 'That's what I want to talk to you about. We may want you back.' So I said, 'Well, I'm going to Norway, but I'll leave my address so you know where to find me.' For by that time, it occurred to me that I would not have a mere month for my vacation but two or three, so I phoned Odd and told him what had happened and told him I was taking a taxi home. When I got to the apartment, he was in mourning. But I told him, 'I'm happy about it.' He said, 'You can't be. Last night, you were crying because you lost a safety pin—and today you don't care about losing a show. It certainly is true that men don't understand women.'

"Adore" is not a word to be used indiscriminately, but it would be fairly accurate to say that Peg adores Odd. And why not? Odd is pleasantly romantic—when they were separated by visas and sovereign governments, he had the florist deliver a rose a day to Peg. When he loses his temper, he always blames it on something he did. He is always cheerful. He is charming and gracious and good company. Like a Viking, he thinks nothing of driving a hundred and fifty miles from Massachusetts to New York to have dinner with Peg—then, at midnight, drive back to Stamford because he has promised daughter Lise that he will be at breakfast in the morning. He's a good husband, but has given few ideas to the video series.

"Really," says Alan Bunce, bouncing back in, "you have no idea where Peg gets her stories except out of her own head. Sometimes we can give her an incident. You never know what she will pick up. Once she did a script on an eccentricity of mine: I like to finish a flight of steps on my left foot and will skip a step to do it. Other times, you think you have something terrific for her. I went up to her the other day and said, 'Peg, something very funny happened at our house this past week. My aunt was visiting and she came down to breakfast wearing—' Peg interrupted me. She said, 'Stop! You gave me an idea. Now let me think it out.' Actually, I haven't even begun to tell the story!"

The people in *Ethel And Albert*, and the situations, and the acting and direction, are so simple and real that they are disarming. The aim is for laughs. But even so, it would seem that there is a serious thought behind every chapter.

A recent story whirled around the competition between Ethel and Albert as they checked the accuracy of each other's memory. The more serious they became, the funnier the show. But right at the climax, as Albert was about to ax Ethel's ego, he realized how unimportant it was. He suddenly felt monstrous.

"It's like that with most big arguments in marriage," Peg observes. "If the couple could remember what they're fighting about, it would seem awfully silly."

But, anyway, *Ethel And Albert* isn't a show with a message. It's like a weekly boxing event between the same fighters, or a series of battles within a war. The series reflects the classic domestic conflict, two people with minds of their own and motors running at different speeds, who, in spite of it all, love each other—and who, if they could, would smother each other with happiness. That's what gives the show its blood, its warmth and laughs.



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ESTHER FOLEY
TRUE STORY
HOME SERVICE
DIRECTOR

—SAYS

These recipes are family favorites. Many were sent in to us, over the years, by interested readers. But most of this book's recipes came from talking with housewives in their own kitchens, for I have been able to visit readers of TRUE STORY and its associated magazines the wide country over. My purpose was to keep in touch with that very important phase of housework—cooking for the family. In this way I collected the most unusual group of recipes.

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R

Born To Be an Actor

(Continued from page 29)

actor, had been there as far back as he can remember. And it probably always had been the stronger one, but there seemed to be plenty of time before he had to make up his mind. At any rate, the conflict was resolved cruelly and decisively a few years later.

John had been graduated from high school at sixteen and gone on to the University of Alabama where he played football, worked on the paper, joined a drama group, and also took a lot of pre-med science courses. He had fun during his freshman year, but, one afternoon toward the end of it, this phase of his life ended abruptly.

It was one afternoon he'll never forget. He'd been in a gay, carefree mood, walking with some friends across the lush grass of the sun-drenched campus, past the stately elms lining one side of the square, and up the steps to his fraternity house, where someone handed him a telegram. His father had been killed in an accident. The words blurred as he read them. Then, as he grasped their meaning, the impact left him numb.

Later that evening, he was back home in Haleyville, embracing his mother. Her quiet dignity, her face strained with grief—that was another thing which left its mark on John, teaching him more about life and human emotions than he's learned in all the drama schools since.

There wasn't enough money, after that, for him to continue his studies. His father—an oil engineer—hadn't had much work during the Depression. When he was killed in a fall from a derrick in Hobbs, New Mexico, he'd been working for the first time in several years. Instead of going back to school, John had to stay home and help support his mother and his younger brother and sister. After a year at home, he went to near-by Birmingham and worked in a railroad yard, sending most of his paycheck home.

By 1940, John's mother no longer needed her oldest son's help. But—with the world already at war—to resume his studies, go on to medical school and become a doctor seemed too remote and distant a goal for the husky young man of twenty-one who was anxious to make his mark—and make it soon. It was four years since he'd left school. Four years

during which he'd stood still. And, during those years, the drive to be an actor had definitely gained the upper hand.

Nobody in John's family had ever been on the stage. But, instead of raising objections and trying to dissuade him from so precarious a career, they were all for it when he told them of his plan. "John," his mother said, "if that's what you want to do, go ahead with it. I'm sure you'll be successful at whatever you try."

One of John's first discoveries when he came to New York, in the fall of that year, was that he spoke with an A-la-bama accent and that he'd have to get rid of it before he could land a job on the stage. Speech coach Frances Robinson Duff managed to "remove" his lazy drawl in a relatively short time. His range today easily encompasses the sonorous thespian accent of a John Barrymore, the model for a part he successfully portrayed in "The Royal Family." Nowadays, the only time some Alabama sunshine creeps back into his voice is when he talks to his mother on the telephone. "For a couple of hours afterwards, he sounds as though he were livin' on a li'l ole plantation," says his wife Louise.

In order to support himself during his early months in New York, John worked behind a soda fountain at Schrafft's—which was a veritable hotbed of bright, young theatrical talent. With John at the same 43rd Street branch at the time was John Forsythe, while Kirk Douglas, Robert Dall and John Lund occupied similar strategic positions at other branches, and Gregory Peck was a page at Radio City. All you had to do in 1940, if you wanted to meet many of the stars of 1955, was to have sodas at Schrafft's and take a guided tour through Rockefeller Center.

Baragrey had his first break the following summer, when he landed a job in a stock company in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. One of the plays he did there was "Getting Gertie's Garter," which subsequently played on New York City's "subway circuit," circulating among Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens. This brought him to the attention of New York producers and audiences.

His next major engagement, however, turned out to be with Uncle Sam. John was inducted into the Army, assigned to Special Services, and served in the Pacific,

where—of all places—in New Guinea in 1944, he met the girl whom he was to marry four years later.

Louise Larrabee was a young actress touring the front with a USO troupe in the show "Petticoat Fever." John, on short notice, was asked to take the featured part of the radio operator. Louise—along with some two thousand GIs—first took notice of her husband-to-be in a scene in which he was at a radio set waiting for an important message. All went well until out of nowhere a huge dog, a Great Dane—who was called "Hamlet," of course, and was the mascot of some outfit stationed in Rabaul—ambled onto the stage, staring hungrily at an inviting part of Corporal Baragrey's muscular anatomy. When Baragrey looked around and straight into the dog's drooling countenance, he did a perfect double-take. "Message must have arrived by dog sled," he announced, bringing down the house.

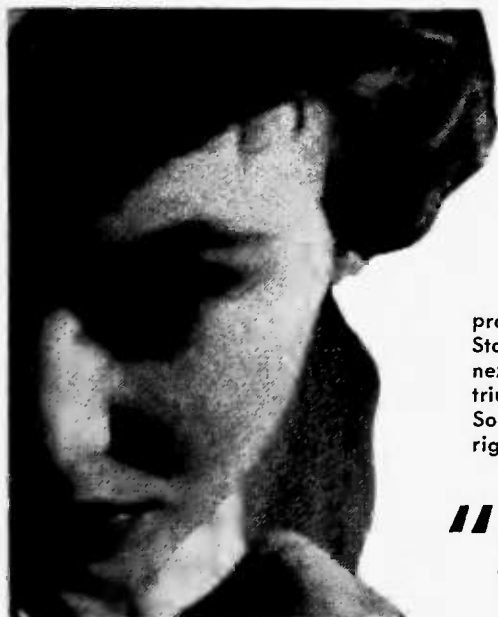
After his return from the service, in 1945, a steady succession of engagements kept Baragrey sufficiently occupied to forestall any return to Schrafft's soda fountain. As a matter of fact, working in all three media of stage, screen and television, he quickly blossomed forth as one of the busiest actors at either end of the Hollywood-Broadway axis. He was in producer Fred Coe's first dramatic television offering—as well as in the first production of the *Kraft Television Theater*, TV's oldest dramatic program—and since then has starred in well over fifty video plays, appearing on practically all such major programs. In 1951, he was voted the best TV actor of the year for his portrayal of John Wilkes Booth.

In the movies, he was first seen as Escamillo opposite Rita Hayworth's "Carmen." He followed this up with "Shockproof" and "Four Days' Leave"—with Cornel Wilde, who became a close personal friend—"The Saxon Charm," with Robert Montgomery, and his latest release, "Tall Man Riding," with Randolph Scott. Of these he liked "Shockproof" so little he never even went to see it, and he wasn't much happier about "Four Days' Leave," though he enjoyed its filming—which gave him a glorious trip to Switzerland.

John came to the attention of Hollywood as a result of a highly successful fourteen weeks' engagement in the summer theater at Skowhegan, Maine, in 1946, where he was spotted by Bette Davis who originally wanted him to play the lead opposite her in the film version of Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome." Ever since, summer has been Baragrey's busiest season, and he's acquired an enthusiastic following in such famous summer theaters as that of Westport, Connecticut, the Bucks County Playhouse and the Fairmount Park Theater in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he has appeared regularly for the past several seasons. He's also been on national-tours in "Arsenic and Old Lace," "Jane Eyre," "Richard III," "Design for Living" and "The Bad Man" (with Jose Ferrer), "The Green Goddess," and many others. Last summer, his principal appearances were in "Sabrina Fair," in "Candle Light" (with Eva Gabor—they repeated it on television on the *Pond's Theater* in May), and in "The Road to Rome" (opposite Arlene Francis).

Summer stock means a great deal to Baragrey. "For a TV actor," he says, "it's like a post-graduate course. Besides, it's a lot of fun. There's nothing like getting a direct response from a live audience."

On Broadway as was mentioned before, John's luck hasn't been nearly as good so far, although he's been associated with plays of such stature as Ben Hecht's "A



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Flag Is Born," Arthur Koestler's "Twilight Bar," and Jean Giraudoux's "The Enchanted," to name only a few. None of these plays had much popular success, and most of the others were flops. Even where the name of a star like Constance Bennett, in "I Found April," seemed to assure success, the play folded before it ever reached Broadway. By no means discouraged, however, Baragrey is confident that his luck is bound to change soon and that he'll be in a Broadway hit yet.

After their meeting in New Guinea in 1944, John Baragrey and Louise Larabee had been dating each other off and on for four years, whenever their conflicting schedules happened to bring them together in the same place at the same time. This occurred again in 1948 in Los Angeles, Louise's home town, where they managed to arrive within a day of each other—John for the filming of "The Saxon Charm" and Louise with the national company of "Carousel." This time, they decided to get married.

Making their home in New York, they've since been lucky enough to avoid any excessively long separations. Both of them are passionately devoted Gothamites who flock back to the city the minute any outside acting chores are over. "We'd be very unhappy if we'd ever have to move away from New York," John says.

Their base of operations is a second floor walk-up apartment off lower Fifth Avenue, on the outer fringe of Greenwich Village. They have no children and no pets, but seem to be deeply contented in each other's company. Neither of them likes to go out or even eat out, (in fifteen years, John remembers having gone to a night club only twice, each time under duress). While Louise paints—usually her favorite subject, her husband—John admits to no hobbies, except reading. Having

appeared in three adaptations of novels by Jane Austen, he has become a confirmed Janite, but has no other special favorites.

Although he played football in school, John's trim, athletic build today is by no means the result of strenuous exercise—unless you count shaking his head from side to side saying "no" to second helpings. Other than that—"lifting my knife and fork," he says, "is about the only exercise I do and enjoy."

According to his wife, he is not a finicky eater. "John will eat about anything you put in front of him," Louise says. "The only exceptions are liver and lobster, of which he isn't very fond. But he loves okra. Fortunately, he doesn't insist on hominy grits for breakfast, despite his Alabama upbringing."

When Louise works and John doesn't, he'll take complete charge of the kitchen department, allegedly wielding a pretty mean spatula and proving himself a shrewd shopper. In addition to groceries, he'll also at times buy clothes and accessories for Louise.

"John has wonderful taste," she says. "I can trust him blindfolded. The other day he came home loaded with packages. 'I was feeling so good, I simply had to go out and charge something,' he said. But the nice part was that he didn't buy anything for himself—it was all for me."

This kind of unselfishness has made Baragrey fully as popular with his fellow artists as he is with his public. He's always willing to share a dressing room assigned to him alone, has never tried to upstage another player, and is known for his old-time courtesy and considerateness.

Though women have a marked tendency to flock after him, Baragrey has none of the conceit commonly attributed to a matinee idol. In fact, he's liable to become acutely embarrassed if anyone makes

a fuss over him. It's one of the hazards he dreads when he goes shopping for Louise. And there have been times when unsolicited affection has made him angry.

Not long ago, a girl somehow got hold of his unlisted telephone number, called, and asked him to meet her at a certain address. "Did you know I was married?" John asked.

"Oh," the girl said. Then there was a pause. "Do you have any children?"

"No," he answered.

"Good," the girl went on, obviously relieved. "Then it doesn't matter."

After he hung up he said to Louise that they really should go up there together and embarrass her. "That wouldn't be very kind," his wife said good-naturedly.

"Well," he answered. "She was trying not to be very kind to you."

