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AUGUST, 1956

N.Y., N.J., CONN. EDITION

VOL. 46, NO. 3

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Cover portrait of Alice Lon and Lawrence Welk by Robert Perkins

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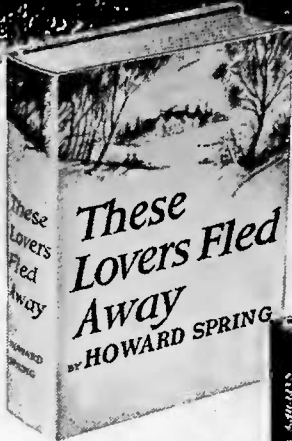


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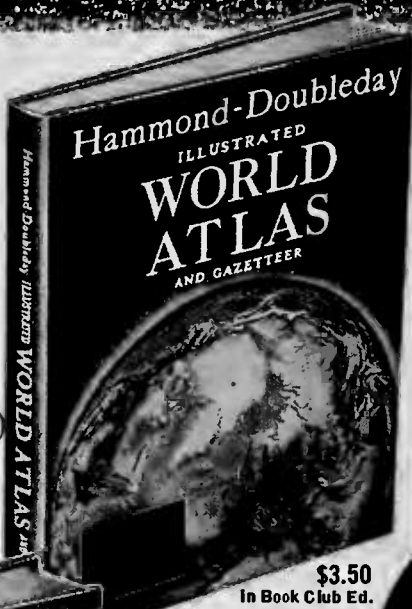
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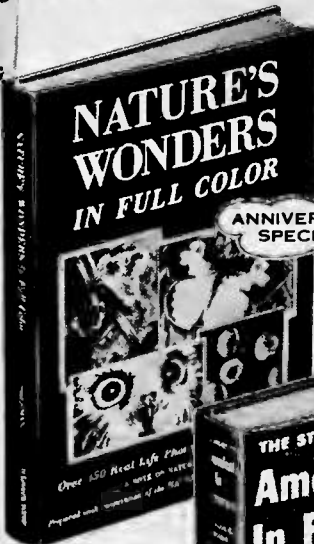
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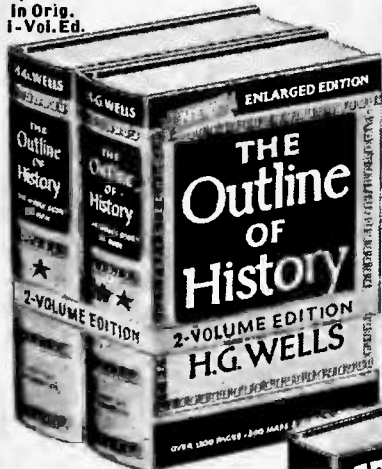
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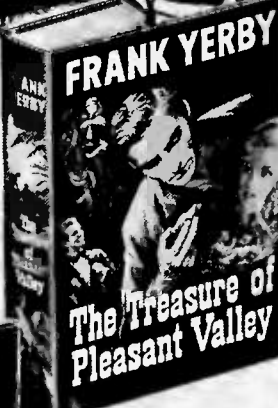
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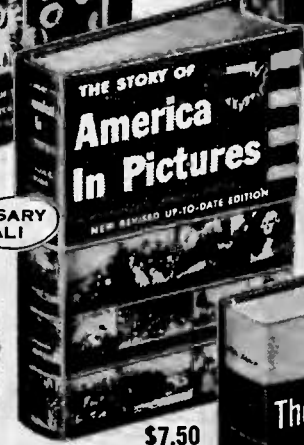


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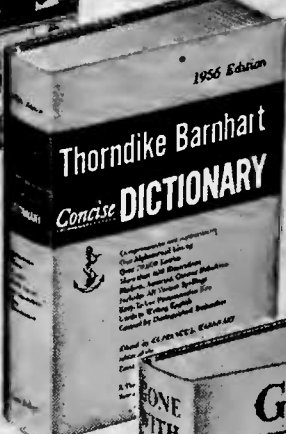
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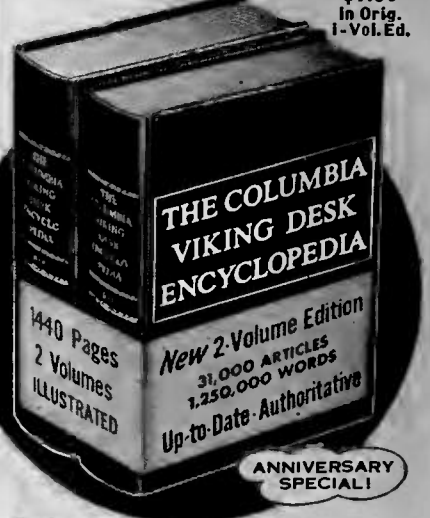


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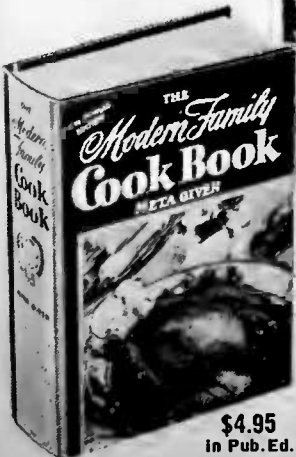
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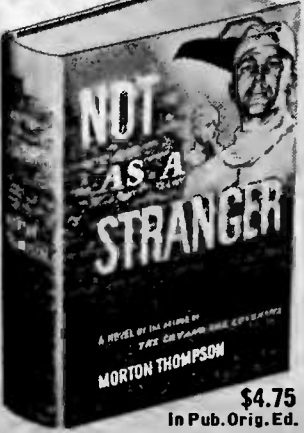
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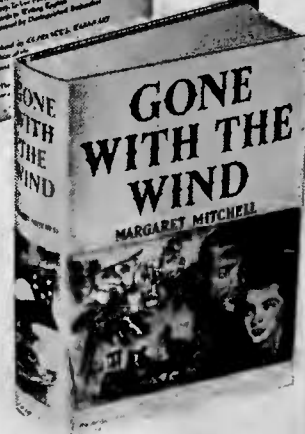


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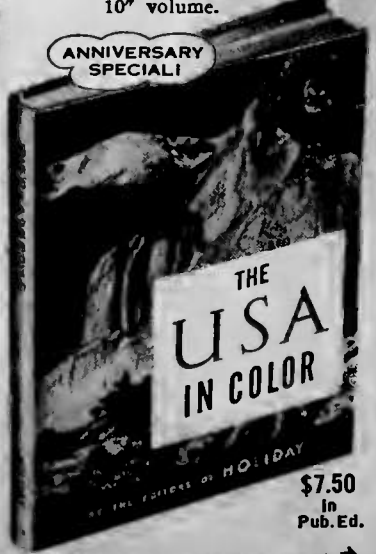
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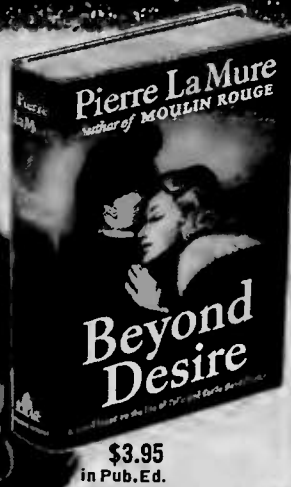
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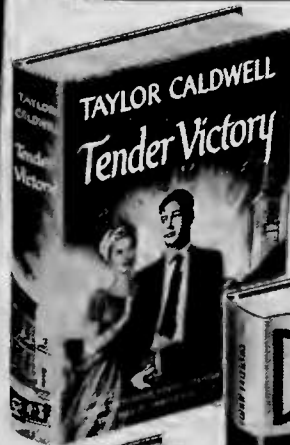
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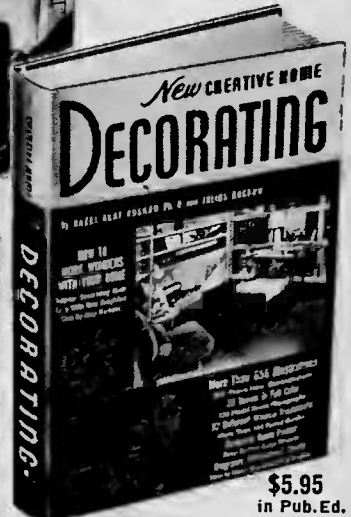
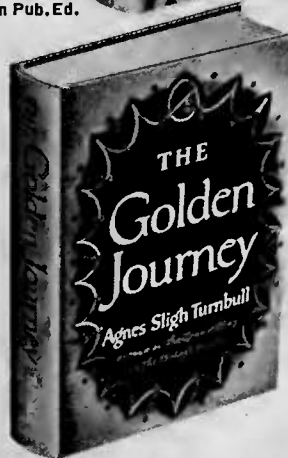
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John Conte



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Warren Berlinger

information booth

Versatile Host

I would appreciate some information about John Conte, the host of NBC-TV's Matinee Theater.

B. F., Milwaukee, Wis.

The multi-talented John Conte first realized that his heart belonged to show business when he sang "O, Susanna" in a grammar-school production. At the age of five, John and his parents moved from his birthplace, Palmer, Massachusetts, to Los Angeles. At Lincoln High School, he started serious vocal study. Later, he graduated to the Pasadena Playhouse, in order to learn the art of acting. . . . A staff announcing job on KHJ in Los Angeles led to similar work on network shows. His rich baritone voice was initially heard as the singing emcee of the Frank Morgan-Fannie Brice radio show. Broadway audiences acclaimed him in "Windy City," "Allegro," "Carousel" and "Arms and the Girl"—the girl being Nannette Fabray. . . . The year 1950 brought the handsome singer to the TV screen with the successful *John Conte Little Show*, as well as on other dramatic programs. When "Carousel" was revived at New York's City Center in 1954, John played an important part in its success. That year, he married Ruth Harris, a red-haired beauty from Atlanta, Georgia. Their permanent residence is in Hollywood.

Start at the Top

I would like some information about Doris Drew, the singer on the Tennessee Ernie Ford Show, on NBC-TV.

C. D., Mound, Tex.

The brunette, hazel-eyed songstress, Doris Drew, just never paid much attention to the axiom, "Start from the bottom and work yourself up." With typical Texas spirit, the San Antonio lass left her home to enter a talent contest in Los An-

geles and was the victor over 3,000 other entrants. Doris's prize was an engagement with Frankie Laine at the Million Dollar Theater. In rapid order came bookings in other plush bistros—then a recording contract. After Johnny Desmond signed her for a thirteen-week run, Doris moved right into her own network series and a daily TV show. . . . Returning to the West Coast, she joined the *Jack Carson Show* and then stepped into the spotlight as a singing star on the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*. . . . An outdoor girl, Doris loves to golf, swim and ride horseback. In private life, she's Mrs. Larry Allen, wife of the noted comedian. With three-year-old Danny, the Allens live in a new ranch-style home in North Hollywood. Doris is as much at home cooking and sewing as she is with a dreamy ballad or novelty tune.

Actor—Par Excellence

Please publish some information about John Cassavetes, who has appeared on numerous TV dramatic programs.

S. L., Normandy, Mo.

One of the nation's most rapidly rising young actors, John Cassavetes has been seen on stage, motion pictures and TV. A native New Yorker, the twenty-six-year-old performer studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. . . . In well over fifty television plays, John has run the gamut from tragedy to comedy—as the sullen delinquent in "Crime on the Streets" (which he later recreated in the movies), as the comic relief in "Combat Medic" and as the touching ex-prizefighter in "Bring Me a Dream." His performance in the Broadway production of "End as a Man" won acclaim from critics. . . . Several years ago, during a visit to Provincetown, Massachusetts, John met a young actress named Gena Rowlands, who is now his wife. At present, Gena is appearing on Broadway in "Middle of the Night," with Edward G. Robinson. . . .

Once an assistant stage manager and understudy for the Broadway comedy, "The Fifth Season," John treasures the advice of the play's star, Menasha Skulnik, who said, "If you can't have fun and be comfortable, there's no sense being an actor." John has never forgotten that.

Pot-Shot to Stardom

Would you please give me some information about Warren Berlinger, who plays Jerry in The Secret Storm, on CBS-TV?

S. C., Memphis, Tenn.

When Warren Berlinger was eight, taking aim at one of the "Indians" in the neighborhood—he was a "cowboy"—a woman's well-directed potshot propelled him, holsters and all, into an acting career. Born August 31, 1937, in Brooklyn, New York, where he still resides, Warren recalls that Mrs. Tracy stopped him, just between cap-gun fusillades, to ask whether he would like to be in the movies. Thinking he had an invitation to a matinee, the youngster led the lady to get his mother's permission. Mrs. Berlinger listened as Mrs. Tracy explained that auditions were being held for a role in the movie version of "Life With Father." . . . As it happened, Warren didn't get the role, but was told instead to go to Joshua Logan's office. There, he was promptly hired as Ethel Merman's younger brother in "Annie Get Your Gun." Then, important parts in some of Broadway's top hits followed—"The Happy Time," "Bernardine," "Take a Giant Step," "Anniversary Waltz" and, recently, "A Room Full of Roses." . . . On TV, Warren has appeared on *You Are There* and was the star in "A Night Visitor," on *Star Tonight*. The son of Frieda and Elia Berlinger, Warren enjoys most sports and he is especially proud of his stamp collection. One day he hopes to be able to produce and direct plays—and do a little writing on the side.

(Continued on page 25)

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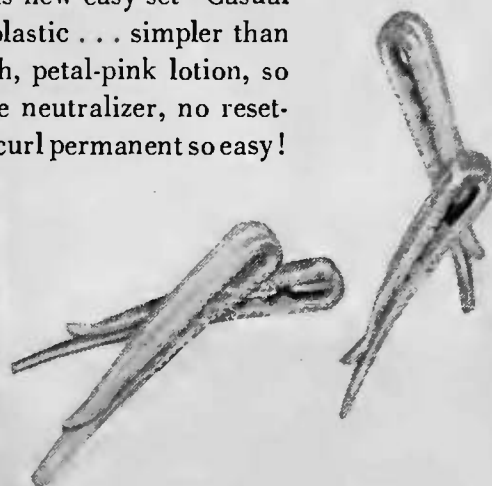


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Retirement? Andy talks of rocking chairs, but how could he sell "Baby"!

Stanley Andrews, the "Old Ranger" of Death Valley Days,

STANLEY ANDREWS first conceived the idea of going into show business when he was a high-school student in Chicago and was also studying the violin. When he broached the idea to his father, a military man, the violin lessons stopped abruptly. "In those days," he grins, "if you mentioned the theater—or smoked a cigarette—you were on your way to Hades." . . . "Andy" never did become a fiddler, but he can look back on a quarter of a century in show business. For the past four years, he's been seen on television as the "Old Ranger" in *Death Valley Days*. Each week, Andy introduces an authentic dramatization of pioneer days, narrates the story and then summarizes it, telling in his own words what he thinks of it. His silver hair tops a robust frame and Andy's eyes still twinkle as he admits that, while he could never agree with his father about the theater, he did agree for a long time about cigarettes. . . . He didn't change his mind until the first day of rehearsals for "Peg O' My Heart," in Omaha, Nebraska. He'd "taken a shine" to one of the girls in the show—until she asked if Andy wouldn't mind getting a package of cigarettes for her. "I was one of those strait-laced kids," Andy admits, "and I said to myself, 'I can't have anything to do with a girl who smokes!'" . . . But, before the show had ended its run, Andy had managed to swallow his prejudice. He and Frances were married during the show, and she's still "Peg O' His Heart." . . . As newlyweds, Andy and Frances decided to join a repertoire troupe. In those days, salaries ran around five dollars a week, so it took them two years of saving and doing without little extras to be able to afford the costumes and other paraphernalia they needed to be accepted in the show. But save they did, until one day Frances counted up their money and announced triumphantly, "This is it, we are going to hit out for Broadway now." . . . But,



Andy raises prize-winning cattle, flowers and dogs. Here, he romps with Baby Midge and Fran's Andy.



Midwestern by birth, Stanley, as the "Old Ranger," is kin with all storytellers who keep yesteryear alive.

counts a disaster among his blessings

in their second week with the show, a fire destroyed everything Frances and Andy had saved so long to buy. At the time, it was a great blow, but Andy looks back now and says: "It was one of the best things that ever happened to me. We saved for that show, but I think now, all the hard work and the extra effort we put in to make that extra money, it was that experience that has put money in our bank account, that has put us where we are today. We have our health, we've had a full life—thanks mostly to that extra two years of work we put in when we were young." . . . During the war, the Andrews' toured Europe, playing before more than 600,000 soldiers. In Italy, Frances picked up a virus which spread until it finally became necessary to cut into her vocal chords. Now Frances uses "false vocal chords," but Andy says she has never complained. "She's a spunky little Irishman," he explains. Sometimes, he berates himself for having taken her on the tour. "No, don't you fret about it, I don't regret it a bit," Frances tells him. "The happiness that we brought to the boys . . . makes it up to me." . . . Their San Fernando Valley ranch, "Derbyridge," was Frances's idea. "My wife and I are looking for a rocking chair and a pair of slippers about now," Andy says. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Andrews is ever likely to be type-cast as a rocking-chair character. . . . In addition to the normal ranch chores, they raise English bulldogs of champion quality. Their cattle are prize winners and so are their chrysanthemums. They have nephews and nieces who are a great joy to them. And, besides their actual kin, they've adopted the youngsters in the Valley, a number of whom are always dropping by for autographs . . . to enlist Andy's aid in some school activity . . . to pick up a few pointers on acting careers . . . to hear a story . . . or just to say hello. It's still a full life for the Andrews'.



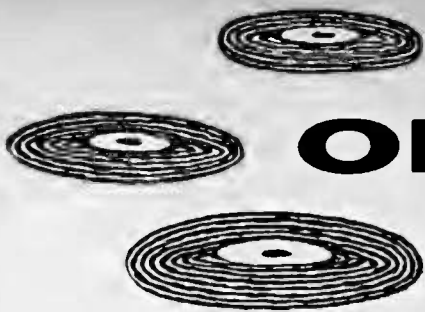
Met and married on the stage, Frances ("a spunky little Irishman") and Andy are a team at gardening.



When Andy doesn't have an early studio call, he and Frances share a light breakfast before ranch chores.



Mr. and Mrs. Andrews agree: "Tangerines are never better than when you grow and pick 'em yourself."



ON THE RECORD

By JOAN WALLACE

It's FUN and sunshine time, and we've got lots of interesting new records on hand for vacation listening.

Let's tee off with The Ames Brothers and their latest album, "Exactly Like You." The brothers have chosen some wonderful standards, both ballad and beat. There are twelve tunes, including such sentimental oldies as "Don't Blame Me," "I Hadn't Anyone Till You," "You're Driving Me Crazy," "You Were Meant for Me," and the title song. Joe Reisman conducts the orchestra. (Victor)

Kay Starr has a new coupling which could be a follow-up hit to her "Rock and Roll Waltz." Kay does "Second Fiddle" and "Love Ain't Right," with Joe Reisman's orchestra and chorus. On the first side, a ballad, Kay belts out the lyrics in her usual strong style. And on the second, she gives it the fast and furious Starr treatment. (Victor)

If you go for collectors' items, Columbia has a "must" release with three separate albums by three great artists in the pop music field: "The Louis Armstrong Story," "The Bix Beiderbecke Story" and "The Bessie Smith Story." Each set is done up in four volumes, and each has emerged as a musical biography of each artist.

Lonnie Donegan, the English lad who sounds like an American country-and-Western singer, and was such a smash with his "Rock Island Line," bids for favor again with his second American release. Lonnie does a folk tune, "Lost John," and a musical yarn about a horse, "Stewball." (Mercury)

Al Hibbler has an album, titled simply, "Starring Al Hibbler," in which the popular

blind baritone sings twelve old standards. Included are such perennials as "You'll Never Know," "Night and Day," "Pennies From Heaven," "September in the Rain" and "Where Are You." (Decca)

Kay Armen's beautiful voice is particularly effective in a pretty new love song, "Love Is You," accompanied by Joe Lipman's orchestra. On the backing, Kay sings an inspirational song, "Tenderly He Watches," with vocal assistance from The Ray Charles Singers. (M-G-M)

If you can't get away for vacation, take some musical trips via Decca's "Your Musical Holiday" albums. They introduced this series last year, with great success, and now they've added some new locales: "Holiday in the Dominican Republic," featuring the dances of Santo Domingo, "Holiday in the South," "In Mexico," "In Spain," "In New York" and "In Barcelona." Each set is all-instrumental and most of them were recorded in the actual place, with native musicians.

Eddie Fisher sings out a new ballad with an old-time flavor, "Sweet Heartaches," and this Victor disc just could be the hit Eddie has been wishing for. The reverse is "On the Street Where You Live," the popular ballad from the Broadway musical, "My Fair Lady." Vic Damone also has a good record of "On the Street," on the Columbia label.

Rock 'n' Roll fans should go for Vicki Young's waxing of "I'm All Shook Up," an amusing rhythm song which she sings with a strong beat. On the flip side, Vicki goes slow with a moving ballad, "Let There Be You." (Capitol)

Another rock 'n' roller, this one by Pat Boone, who seems to get more popular with each record. Pat drives hard on the oldie, "I Almost Lost My Mind," and "I'm in Love With You," a recent ballad. (Dot)

Les Elgart has been riding along for several years now with one of the country's most successful dance bands, notable for the fact he has never used a piano. Now Les had added a keyboard musician, at least for one record, and it's a good one—"Poor Pianist of Paris," adapted from the well-known French melody, "Le Piano du Pauvre." Done Elgart style, it has a honky-tonk feeling. The flip is "The Left Bank," also adapted from the French, "C'est A Hambourg." (Columbia)

The unique vocal style of Roberta Sherwood gets wonderful exposure in her first album, "Introducing Roberta Sherwood." This is the girl who was singing in Miami Beach night clubs and impressed columnists Walter Winchell, Louis Sobol and others so much that they kept plugging for some record company to grab her. Decca did, and now it looks as if they have a big star on their hands. Her first single release, "I Got Lost in His Arms" and "Up a Lazy River," did very well, and is included in her first album. Roberta also sings such things as "Gee, But I Hate To Go Home Alone," "The Glory of Love" and "I Miss You Most of All."



Les Elgart odds o piono for the first time, in his new disc of French songs.

M-G-M is releasing another album by the late Hank Williams, "I Saw the Light." They have collected twelve inspirational and religious songs recorded by the talented performer-composer before his untimely death a few years ago at the age of twenty-nine. The Williams voice is heard on such selections as "Jesus Remembered Me," "When God Comes and Gathers His Jewels" and "The Angel Of Death."