Where John himself is concerned, however, there isn't a vindictive or mean bone in his body, and his wife maintains that he's about the most soft-hearted person Louise has ever known. "It's reached a point with John," she says, "where he can't read about an airplane crash or a highway accident without being upset by it for days. Even when he doesn't know any of the persons involved."

Perhaps that's one of the reasons why John Baragrey gets so much satisfaction out of the more sympathetic roles he has played on TV and radio—such as young Dr. Palmer in *The Doctor's Wife*. There, in particular, he found an outlet for his instinctive reactions to the suffering of others and for his frustrated drive to help and to heal. That was a moral debt he felt he owed to his Uncle Wash. But, as modern doctor or historic adventurer, in radio or on TV, John knows the contentment which comes from doing a job well. For such born actors as John, life is all drama—and drama is the life.

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T
V
R

Everything's Rosie

(Continued from page 38)

then I started hearing about Joe and Bombo.

"It's a theory of Joe's," Rosemary went on, as she took a sip of her lemonade and sighed ecstatically, "that, the nearer you come to living like the natives of a country, the better you will like that country. Joe's a great one to try to understand a nation's customs . . . why they drink rum in Cuba, for example, or why the English don't like ice. And it's funny, but it works. I wouldn't like un-iced drinks or tepid beer in Hollywood, but here they taste just right."

Then Rosemary was groping through her handsome black handbag. "Thought I had some snapshots here of Bombo to show you," she explained, "but I must have left 'em in my other purse."

"Bombo?"

Rosemary had obviously been asked the question a time or two before. "I know," she shrugged. "Silly, isn't it? Something his father thought up, and it came from nothing that I know of. He's really named Miguel Jose, you know, and someday I guess we'll get around to calling him Miguel—but, right now, Bombo seems to suit him better."

If I was finding it a bit difficult to adjust to Rosemary, the wife and mother, it was even harder to visualize the brilliant, versatile, unorthodox Mr. Ferrer in the role of doting father, and I said so.

"Joe's a wonderful father," Rosie said, as matter-of-factly as though she were discussing his acknowledged ability as an actor, director or singer. "He has a theory about babies, too. Before Bombo was born, Joe made me a great speech one evening in which he expounded this theory—which is, briefly, that men who say they're afraid to give the baby its bottle or change its diapers are just kidding themselves and really missing a great deal. I kind of took it all with a grain of salt. But, sure enough, after Bombo ap-

peared on the scene, Joe lived up to his pronouncements and he's better than I am with a safety pin."

Much as I wanted to hear of Rosie's career plans, her British debut in Glasgow, and her forthcoming Palladium appearance, it would have been difficult to change the subject under discussion, for which she showed such enthusiasm. Anyway, she was obviously just getting warmed up.

"You'll really have to see my fat baby to appreciate it," she went on, "but he looks so like his father it's ridiculous. You'd think I had nothing to do with him at all!" Rosie's blue eyes twinkled as she took another sip of her drink. "Actually, I had a quick glimpse of him the moment he was born, and he looked so like Joe I couldn't stop laughing. Let's face it, on Joe those features look good—but on a new-born baby . . . well!"

"Did we want a boy?" Rosemary repeated my next question. "I'll say we did. You see, my nine-year-old sister, Gail, lives with us, so we already felt as though we had a daughter and we wanted a son very badly. So when the baby was born—and I got over laughing at his looks—I begged the doctor to let me tell Joe myself. He was in the waiting room and, as they wheeled me down the corridor toward my room, I spied him and shouted, 'It's a boy. How happy can you get?'"

In view of Rosemary's obvious enthusiasm for motherhood, my next question was a foolish one, but I asked it all the same: Did she want any more children?

"Gosh, yes!" She had scarcely waited for the words to be out of my mouth. "At least five more. You see, that's the good thing about making records for a living . . . and recording my radio show. It doesn't matter about my figure—and, believe me, I put on weight having Bombo. It seemed like he'd never arrive."

(Rosemary, incidentally, isn't the only one who enjoys the state of impending motherhood. In the long run, all her fans

benefit, for her manager, Joe Shribman, reports that she never sang better than when she was expecting her baby. "Her recording of 'Hey There' and 'This Ole House' was made while Rosie was waiting for the baby," he said, "and it sold over two million copies.")

Now Rosemary was searching through her bag again. With a quick glance to make sure husband Jose wasn't lurking around the pillars, she drew out a small box and thrust it into my hands.

"A present to Joe for our second anniversary," she explained. "Five years ago, he received some garters from Cartier's with gold slides and hooks on them. And, ever since I've known him, he's been dropping hints about having suspenders to match. So . . ." she watched proudly as I raised the lid to reveal the gold-trimmed suspenders, "I picked them up from Cartier's this morning."

You've come a long way, Rosie, I thought, from the little town of Maysville, Kentucky—where you were born on May 23, 1928—to shopping at Cartier's on Bond Street in London . . . from doing kid vocal duets with your sister Betty to starring in pictures, on your own radio show—and now, at that mecca of all performers, the London Palladium.

Everything careerwise happened so fast to Rosie that it might have turned a less level head. Her first singing experience came when she provided entertainment for her grandfather's mayoral political rallies back in Maysville. Then, after the Clooney family moved to Cincinnati, she and sister Betty became a vocal team and sang for several months on radio station WLW. There they were heard by bandleader Tony Pastor, who immediately signed them as featured vocalists with his orchestra—and, since both girls were under eighteen, an uncle accompanied them on tour as chaperon.

It was while Rosemary was singing with Pastor that she first came to the attention of Joe Shribman, who pulled her out of the band and put her out as a solo recording act. Her first record, "Bargain Day," made little impact on the disc fans of the country. Neither did her second, or third—or even tenth. Then came "Come On-a My House," and the rest is history. Suffice it to say Rosemary still gets shaky when she thinks how close she came not to recording the tune . . . for the simple reason that she was afraid of the Armenian dialect.

Night-club engagements, radio and TV, pictures, romance, marriage and motherhood . . . Rosie Clooney has taken them all in her stride. She's still as unaffected as a friendly puppy; she has no illusions about herself as an actress or a glamour girl. "I'm a girl anyone can look like," she says, which is somewhat of an exaggeration, when one considers her five-foot-four-inches of slimness and the fact that she must diet carefully—to gain weight. She likewise has no illusions about her Paramount contract. "I'd recorded a hit tune," she says, "and I knew the studio merely wanted to take advantage of what popularity I'd achieved. If I've been able to act a bit, as well as sing . . . well, it's to the directors' credit, not mine. I just do what they tell me to." Refreshing candor, indeed, in a business where most comedians yearn to play Shakespeare, and too many glamour girls fancy themselves great tragediennes. Refreshing, too, to find a girl whom stardom has not changed. As a British newspaperman put it, "She's exactly the same as she was when I met her in New York five years ago."

But now Rosemary was carefully tucking the anniversary gift away, and settling



Rosemary Clooney and her accompanist, Buddy Cole, in front of the Ferrers' London hotel. Car is a Lagonda—with steering wheel on right, in British style.

back to talk of her second favorite subject—Great Britain.

"We both love the British Isles, really," she smiled. "Must be a throwback to my Irish great-grandpop, I guess—for, although this is my first visit, I feel as though I'd lived here all my life."

Jose, in England for studio interior shots after directing and starring in "Cockleshell Heroes" in Spain, rented a country house in time for the arrival of Rosie and the baby . . . a remodeled old dwelling known as Black Jack's Mill.

"It's terrific," Rosemary rhapsodized. "Straight out of 'Mrs. Miniver'. Lots of china and copper and huge fireplaces, and the mill stream running alongside. It was really a mill, you know, when it was built a couple of hundred years ago, but I'm happy to report that it was modernized by an American and has five bathrooms and central heating. Let's face it, it isn't always as warm in England as it is today."

Rosie loves living in the country, and the hour's drive into the heart of London doesn't bother her in the least. "Although I wouldn't dare to drive myself in England," she added. "I've only just learned to cope with traffic in California, and this left-side-of-the-road business has me completely baffled, even when I'm on foot. But Joe is wonderful. I guess he's ambidextrous or something, but it doesn't bother him at all to drive on the wrong side of the car on the wrong side of the road. As for living in the country—well, I'm really used to it. After all, it's as quiet as the country where we live in Beverly Hills, and even our apartment in New York is very high and faces away from the street, so we might be miles away from all the hustle and bustle of the city.

"As a matter of fact," Rosemary continued, "my week's engagement in Glasgow found me living a city-type existence

for the first time in ages, and I can't say I'm enamored of it. Our hotel was next door to the station, and two trains a night seemed to run right through my room. You know, the kind of engines that chug right up to the platform and then let off steam with a terrific 'whoosh' . . . and then back up and start all over again. Golly, when I got back home, I fell into bed and slept from five in the afternoon until next morning.

"The people were wonderful in Glasgow, though," she went on, her eyes sparkling at the recollection. "Do you know, after my first show there were about three thousand fans waiting outside, and almost as many after every performance, but I've never seen such orderly crowds. Just about everyone had an autograph book in his hand, but, whenever I explained that I didn't have time to sign any more because it was time to go onstage, they'd wait patiently until after the next show.

"The audiences were wonderful, too," Rosemary continued. "I'd been warned that in Scotland they really considered themselves part of the show, and that they'd call out compliments or insults with equal abandon. But I guess they feel kindly toward Americans, or something, because they were certainly kind to me. And it was all so friendly and informal, with people shouting out 'Go to it, Rosie,' and calling for their requests. Mostly they asked for 'The Dimple,' and I finally had to tell them that, since the baby's born and I know where the dimples are, I shouldn't really be singing it any more."

Somehow, you see, the conversation always seemed to come back to the baby.

"I left Bombo in England with his daddy and his nurse," Rosie said. "I was only away for a week, and I've discovered it's quite a thing to take a five-month-old baby on trips. It's the luggage problem.

"Besides," she went on, "it was time for his second inoculation, and this time it was Joe's turn to take him. When Bombo had his first shots, I went all to pieces. I'm not usually the sensitive-type mother, but to see that little mite feeling pain for the first time, and not being able to explain it to him, was more than I could stand. I must confess that I burst into tears, and the more I cried the more the baby cried, and the more he cried, the more I cried, and all in all it was quite a damp performance. So Joe figured for the good of all concerned it would be better if Daddy did the honors the second time 'round."

Between Glasgow and the Palladium, there was a quick trip to Ireland for the Ferrers, to visit their good friend, director John Huston.

"I guess every Irishman, no matter how many generations removed from the old sod, gets a special thrill out of visiting the country," Rosemary laughed, "and I think I met every Clooney living in Ireland. You see, one newspaper carried the somewhat erroneous report that I was visiting there to search for long-lost relatives, and it seemed like literally hundreds of Clooneys presented themselves at the Huston door. To make matters even more confusing, there's a part of Ireland called Cloone, its residents are called 'Cloonies,' and they all showed up, too. But it made me terribly proud, I can tell you, and I think great-grandfather would have been proud, too."

And that about sums up Rosemary Clooney these days. Proud of being Irish, proud of her husband, proud of her son. The fact that she's also a top star definitely takes second-place in her life, and I just hope that when next I see her she's well on the way to that family of five she's hoping and planning to have.

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Daddy's Wife—At Home

(Continued from page 31)

me of a motion picture I saw recently." Sherry turned a quizzical eye. "Oh, really—which one?"

"The Long Gray Line," Jean said, with a laugh. "Don't you think it's a little extreme, Sherry?"

"Well . . . maybe a little. But almost all the girls are wearing them this long now."

"So they wear them down there," Jean smiled, "but on you it looks—well, you know . . ." There was a slight pause as Sherry took in Jean's reaction, a reaction she'd come to respect. Jean continued: "It's just not the thing for you, Sherry, honey—at least, I don't think so. Even though others are wearing trip-length skirts, you know you look better in shorter styles. Don't be afraid to be yourself, Sherry, to do what's right for you."

"Don't be afraid to be yourself" is a philosophy Jean Hagen has lived with ever since she was a girl in Elkhart, Indiana. She has always been herself, stood by her own beliefs. In Hollywood, the "yes" town, Jean frequently has swum upstream against the tide of professional opinion.

Before she joined *The Danny Thomas Show*, Jean was under contract to M-G-M, where her ideas were highly respected. In the picture, "Singin' in the Rain," producer Arthur Freed wanted Jean to play the part of the gravel-voiced, Brooklynese silent star as broadly as possible. Jean disagreed with the producer, saying, "People will get tired of the grating voice." Meetings were called and discussions were held at great length. The clincher came when Jean attended the last of these meetings and gravel-voiced her way through the entire hour. The executives went away with their hands to their ears. Jean won her point—because she has always known what was right for her.

From 1949 to 1953, Jean played a variety of roles at M-G-M. Comedy in "Adam's Rib"; a tramp in "Asphalt Jungle"; a comedy-musical character in "Singin' in the Rain." Professional people in the industry respected her talent and versatility. When she was offered the role of Margaret in *The Danny Thomas Show*, some of these same professionals were aghast that she even thought of accepting the part: "But, Jean, you're so versatile. Why stereotype yourself as a housewife?"

However, Jean and her husband, Tom Seidel, talked it over. They decided that being seen once a week on TV would do more for her career than three years in the movies. There was another advantage: On TV Jean would be playing her own favorite real-life role—that of a wife (to Tom Seidel) and mother (to her own children, Chris, five, and Aric, three).

TV-wise, doing what she thinks is right for her has paid off for Jean Hagen. The first year *The Danny Thomas Show*, "Make Room for Daddy," was seen, it was given a Sylvania award—and "Daddy" Danny has twice won the coveted Academy of Television Arts and Science's Emmy. Jean herself has been twice nominated for the award.