Those barber-shop singing gals, The Chordettes, do it up ballad style on their newest twosome, "Born To Be With You" and "Love Never Changes," with Archie Bleyer's orchestra. "Born To Be With You" has an appealing hymn-like quality, and may be the big side. (Cadence)

Of special interest is Victor's announcement of an unlimited edition of the Nine Beethoven Symphonies, performed by the NBC Orchestra under the direction of Arturo Toscanini. These were recorded in 1953 and released at that time as a limited edition, selling for \$52.40. Now, because of the continued demand for these works, they are packaged in the unlimited edition, and the price is \$27.98.

Doris Day's newest disc combines "Que Sera Sera" (Whatever Will Be Will Be) and "I've Got To Sing Away These Blues," with Frank De Vol's orchestra on the first and Van Alexander's on the second. "Que Sera Sera" is a philosophical ballad from "The Man Who Knew Too Much," the movie in which Doris co-stars with Jimmy Stewart. (Columbia)

All the original musical scores created by composer-conductor David Broekman for the *Wide Wide World* TV show are now available in an album, "Music From *Wide Wide World*." In addition to the lovely *Wide Wide World* theme, such compositions as "Cable Car San Francisco," "Palm Beach Waltz," "Carlsbad Caverns," "Texas Cowboy," "Autumn in Nebraska," "Grandma Moses," "Grand Canyon Music" and "Down to the Sea" have been recorded by Broekman's orchestra. All these were written especially for the program's roving live-camera reports.



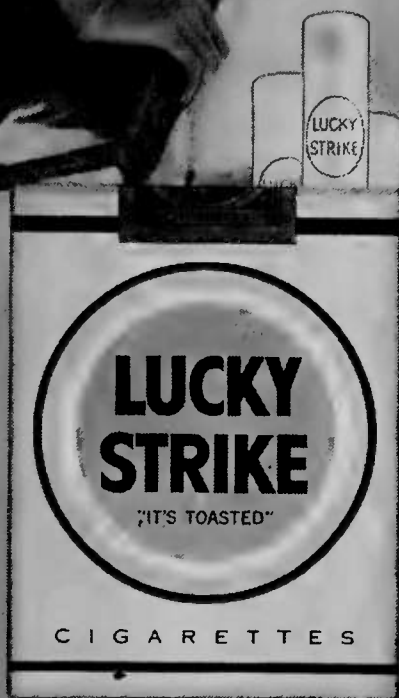
Doris Day waxes philosophical in a song from "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

LIGHT UP A LUCKY—it's light-up time!



"IT'S TOASTED"
to taste better!

MAN OVERBOARD . . . for a great cigarette . . . for the taste only a Lucky can give you. Luckies taste better because they're made of fine tobacco . . . light, naturally good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. You'll say a Lucky is the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked.



LUCKIES
TASTE BETTER
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!

Everybody says "Uncle" as Joe Bova
and his five alter-egos
delight the young-at-heart on WABC-TV



Mr. Blooper



Mr. Lob-Dob



Pedro



Waldo



Rembrandt



Enjoy what the kids enjoy—that's Joe's TV theory. Here, he practices it on Uncle Joe Bova Day at Palisades Park.

TIME FOR FUN

NEXT to Uncles Sam and Miltie, Uncle Joe Bova may have more nephews and nieces than anybody. Or is it anybodies—since Joe combines quick-change artistry with a split personality? . . . Not counting the mothers, who aren't revealing their ages for publication, Joe's audience on *Time For Fun*—seen weekdays at noon on New York's Station WABC-TV—ranges from three to twelve. They know it's always Joe, no matter what the makeup. Part of the sheer theatrical fun of this program of games and stories is watching Joe in the game of "dressing up!" . . . A pair of specs and overalls, and Joe becomes Mr. Blooper, a genial handyman. A mustache and bowler hat, and he's the sad Mr. Lob-Dob. A serape and a sombrero, and there's Pedro, a friendly Mexican boy filled with six-year-old wonderment. A battered hat and patchwork suit, and there's the farcical Waldo the Clown. A pair of floppy ears and a balloon-like nose, and there's Rembrandt the Spaniel. . . . A T-shirt and derby and there's Uncle Joe himself, teaching dancing to youngsters—and their mothers . . . telling stories . . . and suggesting, in ways far more effective than obvious preaching, that his young friends be on good behavior. . . . Joe is a bachelor with a natural

talent for "fathering." He likes children. He understands them. He's never forgotten what it was like to be a child himself, back in Cleveland, Ohio. At 10, Joe began an acting and dancing career on a home-town radio station. After playing leads in high-school plays, he won the Edgar Bergen Scholarship to Northwestern University. He sandwiched in three years with the Army, then graduated in 1948 and went to work in Cleveland radio. He was WNBK program director when, in 1953, a children's show was in the planning stage. Joe auditioned on Friday, started before the cameras on Monday. Its popularity in Cleveland brought the show to New York, where it's directed by John Paul Jones, produced by Daniel Wilson—and still as spontaneous as when it started. . . . Joe lives in a bachelor apartment off Central Park West. He alternates on a cycle of his own cooking and restaurant fare. He enjoys golf, swimming, and theater-going and makes personal appearances at supermarkets. . . . Both the Polo Grounds and the Palisades Amusement Park have celebrated Uncle Joe Bova days. Conversely, Joe likes New York. "A city is the friends you have there," he says. Joe's are "mostly with lots of children."

Heavenly Comfort

ALL DAY LONG...FOR EVERY SUMMER ACTIVITY!



*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.

*Exclusive bias-cut elastic side panels self-adjust to your every motion.

*Elastic back sets low, won't ride up. Elastic front band stays smooth.



To score on form, wear Playtex white Bandeau. Elastic side panels assure heavenly comfort!



Cycle all day in style and comfort! Playtex Living Bra rounds your curves perfectly!

PLAYTEX *Living* BRA*

Won't shift, slide or ride ever! Glorious for sports . . . and glorifies your fashions! No other bra allows such complete freedom for action. All-elastic body self-adjusts to your every motion; never binds, never rides up. Sculptured nylon cups stay high, round . . . divide divinely, support superbly! As flattering for dates as for daytime activities. In wonderfully washable white or non-run black. Sizes 32A to 40C, \$3.95. D-Cups slightly higher. In the Playtex package at your favorite store.

Also see the High Style Bra in "party-pretty" cotton. White. Only \$2.95.



There's sure allure with your Living® Bra. Wonderful under all your summer fashions!

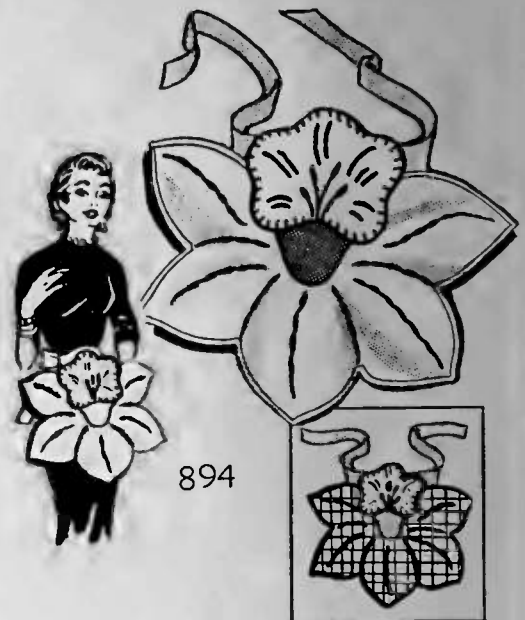
NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



7102

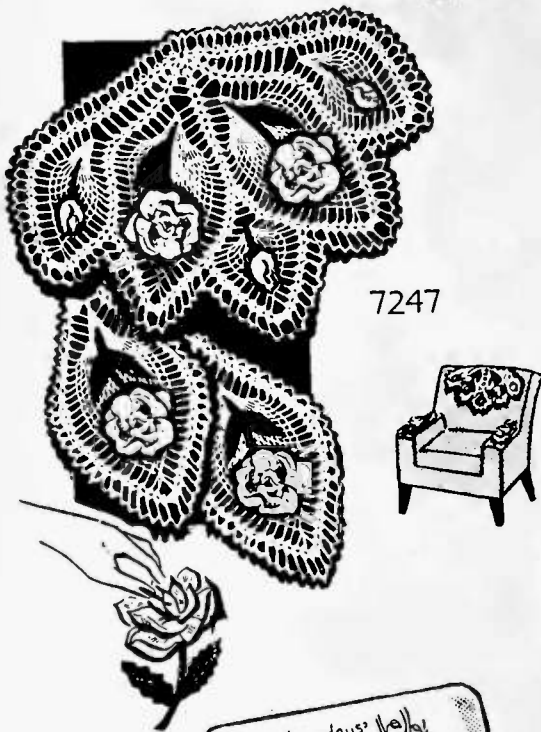
7102—Perfect topping for your new fashions—graceful cape crocheted in easy, pretty pattern. Directions for sizes Small, Medium, Large included. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢.

894—Remnants of colorful fabric form the pretty petals of this life-like "flower" apron! Embroidery transfers, directions for making apron 16 inches long. 25¢.



894

7247—Roses in vivid color—combined with a background of your favorite pineapple design! Easy to crochet as a stunning chair or buffet set. Chair-back 11x15 inches, armrest 6x8½ inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton. 25¢.



7247

594—Crochet a graceful bowl to hold fruit and flowers—lovely matching doily beneath! They're worked together—in gay contrast colors. Doily-bowl combination, or 17-inch doily alone; quick crochet in jiffy cotton. Starch bowl for stiffness. 25¢.

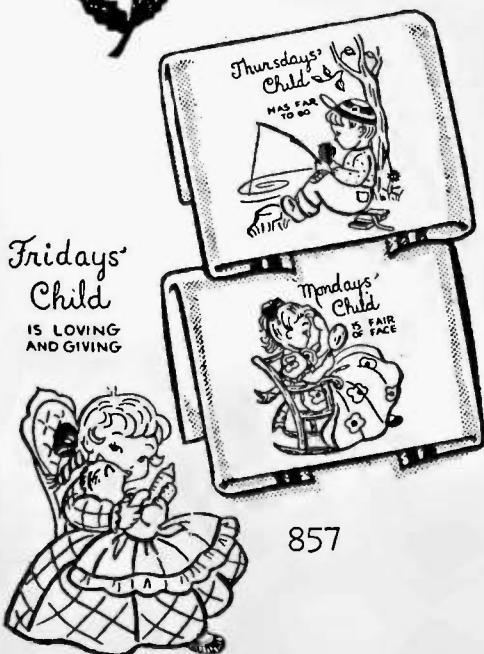
857—Brighten kitchen towels with these gay motifs! Seven little cherubs to embroider—a cheery aid for each day of the week. Set of seven different transfers included, each design about 6x6½ inches. 25¢.

738—Even beginners will find it simple to crochet this lovely new doily. It's all done in a jiffy—in favorite pineapple design. Crocheted doily 19 inches in mercerized crochet and knitting cotton; smaller one to match. 25¢.

7309—Favorite jumper—iron-on flowers in combination of pink and green spark the neckline of the solid color version! Misses' Sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern, washable color transfers. State size. 25¢.