The philosophy, "Don't be afraid to be yourself," Jean learned at her father's knee. She says, "My father, C. M. Ver Hagen, was a square-jawed Dutchman who encouraged us to speak out, to speak our minds. He encouraged us to be ourselves, to do what we thought was right for us. He had a droll sense of humor. He had to have a sense of humor, with eight children! I remember hearing one of his friends—who had kids of his own—asking, 'What kind of advice do you give your children?' My father said, 'I don't

give them any advice. I try to find out what they want to do, then I tell them to do it.'

"That's the way the family was raised—with enthusiasm. I, for example, can't remember when I didn't want to be an actress. Somehow, it has always been the thing for me. Though there was one day in my life when my dad and I didn't agree on acting—but that comes later.

"When I was five years old, we put on plays in the cellar. My sister did the writing, I directed and produced. We all acted, including my brothers. My mother was ticket-taker. We charged pins. It was a good way for Mother to keep her strawberry pincushion filled.

"We moved to Elkhart, Indiana, when I was twelve. Our home, the cellar productions, the many kids in the neighborhood—and my grandmother next door—all were so familiar, my heart so wrapped up in them, that I didn't want to leave. My grandmother Natalborg was my best friend. As a child, when I learned a new scene or a new poem, she encouraged me with pennies and her home-baked cookies. I would have memorized Shakespeare for one of Grandmother's cookies.

"While growing up, I think everybody has someone older to look up to, to make a hero out of. That's the kind of friend my grandmother was. I know how much time two children take, and I wonder how my mother got around to all eight of us. There just isn't time enough to spread around that much love and affection. That's why Grandmother Natalborg meant so much to me—she sort of brought me up.

"Sherry Jackson and I have a similar relation. I think children go through a period when they want someone else to go to, in addition to their own mother and father—I know I did. Sherry came to me the other day, for example, saying she wanted to go steady with a boy. I said, 'Don't you think you are still kind of young . . .' and we kidded around the subject for a few minutes, the way girls will. She finally agreed by saying, 'Well . . . maybe I am too young—but he's so cute!'

"I remember when I was in high school, in Elkhart, I had several older tutors, so to speak, whom I thought a great deal of and who helped me and encouraged me through my teens. My dramatics teacher in high school was the first. She encouraged me to do more dramatic work, so I joined the local little-theater group. The director there was Mary Thompson and she encouraged me, so I took private lessons from a professional, June Rohleder,

and she, too, gave encouragement to me.

"But success in any business is made up of a number of things. It's how long you've been around and, sometimes, who you know, and what you know about your job . . . they all make for success. The people who guided me early in my career knew this—though ours, strangely enough, was more a professional relationship than a personal one. I knew what I wanted from the time I was able to say 'elocution lesson.' These people advised me how to get to my acting goal the quickest, surest way.

"And it's lucky for me they were around, for I had ideas of my own. This brings us back to the idea of finding guidance and enthusiastic encouragement outside of the home—it's one way for a child to round out his world of experience. Today there are all sorts of clubs—YMCA and YWCA, 4H's—and many other places where young people can get guidance, encouragement, be put on the right track.

"I wanted to act and was ready to go out and conquer the world when I finished high school. But, fortunately for me, Mary Thompson took me aside and suggested that I should go on to college. I hadn't given a thought to college; I thought I didn't need it. It was Mary who decided me. Of course, now I'm grateful for her help.

"Miss Thompson also got me my first professional job—when I was a freshman at Lake Forest College in Lake Forest, Illinois—on a radio show called *The Brewster Boy*. I played a real eccentric teenager. I'm afraid the producer had me typed."

After a year at Lake Forest, Jean went to Northwestern University at Evanston, about 100 miles from Elkhart, for two years and a summer. She wanted to get out in a hurry. She worked her way through school with the *Brewster Boy* role.

"When I came home to Elkhart," Jean recalls, "I told my dad I was leaving for New York to crash Broadway. My parents had been of the opinion that my dramatic training was preparing me to be a teacher. When I said, 'Broadway,' they couldn't have been more surprised. My dad said, 'Oh, no, you're not! You're staying to get your teaching credentials!'

"I'd always had arguments with my father—but we both enjoyed them. Besides, it was one way to get attention. Well, of course, he didn't know how badly I wanted to go to Broadway. When he found out what it was I really wanted to do, according to his theory of not giving advice, he encouraged me to go ahead."

Jean loved New York the minute she saw it. She had very little money, moved into a single room with her friend, actress Pat Neal, and started looking for a job. Jean says, "This was when apartments were very difficult to get—we couldn't have afforded one, anyhow. Our room had no bath. We had to walk two blocks every morning to a friend's house to bathe!

"The first job I had was selling cigarettes in a night club. I took this because I wanted my days free to look for an acting job. Later, I ushered at the Booth Theater, working nights for the same reason. And that is where I got my first stage work."

Jean was caught in a conversation at a backstage party one evening with the play's authors, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. It was widely known that the play was not going well. When the writers asked Jean what she thought of it, she said—being true to herself—"I don't think it's very good. Maybe it needs some



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more writing . . ." The authors were a bit surprised at this boldness, but it made the desired impression. For a while, Jean thought her brash remark had cost her any chance of ever being in a Hecht-MacArthur play. But the writers did offer her a replacement job when Louis Calhern's wife took sick. Then, just as Jean's goal seemed to be won, Jean came down with appendicitis.

Her stage career was launched in earnest, however, when she came back from the hospital and Hecht and MacArthur offered her a role in "Swan Song"—the show she'd criticized. Her big break came the following year, in Lillian Hellman's "Another Part of the Forest." From that, she went into "The Traitor," and then "Born Yesterday."

Jean met her husband, Tom Seidel, shortly after beginning rehearsals on "Another Part of the Forest." "We met in the lobby of the Booth Theater," Jean recalls. "We were introduced by my friend Pat Neal. I was going with someone else at the time, but don't misunderstand me—Tom made an impression. I didn't forget him. Three months later, when he called for a date, I said, 'Yes.' We took a drive in the country.

"Tom has always been interested in a thousand things—that was one part of his personality that attracted me—and photography happened to be one of his many interests. He took a motion picture camera along on the trip and we took pictures of our day. We dig them out and run them every anniversary. Tom hasn't let me forget our first date!

We were married two months later. I was doing 'Dear Ruth,' in summer stock in Connecticut, when I slipped and broke my leg. Tom said it was silly to waste six weeks hobbling around in a plaster cast. He suggested we turn our time to better advantage—and proposed marriage. We were married July 3, 1947.

"Our honeymoon was an unforgettable affair. We traveled to the Thousand Islands near Kanouqua, Canada. Tom and I both love to fish, and this was an ideal spot. But it also was most miserable. It rained all the time—and me with a plaster cast on my leg! The rain made it soggy, and the mosquitoes were determined we'd get no rest. It was undoubtedly the most miserable honeymoon anyone could ever spend."

Shortly after her honeymoon, Jean signed what she thought was a one-picture deal with M-G-M. "But I didn't read the small print!" she laughs. With a couple of years of pictures and contracts with options ahead of her, Jean settled down in Hollywood, moving in with her old friend, Pat Neal, and waited for Tom to settle affairs in New York and join her.

Having always done what she has thought best for her, Jean picked the parts she felt best qualified for at M-G-M—"Asphalt Jungle," for example—and has always stuck to her guns when she felt her acting or professional integrity was at stake, as in her meeting with the executives about her characterization in "Singin' in the Rain."

It was for this role as the silent-screen star that Jean won her Oscar nomination. So, with this success, her philosophy of doing what she thought was right for her has payed off professionally. But Jean was not satisfied with this apparent success: "It wasn't that I didn't have work," she says, "because there was always something to do. But people never recognized me! No one knew I was in pictures! When I was asked, 'Do you work?' and I said, 'Yes, I'm an actress,' people replied, 'Oh, really. Have we seen any of your pictures?' If I answered, 'Singin' in the

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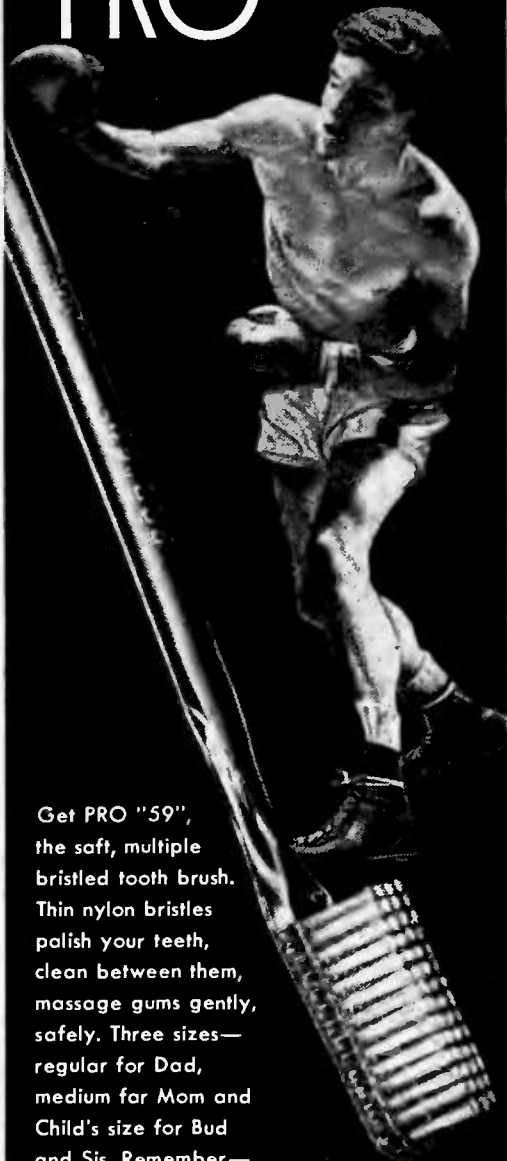
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Rain,' they said, 'Oh, we don't remember you in that.' And, if I said 'Asphalt Jungle,' they said, 'Well, now . . . we don't remember you in that, either—what part did you say you played?' My answer to that was: 'I wasn't Marilyn Monroe!'"

Because of those reactions Jean felt something was wrong with her career, though she didn't know what. One night, she and Tom—then an agent, now a building contractor—sat down to discuss her career. They decided that she could be seen by more people in one week on TV than in a year on the screen.

When Jean and Tom saw the first Danny Thomas script, they felt it would be right for her. If realistic acting were any criterion, Jean knew she would never better understand a part than this one—she would, after all, simply be playing herself.

When, after the first five weeks on the air, the show won the Sylvania Award, Jean knew that her "Don't be afraid to be yourself" philosophy had again paid off. About the Emmy, Jean says, "I couldn't have been more thrilled about anything—especially since it was really unexpected. The only thing is that you work so hard, and you know everybody else in TV works so hard, you sometimes feel you should get a medal for just being on."

By the second month the show was on the air, Jean knew her choice of career change had been a success. "Nobody recognized me when I was in the movies," she says, "but the attitude toward people in television is entirely different. It's a neighborly attitude. And I find I enjoy it. Besides, it comes in handy. If I'm shopping someplace and have left my checkbook at home—well, it really doesn't matter. The manager will say, 'Oh, for heaven's sake, that's perfectly all right, don't think a thing of it. Anytime you want to pay is okay!'"

The enjoyment that Jean now gets from being recognized by her fans is carried over into the production of the show. "Danny Thomas," says Jean, "is a naturally funny man. It's a great experience working with him. One time, Danny was in the middle of a tearful scene, when suddenly Rusty Hamer sneezed. 'God bless you!' said Danny and went right on. It didn't faze him—in fact, it added to the scene.

"Working on 'Make Room for Daddy' is very much like a live show. Or, rather, it's very much like a new Broadway opening night every week! For example, we play a great deal off the audience's reaction. Danny will say, 'I'll read this line and, if I don't get a laugh, don't say anything, because I'll ad-lib something else.' Therefore, there is a great deal of tension, but it's a wonderful acting challenge."

Jean also feels that her television schedule is better than the motion picture schedule. "I work four days and then I have three days off. Besides this, on Monday and Tuesday, I get home in time to tuck the children in and read them a story—it's 'Davy Crockett' now, but last month it was 'Cinderella.'

"They are really too young to stay up and watch the show, and I don't want to confuse them. Children have a hard time telling the difference between play acting and real life—and, if they were to see me on TV as Danny's wife, they might be confused about me and Daddy.

"Though I think that Chris is old enough now to tell the difference. She came in last week, saying, 'I saw a show last night and it had a ghost on it. I was very scared—but I know something . . .'"

"What do you know?" I asked.

"I know that, after the show, the ghost goes home and watches himself, just like

you do! So Chris, at least, is beginning to understand the whole thing."

When Jean works on her script at home, hubby Tom Seidel cues her on her lines—when he isn't building in and around the house, that is. "Hammer and saw," says Jean, "are a vice with Tom. If I don't watch him, he'll fill the Benedict Canyon with houses. We'd no sooner moved into our present home than he built a barn, added a car-port, and turned the garage into a playroom for the kids.

"We are both great outdoor people. In fact, Tom says I'm made for swimming pools. He always threatened to buy a lot, build a pool and a bathhouse, and live in the bathhouse until we built our own home. I was perfectly willing."

Instead, the Seidels moved into their present Brentwood home about five years ago, when Jean found she was carrying Chris—born August 26, 1950, and named Patricia Christine after Jean's good friend, Pat Neal. Aric Philip, now three, was born August 19, 1952. The children occupy a bright sunny room. But, as they get older, Tom is already warming up his tools to make an addition for their separate quarters.

When Jean and Tom first moved into their home, it was twins—a small house with a summer guest house, both on one lot. Tom joined them together with a few deft blows, like an expert Justice of the Peace tying the wedding knot.