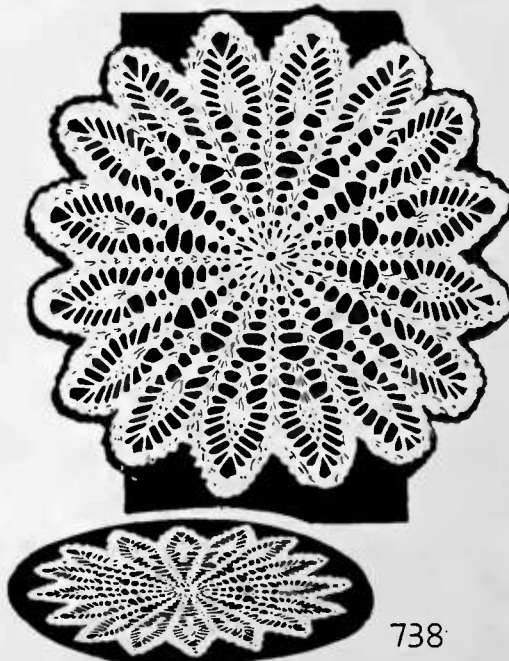


594



Fridays' Child
IS LOVING AND GIVING

857



738



7309
SIZES
12-20

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

DON'T EVER SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR

without putting back the life shampooing and hot summer sun take out! Restore life, luster, manageability instantly!

If you always hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, *in summer you've got a double problem!*

Not only does shampooing make your hair too dry, but the hot summer sun further damages it and dries it out.

So what happens? After shampooing your hair, you have to wait *days and days* for the natural beauty oils to come back. Chances are . . . just when your hair begins to look and act alive, you need a shampoo again!

You have a real problem!

Let's face the facts: At this time of year, isn't your hair so dry most of the time that you can't do a thing with it?

Well, why don't you do something about this?

You aren't the only one who has this problem. Millions of women hate to shampoo their hair in summer for exactly the same reason. That's why Helene Curtis invented SUAVE. And look what it does.

The instant you finish washing and drying your hair, rub a little SUAVE over your palms, and stroke through your hair thoroughly. Then brush and arrange your hair . . . *and look at the amazing difference!*

Suddenly your hair combs, sets and arranges like magic! It's manageable! No wild wisps. Dryness is gone!

A miracle has happened!

Your hair is silky soft, bursting with highlights . . . with the prettiest, healthiest-looking glow you ever saw!

And it *stays* wonderfully in place, without the slightest oily look or feel!

That's the miracle of Helene Curtis' beauty discovery—*greaseless lanolin*—now in new SUAVE . . . a hairdressing so wonderful that it makes your hair soft, beautiful, radiant and manageable in 20 seconds after shampoo, even in summer!

So do as Helene Curtis tells you

"No matter if you are 16 or 60, don't ever shampoo your hair again without using SUAVE to restore the beauty oils you have just washed out. Do this, and I promise you your hair will look so radiantly beautiful, so satin-soft, so eager to wave, you'll get compliments galore!"

Start using SUAVE today! Choose the famous liquid or the new creme SUAVE, whichever type you prefer. At any cosmetic counter.



HELENE CURTIS
Suave*

HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Choose Liquid
or new Creme
59¢ and \$1
(plus tax)



*From news to sports to turntable,
Gus Saunders makes for Easy Listenin'
on WNAC and the Yankee Network*



Gus Saunders married the boss's daughter, Mary, and they live happily afterwards. She understands his work, poses for his camera—and shares the kitchen.

TRIPLE PLAY IN BOSTON

WHAT'S in a name? Plenty! In the case of Gus Saunders, the name of his record show is *Easy Listenin'*, heard weekdays from 2 to 3 P.M. and Saturday from 9:15 to noon on Boston's Station WNAC. The name says it all—and could do triple duty describing Gus's news, sports and special events chores, as well. Gus relays the headlines on Tuesday and Thursday at 7:30 A.M. and beams his newscasts to the Yankee Network on Tuesday and Thursday at 7:15 and 8 A.M. and on Saturday at 9 A.M. Occasionally, he's also visible, on WNAX-TV, handling commercials, commenting on fashion, and pinch-hitting for Louise Morgan. . . . Noted for his knack with an interview or an ad lib, Gus first caught mike fever via his high-school broadcasting club. Then radio turned out to be a fine way to work his way through Harvard. On his very first audition, Gus won a berth on WMEX. A dozen years ago, he joined WNAC, covering fall-by-fall wrestling and blow-by-blow boxing. He scooped every wire service with his on-the-scene reporting, from a Coast Guard plane, of the famous Bar Harbor, Maine fire. His on-the-spot coverage of the Worcester tornado and, more recently, his exclusive interviews during the Charlestown State Prison

break, won national acclaim. . . . It was a headline event, the fuel shortage, that introduced Gus to his wife Mary. When Mary's high school closed down for six weeks, she took to visiting at WMEX, which her parents owned. Gus married the boss's daughter, who's also a radio programmer. . . . The Saunders' live in a six-room ranch house in Waban, a suburb of Newton, Massachusetts. There's a workshop for Gus's woodworking and a built-in darkroom for his photography hobby. Both Mr. and Mrs. use the kitchen, and Gus also has a fine knowledge of vintage wines. . . . When Arthur Godfrey was in Boston for his hip operation, he and Gus had much to talk about. Several years back, Gus had the same doctor, the same hospital room and the same hip operation, the result of a football injury. . . . As an undergraduate at Harvard, Gus majored in economics and government and acquired a reading and speaking knowledge of Italian, French and Spanish. Recently, he completed graduate courses in history and government, with an eye to an eventual news-analyst post. The knowledge also comes in handy at the travel agency he runs in Boston. Although he plots faraway trips for others, Gus himself stays within *Easy Listenin'* distance.

You can't see what's happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won't spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can't see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

But daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! Then Dial *keeps on working*—underneath your make-up! So your complexion is protected all day!

What's Dial's secret? It's AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap.



Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!



The Hansens—Robin Morgan, Judson Laire, Peggy Wood as *Mama*, Dick Van Patten, Rosemary Rice—may be off this fall.



One Man's Family—J. Anthony Smythe, Bernice Berwin, Mary Adams—starts its 25th year on radio.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO

By JILL WARREN

NETWORK executives may caucus in smoke-filled rooms—or maybe they don't. Certainly, when and where they do meet to discuss programming, letters from their audience get a very thorough airing. Most listeners and viewers fail to realize that they can get the kind of programming they want just by speaking up. There is audience suffrage—and here's a chance to exercise it. As the schedule now stands, *Mama*—which has won a TV RADIO MIRROR gold medal every year since its first season in 1949—will be missing from the fall TV picture. Perhaps some of the readers who voted for *Mama* in our nationwide poll would like to cast another vote for the Hansens by writing to CBS-TV, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Viewers were urged to overburden the willing mailmen—and also use the phones—when Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, appearing this month at the Copa, did a Muscular Dystrophy telethon over Du Mont's New York channel, WABD. People in other parts of the country who didn't see the telethon may send their contributions to: Institute for Muscular Disease, P.O. Box 526, New York 8, N. Y.

With vacation time upon us, summer replacements and the usual changes of shows and schedules are ditto. *The Paul Whiteman Show* is a Tuesday-night musical half hour on NBC-TV. "Pops" presents a name star as his guest, who in turn introduces a newcomer-protége.

Dick Powell returns to TV on NBC, Friday night, July 13, with a half-hour program called *Best In Mystery*. Dick takes over for *The Big Story*, which returns August 31.

Robert Montgomery Presents changes format on Monday nights, switching from a big-star policy to the Montgomery Stock Company. Repertory actors, including Jan Miner, Charles Drake, Tom Middleton, and Elizabeth Montgomery, will take over for the summer in hour-long productions.

Peter Lind Hayes substitutes for Arthur Godfrey on Godfrey's daytime radio and television shows on CBS, beginning July 30 for at least six weeks, maybe more. And Bob Crosby will emcee *Talent Scouts* from Hollywood.

Screen Directors' Playhouse has moved to ABC-TV and will be seen Wednesday nights. On the July 11 show, Linda Darnell is starred in "White Corridors," and Michael Wilding will star July 18, in "The Carroll Formula."

CBS-TV's *Brave Eagle* wasn't brave enough to buck the terrific *Disneyland* rating on Wednesday nights, so the network hopes to distract the small fry from *Disneyland* with a new show, *Cartoon Theater*, featuring Dick Van Dyke, formerly of *The Morning Show*.

World Music Festival, on CBS Radio, Sunday afternoons, has scheduled some interesting programs for July. On the 8th and 15th, they will present the Sibelius Festival, recorded in Helsinki,

Finland. Gerard Souzay, the French baritone, will be featured, and the conductor will be Jussi Jalas, the son-in-law of the famous Finnish composer. On July 22nd and 29th, the Ojai Music Festival, from Ojai, California, will be broadcast. Igor Stravinsky will conduct his own work, "Les Niches."

The July 20th *Crossroads* show, on ABC-TV, will present "Mightier Than the Sword," with Carl Benton Reid. It is the true story of a Baptist minister who smuggled Bibles behind the iron curtain from West Berlin.

Another interesting show on ABC-TV will be seen on *Bold Journey*, the documentary adventure series, Monday night, July 16. The title is "Woman of the Rivers," and it's the story of a real person, Mrs. Georgie White, who is affectionately known in the Pacific Northwest as the "River Rat," because of her career and experiences along the Salmon and Snake Rivers. John Stevenson will be the narrator.

NBC has a big summer spectacular coming up on *Producers' Showcase*, Monday night, July 23. It's an hour-and-a-half production of "Rosalinda," based on the opera "Die Fledermaus," with the music by Johann Strauss. The cast includes Cyril Ritchard, Jean Fenn and Lois Hunt.

Howdy Doody has become a half-hour Saturday morning summer show on NBC-TV, with new features and characters. There'll also be a seven-



Cast as Sid Caesar's TV wife, pert Janet Blair contemplates fall fun.



Going to bat against muscular dystrophy, zany Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin clowned through a telethon on New York's Du Mont station, WABD.

COAST

piece musical combination called "The Howdy Doodlers," and some new adventure cartoons. *Howdy*, which was television's original and longest-running children's program, started on NBC December 27, 1947, but after all these years as a Monday-through-Friday afternoon program, it finally went off the weekday schedule, due to falling ratings. *Mickey Mouse Club* seems to have gathered the junior viewers.

This 'n' That:

Audrey Meadows, who is Alice Kramden of "The Honeymooners," wired her TV husband, Jackie Gleason, on May 26: "Dear Ralph—So sorry but I'm becoming a bigamist today, marrying Randy Rouse. Love, Alice." Audrey's father performed the ceremony, sister Jayne was matron of honor, her husband, Steve Allen, was an usher.

Gary Crosby, Bing's boy, will be doing his crooning for Uncle Sam for a while instead of on records and TV. Gary's twin brothers, Philip and Dennis, are also in the Army, and the youngest, Lindsay, is in high school.

Jane Froman is establishing residence in Las Vegas, and plans to divorce her husband, Capt. John Burns. He was the pilot who saved her life in the tragic Lisbon plane crash during the war. Jane hopes to be on TV this fall.

One Man's Family has just started its twenty-fifth year on the air, with three of the original seven cast members still

portraying their original roles—J. Anthony Smythe, who plays "Father Barbour," Page Gilman, as son "Jack," Bernice Berwin as daughter "Hazel."

Also celebrating anniversaries are *When A Girl Marries* and *The Romance Of Helen Trent*. *When A Girl Marries* has just started its eighteenth year, with Mary Jane Higby still playing the lead, as she did in 1939 when the program began. *Helen Trent* will be twenty-three years old July 24. She started out her long run in Chicago, with Virginia Clark as "Helen." Then, when the program moved to New York City in 1944, Julie Stevens took over the role.