The rambling home, now laid out in a lazy U is a three-dimensional color picture inside and out, of the Jean Hagen personality. Easygoing in its sprawling spaciousness, its every nook and corner is a reflection of some facet of Jean's varied personality. There's gaiety written all over the master bedroom's red and white

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print wallpaper; elegance in the Queen Anne spread; warmth in the color tones of their Early American decor; friendliness in the glow of their stained wood walls; nostalgia in the favorite antique—her grandmother's delFTWARE; and Jean's success has left her as unassuming as the old-fashioned red painted flatiron she uses as a doorstop. Like the house, Jean is a thoroughly comfortable person to be with.

The front door is another feature of the house which reflects a facet of Jean's personality—the front door was once the back door. Prior to its present vice-versa position, guests had to tramp through a canyon acre of land and up a thousand steps. Jean felt that this was fine—if you wanted to live like a hermit. But, for functional purposes, some other arrangement had to be found. For practical Jean Hagen, the obvious thing to do was to switch the front and back doors. Tom Seidel's building genius did it. The switch saves the mailman a daily 1000-step hike. He thinks Jean is a doll.

The sign on the redwood picket fence that surrounds their pool and front yard gives the final touch to the three-dimensional picture of Jean Hagen. The sign is a subtle clue that reminds us of Jean's philosophy, "Don't be afraid to be yourself—to do what is right for you." In large capital letters, the sign reads "SEIDEL". In small letters below—set off in brackets somewhat as an afterthought—"Hagen."

It's clear that Mrs. Tom Seidel (née Jean Hagen) knows what is right for her. Jean knows that playing the part of loving wife and mother is the best role of all.

The Gift of Happiness

(Continued from page 58)

was particularly gratifying to a member of the NBC press department who had had previous encounters with this hate-hunting gentleman. "This time he was stymied," she reports. "He phoned a few weeks later to say that the story was off. No 'conflict,' in it—he couldn't find anyone with a grudge. The more people he questioned, the more he heard what we had already told him—that Arlene has the same warmth off stage that she has on. She also has a sense of humor. And she never gets temperamental. Because she herself is a happy woman, she has a gift for making others happy, too."

Since this contagious quality of happiness reaches viewers via three totally different television shows on three networks—ABC's *Soldier Parade*, CBS's *What's My Line?* and NBC's *Home*—it has won Arlene admirers in a wide assortment of places.

Arlene is especially intrigued with one aggregation. "I'll bet I'm the only performer on television who has a cat, dog and bird fan club," she says. "It started," she explains, "when a dog in Rochester sent me such a cute letter that I read it on *Home*. Now I get letters signed by all kinds of pets. I'm disappointed, though. I haven't yet heard from a caterpillar."

The caterpillar contingent can scarcely be missed, for the human beings who regard Arlene with affection turn up in many varied places.

Walk along New York's Forty-sixth Street, for instance, through the jewelry district where fortunes in gems are often traded right out on the curb, and you may possibly overhear a wholesaler tell a manufacturer, "Make me up an order of hearts. Like Arlene Francis wears."

These hard-headed businessmen have good reason to like Arlene, for it is probable that she inadvertently has sold more diamonds for them than any actress since Lillian Russell! It all happened because Arlene, who calls herself "incurably sentimental," always wears the heart-shaped locket, outlined in diamonds, which her husband, Martin Gabel, gave her on the first anniversary of their marriage. Frankly copied in precious diamonds, pearls or rubies—and also in lowly rhinestones—it is in continuous demand both in luxury shops and dime stores. The heart lockets have become as popular with grown-up girls as Davy Crockett trinkets are with the small fry.

A group which might, with a slight stretch of the imagination, be designated as the occupational descendants of Davy himself chose a most extravagant way to express their liking. Inviting Arlene to attend their national convention, each member of the Fur Trappers of America brought the prize mink pelt of his season's catch as a gift to her. These, made up into a magnificent coat, have a conservative value of \$25,000.

The armed forces have regarded Arlene as their special sweetheart ever since she made her first USO tour during World War II. Lonely GIs gave her many affectionate, informal titles. The United States Army made it official by naming her an honorary sergeant, thus showing appreciation for both her front-line entertainment and the encouragement she has subsequently given talented servicemen and women on her television shows.

But, of all the honors and titles which have come her way, the ones Arlene herself most deeply cherishes are those which she holds in common with her women viewers: Daughter, Wife, Mother.

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and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aram Kazanjian, is so strong that it has carried the three of them safely through the kind of conflict which has wrecked many a family's ties. It started during her childhood, Arlene explains, because, "Both my father and my mother wanted the best of everything for me—unfortunately, our views of what was best were in complete disagreement."

Arlene's heart's desire, even as a small girl, centered around the theater. Born in Boston, she moved, at an early age to Riverdale, a section of New York, where she took part in community theater activities. "I was stage struck," says Arlene. "Even the Sisters at the Convent of Mt. St. Vincent Academy, where I went to school, agreed that I should be an actress."

Her father, however, was unalterably opposed. With the objectivity of an intelligent woman, and the understanding of a loving daughter, Arlene analyzes it: "You must know what kind of a man my father is. He came here from Armenia, where most of his family had been killed in the Turkish massacres. I think this intensified his desire to protect me from anything and everything. In New York, he became the foremost photographer of children—a sort of Constance Bannister of his day. He's a big man and, I still think, a very handsome one. He was frugal, careful, honorable, serious. He was also immensely strict—and immensely kind. He believed the theater was no place for a well-brought-up young girl. It just wasn't respectable."

Her mother, American-born of English-German heritage, was, according to Arlene: "The exact opposite in appearance and temperament. She was small, blonde, and always very gay. She loved the theater and was most anxious for me to have a pleasant social life."

Matters came to a crisis after the family moved into New York City and Arlene was graduated from the fashionable Miss Finch's. "Father relented sufficiently to permit me to attend the Theater Guild School for a year, but then immediately sent me on a trip to Europe." She returned to find he had a nice, lady-like occupation all arranged. He had opened a gift shop for her on swank Madison Avenue. "I hated every moment of it," says Arlene. "I kept sneaking over to Broadway to do auditions, hoping that, if I actually landed a part in a play, my father would permit me to take it."

The economics of the Thirties administered the *coup de grace* to the gift shop. "I felt sorry, of course," Arlene says, "that my father had lost a great deal of money. But I also felt free. At last I had a chance to do what I had always wanted to do."

Radio provided her first part. "I auditioned," Arlene recalls, "for all the minor roles in a script—a dog, a cat, a little girl and a witch." Being on the air was somewhat less offensive to her father. Arlene went on to do daytime dramas, comedies and serious night-time shows. She at last won his full approval. "George Abbott gave me my first real stage job in 'All That Glitters.' Father knew Mr. Abbott to be a responsible man, a gifted man, a good man. If a man of such stature believed I had talent and wanted me in a play, Father decided it must be all right."

Thus, through patience, love, work and understanding, the conflict was at last resolved. Arlene's ties with her parents remain close. Today, they have a Park Avenue apartment a few blocks distant from Arlene's own four-story town house. "My father is the official advisor in all things relating to our tiny garden," she

says happily. "We consult him before we so much as pull a weed."

The focus of Arlene's life continues to be the romance which began during a radio rehearsal ten years ago. Breathless as a sixteen-year-old, she recalls how she met actor-director-producer Martin Gabel. "The show was *Big Sister*. I had a minor role and Martin played the lead, Dr. John Wayne. He had the most magnificent voice I had ever heard—and I was also scared to death of him."

Martin liked her, too. ("Because I was a girl, I guess.") He proposed, thanks to Orson Welles, in a theater while waiting for their cues. "We were both in Welles' production of 'Danton's Death,'" Arlene explains. "Martin was supposed to be dying; I was his nurse. Well, you know Orson. If there was a difficult staging trick to be found, he'd try it every time. He brought us on stage by way of a creaky old elevator, cranked up from the cellar by a complaining stagehand. And Orson's rehearsals always run slow. And—you get to know a man pretty well when you're shut up three hours with him in a cellar."

They eloped to Paterson, New Jersey. Says Arlene, "Louis Calhern was our best man and Jimmy Cannon our witness—or maybe it was the other way around."

They were in Hollywood, where Martin was directing a picture, when their son Peter was born. "It was a funny situation, now that I think of it," Arlene says. "Here I was, great with child and working, right up to time to go to the hospital, in a radio show titled, *The Affairs Of Ann Scotland*. I was supposed to be a

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sort of private eyelash, dashing around having all sorts of wild adventures."

For three months, she devoted all her attention to her son. "Then we returned to New York and there were so many things to do."

Arlene's ability to handle many interests happily and neglect none is founded on a very deep-seated conviction. "I have a modern life based on a terribly old-fashioned idea. I'm almost an anti-feminist. While I do think a woman should have the freedom to utilize her talents, I also believe that the man is head of the house and its life must center around him. It is just as important to me to get my husband's suits to the cleaners on time as it is for me to get to a television rehearsal on time."

With a staff consisting of a couple, plus a secretary and a once-a-week laundress, Arlene runs her household with an efficiency which would be the envy of even the strictest Victorian housekeeper. Her

recipe for achieving this is summed up in one word—organization. "I'm a great one for writing things down," she says. "It is both my pleasure and my pride to attend to duties myself, not to leave planning and decision to someone else."

Her day begins at 7 A.M. At 7:30, she has breakfast with Peter, who now is nine. After arranging her household affairs, she takes him to school and goes on to the NBC studio at 8 A.M. At noon, when the *Home* broadcast is finished, she has business appointments, interviews or meetings with sponsors. At 1:30, she returns to the studio for additional rehearsals of *Home*. The latter part of the afternoon is devoted to work with her secretary. Family hours begin at five. Both Arlene and Martin feel those belong to Peter. If she has no show that evening, they dine early.

All of them love parlor games—"spelling games, adventure games, things like that." In summer, baseball holds the family interest. "Martin's a Giant fan," Arlene says, "and I had to learn baseball in self-defense." Peter, who shares their enthusiasm, thinks he would rather be a baseball player than an actor—"Acting is too hard a job." Going to the studio with Arlene one day during vacation, he played catch with a crew member, on the edge of the *Home* set, until the producer turned umpire and called time.

Peter, who once, as a tiny tot, complained that Arlene "went to too many works," now takes her job for granted and finds nothing unusual in the fact that his mother, as editor-in-chief of *Home*, has flown a helicopter, ridden a camel and gone down to the bottom of the ocean in a diving bell.

All of them are excited about Martin's plans for this fall. He will then produce "Moby Dick," bringing Orson Welles back to Broadway in the star role. "That will be quite a reunion," says Arlene with anticipation.

Arlene traces some of her ability to handle both home and career duties to her father's training in that unadorned gift shop. "Be around such a man long enough," she says, "and you're bound to learn, perhaps even by a process of osmosis. Running that gift shop, I learned how to keep books—and I still do them myself. I also learned there are a hundred cents in every dollar and they all need to be earned."

Arlene believes, too, that it wouldn't be amiss if drama schools included a course in bookkeeping and in tax regulations. "That's what most aspiring thespians neglect, and yet it's the thing you deal with most of your life—how to pay for the bacon and eggs." She believes, even more strongly, in a pay-as-you-go policy. "Take care of those bills first of all."

A wife's outside interests, she also feels, can strengthen a marriage rather than weaken it. "It keeps you from getting sloppy—mentally, physically, emotionally." She thinks that having a busy schedule can even contribute to continued romance: "Martin and I still make dates to see each other. We appreciate the time we have together."

"Thinking time" is most difficult for her to manage: "Norman Vincent Peale has some fine advice about that, which has helped. He suggests, whenever there is a free moment, that we empty the mind of work, worry, strain. Letting a little spiritual influence flow in isn't a bad idea, either."

The final, self-imposed Francis rule is one which assures her continued popularity with cast and crews as long as she remains in television. She says—and heeds it—"Never let your temper rise higher than your blood pressure."