Songstress Judy Johnson, of the Robert Q. Lewis shows, and her husband, Mort Lindsay, are lullabying a baby boy. Judy plans to return to her vocal chores with Robert Q. in a few weeks.

NBC has signed Ray Bolger, Ken Murray, Esther Williams and impresario Sol Hurok to their contract roster for fall. Bolger will star in his own series, *Washington Square*, an hour-long show to be seen on Tuesday nights. Murray, as producer-performer, may do a variety show. Esther Williams will star in a huge aqua spectacle in early fall, with NBC also financially backing the swim queen when she tours Europe with her water special this summer. Hurok will create and produce special shows for NBC this coming season. He did the highly successful "The Sleeping Beauty."

Mulling the Mail:

Mr. G. S., Selma, Alabama: Teresa Brewer is married, and has three children. Incidentally, she recently won the Annual Catholic Youth Organization Award for 1956, "in recognition of her talents as an outstanding Catholic personality in the realm of theatrical arts, her service to her church and community as a wife and mother." . . . Mrs. S. MacD., Cohasset, Massachusetts: Orchestra leader Vaughn Monroe is not scheduled for any regular TV show but there has been some talk of his heading up a variety program in the fall. He is currently the voice of RCA Victor on TV. . . . Mrs. F. M., Arvada, Colorado, and others who inquired about *Fibber McGee And Molly*: Fibber and Molly departed the *Weekday* program on NBC Radio, and Frances Horwich took over their time. Presently the McGees, alias Jim and Marian Jordan, are doing no radio work, but their possible TV show may finally get started this fall. . . . The "M" Club, Grosse Point, Michigan: Doretta Morrow, who starred on the recent TV production of "Marco Polo," has sung in many Broadway shows, and had the feminine lead in "Kismet." She is a Max Liebman discovery, and was seen in his "Shooting Star," which never made Broadway. . . . Mrs. J. L., Akron, Ohio: Janet Blair is the girl Sid Caesar signed to replace Nanette Fabray on *Caesar's Hour*. (Continued on page 21)

"X" marks his spot on TV, but away from the cameras, Barry's happy to be

the man called SULLIVAN



Hollywood cast Barry in outdoor sagas, musicals and dramas. On TV, he plays an undercover agent.



Barry's no longer a lone star, now that wife Marie has come out of retirement. But the spotlight at the home of the Sullivans is really focused on nine-year-old Jenny.



IF FEMALE, international spies ought to be svelte and sinuous as Mata Hari's cigarette holder. If male, the espionage experts have more stringent demands for the "perfect" undercover agent. He should be energetic and enterprising, rugged and resourceful, a keen observer and an inspiring leader. "Ken Thurston," whose code name is "X," has been modeled along these lines and, almost as a matter of course, Barry Sullivan was chosen to portray Thurston in the fascinating and frightening dramatic series, *The Man Called X*, syndicated by Ziv TV. . . . If "X" marks Barry's spot on TV, filmgoers will remember him in roles where he was neither undercover nor international. Patrick Barry Sullivan, who dropped his first name in a bow to brevity, is a scion of Cornelius Dan Sullivan, a realtor who can well be proud of all six of his fine sons. Don is a Catholic priest; Jerry, a fireman; Neil, a banker; Joe, a businessman; and Denny, an ad executive with the *New York Times*. The third son, Barry, measures in at six-foot-three and alternates heroes, heavies and character leads. . . . Born August 29,

in New York, Barry studied law at New York and Temple Universities, but his success in college dramatics turned him from juries to audiences. When summer-stock seasons left Barry long on experience and short on cash, he balanced the budget by ushering, selling neckties and canvassing door-to-door. Then came Broadway successes and a summons to Hollywood. . . . Barry's no longer the lone star in his family. His wife, blond Marie Brown, has come out of retirement to appear in "D Day, the Sixth of June." But she says her major career still is ministering to the wants of fourteen-year-old Johnny and nine-year-old Jenny. . . . A starched collar is Barry's pet hate, golf his favorite sport. He loves to paint, but eschews canvas for the sides of houses. He recently painted his own house his favorite color, bright yellow, and he resents friends who call him "an unmechanical type fella." In reply, Barry tells of the time he took his father's watch apart, put it back together and made it run. There were even two parts left over—but keep this quiet; remember, enemy ears may be listening!

WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 19)



Wed to realtor Randy Rouse, Audrey Meadows is twice a "honeymooner."

Nan and Sid are still pals. . . Mrs. S. R., Butte, Montana: Iris Mann, who plays "Anna" on *This Is Nora Drake*, is a seventeen-year-old veteran who used to be heard regularly as a little girl on *Hilltop House* and *Let's Pretend*. . . Mr. B. G., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Gail Davis, who plays *Annie Oakley*, and songstress Janette Davis are no relation whatsoever. . . Mrs. O. W., Tucson, Arizona: Jean Hagen resigned her role as Danny Thomas's TV wife in order to be able to accept other parts offered her—and also because she found the work schedule for "Make Room for Daddy" too confining. The parting was completely friendly. Danny hasn't as yet chosen a new "wife" for his program, but Laraine Day, Jan Sterling and Barbara Hale are all being considered.

What Ever Happened To . . .

Helen Kane, the original "Boop-Boop-Be-Doop" girl, who was a big vocal star several years ago? Helen has married and lives quietly on Long Island. A few months ago she appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, on Steve Allen's *Tonight*, and played the Palace Theater in New York for a week. But she evidently has decided not to resume her career on a full-time basis.

Martha Stewart, who co-starred with Pinky Lee on the *Those Two* TV show a few years ago? The petite singer hasn't worked on radio or TV the past few months, since she is expecting a baby in a few weeks. She is now married to David Shelly. Martha hopes to resume singing after the birth of her child.

Dave Rubinoff, the concert violinist who was in radio years ago with *Rubinoff And His Violin*? He hasn't been too active of late, and has been living in Los Angeles, making occasional appearances. He was recently sued for divorce by his wife, Mertice, his former booking manager.

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 Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?



It's Gardol!
And No Other Toothpaste Helps Protect So Many People So Effectively and So Safely Against Both Bad Breath and Tooth Decay!

HOW COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that fights decay all day! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! Instantly sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth . . . gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day! And Colgate's famous flavor is preferred the world over!



Colgate's with Gardol is safe—even for children under six. No other leading toothpaste* can give you long-lasting Gardol protection, with such complete safety for every member of your family! No other company can match Colgate's 79 years of dentifrice research!

SAFE for Children of All Ages!
SAFE to Use in All Water Areas!
Makes teeth whiter—
cannot stain or discolor!

Cleans Your Breath
While It
Guards Your Teeth



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAULOYL SARCOSINATE.



daytime diary

AS THE WORLD TURNS Chris's unmarried sister, Edith, has been a bone of contention in the Hughes household, for Chris and his wife suspect that Edith offers their two older children more than understanding and small gifts to win their affection. What will happen if they learn that Edith's restlessness stems from her own dilemma—her love for a married man who is Chris's associate? CBS-TV.

AUNT JENNY Littleton happens to be the name of the town Aunt Jenny lives in. But the stories she tells could take place in any town, for they are about people everyone knows. Sometimes Aunt Jenny follows a story to Metropole or even beyond, but she has never yet found that life's big problems differ in different places. And everywhere people meet them much as her neighbors do. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble's tension increases as her husband Larry refuses to sever ties with his erratic leading lady, Erica. On the grounds that Erica is essential to the continued success of the play in which Larry stars, he continues to accept her strange behavior—in spite of the objections not only of Mary but of Erica's husband, Brad. Can Mary head off impending tragedy? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Of all the Reverend Dennis's children, Althea is the only one he knows he doesn't understand. Restless, unpredictable, never sure what she wants, Althea has always been a storm center. What is she after as she plans to settle in New Hope? Why is she so curious about her sister Babby and young minister Stephen Markley? CBS-TV.

DATE WITH LIFE Is marriage really the only career in which a woman finds fulfillment? Tom Bradley, editor of the Bay City News, learned one woman's answer when Laura Appleby gave up her glamorous fashion job in New York to return to Bay City as a wife and homemaker. As with most of the stories Tom tells, the most important part of Laura's will never make headlines. Tom won't print it—but he won't forget it, either. NBC-TV.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Julie Palmer has always been proud of her capable self-sufficiency, bringing to her job as a doctor's wife the same energy as to an important career. But since the Palmers moved West, Julie has had cause to wonder rather ruefully if she wouldn't be better off to turn herself into a clinging-vine, self-effacing type of housewife. Would that be easier for Dan? NBC Radio.

THE EDGE OF NIGHT Sara Lane decides to ignore her mother's unreasonable opposition and go ahead with her engagement to Lieutenant Mike Karr. But Mike has reason to suspect that Mrs. Lane will not be their only obstacle. He has already tangled with Sara's uncle, Henry Lane, enough to realize that sooner or later Lane's business activities are going to be important to him as a detective. Will Lane make Sara's brother Jack a pawn? CBS-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT In spite of her sister-in-law Bertha's frank hopes, the recently-widowed Meta Roberts continues to accept Mark as a pleasant, attractive friend. But not even Meta herself foresees the strange turn this friendship will take. Meanwhile, Dr. Dick Grant is also working at friendship, trying to fill a need in Dr. Jim Kelly's life—but he often wonders wryly if Jim will ever thank him for it. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Ever since the first days of her association with Hal Craig, Meg Harper knew he was dangerous. But not until he became an active threat to her sister Van did Meg realize Hal was not only dangerous but unbalanced. What is the secret of the locket glimpsed by little Carol, the child Van and Paul hope to adopt? Why is it so vital to Hal that Carol be silenced—and how far will he go to accomplish that? CBS-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday's happy marriage to Lord Henry is threatened by two trouble-makers—one sincerely anxious for her welfare and one grimly determined to ruin it. Bill Hunter, Sunday's childhood friend, is so certain that her simple background makes her a misfit as the wife of an English nobleman that he has almost convinced Sunday herself. And Cora Harwood is more than ready to become Sunday's successor. CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Linda Young faces the cruelest kind of dilemma as her long-missing first husband, Jeff, turns up in Elmwood to disprove in person the reports of his death. What is Jeff really after? Is Linda herself sure of her inmost feelings? And how will Pepper manage to control his very natural resentment and suspicion as he struggles to give Jeff a fair hearing? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS From the moment Carolyn agreed to accept a dead friend's legacy, she treated it merely as a trust, knowing instinctively that it was bound to bring trouble and complications

into her life. But, even as trustee, Carolyn is a target for money-hungry connivers. How far will Jack Townsend insinuate himself into her confidence before she is brought up against the shattering truth about him? CBS Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent's efforts to expose the dangerous quackery practiced at the Nixon Sanitarium is finally expedited by a tragic development. With proof in hand, Jim knows that Nixon's operations in Merrimac can be completely discredited. But what if the end of Nixon turns out to mean something unforeseen in Jim's own life? Will a subtle form of blackmail cause Jim to act against his conscience? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen is disturbed and perplexed as it becomes increasingly apparent that lawyer Gil Whitney's divorce has not cleared the way for her marriage to him—at least not in Gil's mind. Absorbed in his new job, he cannot see that in asking Helen to be "nice" to his boss he has introduced a sinister, even fatal, note into their relationship. What will being nice to Kurt mean for Helen? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Harold Small was hired by V. L.'s gang because of his resemblance to V. L.—and because his talent for figures made a good front for their activities. Will they discover that Harold has a few other talents that may make it more difficult than they anticipated to carry out their scheme? Will Harold be able to save the Tates from the disaster that threatens more than the future of the Motor Haven? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Joe Henson's attack on Lew Archer failed, in its initial purpose—Lew survived and recovered. But from it has come something that may in the end do far more damage, an article about the Burtons in a scurrilous magazine called *Dirt*. Stan, Terry, Lew and Marcia are united in their determination to ignore the article. Can they convince Mother Burton that the best way to make things worse is to sue? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Harris's mother faces a common tragedy as she knows she cannot stop her daughter from wrecking her own chance for some kind of happiness. Everyone except Pauline realizes that Peter Ames will never take her as a successor to his dead wife. But Pauline cannot face this fact. What new plan will she develop when she sees that merely taking Jane Edwards away from Peter is not enough? CBS-TV.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE As Nora and David Brown delve deeper into the mystery surrounding the death of Jerome Joss, for which David's parents were unjustly imprisoned, they realize that what appeared a simple personal tragedy is becoming far more complex than they suspected—and that there are people involved of whom they have not yet caught a trace. What has David's boss got to do with the thirty-year-old murder—and the frightening present? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Since her husband's death some time ago, Helen Emerson has striven not only to give her children normal, happy lives, but to make sure that her own life did not get pushed too far into the background—for she knows that a withdrawn, frustrated mother is not the key to a happy home. How will Helen decide if she finds that her chance for happiness conflicts with the needs of her family? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Wendy, experienced in dealing with neurotic, temperamental writers, knows that by allowing Paul Benson to take an increasingly important part in her life she is almost asking for trouble. And yet the new relationship means so much to her that she cannot help hoping her interest and affection will help straighten Paul out. What is behind the frantic efforts of Paul's sister Barbara to discourage Wendy? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES There's almost nobody in town who doesn't know that Joan and Harry Davis can be called on for friendship. To Joan, friendship is constructive and active, and many of her neighbors can testify to its value. In a recent story Joan offered that same brand of friendship to a stranger in town, with surprising results. ABC Radio.

WHISPERING STREETS Like the rest of us, Hope Winslow would be inclined to think that while everybody has problems, those who have plenty of money are just a bit ahead of the game. But recently she became the only friend of a girl whose wealth had created a hurt so deep it was almost fatal. Hope played a big part in this girl's life, as she does in most of those she tells about—in this case, a very satisfying part. ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE When Jessie Carter was younger, she used to think, when a problem had been met and solved, "Well, now that's over." But nowadays she thinks, "Now that's over—but what's next?" For, as mother and grandmother of a growing brood, she is far too experienced now to imagine that the peace which follows a crisis is going to last any length of time. NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Dr. Ted Mason's invasion of Three Oaks and the Clinic has climaxed in a way nobody—least of all Ted himself—expected. Dr. Jerry Malone, practically ousted by Ted's maneuvers, finds that the man who virtually turned his life topsy-turvy now is in desperate need of his help. What happens as a result of Ted's collapse—to the Malones, to Marcia Mason, and to others whose lives Ted affected? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN It seems a long time ago to Ellen that she and Anthony Loring were making plans to marry. The marriage into which he was trapped, even though it ended with his wife Millicent's death, is still, in a way, keeping them apart. And now Ellen wonders desperately if the aftermath of that tragedy will end with her own departure from Simpsonville, for her very means of livelihood has now been threatened. NBC Radio.

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

A non-drying spray-set with
no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay
—the softest way!

"I'm in love with Lustre-Net!"

says ANITA EKBERG, co-starring in

"BACK FROM ETERNITY"

An RKO-Radio Picture



New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net

the spray-set with lanolin esters!

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness, contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining! Actually helps prevent dryness—helps preserve softness with lanolin esters! Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair . . . ends sleeping on pins!

Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!



get new Lustre-Net

recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

THERE ARE
2
LUSTRE-NETS



SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Spray on after combing.
REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only \$1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

FEEL CAREFREE



**ON THE
HOTTEST DAYS
(EVEN AT "PROBLEM TIMES")**

Hot weather's bad enough. But when you have to wear a clinging external pad, a twisting belt, you feel three times as hot! Bring your boiling point down to normal by changing to Tampax. Internal sanitary protection is so comfortable, so unobtrusive, that you aren't even aware you're wearing it. You're free from embarrassing odor, free from chafing—and you perspire far less. How long *can* you go on deliberately making yourself uncomfortable when Tampax is so sure, so secure, so available?

Perhaps the only thing that's holding you back is a nagging doubt or two. Then know that literally millions of women have used billions of Tampax—that it was invented by a doctor for the welfare of all women, married or unmarried, active or not. It's convenient to carry—easy to dispose of.

Don't go through another hot Summer feeling even hotter. Get Tampax now and enjoy every normal activity—even swimming. Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at all drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

**New Patterns
for You**

4605—Easy to sew, a joy to wear—those sleek, slim lines are pure figure flattery. Misses' Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢.

4588—Your favorite shirtwaist dress, with a classic line that's sure to flatter every figure! Step-in styling, jumbo pockets. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 takes $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢.

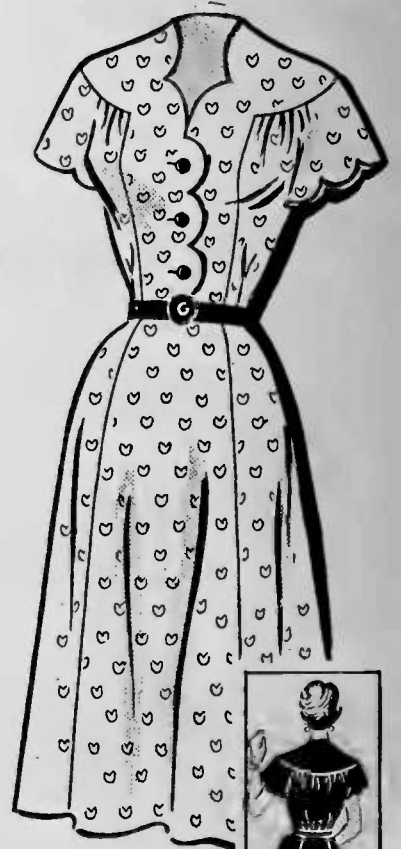
4512—Cut to fit the shorter, fuller figure! Note the cape-like shoulder yoke, sleeves scalloped for femininity. Half Sizes 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ -24 $\frac{1}{2}$. Size 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ takes $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢.



4605
SIZES
10-18



4588
SIZES
12-20
30-42



4512
SIZES
14 $\frac{1}{2}$ -24 $\frac{1}{2}$

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. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.

information booth

(Continued from page 6)

Detective With Dignity

Would you please give me some information about Donald Gray, who portrays Mark Saber on *The Vise*, on ABC-TV?

M. K., Buffalo, N. Y.

The ranks of TV detectives have been invaded by the handsome, dashing, gray-at-the-temple ex-police inspector "Mark Saber." In his weekly bout with crimes Scotland Yard itself is unable to handle. he is played by Donald Gray, a powerful, dynamic six-footer who ended the long search for the star of *The Vise*. . . . If courage and strength of character mark the realistic performances of Donald Gray, the reasons lie in the man himself. Donald was born in South Africa, where his father was an ostrich farmer. An officer in the King's Own Scottish Borderers of the British Army, Donald led a battalion on the D-Day storming of Normandy. A severe wound made it necessary to amputate his left arm. Donald's ready adjustment to this misfortune was followed by his entry into the theater. . . . His first important acting role came in 1951, when he appeared in "Island of Desire." British viewers are well acquainted with his superb talent. It was in England that Edward and Harry Danziger, producers of *The Vise*, tapped him for the part of Mark Saber. . . . The international detective is a unique "private eye"—as firm and tough as any, but with mien and manner that are dignified, understanding, intense and attractive.

Calling All Fans

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

Barry Gordon Fan Club, c/o Stacey Jill Fisher, 100 W. 42 St., Room 702, New York 36, N. Y.

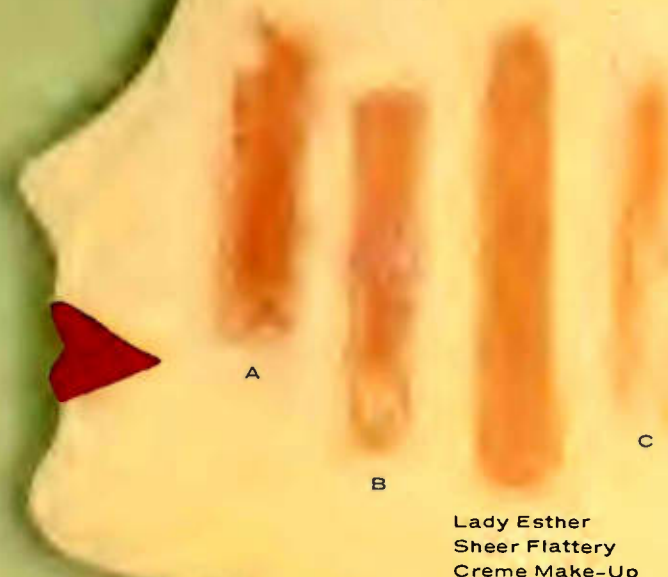
Les Paul and Mary Ford Fan Club, c/o Ernest Lemire, 235 Union Ave., Providence 9, R. I.

Frankie Laine Fan Club, c/o Ann Fingergerman, 21 Sumner St., Milton 86, Mass. (Continued on page 26)



Donald Gray

Dramatic
paper test proves



at last you can be
close-up confident
about your complexion!

A piece of paper can show you quicker than anything else how good your make-up is. Smears, streaks, lines, pores show up on paper at a glance—the way they show up on your skin at close range. And you can see for yourself how much, *much* smoother Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery is than other make-ups tested.

Sheer Flattery is a new sheerer than sheer, creamier creme make-up that smooths on so easily . . . smooths over every blemish so evenly, you can be absolutely confident that the closer he looks the lovelier you'll look.

No other make-up—cream, liquid, or cake—can give you such wonderful close-up confidence in your complexion as Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery! Just look at the paper test! It shows the difference!

6 new "SKIN-HARMONY" shades

blend perfectly with natural skin tones
Stunning pink and French Gray case

79¢ plus tax
price slightly higher in Canada

Lady Esther®

SHEER FLATTERY

Creme Make-Up



©1956 by Lady Esther, Div.

T
V
R

information booth

(Continued from page 25)

Early Start

I would like some information about Anita Louise, who plays Nell McLaughlin on My Friend Flicka. CBS-TV.

S. K., Monticello, N. Y.

Anita Louise has known an admiring audience since early childhood. Passers-by would stop her mother on the street to ask about the unusually beautiful blond child. One of these was a commercial artist, whereupon Anita became a model. . . . Anita Louise Fremault was born in New York City. Her father was a designer of home furnishings and interiors. Her mother was a musician. Anita's first taste of national fame came when she posed as the "Post Toasties" girl. . . . At the age of five, Anita was summoned to Hollywood. When she was thirteen, she was cast as an eighteen-year-old in "Just Like Heaven." Since then, Anita played in countless motion pictures, including "Madam DuBarry," "Bachelor of Arts," "The Story of Louis Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse" and "Green Light." . . . Anita was educated by private tutors and then attended a professional children's school. She excelled in French and became so proficient on the harp that she later performed with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. She is still fluent in French and German and plays the piano well. A tasteful collector of china and silver, Anita also enjoys doing needlepoint. . . . In 1940, Anita decided on a new career—marriage, to Maurice "Buddy" Adler, and, later, children, of which the Adlers boast two—Melanie, now eight, and Tony, five. Although Anita has done occasional TV stints, and a movie in 1952, "Retreat, Hell!", it was not until the role in *My Friend Flicka* was offered that she decided to resume her career. She explains: "I feel I can do it now, with the children growing up. They're in school most of the day and I have plenty of time."