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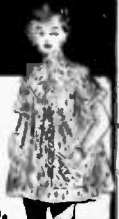
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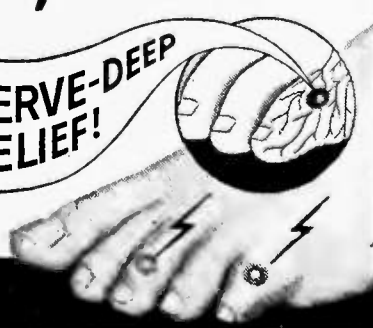
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BACKSTAGE WIFE Despite Mary Noble's best efforts, the scheming actress Elise Shephard shows less intention than ever of relinquishing her hold on Larry, Mary's handsome actor-husband. As producer Malcolm Devereux mistakenly tries to help Mary—which means in his view to widen the rift in her marriage so that he can take Larry's place—the situation is complicated by the strange, hypnotic old actress who seems to know an important secret. CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Editor Max Canfield has had one unhappy experience in romance. Is he heading for another as he learns the truth about Lydia Harrick, the charming sister-in-law of the temperamental, selfish architect whom Reverend Dennis hired to build the Youth Center? Has Don Harrick a hold over Lydia more significant than his own demanding nature? How will Grayling Dennis and his bride Sandra be involved in Max's love affair? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

FIRST LOVE Zach's trial for the murder of Petey takes him and Laurie through the darkest hours of their lives. Can they ever completely recover from such a dreadful ordeal—even after the truth is revealed and Zach is free? Will some emotional reaction end by twisting their feeling for one another into misunderstanding—particularly insofar as the young lawyer who fought for Zach is concerned? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT The meeting between Kathy Lang and Marie Wallace leaves each of them wistfully certain that the other is the woman in Dr. Dick Grant's life. Are they both wrong? Meanwhile, Kathy's friend Bertha Bauer struggles through a serious problem as her recently widowed mother shows every intention of taking over her daughter's life and home. Will Bill permit it? How will young Michael react? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Close family ties lead both Bill and his daughter Nancy into trouble as each of them tries to do something for the other. Disturbed at her father's efforts to help a friend, Nancy takes a hand in the situation and endangers her own family. Will the young lawyer whom Bill is trying to help be grateful or annoyed as Bill is instrumental in forcing him to realize the truth he has tried to avoid? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle's efforts to help Lorenzo regain his memory culminate in an audacious scheme—and when the scheme fails she really acknowledges despair. Is it possible that after years of effort she must resign herself to the fact that Lorenzo, unable to recall their marriage, really wishes to go on to another romance and another life? If this is true, what lies ahead for Belle? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Vanessa Raven knows she is taking a chance when she makes a foster-home for the unfortunate little daughter of the deranged Judith Lodge,

Paul Raven's first wife. But the child's need—and Van's need for a child—override caution, and Van devotes herself to helping little Carol despite the knowledge that Judith will never allow this opportunity to pass. Can Judith reassert a claim to Carol—a child she doesn't want? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Only because, in the course of her long and busy life, Ma has overcome so much trouble can she face the disappearance of Gladys' baby with so much courage. At first the mystery seems impenetrable, complicated by Gladys' state of mind. But Ma knows what can be accomplished by faith and courage, and never loses hope. Still, what about the marriage of Gladys and Joe? Apart from Baby Jane, is something else disturbing it? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY The Barbour girls are ruefully mindful of many long-ago tussles with their father as they face problems with their own grown and half-grown children that echo the past. Will they handle these problems as Father and Mother Barbour handled them? Will they do better or worse—or just the same? Claudia, facing family rebellion, wonders if modern psychology really has all the answers. NBC Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Though Leslie Northhurst's death removed the threat to Lord Henry's title and estates, it has created another one that looms even more blackly over the Brinthropes' happiness. As Sunday's efforts to save Lord Henry's good name lead her into actions all too easily misinterpreted, the trouble between them deepens and Lord Henry becomes convinced that their futures lie in different directions. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY After years of a happy marriage, Peggy Young Trent faces the possibility that her husband Carter may have disappeared for good. Believing himself liable to a homicide charge, Carter desperately tries to put his past behind him and build a new life in far-away New York. Is it possible that little by little the substitute may come to replace the real thing with Carter? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Only a man of Perry Mason's vast and curious experience would have a chance of discovering what is going on in tycoon Sam Merriweather's organization. The slow poison being administered by Sid Kenyon and Eve, the woman posing as Sam's daughter, has already taken its toll before Perry begins to suspect that the eventual victim will be Lois Monahan, known to all as Sam's secretary but in reality his true daughter. CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS New understanding unites Carolyn and her husband, Miles Nelson, after the crisis that came close to ending their marriage. And Annette Thorpe is, apparently, defeated as far as Miles personally is concerned. But Carolyn knows Annette too

well to be deceived about her attitude toward defeat of any kind. From what quarter will Annette's new attack come—and will Carolyn be able to meet it once more? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sibyl Fuller is torn by a desire to confess to Jim the secret she thinks has won him—the truth about the phone call that led to the deporting of his wife Jocelyn as an undesirable alien. Not knowing that Jim's pretense of love has been directed toward the very end of getting her to tell him the truth that will reinstate Jocelyn, Sibyl wanders toward the edge of disaster. Will some evil sixth sense save her? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT When Gil Whitney's marriage to Cynthia Swanson seemed to bar him forever from Helen, she turned briefly to wealthy Brett Chapman for comfort. But now that Cynthia appears willing to divorce Gil, Brett sees that he has no real place in Helen's thoughts. Will this make him her enemy? And will his enmity be more dangerous than she knows, in view of his knowledge of Gil's secretary, the sleek and predatory Fay Granville? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Young Melanie Pritchard has been very frank about the reason for her trip to Henderson—her desire to catch a rich husband. Is her frankness a clever way of disarming her victims? Is Marge Bergman right when she finds herself unable to take Melanie to her heart? And what about Nathan Walsh, who seemed like Melanie's logical quarry—until certain unexpected changes took place in the Bergman household? CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND The misgivings with which Diane entered into her marriage with Wayne Lockwood are more than justified when it becomes painfully evident that his wealthy family will never approve of his alliance with a young widow, mother of two children. Opposition from Diane's children complicates her position, but the fatal misunderstanding connived at by Wayne's father is more than Diane can face. Must she look elsewhere for happiness? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan Burton is wearily ready to proclaim that if anything can cause more trouble than one's parents it's one's in-laws. Already much disturbed over his mother's association with flamboyant Buck Halliday, Stan is plunged into further gloom when his wife Terry's father appears on the scene and makes things worse. Will Stan have to bribe his mother not to marry Halliday? Will Terry allow it? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Defeated in her last vicious effort to ruin Peter, Pauline Tyrrell knows a momentary pang of real remorse. Will her evidently sincere apology deceive Peter into trusting her, and treating her once more as the sister of his dead wife and the loving aunt of his children? Or will his need to protect Jane Edwards make him as cautious as he should be in dealing with Pauline? And what of Jane's husband, no longer missing? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Long ago, when her daughter Laurel married Dick Grosvenor, Stella Dallas vowed to allow Laurel to manage her own affairs. But she has been unable to stand by and see Laurel's marriage wrecked through a series of misunderstandings arranged by her enemies. Will Stella be able to save Laurel from the machinations of Ada Dexter and her

son, Stanley Warrick? Will they wreck the marriage through Dick, if Laurel remains invulnerable? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Reporter David Brown, collapsing in a frightening blackout, gives Nora the first clue to the mystery she has always sensed behind David and his sister Lorraine. Is David responsible for his own sickness? Is there something Lorraine knows that could help? Why does Lorraine's own mother distrust her—and what did the unhappy, deranged murderer whom David helped capture mean when he claimed a resemblance between David and himself? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson's efforts to help Linda regain her place in normal society and reestablish her marriage to Chris are painful enough—since Helen loves Chris—without the tragic by-product that unexpectedly overtakes her. Will misunderstanding and malice permanently damage Helen's reputation? How will her children be affected if the plans of Linda's mother are successful? Can Helen count on Bill Fraser? CBS-TV.

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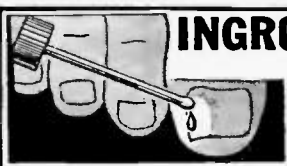
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He Loves a "Lassie"

(Continued from page 42)

series, he is all boy, and I can safely say he hasn't missed any of the typical growing boy's problems. This includes everything from a child's sprained finger to a young teenager's sprained heart.

I am very definitely aware of the "sudden change" that comes over our teenagers—at thirteen or fourteen, they suddenly discover themselves and the world around them. Tommy, for example, recently came bounding Lassie-like into our Westwood apartment, after a Saturday matinee, and announced, "Mom, I've got a problem."

I said, "Yes, what is it?"

He said, "If my girl, Marilyn, keeps on growing, I don't know how much longer I'm going to be able to get her into the show for twenty-five cents."

"So?" I asked.

"So," he answered, "when a real man takes his girl to the movies, he pays for the whole thing. I think I need a boost in my allowance."

I can remember a similar incident, not too long ago, which points up the sudden changes the "teen" years bring. I had taken Tommy and another little girl to the same show, calling for them afterwards. When I dropped the girl off in front of her house, Tommy leaned out the car window to say: "Don't forget, I bought your popcorn. You owe me a dime!" So, you see, things have changed.

I have always tried to keep the lines of communication open with Tommy. I think that this can best be accomplished by trying to see the world through his eyes, by remembering what my life was like at his age . . . oh, how I wanted independence! Tommy is no different from other teenagers in this regard. They all become acutely conscious of themselves and of the opposite sex, and they are naturally interested in exploring this exciting new subject. My opinion is that independence should be encouraged, but teenagers still need a certain amount of guidance.

I have found that a party at the house is one way to bring the children together—and still supply the needed supervision. For example, I have had a bridge game going in another room while Tommy and his friends partied. I don't think it's wise to stand by all the time, trying to look inconspicuous—for example, by changing the records on their machine. The children soon get wise to this, knowing that they are being "policed." Rather, I think, it is better to have some obviously good reason just to walk through now and then, to refill the punch bowl or distribute cookies.

The idea is not so much to interfere or to try to supervise their games or dancing, as to let them know you are there in case of emergencies. You see a lot more than they think you see, and it better equips you to cope with their problems when they bring them to you. Because you are not ignorant of their problems, you are able to handle them in a diplomatic way. It's the *diplomacy* that is important.

You have to encourage the free flow of ideas back and forth. Take questions of sex, for example—the teenager has hundreds of unanswered questions. This is an important subject in his life. You can't ignore the questions, for he will then go elsewhere with his queries. You have to accept this kind of question nonchalantly, for—if your teenager suspects that you think this is a problem—you're in hot water.

For example, I have always wanted Tommy to have a lot of young friends, boys and girls alike. So it threw me the other day when he came in and told me he was going "steadily."

I said, "You mean 'steady,' don't you? Aren't you a little young for that?"

"You don't understand," he replied. "Steadily" means you like a girl, but can go out with anyone else you want. 'Steady' means you like a girl, but can't go out with anyone else!"

"Oh," I said, "and you are going 'steadily.'"

"That's right," he said.

Well, you can see that, with this definition, I was very much relieved.

I think this age can best be described as the one at which boys discover girls and vice versa. As Tommy says—and I quote: "I've discovered them."

Well, haven't we all! In fact, it's with just this point in common that I am able to reassure Tommy that his changes are not unique with him. "Tommy," I say, "don't worry. I felt the same way . . . I did exactly the same thing when I was your age." I try to reassure him that everything that is happening to him has happened to me, too.

I think this is the answer to the question in the letter from the teenager's parent whose line of communication with her son had been broken. To make sure that Tommy and I do talk the same language, I've never been afraid to share with him my own early experiences—to point out that we have experiences in common. It helps to keep us in contact. I think the same assurance would help to re-establish contact with children who have suddenly become strangers.

Even though an acting career is not the usual thing for a boy of his age, Tommy has a strong desire to "belong." This is true of all teenagers. In Tommy's case, the desire to be like the other boys goes back to his first days in school. "Don't treat me like a special boy," he said. "I want to be like everyone else."

When he was doing some of his first screen work at 20th Century-Fox, I realized the importance of his going to school with other children. When he was between pictures, I arranged for him to go to St. Paul's in Westwood. Later, when we moved, he went to Notre Dame, where he was just graduated, and now is going to Chaminade High School.

So, with the exception of his acting, Tommy is very much like a carbon copy of the all-American boy: He has his school friends, his parties, certain chores, and, like everyone else, he plays ball. I'll never forget the episode with the baseball mitt.

Tommy came to me one day saying, "I could sure use a new mitt. . ."

I said, "I don't know whether I ought to get you a new mitt. First, because I'm not sure you need one. And, secondly, because you will probably play ball with it in front of your piano teacher—and you know that gives him heart failure."

Tommy said, "The mitt is worn out—so worn out that, if you don't get me a new one, I'll probably sprain five fingers and then the piano teacher will have heart failure!" I felt blackmailed. But, needless to say, he got his mitt.

Like every American boy, Tommy has certain chores to do around the house; he has the dogs to feed and walk, he has to pick up around his room, he's responsible for the garbage, cans, and papers, and returning the empty soda bottles. The money he gets from the bottles is clear profit, for it is over and above his newly-upped allowance of five dollars a week. The five dollars takes care of his school lunches, an occasional hot-dog dinner with his friends, and the Saturday afternoon matinee—that's tickets for two.

Tommy's at the age where he loves to talk automobiles. I've learned to encourage his automotive and scientific interests by supplying him with a mountain of magazines each month: *Science Digest*, *Flying*, *Popular Science*, *Aviation*, *Time*, *Flight*, *American Science* and *Popular Mechanics*. The information he gleans from these books comes in handy. Once I stilled in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard and couldn't get the car started again. Tommy said, "I can tell from the sound that it's flooded. Now hold your foot down on the accelerator—don't pump it . . ." I did and the car started.

Another time, I came home after having the motor die about five times in heavy traffic. Tommy took a screwdriver and set up the idling-jet. Motor ran fine. I don't understand what happened, but he could explain the whole thing to you.

For years, Tommy's interests have run along the scientific line. According to his teacher, he is very good in mathematics and scientific subjects. For a while, when he was younger, he wanted to become an inventor. The past two years, he's shifted his sights—now he wants to be a doctor. But he doesn't want to give up acting, he'd like to combine his acting and medicine. He had some idea, a while back, about going to college, joining the Naval ROTC, and then becoming a flight surgeon. When I asked him why, he said, "Then I can get my medical training free!"

Tommy's talent was discovered outside the family. His acting career began by accident in 1947, in New York, when he was five and a half years old. In fact, it began more as a dare than anything else, when I called a friend's bluff. She had maintained for some time that Tommy was great stage material, that he had a lot of talent. I always said, "If he has it now, he'll have it later."

She was determined, though, to prove to me that Tommy should be seen. One day, she came to me, saying, "If Rodgers and Hammerstein told you that Tommy had talent, would you believe them?" I said, "Who are Rodgers and Hammerstein?" Well, later, we all had a great laugh at that!

At any rate, she did arrange the audition. I sat outside in the car. One of the men in the office came out, asking me to come inside. I did. As I walked through the offices, I saw Tommy at one end of the corridor speling away this great long kindergarten poem. He struck me as being quite "hammy!" But Rodgers and Hammerstein were thrilled with his natural ability. They loved Tommy from the start and wanted to sign him.

We were rushed over by cab to the Shubert Theater, where Joshua Logan was directing Mary Martin in "Annie Get Your Gun." Tommy was put up on the stage, where he was asked to "talk to the back door." Tommy broke into his poem, his voice booming out across the theater. In seconds, he had his audience in stitches. He was signed, we rehearsed for a few days, and left with the touring company for Texas. Tommy hadn't had a complete run-through before he went on in his first performance.

We were on the road twenty-two months. Tommy just loved it. In fact, he adjusted more easily than I did. After the first three weeks, I was sort of dicker with myself as to whether or not we should leave—show business required a new kind of patience. But Tommy thrived on the new sights and sounds, the new faces and places. He was sick only two days in the next twenty-two months, after touring forty-five states and Canada. It was soon plain to me that he was "at home" in show business.

When we finished the tour, Tommy and I returned to New York, where he did an educational film with Eddie Albert called "Human Beginnings." The film is still used throughout the country to teach sex education in public schools. After it was finished, Tommy and I took some time off. This was the summer of 1949, and the World Series was in progress.

Tommy fell in love with Joe DiMaggio and the Yankees—so, at the game, I bought him a Yankee uniform, complete with baseball bat and hat. That day, when we returned home, several calls were waiting for us from director Marc Daniels. He had been trying to reach us for some time. When we went over to his office later, Tommy still had on his uniform.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Daniels asked.

"To the World Series," Tommy answered, happily. "We saw Tommy Henrich hit a home run when the score was tied. He saved the day, and the Yankees won! It was great!"

"Oh, it was great, was it?" said Mr. Daniels. "Well, it just so happens that I'm a Brooklyn fan, and I had money on the Dodgers to win. I fully expected," he continued humorously, "to give you a job today. But, if you're Yankee fan, I'm not sure you're the boy for it."

Tommy said very seriously, "I'm sorry you lost the money, Mr. Daniels. But, job or no job, I still want the Yankees to win."

"Well," Mr. Daniels said, "with an attitude like that, you'll never lose—so you might as well have the job."

He signed Tommy in the role of Pud in "On Borrowed Time" for the *Ford Theater*. And no sooner was Tommy off the air than we were besieged with phone calls from agents who wanted to represent him. I told them all that I would be happy to speak with them one at a time.

One of the agents who called was Milton Goldman. I made an appointment to see him on the following morning. But, when I went to the address he gave me, I saw Paul Small's name on the door. I was new to show business, but I was not so new that I didn't know Mr. Paul Small was one of the biggest agents in town. I was sure that some mistake had been made, and I told Tommy so. We turned around and started down the hall. But Mr. Goldman came out, saying, "Why, Mrs. Rettig, we've been expecting you!" Mr. Goldman hadn't told me he was Mr. Small's representative.

We signed with Mr. Small's office and he advised us to make two motion pictures which had been offered to Tommy, rather than another stage play. The first picture, "Panic in the Streets," for 20th Century-Fox, was to be shot in New Orleans and they wanted Tommy to leave right away. This was just prior to Christmas 1950. When we went up to 20th's New York offices to discuss the part with director Elia Kazan, I was thinking of Tommy—how he hadn't had a Christmas at home in two years. But, at the same time, I was thinking of all the negotiations that Mr. Small had gone through to set the pictures, and I didn't want to upset him. Finally, my concern about a Christmas at home for Tommy just popped out, and I told Mr. Kazan how I felt. He said, "That's the most human thing I've heard a stage mother say. Of course, Tommy can stay for Christmas."

After "Panic in the Streets," Tommy went to Hollywood, where he did M-G-M's "Two Weeks with Love"—and we've been in Hollywood ever since. Tommy made a number of pictures before "Lassie" came along: "River of No Return," "5,000 Fingers of Dr. T.," "The Egyptian," and many others.

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Tommy went to trainer Rudd Weatherwax's home to spend a few nights and get acquainted with Lassie. Tommy didn't get much sleep. Lassie kept opening the bedroom door and waking him in the middle of the night—Lassie wanted Tommy to come out and play! But soon they adjusted to one another's waking and sleeping routine, and Lassie ended up spending nights at the foot of Tommy's bed.

People frequently ask me how Tommy works, and whether or not I work with him or coach him. I haven't touched or interfered in Tommy's work since the one time I tried it during the first few weeks of the "Annie Get Your Gun" tour: I remember, that at a matinee, one of Tommy's lines didn't sound right to me. I thought he should get a bigger laugh, so I told him, "Tommy, tonight when you read that line, do it this way . . ." "Okay, Mom," he said.

That night he changed the line as I had suggested. There was no laughter or applause at all! When he came off, the stage manager, Eddie Mendelsohn, asked, "Tommy, what happened there? Why did you change that line?" Tommy looked up at him with his big eyes and said, "My mom told me . . ."

Eddie turned to me, saying "Ricki, if you knew more than the director, don't you think you'd be directing . . ." And then, with a laugh, he picked up a hair brush and gave me a whack across the seat! I haven't interfered in Tommy's business since.

Frequently, though, when Tommy is working, a producer will say, "Mrs. Ret-

tig, I'll tell you what I want from Tommy and you can explain it to him." He is surprised when I tell him to work directly with Tommy, who doesn't need any help from me.

In fact, Tommy is gaining a reputation as "one-take Rettig." He has his memory to thank for that. When he gets a script, he reads the whole story through to set the idea. Then he doesn't look at it again until he gets his call sheet, which explains the work to be done the next day. He comes home from the studio, practices his piano, and plays outside. The following morning, he gets up fifteen minutes early and studies the day's work. This is all the preparation he needs—and I don't interfere.

But that doesn't mean Tommy and I don't share other interests. The big moment we both look forward to is the date we have once a week when he "takes Mother out to dinner." We go to Lowery's, where we sit, munching our prime ribs, and spend the evening talking about his girl friends, the parties he's been to, who's holding whose hand in the balcony at the Saturday matinee, all the latest "dope" (as he calls it)—and all sandwiched in with numerous searching questions and advice.

Tommy and I have never built up any conversational barriers. We talk about everything. I think it's the parent's job to establish this precedent, for when children are very young they all go through that questioning "why?" stage. The questioning period is the time for parents to cement a lasting relationship with their children. The key to this relationship is one word—"because"—followed by any reasonably sensible explanation. But you must take the time to explain.

The time is well spent. It pays off later, for you'll never lose touch, you'll never find a sudden stranger on your hands when the teen-age corner is turned. I know, for it's paid off for me, when during our weekly dinner date Tommy and I share everything from prime ribs to problems!

This Is Kathy Godfrey

(Continued from page 66)

Miss Godfrey gets along, and gracefully, too, with the aid of a cane. "Actually," she says, "I use a cane now, not because I need it for support in walking, but because my balance is precarious. This is a walking world and, with a cane, people are less likely to bump into me. One bump, even a baby bump, would send me sprawling!"

"Speaking of canes, this one I'm carrying today, snakewood with a silver handle—lovely, isn't it?—once belonged to George Gershwin. Mimi Raymond, who knows I love interesting canes, found it for me in Los Angeles. It belonged to a collector there, Glen Henderson, who'd had no idea of ever parting with it—but let my friend have it for me because he and his wife love Arthur so much!"

That Kathy walks, with or without a cane, is something in the nature of a miracle, wrought by the faith of which she speaks. "Since I have no abdominal muscles and no lower spinal muscles, I don't know where the leverage comes from," Kathy laughs, "neither does anyone else."

Perhaps Someone does? The Someone who helped her to help herself? For that—by using the positive rather than the negative approach—is what Kathy did: "What I mean by using the positive thought is that I did not sit there and concentrate, as I'd been told to do, on the dead old rubber bands of the muscles hit by polio. In-

stead, I concentrated and worked on one or two of the little muscles, in each leg and arm, which were alive—with the hope that they might be made to compensate for the useless ones.

"It was a long, long pull, taking up five whole years of my life. But gradually, from being so helpless that people lifted me out of bed and put me back again, I found a way to stand up. I'd experiment and practice at night, after everyone had gone to bed. I had, I discovered, a good strong tendon left in the back of each leg, which I hadn't known I had.

"I also discovered for myself that to lock the knees helps enormously in getting up out of a bed, a chair, or a car. Long after I was walking, I used to get out of a car backwards—until, one night, I went to a big, swank party, all dressed up. As the liveried butler opened the car door for me, I was ashamed to back out . . . so I put my best foot forward and fell out and rolled in the mud. What the elegant butler thought, I'll never know. But it was a salutary experience. For, after that, I kept on locking my knees and never again have had to rise rear-first!

"During my two pregnancies," Kathy recalls, "I never felt better or was healthier in my life. After the seventh month, I couldn't walk. But this was a matter of balance again—the weight became too heavy for me to maintain my balance.

"And I'd rather turn over my entire

salary to a housekeeper, because housework—with the exception of cooking—is something I can't do. Making a bed knocks me out for an hour. Even when I get dinner—which I often do, and it's a good one!—I get it in no time flat. You come to know how long you're going to be there before you have to sit down.

"Other than lack of balance, however, and the need to budget my energy, I haven't a handicap to my name! Where jobs are concerned, I have the strength of ten. I've worked all my life, love to work, just have to have a job—that's all. I have a real crazy drive . . . used to write all my own scripts back home in Arizona and I'd type three and four hours a night, then be on mike, come the dawn. . . ."

"If ever I am off the air, it really embarrasses me. I can't stand to be off the air . . . gives me the feeling you get," Kathy laughs, "when you dream you're walking down a street without a stitch of clothes on! If, between jobs, I run into people who ask me, 'Kathy, what are you doing now?'—I say airily, 'Oh, I'm working on something . . .', then change the subject.

"When, soon after we were married, my husband Rip was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, getting his degree, I hadn't been in that town five minutes before I was calling the local station to find out whether they had a spot for a woman! Same wherever we lived—while we were in the process of moving, packing and unpacking, I could hardly wait.

"Strangely, though—since I love it so much—I never thought: *I am going to be on radio*. Not even after Arthur was on the air, did it occur to me, for myself. At the age of eighteen, I was working as a hostess at Schrafft's in New York. My dream then was to become a dining-room hostess on a boat going to South America . . . be a dining-room hostess on boats, period. As Arthur had 'seen the world' in the Navy, I would see the world on ship-board. Then polio hit me. One day, soon after I was walking, I went to this little station in Englewood, New Jersey—and here I am! Since broadcasting was the one thing I could do, after polio, the fact that I am here is not only the happiest but the most fortunate thing that could have happened to me. But it did just 'happen.'

"In the same year—almost the same day—that polio laid me low, Arthur had the automobile accident which was to be responsible for all the surgery he has undergone.

"There are many parallels in our lives, Arthur's life and mine. As a matter of fact, all we Godfreys are alike . . . my three brothers—Charles, who is a farmer in New Jersey; Bob, who composes songs; Arthur, who needs no billing—my sister, who writes and lives in California; and I. Not so much in the way we look, as the way we are. We're all impetuous, volatile and—although it takes an awful lot to make us angry—when we are . . . well, I, at any rate, blow my top . . . and five minutes later I'm singing! None of this nursing a grudge for days and days. Or even for minutes. When my husband—who is quiet, controlled, very reserved, very kind—witnesses this sunshine-in-the-wake-of-storm routine of mine, to this day, he just doesn't believe his eyes and ears!

"We Godfreys all have much the same kind of independence. Or pride. Because we've been apart for so many years—I in Arizona, Arthur here in the East—our relationship has become more that of friends, I'd say, than of brother and sister. But, good friends as we are, I have never presumed on this friendship, any more than I would on any other. On the air, out West, I always used the name of Kathy Morton—Morton was our mother's maiden name. And, whenever I've gone anywhere

for a job, and people have said—as they so often do—'Now, Kathy, why don't you ask Arthur? All you have to do is pick up the telephone' . . . I haven't.

"However, I must say one thing," Kathy emphasizes. "When I—having always been at home and worked locally—came East, a year ago last summer, to do a network show (not CBS) which didn't work out for me and wasn't good for me, Arthur said in my defense: 'She got all loused up!'

"I must also say, and gratefully, that it was Arthur who arranged the CBS Radio network show I'm doing now . . . and, soon after it started, gave me the most wonderful plug on his morning show. I can't quote him exactly—I have the recording at home—but he mentioned my show by name, gave the day and time of the broadcasts, kidded about its being 'A lousy time, but she's going to make it a good time. This girl,' he said, 'can't go anywhere but up!' There was gold," says Kathy, with a smile, "in that thar plug!

"We're 'alikes,' too, I think, in the fact that none of us cares too much about money, one way or the other. Nice stuff to have around. But—speaking for myself, at any rate—I was just as happy when I didn't have a dime! Working on local stations, as I often did, for five dollars a broadcast, I didn't care. I was working.

"It's kind of all right, in my book, not to have much. Probably because we—who as kids had nothing, and I mean nothing—actually had everything. Everything that matters. We lived in a store in Hasbrouck Heights. (Mother used to soap the windows with Bon Ami so people couldn't look in!) But Mother, a fabulous and remarkable woman, always managed to keep a piano in the house, encouraged us children to play and sing and, even when we didn't have anything to eat, we went to hear the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company whenever it came to New York. How she managed it, I will never know.