Photos and Clubs

Can you please tell me how to obtain photographs of my favorite TV and radio personalities? I would also appreciate knowing how to get permission to start an official fan club.

L. W., Elgin, Ill.

It's simple. All you have to do, in both cases, is contact your favorite star at the network with which he or she is connected. Here are the New York City addresses of the national nets: NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; ABC, 7 West 66 St.; CBS, 485 Madison Ave.; MBS, 1440 Broadway.

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.*

this is how you feel...

*All over... all day
—wrapped in the flower
freshness of*

Cashmere Bouquet

**Cashmere
Bouquet**

TALCUM POWDER



Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good-grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum powder smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says

Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

Forever Sparkling

**Alice Lon was born to be
the Champagne Lady, to
bubble over with song on
Lawrence Welk's show**

By BUD GOODE

IT WAS Lawrence Welk's idea, back in 1953, to let his local TV audience select a "Champagne Lady" from among a number of aspiring candidates. And, when pert, brown-eyed Alice Lon auditioned for the title, thousands of letters poured in. Some letters had as many as fifty signatures. One school principal *phoned* in saying, "My eight hundred children vote for Alice Lon. If you want us to, we will have them sign their names . . ." Lawrence's secretary, Lois Lamont, assured her they would take her word. But—whether signed by one or fifty—the collective reaction quite obviously was: "We want Alice Lon!"

Why the public was so enthusiastic over lovely Alice was summarized by one viewer, who said, "Alice is so happy when she sings, she makes our TV screen sparkle. Mr. Welk, if you are looking for effervescence and enthusiasm, then you've got it in Alice Lon—for, with her bubbling personality, she truly is a Champagne Lady."

There is an adage that says "He who is happy at his work, works best." Alice gets so much enjoyment from her singing on ABC-TV's *The Lawrence Welk Show* that, at times, she feels she should be paying them. Her mother, Mrs. Mary Lois Wyche, recalls:

See Next Page →



Forever Sparkling

(Continued)

"Alice's first word was 'sing.' By the time she was two years old, she could carry a tune, had memorized lyrics, and sang them as clearly as she does today. Alice just never spoke 'baby-talk.'"

Later, throughout her school life, Alice studied music, harmony, transposition, and sight reading, but today she frequently still learns new songs by ear. While preparing lunch for her children—Bobby, 8, Clint, 6, and Larry, 5—she has the automatic record-player repeating a song. (Recently, Alice mixed peanut-butter and jam sandwiches to the tune of "Ivory Tower.")

Alice was born in Kilgore, Texas, where her father was a plant engineer for Humble Oil. She and her younger sister, Betty Jo, frequently sang duets together. Their mother says that Betty Jo's voice was as good as Alice's, but Betty Jo lacked the interest in singing that Alice had. "In fact," says Mrs. Wyche, "Alice and Betty Jo were as different as oil and water. Betty would rather spend time with her paper dolls and doll house. She played with them until she was twelve. But, in all her childhood, Alice never had a doll nor did she 'play house.'"

"From the time she could first talk," Mrs. Wyche recalls, "Alice was bright and witty. She kept everybody laughing. And she was an active youngster. She was forever climbing things. She conquered every tree in the area. Once—when she was four and Betty two—Alice climbed to the top of the water tower with Betty on her back. It nearly scared me to death. She was dauntless. Once she set her sights on a goal, it was as good as reached."

Alice first sang on radio station KFRO in Longview, Texas, when she was four years old. Her mother played the piano accompaniment while Alice and Betty Jo sang "Dancing With My Shadow." Even at four, Alice began receiving fan mail. "Listeners," says Mrs. Wyche, "thought she was at least eight. She never sounded like a little child. But I can vouch for her age—one of the station girls held (Continued on page 84)



Three reasons why Alice Lon interrupted her music career: All in a row, her sons Bobby, Clint and Larry—setting off for Sunday School. Below, the famous collection of petticoats, which her own mother makes for her.



Alice Lon is the Champagne Lady on *The Lawrence Welk Show*, ABC-TV, Saturday, 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, for the Dodge Dealers of America.



Soda-pop tria: Larry, at 5, warbles like Alice—who sang on radio at 4. Clint, at 6, is "all bay" but ready to join in on any venture. Bobby, at 8, knows some real drum rolls!



Bobby's "the quiet one," except when he gets at those drums (he beats 'em to accompany almost everything on TV). Music lover and snappy dresser, he's ever neat and polite.



Alice's mother, Mrs. Mary Lais Wyche—busy helping with the fan mail her daughter gets on *The Lawrence Welk Show*—says the first word little Alice ever learned was "sing."



Larry and Clint are lively ones. Alice's youngest loves a good scrap—among friends. And Clint is so active he's always coming home with shirrtail out—and holes in jeans.

Living in His Sunshine



So many letters from *Weekday* listeners, from viewers of her TV program and those who saw her on *This Is Your Life!* Most of them ask about her experience with cancer, seeking the affirmative answer Virginia knows so well how to give.

Not much time at home for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Guttenberg—they're often away, touring the country for Virginia's appearances at countless benefits and 20-hour telethons.



Virginia Graham learned—in the shadow of cancer—how the voice of God speaks through man

By ELIZABETH BALL

NO ONE in the world was unhappier than I," says Virginia Graham, "when I knew I had cancer. And, today, no one in the world is happier than I that I *did* have it." . . . A strange statement for a fetching-looking, blond, brown-eyed, and successful woman to make. A valiant statement, too . . . but one likely to provoke incredulity—an *Oh, come now, you don't really mean it!* reaction.

But Virginia does really mean it.

That she does is all the more amazing, since such lovers of life as Virginia—exuberant with the sheer joy of living—do not usually escape the Dark Shadow still healthy of mind and body, happy of heart and unbroken of spirit . . . as Virginia did, in the space of one day, the day of June 21, 1951.

On this day of June 21, Virginia awoke to the morning sun gilding the windows of her hospital room . . . and to the returning memory of why she was here, in the hospital. She had, the day before, lost her expected baby. There was sadness in the loss, but she realized it had not been wholly unexpected. Lynn, her only child, was now fifteen—and fifteen' years between babies is a long time.

Continued ▶

"Family" time is doubly blessed for Virginia, with the husband whose help and faith have meant so much to her, and their beloved daughter Lynn (now in college).





Living in His Sunshine

(Continued)

Part of Virginia's philosophy is to face the question: *What can you do about it?* . . . and, if the answer is *Nothing*, to accept the inevitable without whining or complaining. She used her philosophy then . . . and she had Lynn to go home to—and Harry—and the house in Great Neck, Long Island, which had been home since Lynn was a child of two—and her career, increasingly rewarding as it was. She felt physically fit, too, so well that the miscarriage and the minor surgery which followed might have been an uneasy dream . . . except for the hospital room.

Then the door of her room opened. The doctor came in. Virginia smiled up at him. There was an exchange of "Good morning" pleasantries. Then . . . "I'll be going home," Virginia said—less as a question than as a simple declarative sentence—"tomorrow."

The doctor cleared his throat. "No," he said, "you won't. Little, uh, more work to be done . . ."

"But I thought . . ."

"We'll talk about it," the doctor said, "tomorrow."

"And then, unthinkingly," as Virginia recalls it now, "I blurted out: *'Don't tell me I have cancer!'*"

"Unthinkingly, at the moment," she repeats, "but, actually, I'd been suspecting for about seven years that I had cancer, even though the doctors to whom I went—and I went to several—assured me 'No.' Since I had none of the symptoms commonly associated with cancer—no loss of weight, no loss of appetite, skin clear as it ever was, eyes bright—I suppose it was understandable that the doctors not only pooh-poohed my suspicions but made me feel rather more than a bit of a hypochondriac.

"My mistake—let me say it here—was in going to individual doctors instead of to a Cancer Detection Clinic. A graver mistake was in not believing, as I should have done—as every (Continued on page 69)

Virginia Graham is the hostess of *Weekday*, NBC Radio's daytime service, M-F, from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 3:45 P.M. EDT. Virginia Graham's *Food For Thought* is seen on Du Mont Station WABD (N.Y.), M-F, at 5 P.M.



Great moment for a gallant lady: Ralph Edwards, Virginia and her husband, as she heard the magic words which were to open new doors, "Virginia Graham—*This Is Your Life.*"



Harry takes enthusiastic interest in his wife's work—as she did in his, at a most critical time for them both. "We lead a very full life," says Virginia, giving thanks.





Plants and flowers bring the country into the city home of two ex-suburbanites who no longer have time to commute.



Even the kitchen has an outdoor look, with simulated brick walls and "roses" a-bloom on ceiling and floor.

Virginia and Harry are fully at peace with the world, in a home which is "everything I ever dreamed."



the Mrs. Eddie Fisher I Know



What a kick I get out of seeing that lovelight in their eyes, every time Eddie and Debbie Reynolds Fisher look at each other!

PEOPLE who know that Debbie and Eddie Fisher are our closest friends frequently ask my husband Knobby Lee and me about their marriage: "Peggy," they ask, "are those two really so much in love as they seem to be?" Well, I can safely say that double wedding rings were invented for Eddie and Frannie (Debbie is "Frannie" to her family—and, for the past five years, Knobby and I have considered ourselves part of the family). If there are different kinds of love—like there are different kinds of measles—then I think Frannie and Eddie have caught them all.

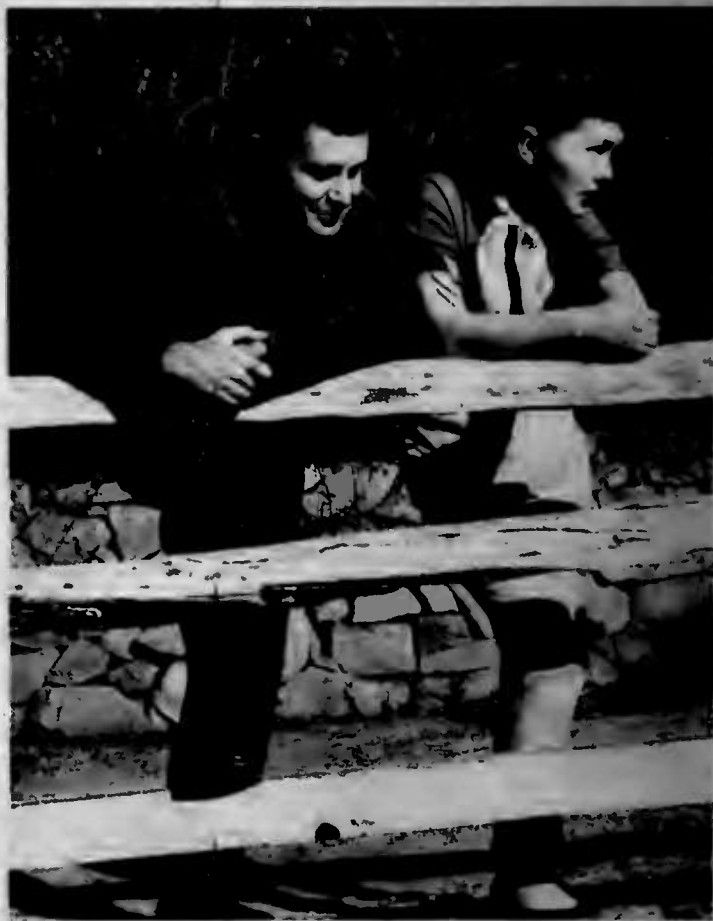
I know they've got that "Sunday-at-home-alone-with-you" variety: When they were in New York last March, I dropped in on them for Sunday dinner (Mexican food that Frannie whipped up). Those two! After six months, it's still hands-across-the-table and candlelight looks. Honestly, they say you see love smouldering in some people's eyes—well, you can. And, believe me, it wasn't the paprika in the tortillas!