Often, we couldn't even go to school—especially when it snowed—because we didn't have shoes to wear. We used to put cardboard in the soles of our shoes. Or our father did. I remember our father—an itinerant reporter by trade, a sort of Barmy character, who had to make a joke out of everything—saying, as he deftly inserted the cardboard, 'This is a thing I learned to do in India!' During the time when Father was 'laid off,' we often had nothing to eat—literally. Other times—flush times—we dined on thick steaks, terrapin, turkey, *crepes Suzettes!*

"Mother came from a very good family. All she could do—or had supposed she would ever need to do—was paint china, play the piano, and speak French. What I'm proud of is that, everything she knew how to do she *did*. There wasn't much call for her excellent French in Hasbrouck Heights, but she played the piano in the local movie theater, painted china and sold it to the neighbors—and does wish that Arthur and I would refrain from talking about how poor we were on the air! When, in the course of a broadcast, I answered a letter from a kid who wrote me that she lived in a barn—and was so mortified about it—by saying that I'd lived in a store and was proud of it . . . 'Now, why did you have to say that?' Mother, now 77, asked. 'You didn't have to say that!'

"Mother adores the very air Arthur breathes, but also takes exception to the things he sometimes says on the air. I think she has the biggest TV set in the world—Arthur's gift to her—and she sits one foot away from it, crocheting like mad, answering Arthur all the time he's on mike. 'Arthur, no, sir,' she'll say, crocheting all the while, 'cardboard in the soles of your shoes! Indeed no! Now, why

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on earth do you say a thing like that?"
"We all love to talk, we Godfreys—this is definitely a common denominator—love to sit up talking until three in the morning, as our father enjoyed doing, gathering us kids around him. He enjoyed his children, our father did, as I enjoy mine . . . largely, I think, because I have no feeling of possessiveness concerning them. Rather, I have the feeling I got, some years ago, when I read Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*, in which he explained that the mother is simply 'the channel' through which children pass. If you can give your children a part of you, or they accept a part of you, that is good—but do not try to possess them. Or even think you possess them. They must have their own experiences. Some mothers are, quite unconsciously, so selfish. They want their children to go to college, to be great, to be model citizens, or this or that, for the sake of their own pride. Our children have taken a little from both of us, but they belong to themselves, not to us, and they know it. It is because they know it, I think, that they are both so spirited!"

"We all love people, we Godfreys . . . are interested in and curious about people. It has been said, by the way—I know, I've heard it!—that I am not fond of Arthur. Which is not true. Not true at all. When you talk with Arthur, his eyes just radiate interest. He is interested in you, genuinely interested. Than which, of course, there is nothing more flattering. How could I, or anyone, not be fond of a man like this?"

Speaking of loving people, and of liking to talk," Kathy smiles, "reminds me of the piece of advice Arthur gave me when I first went on the air. 'You and I haven't talent,' he said. 'We can't sing. We can't dance. We can't emote. The one thing we have: *We like people*. So we should talk to people. About the things that interest us. *Just be ourselves*, that's all.' I have followed Arthur's advice, and so—it is totally unnecessary to add—has he!"

"On my CBS show, a few weeks ago, I sang," Kathy laughs. "First time in my life I've ever sung on the air, for the very good reason that—as Arthur pointed out—I can't sing! But, with this one exception, talking with people has always been my show. All of it. In the West, I did three TV shows a week and one on radio. One of the TV programs was *Swap Shop*, which I loved. I once swapped a car for a plane, a trained baby skunk for a rifle, a bedspread for a mattress. It was all warm and folksy and *fun*."

"I was all over the board out there," Kathy says. "Was well sponsored, too. But I'd gone as far as I could go there and, when you can't go forward, you must go backward—which is not where I want to go! And—thanks to CBS—am not going. But, because of this real crazy drive I have, my dream now is to do many shows at CBS, five days a week, and simulcast, too—on TV, as well as radio."

"Another dream of mine is to have a cab drivers' show—featuring the New York taxicab drivers, who know *everything*. One argument handed me against having such a show as I propose is that the cab drivers might be rude, possibly even profane. I doubt it. If they had a man as emcee, perhaps. But not with me. Since getting out of cabs is still a bit difficult for me, I know how kind and courteous these drivers are; they've been wonderful to me."

"I want a panel of three cab drivers," Kathy says, "and a guest. A girl singer, say, just beginning her career, about whose chances I would ask the panel. *They would know*. Or a New Yorker who would say, 'Kathy, I've been driving with O'Mulligan for years, and his hobbies

are. . . ' Which could be fascinating, for their hobbies range from shooting pool to studying the abstract sciences to suggesting cures for the current sickness called juvenile delinquency. . . . They know everything, I tell you, about everything. I think I could have a really different, fresh show, with such a panel. Someday," says Miss Kathy, and the chin is firm, "I am going to get a sponsor, all by myself!"

Career-minded as she is, however—with the "real crazy drive" of which she speaks—*feminine* is a descriptive word for Kathy. None more so.

Clothes, for instance: "I'm not the glamour-puss type with the plunging neckline and the dripping earrings, but clothes," beams Kathy, "I do love 'em! Even though I don't seem to know how to buy properly, never have the right things to take with me for weekends, shoes never match purse, purse never matches shoes—know what I mean? What I do now, to beat the rap, is buy three sets, in different colors, of anything I see that I like. It would be easier for me if I wore slacks and shorts. But, since they don't look well on me, I never do. At home, I always wear robes around the house and the pool. A Chinese robe. A nylon robe. Of robes for weekends," she laughs, "I have a-plenty!"

"When it comes to jewelry, I like Indian jewelry made by Johnny Bonnell, by our own American Indians—I have some lovely silver bracelets. Or I like jewelry which means something, such as this gold necklace I'm wearing—a Gemini medallion which was given me because June, my birth month, is Gemini. In the perfume department, Guerlain's Blue Hour is the only perfume I ever use, and have used for years and years."

On Sutton Place in New York, Kathy has rented an apartment which she was in process of furnishing, at the time we talked. "Pot by pan," she laughed, "and chair by chair!" Under the same roof, TV's Faye Emerson and Skitch Henderson, the Red Buttons and Bobby Sherwood also nest when work keeps them in town.

"Cheaper to furnish an apartment," Kathy observes, "than to rent one furnished. As for the other alternative, a hotel—I don't like living in a hotel. I like to be able to fix a little tray, do it myself, eat in bed and watch TV. I fly back West when I can, about once a month. My son Robin and I went to Bermuda this year for his spring vacation."

Happily, Kathy has no problem in the career-versus-home-and-family category. Of her husband, she says: "Rip's always loved it—the idea of my having a career. The kids get a kick out of it, too. When, after several months of negotiation, my CBS show finally jelled, Robin sighed: 'I was getting worried—thought you'd wind up on *Life Begins At 80!*'"

"I've always worked," says Kathy. "I've been on the air close to sixteen years now. And, since a doctor's life is very busy—Rip is at the hospital at 6 A.M. and, when he's home, he has to sleep—it's real satisfying for me to have work to do. Much better than just sitting beside that pool," Kathy laughs. "I can do that when I am eighty!"

"I think I've been so lucky, all my life, to meet all kinds of people, talk with them, live in every sort of place . . . and then to be in the medium through which I can give out the knowledge of people I've gained and the love I feel for them. Maybe this is what I am supposed to do. I think it is. I *know* it is."

"I do believe that things work themselves out—no matter what the odds against you—if you really try, without shoving, pushing, trampling on or hurting others on your way. I do believe this," says Kathy Godfrey. "I really do."

Something for Mother

(Continued from page 32)

of their own. All have become fine men. "But these teen-age gangs I read about now!" Steve clenches his fists with the frustration of a man who doesn't know what to swing at first. "It isn't the neighborhood that's to blame, you know. Basically, it's the person himself."

And, if Steve Lawrence feels like the luckiest guy in the world these days, it isn't because he's one of the most famous, one of the most successful twenty-year-olds in the country. It's because of his mother and father, who made him the kind of person he is. He can never thank his parents enough for the love and understanding they gave him as a child—and still give him. And he can never thank them enough for the discipline. "When my mother and father said no, I couldn't go to a movie," he recalls, "they meant no—and I didn't go."

But Steve's parents are not only what he calls "strong people," they are deeply religious as well—in their home, as well as in their church. And they instilled in their own children the same love of God and the good life, so that, even today, with a life complicated by a late-evening TV show, recording dates and night-club appearances, Steve still keeps up his religious observances.

"It's good for me," he says. And he is genuinely sorry for all the other twenty-year-olds who never found out that it could be good for them, too. "So many of them don't know what the inside of a house of worship looks like—or what it feels like to say a couple of prayers. . . ."

"Naturally," Steve observes, "everyone feels that his mother and father are the best in the world." And, having allowed you the right to feel the same way about your parents, he goes on about his own.

The Leibowitzes were poor, hard-working people—but there was always bread on the table, and they were determined that their children would all have a good education. Max, Steve's father, still works as a decorator and painter; and, on Saturdays and Holy Days, he still sings as a cantor in the synagogue. As for Anna, Steve's mother. . . . "Well, do you remember the Goldbergs on radio and television? My mother's Mrs. Goldberg to the life."

Steve is referring not only to her ap-

pearance, but to the watchful, loving eye she keeps on her family. And then there are her good-humored attempts to keep up with the vernacular of the day. "She tries to be 'very hip,'" Steve points out, "and everything's usually 'all rightie' with her."

Of the four Leibowitz children—three boys and a girl—Sidney, born July 8, 1935, is the youngest. And, although Sidney grew up to become Steve Lawrence, he claims his brother Bernie is "the real singer of the family." Both boys began singing when they were seven or eight, but Bernie was four years older. By the time Steve was ready to join his father's choir, his brother was soloist. But then Bernie's voice started changing and Steve took over. Then, in turn, Steve's voice started changing and his father urged him to stop singing lest he strain it.

Between the ages of eleven and fourteen, Steve rested his voice. The love of music was too strong, however, not to have some outlet, so he learned to play the piano and saxophone. And that's how he happened to be the accompanist for Bernie in his first professional engagement.

"It was at the old Riviera night club," Steve recalls. "It's no longer there, but it used to be on Forty-fourth Street, right opposite the Hudson Theater where we now do the Steve Allen show. They had an amateur night—first prize five dollars, second prize three dollars, and two third prizes of two dollars. Bernie was eighteen or nineteen at the time, and we had already started to work up a singing act together. But, that night, there were three thousand acts—and every one of them sang. To make matters worse, there were sailors at the bar—and one of the singers was a beautiful blonde. She had no voice, but she did have a low-cut gown and a way of over-breathing when she sang. Well, she won first prize. But we won second!"

"I can remember that we didn't get home till about two-thirty in the morning, and I had fallen asleep on my brother's shoulder in the subway. But we were so proud of the three dollars we had won that we put it in the icebox for mother to find in the morning."

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dition. The Leibowitzes now have an electric refrigerator, but Steve still remembers and hides part of each paycheck—under the butter or behind the eggs—for his mother to find in the morning.

Steve also teamed up with his brother in writing songs. They haunted the offices of the music publishers with such persistence that they became known in Tin Pan Alley as "Moke and Poke." ("Every day," Steve says, "they'd kick us out. 'We like you,' they'd tell us, 'we just don't like your songs.'")

At fourteen, however, Steve's voice was all baritone—and he more than made up for the rest he had given it. At Thomas Jefferson High School, he sang in the Glee Club, the Mixed Chorus, the Boys' Chorus, the Boys' Quartet, as well as for the Parent-Teacher's Association and the General Organization when they staged money-raising affairs.

"I also played third alto sax in the Concert Band," he adds, then suddenly smiles—a bit sheepishly. "I was always being yanked out of class to rehearse or perform. My English and history teachers used to burn."

They were to have even more reason to burn, for, although Steve kept up with his studies, he was soon asking to be excused to accept professional engagements outside the school. They would send him to the principal, who gave his consent with just one condition: "When you're out there, don't forget—mention Jefferson High."

During his spare time, whenever that might be, Steve began haunting the radio and TV stations in near-by Manhattan, hoping for a break. He applied for an audition on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts but was rejected twice. However, on his third try—in January, 1952—he was finally accepted. An inspired rendition of "Domino" won him top honors and the chance to appear on Godfrey's radio and TV shows for a full week.

The radio show was a cinch, but television presented a problem for a young singer with only one blue serge suit to his name. But, thanks to his brother and to his classmates at Jefferson High—who were proud to see their clothes on TV—Steve was able to wear a different suit every day he appeared on the Godfrey show.

From this point on, things happened quickly. King Records signed Steve to a recording contract, and soon he gained national recognition with his hit recording of "Poinciana." Then the offers started pouring in—one hundred dollars for a weekend, four hundred dollars for a week's engagement. . . .

"For a kid of sixteen," Steve says, "this was fabulous! And you can imagine what it meant to me. My mother and dad had worked hard all their lives. Here was my chance to do something for them. But I was only at the end of the seventh term at school. I still had six months to go to graduate. And mother, of course, had her heart set on my getting an education.

"But, Ma," I told her, "I don't need a diploma to sing!" She suggested that we talk it over with some of his teachers and the principal at school. Steve went to them and asked their advice. "Here I'm getting offers to make crazy money," he told them. "What should I do?"

It was the principal who solved the problem. "You don't need a diploma," he said, "unless you're going to college. And if you

want to sing, what's college? Four years out of your life. It isn't as if you wanted to be a doctor, lawyer, psychiatrist or engineer."

So he gave Steve a leave of absence and told him he could come back any time to make up the six months he still needed to graduate. Thus far, however, Steve has been too busy. After making a guest appearance on *The Steve Allen Show*, he was called back to audition for a permanent spot on the program. Competing against a score or more of young hopefuls and "name" artists, Steve won out. In July, 1953, he made his debut as a regular on the show, and, last year, he was signed to a long-term recording contract by Coral Records. This year, he has a record in "the top ten"—"Besame Mucho," a duet with his favorite singer, Eydie Gorme, who is also on *Tonight*.

"But, one of these days," Steve vows, "I'm going to take six months off and get my high school diploma so I can say: 'Here, Ma'—and then hand it to her. In the meantime . . . well, it's an education and an experience, pulling into Aurora, Ohio, with two suitcases and an overcoat, when you're just sixteen. And listening to Steve Allen is an education, too. Whenever I'm not on, I sit behind the cameras watching him—the way he can handle all kinds of people, with the same respect and interest. He's one of the greatest!"

But while Steve is improving his mind, taking in the "intelligent conversation" of such guests on the show as Carl Sandburg and Albert Schweitzer, he is careful when he returns to Brooklyn to "throw in the dese and dose"—so the old gang knows he's still one of them. For, outside of the fact that Steve is now a celebrity, and his brothers and sister are now married, life has gone on pretty much the same. Until very recently, the Leibowitzes lived in the same apartment house they had occupied ever since Steve was two.

"Until I'm married," Steve says, "I wouldn't consider living away from my parents. I'm still the baby of the family." He shakes his head with a helpless grin. "Even when you're forty-five," my mother says, "you'll still be the baby of the family."

Even the neighborhood is still the same. "I drive a 1953 Bel-Air," Steve explains, "and, when my friends see me coming in it, they'll yell out: 'So how come you're driving your old car? What's the matter you ain't got a Cadillac?' Or: 'So how come you don't take your mother out to Westchester and get her a mansion?'"

For Steve, the answer is simple. He and his family don't want high-priced cars or fancy mansions. Sure, his father always dreamed of a place with a lawn and his mother wanted space for raising flowers. "I've always hoped," says Steve, "that, in their lifetime, I could get them that house with a basement they never had. Most of all, a backyard with grass! But everything they've lived for has been in this area of Brooklyn. . . ."

So Steve has made the first payments on a comfortable home, with a little plot of ground, in near-by Bayside. It's within easy reach of the old neighborhood, the place they can never really forget. For that's where Steve first dared to dream of all the things he might do for his family. And that's where he proved that such dreams can come true—that a young man with talent and determination can even "put a house in Mother's refrigerator!"

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Garry's Golden Rule

(Continued from page 36)

about the number of people killed each year by automobile accidents, and I urged listeners to drive carefully. Then I discovered that there were still three minutes to fill before the program went off the air.

"So, without actually having planned it, I remarked on the number of people who were killed every year in ways other than by automobile. I commented on the fact that many people were killed by the unkind acts and unkind words of other people. And I pointed out that those deaths weren't the quick, sudden deaths on the highway, but slow, painful deaths that happened little by little. And I ended up that little talk with the suggestion that the listeners be kind to each other.

"You know, the mail response to that appeal was really something. I don't remember how many letters we got, but I know it was a lot. And they all said that listeners liked the idea I had expressed. Because of that response, I decided to give the same idea at the end of every show I did. And that's how it started."

Garry continued using that closing line for some time. "But then," he says, "I felt I had come to give the line mechanically. And I felt that, if this were the case, maybe I ought to stop using it. So I dropped it from the show.

"Right away, we got lots and lots of letters from the folks out there. And the letters pointed out to me how much the thought had come to mean to listeners and viewers, how it had served as a daily reminder to them in their relations with other people and, in many cases, had actually changed their lives.

"Well, of course, that showed me it wasn't just an empty phrase, but something which meant a good deal to a great many people. So, of course, I put it back on the show. It's been the closing of every show of mine since then. And I don't say it mechanically, either.

"You know," Garry continues, "even today, we receive letters from people telling us how much the line means to them. We hear from viewers who tell us ministers use the thought as a text for sermons, too. That means a lot to us, as you can imagine. After all, there's nothing new in the idea expressed by the line. It's simply another way of saying the Golden Rule."

Garry has been living by that precept for a long time, both in his professional and his private life. In fact, many years ago, he was suspended from a high school in Baltimore because of an incident in which he attempted to be kind to someone.

A teacher of one of Garry's classes was fired by the school board. Garry felt the teacher was a good one and that the firing had been unfair to the teacher. So, nothing loath, he wrote a letter to the editor of one of the Baltimore newspapers about the episode. The principal of the high school, after talking to Garry and explaining to him why it would have been better if he had gone directly to the principal rather than to the newspaper, suspended Garry from classes for two weeks. The two, incidentally, are still fast friends.

Looking back on the incident now, Garry feels his action was not wise at all and that he should not have done what he did. He dislikes discussing the episode, even to this day. But the fact remains that what he did, be it right or wrong, he did solely for the purpose of helping the teacher who had been fired.

Since that time, Garry has done many kind things. On several occasions, however, he has done things which were intended to be kind but which, for one rea-

son or another, were misunderstood or have actually hurt him. One such incident happened, not too long ago, in the elevator of the hotel where he spends Wednesday night, when he does his evening show, *I've Got A Secret*.

"One evening," Gary recalls, "I got on the elevator, and on it was one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. Her face was beautiful. Her clothes were perfect. She was just a dream. Well, I thought a woman as beautiful as that ought to be told just how wonderful she looked. And I decided to tell her myself. I turned to her and told her I was a married man and that I wasn't trying to get fresh with her but that I wanted to tell her how beautiful she was.

"Her face became a bright red and she turned away from me. And the elevator operator snickered. I felt as though I were two inches high. Now, I realize that I embarrassed her by telling her that—that she didn't know how to accept the remark I made in the spirit in which I meant it. By trying to be kind, I had actually been cruel to her, and I certainly hadn't wanted to do that."

One soon learns, from everyone who knows him, that Garry goes right on being kind to people—and trying not to embarrass them with kindness.

Many people don't know that, in his early boyhood, Gary had a speech impediment. He used to stutter. He overcame the handicap quite early in life and, by the time he was sixteen and in high school, there were no traces of it left.

But his remembrance of the impediment has not left him. His assistant, Mrs. Shirley Reeser McNally, can tell you that he still has a great interest in children with similar troubles. (Garry himself fails to mention it.)

"There's a standing rule around the office," Mrs. McNally says, "that any child with a speech defect who calls Garry gets to talk to him. Garry gets a number of calls from such children, and I've known him to delay important meetings in order to talk to a child with a stutter or similar speech difficulty. I've known him to talk as long as an hour at a time with such a child."

From other sources, one learns that Garry is interested in the work of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders on New York's Irving Place, and that he will occasionally visit a patient there when the doctors feel such a visit will help the patient.

As might be expected, Garry receives letters from all over the country, from many people who are in trouble of one sort or another.

Many of these letters he will handle in his office. Others he takes home with him to his house in suburban New York. There, in the quiet of the evening, surrounded by his family, he will telephone almost any place in the country to talk to these troubled people and try to help them out of their troubles.

"I don't have any idea how many calls he makes a month," Mrs. McNally observes, "but I'm sure his telephone bill must be enormous. I know he makes lots of calls to help people."

Nor are these the only ways Garry shows that he believes in being kind. Quite frequently, at the close of his daily morning program, he will use material—written by himself or sent in by viewers—which is inspirational without being maudlin or cloyingly sweet.

Here are two examples of material he himself has written for his shows:

"Before cashing our chips in completely

Make This

Anne Fogarty

Original

and be the

Best Dressed Girl

In Town

american designer's
PATTERN



Let these famous American Designers help you be the best dressed girl in town—if you can sew:—

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today, I have here a little thought that might add something to somebody's life—including, Heaven knows, my own. . . . If we were warned that sudden death lay five minutes before us, if we were given five minutes in which to tell what everything had meant to us, every telephone booth in the country would suddenly be full of people trying to ring up other people and to stammer out how much they love them. . . . Why wait for that? Why not do it today? Like right now, for instance. If you want to be happy for the rest of the day, just call up somebody right now and tell them that you love them."

And, "In closing our little meeting for today, here's a little item that might be of some help to you as you go through the rest of the day. . . . Remember that a smile costs nothing but creates much. It happens in a flash, but the memory sometimes lasts forever. It cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen; but it is something that is no earthly good to anyone unless it is given away. . . . So, if, in your rush and hurry, you meet someone who is too weary to give you a smile, leave him one of yours. For no one needs a smile quite as much as he who has none left to give."

This is the professional side of Garry Moore's life, his life in contact with the public. What about his private life, that life in which he doesn't come in contact with the public?

There, too, apparently, Garry lives by the precept he gives to his audience.

A visit to the large suite of offices on Manhattan's West Side reveals that the workers there are relaxed, that there is none of that tension and bustle which one is apt to find in an office. The personnel are relaxed and genial. Little jokes are exchanged. There is a feeling of calmness, of friendliness.

Garry himself, when he is in the office, sits in a corner office furnished conservatively except for a fuschia-colored rocking chair of old-fashioned design. (It was obviously given to him by a fan and he has kept it because it is so completely out of keeping with the rest of the office.) Garry sits in his shirt sleeves, behind a large desk, handling the many administrative details which the large operation entails. He is as calm and friendly as are the rest of the staff.

All this doesn't mean that no work is done. There is, and a great deal of work—because putting on the air some four hours of television a week requires much intense preparation. But the work is done quietly and efficiently by people who obviously enjoy what they're doing, and who just as obviously enjoy working with Garry.

Mrs. McNally, who has been Garry's assistant for more than four years, puts

one phase of the working situation this way: "In all the time I've been working with Garry, I've only known him to raise his voice once. And I've forgotten now what that was about."

When Garry walks through the offices, there is none of the snapping to attention which one often sees in other offices when the boss appears. They all either talk with Garry casually, or exchange quips with him, or go on about what they were doing, still completely relaxed.

A member of the CBS staff, who has the opportunity to see all the network's stars at their best and at their worst—who sees them during rehearsals, at home and on the air—commented on Garry Moore's show and his office staff: "I can't think of any other star here whose staff is as relaxed as Garry's, and yet gets so much done. The rehearsals are wonderful things to watch. There's always a lot of kidding around and playing. Oh, they get things done, of course. But it's an easygoing sort of work. It's just fun to watch those rehearsals. I can't think of any other star that's true of."

In discussing his way of life, Garry himself can be quite frank. "I can't help feeling," he says, "that, if by being kind to other people and pleasant whenever possible, you can make things easier for everybody, it certainly makes a lot of sense to be that way."

"After all," Garry continues, "there's a certain amount of work to be done. That in itself isn't much fun to do. If, on top of the work, you have to fight tension and fear, then it makes the work that much more difficult to perform. Doesn't it make sense, then, to be pleasant and kind, if by doing so you make things easier?"

"Besides," he adds with candor, "it makes things easier for me, too, you know."

Perhaps another indication of the way of life of Garry Moore is the fact that all of his daytime show personnel have been with him since its inception. The group includes Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Howard Smith and Durward Kirby.

"Now don't think," Garry says of them, "that they're on the show because of kindness! They're not. They're there because they've got talent. Otherwise, they'd be fired. There have been others on the show who were, you know."

Be that as it may, the fact that they have all seen fit to stay with Garry for the five and a half years the show has been on the air, working with him and with each other five days a week, indicates they like the atmosphere surrounding the show.

In commenting on things about the show, Durward Kirby has said, "It's wonderful. If one of the people has a good reason for being off the show some day, it's all right. We just work around him or her. And that's that. No trouble at all.

People come first, so far as Garry's concerned."

Once, when Denise Lor wanted to take her son, Ronnie, to a new school and see him enrolled properly, it was Garry who insisted that she absent herself from the show that day to make it possible.

Miss Lor says about Garry: "His attitude toward the people who work for him can best be illustrated by what he told me one day. Something like this: 'Denise, you should do everything to develop and exploit your talents. The public may someday accept you as a star and you may become important enough to leave this show and strike out on your own. I hate the thought of having you ever leave the show. But, if there's anything I can do to help you get further recognition—if there are any doors I can open, anything at all I can do—let me know and I'll do my best.'

"And Garry has lived up to that promise—not only with me, but with others of his show-business associates as well. Some months ago I needed a film of one of Garry's programs to show to an advertising agency which was considering hiring me for a guest appearance on another show. I asked Garry if he could help me borrow a kinescope and he said, 'Sure, take the one of the show we did last week, when I blew my lines and you covered up for me.'

"I told Garry that I certainly would not show any advertising agency any such thing which might show him off in a bad light. 'Don't be silly,' he chided, 'it makes you look good, and it might help you get the job.' So saying, he got the kinescope film for me. (P.S. I got the job.)

"Offhand, I can't think of any other star who would willingly allow an ad agency man to see him in a possible bad light in order to help a lesser member of his cast."

Denise adds: "Garry, off stage as well as on, is a wonderfully warm and understanding person. I'll never forget the first time he and his wife came to visit our home. My older son, Ronnie, has the kind of hair that simply won't stay combed. But, when he heard that Garry—my boss—was coming to our house, he spent hours combing his cowlicks in order to look his very best. Sure enough, a few minutes after Garry arrived, Ronnie's cowlicks started popping up all over the place, and Ronnie started to feel embarrassed. Garry straightaway put him at his ease. 'I have hair just like yours,' he confided to Ronnie. 'I have twelve cowlicks. That's why I have mine crew-cut.'"

Many people—both viewers and members of the television industry—have commented often about how relaxed and serene Garry always appears on the air. "This is not the case," Garry has replied, both on and off the air. "Many times when I seem to be composed and cool, inwardly I'm in a turmoil about something that has gone wrong or something I'm about to do."

But it is obvious to everyone that, most of the time he is on the air—and almost all of the time he is not being seen by his audience—he is at peace. He seems to be at peace with the world and, more important, at peace with himself.

Quite frequently, people comment about how Garry Moore looks a great deal younger than his forty years. This, too, may be attributed to the fact that he has found inner peace which allows him to relax and be free from the strains which show on the faces of other people.

Thus it would seem that, by living the precept which he gives to others on the air, Garry Moore has achieved a great deal. And it would also seem that, if the philosophy has been able to do all this for him, it is reasonable to expect it to do the same for others.

"Be very kind to each other!"

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