I met Debbie (to use the name which all America knows and loves) when we were at M-G-M together in February of 1952. I had come to California hurriedly from New York, after being offered a contract. The most important thing in the world to me then was to meet Jane Powell and Debbie Reynolds—they were everything I wanted to be. Debbie was nearly twenty then, I was twenty-one, and she had just finished "Two Weeks of Love." In my eyes, she was a full-fledged star.

I first ran into Debbie in Metro's (Continued on page 80)

As Debbie's friend, I've heard
their love song grow into a wedding
march—and on to lullaby time

By PEGGY KING



Watching for the stork? Those two are just wild about children—and now they're expecting one all their own.

During the regular season, *Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher* is seen over NBC-TV, heard over Mutual and other radio stations, "Pretty, perky" Peggy King sings on *The George Gobel Show*, as seen over NBC-TV, three Saturdays out of four, at 10 P.M. EDT.



Miss Reynolds, she was then. But I just knew, that very first Sunday, Debbie was giving an "I want you to meet all my friends" kind of party. On the edge of the pool—Mr. and Mrs. Knobby Lee (that's me!), Debbie and Eddie. In the pool, Sari Price and Joey Forman. In hammock, Pat and Jim Mahoney.



Debbie's always had a strong personal philosophy, a positive attitude that's really paying off in happiness today.

There won't be so much hopping around, in days to come, if I know Eddie and the way he feels about caring for Debbie!

They used to go to that big dictionary for their word games. Now they look up proper names—proper for boy or girl.



Arthur Murray rates high as both husband and boss, says Kathryn—now a vice-president of their big enterprise.

The dancing Murrays have collected porcelain figures for years—dancing figures, of course.

She gets up very early in the morning, just so she can cook, and bakes many a cake for Arthur.



Grandmas have the most fun



Too acrobatic for a grandmother? Her daughters sometimes think so!



Books to balance? Na—copies of "How to Become a Good Dancer"!



Good housewife? Yes—Kathryn's learned, since she was a bride!

Kathryn Murray, for one, is glad that "woman's work is never done"

By GREGORY MERWIN

THERE IS 2-in-1 shoe polish—3-in-1 oil—4-in-1 cold tablets. And there is Kathryn Murray, a 5-in-1 grandma. Anyway, at last count, she was five women and threatening to be six or seven. One is an executive vice-president of Arthur Murray Dance Studios; this woman works at her desk from nine-thirty to six or eight P.M. The second woman is the fabulous femcee of *The Arthur Murray Party* every Thursday night on CBS-TV. Third, she doubles as an entertainer, doing an acrobatic dance or performing some of the funniest pantomime on TV. Fourth, there is the housewife who is up at six, every day of her life, to bake or attend to other domestic chores. And the fifth woman has five grandchildren.

"When I say life begins when you're a grandmother, I mean exactly that—but probably not exactly what you're thinking," she says. "A friend of mine put it this way when one of my daughters married: She said, 'Don't think of it as losing a daughter. Think of it as gaining a bathroom.' Well, that's funny but it's realistic, too. You can think of it as gaining freedom from one kind of responsibility plus the (Continued on page 91)



Today, the Arthur Murrays' family includes daughters Jane (in dotted dress) and Phyllis . . . their husbands Dr. Henry J. Heimlich (left) and Edward McDowell . . . and those adorable grandchildren: Philip Murray Heimlich—Martha, Meg and Kathryn McDowell—and Peter Heimlich.



Kathryn emcees *The Arthur Murray Party*, CBS-TV, Thurs., 10 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Prom Home Permanent, White Rain Shampoo, and Hazel Bishop "Once-A-Day" Cosmetics.

IMAGINE ME—

Playing Cupid!

But mothering Dwight Weist as I do,
in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, why
shouldn't I pick out a bride for him?

By ETHEL OWEN



Look what my introduction did—now Dwight and Avery are practically our next-door neighbors.

MY HUSBAND must have suspected right away that I was up to something. Perhaps I did sound altogether too innocent when I remarked, "I do think Avery Hathaway is such a lovely girl." With that he agreed. He even lowered one corner of his evening paper long enough to volunteer, "Right handsome woman. Good neighbor. That little daughter of hers is cute, too."

Having thus delivered his opinion, he again retired into his newspaper cocoon. By all the laws of happy marriage, I was supposed to maintain the comfortable after-dinner silence until he had read all the news, studied the stock market and even compared

Hear Ethel Owen and Dwight Weist in *The Second Mrs. Burton*



When Avery showed me her ring, my husband (John Almy, leaning over us) had to admit I was right—in a way. He'd been warning me not to "meddle" in Dwight's private life, off the air, the way I do on the air, when I'm "Mother" Burton and Dwight's my son Stanley.





Here's someone who took to Dwight almost as quickly as Avery did—her daughter Madeleine.



Both had been married before, and it was a long time before their paths crossed. Oh, it's quite a story—and I just love to tell it!

the prices quoted in real estate ads. But I was trying to develop what might be called an association of ideas, so I persisted: "I saw Dwight Weist at the studio today. He asked about you." Jack's paper descended a cautious couple of inches. "Nice boy, Dwight."

I took the plunge. "Dear, don't you think we should introduce Dwight and Avery?" I thought I was being subtle. I never dreamed I would touch off an explosion. Jack smacked his paper down on the table and positively roared, "I do not!" Taken aback, I gasped, "But, darling, we like them both so much and they are both so lonely . . ."

He glowered at me. (Continued on page 75)



Dwight's always been adventurous. He went deep-sea diving, off Bermuda, explored a freighter recently sunk in sixty feet of water.



When Dwight pilots his children, Gretchen and Richard, on a plane trip, they pack bikes, too.



Gretchen and Richard took to the sea depths, too. They share in all their father's hobbies—whether diving, flying, or bicycling.

MODEL GIRL

By MARTIN COHEN

MARION JAMES, model-actress on CBS-TV's *The Big Payoff*, is a Kentucky Colonel, but she doesn't resemble one. She doesn't have a mustache or a mint julep or cigar. What she does have is auburn hair, two brown and gold-flecked eyes, and a peachy complexion that tends to freckle in summer. Besides being an honorary Kentucky Colonel, she has been a Campus Queen, Queen of Photography, Miss UN Plaza, Miss TV of New Jersey, and Miss Fort Dix, among other titles.

"Around the house," says husband Ray Jaeggi, "I call her Miss Front Doorknob or Miss Fussbudget." Marion herself thinks it's all a "Miss Understanding," for she didn't want to be a model in the first place. Matter of fact, she hardly resembles a New York model. Instead of a shape like a matchstick, Marion has a figure like a girl. And she has a face that is pretty and cheerful, rather than haunted and hollow.

As Marion tells it: "I got to be a model the way a kid is thrown in a pond for the first time and told to swim or sink. I hated to parade. I fairly shriveled up when I was told to get into a bathing suit." The crisis of the bathing suit came up after she had collected a half-dozen or more honors and titles. But none of them had required that she shed most of her clothes. And she hadn't entered any one of the (Continued on page 86)

Brother Victor (below) started it all, when he submitted Marion's pictures in a contest—and now Marion is busy modeling the lovely clothes which TV contestants can win on *The Big Payoff*, emceed by Randy Merriman (left).



For Marion James, *The Big Payoff* isn't in material things—it's love and homemaking and being together



Husband Ray Jaeggi also encourages Marion's career. Thanks to TV—at home, that is—he can watch his beloved sports events, while she catches up on her knittin'. Ray's a star athlete, but about the only "sport" Marion enjoys is riding around on their Vespa motor scooter.



Clothes are Marion's business, but it's Ray who insists on dressing up when they step out. At home, Marion's baby grand is her pride and joy: "I've had my heart set on one for years."



Don't tell her sponsors, but what Marion does to a washing machine is sheer murder! Seems she simply has to do her rugs in it, and Ray's the only one who can keep it from blowing its top.



Marion James is on *The Big Payoff*, with Randy Merriman as host and Bess Myerson as hostess, CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, Colgate-Palmolive Co.

Wedding for TODAY

By GLADYS HALL

TODAY—perhaps this very day—Dave Garroway and Pamela Wilde may be exchanging their marriage vows . . . or perhaps they already have . . . or it may not be until autumn leaves begin to fall. But—whether yesterday, today or tomorrow—that the wedding day will dawn for Dave and Pamela is as certain as anything concerning mortal man and maid can be.

This has been the Year of Marriages, of the kind that make headlines . . . the marriage of Eddie and Debbie (now going into its second year), of Julius La Rosa and Rory Meyer, Mike Wallace and Lorraine Dora, Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont, Rock Hudson and his Phyllis, Gregory Peck and his French mam'selle . . . of, inevitably, a Gabor or so—not forgetting the marriage in Monaco that has given a new fairy tale to posterity.

Of them all, however, the *(Continued on page 78)*

Garroway stars on *Today*, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 7 to 9 A.M. EDT. He is a communicator on *Monitor*, as heard weekends over NBC Radio.



Time's a harsh taskmaster, even in Dave's home . . . bulletin boards, an intricate system of alarms. No time for dates, no time for marriage . . . until Dave met Pamela Wilde (right).

*To Dave Garroway,
"the only girl" was
just a dream . . . then
along came Pamela*



What a view—and no one to share it with . . . no one to pick out his ties! But now two are talking of a home in the country . . . and Dave's learning about "fashion."

Dave not only collects cars—he races 'em . . . and so does Pamela. They were once just a few feet apart, in France . . . but didn't meet until one enchanted evening, back in America.





*Five lively reasons why
it's a good thing •
Bob Crosby has a sense
of humor—and
is a family man, too!*

By
FREDDA BALLING



Close harmony, as the five Modernaires join the show's other sweet singers: Rear row—Hol, John, Allan; front—Fran, Bob Crosby, Poula, Joan O'Brien and Carol Richards.



Hal's obviously the severest critic of his own home-grown quartet—in trio formation, left to right, Mortha, Paula Kelly Junior (known as "P.K.") and Paulo Senior; accompanying artist, Miss Juliann Dickinson. But there are absolutely no complaints about mama Poulo's cooking!

THAT SHINING PHRASE, "one big, happy family," has been so carelessly used that it resembles the old-time tin cup in Grandma's kitchen—battered, and often guilty of harboring secrets invisible to the casual eye. But no such uncomfortable condition exists amid your (and almost everyone's) favorite vocal group, The Modernaires, who are heard daily—Monday through Friday—on *The Bob Crosby Show*. "The Mods" really are one big, happy family, although their personalities are just as diverse as the clothes sizes and food tastes to be found among the members of any average American clan. . . . As a group, they are as full of steam as a calliope, as versatile as a Spike Jones convention, and as honest in their musicianship as the

Continued →



The Merry Modernaires



Gay friends off *The Bob Crosby Show*, as well as on: Fran Scott, John Drake, Allan Copeland, Hal Dickinson and Paula Kelly (Mrs. Dickinson). "The Mods" happily share their music and laughs, their hobbies, homes and families—ten children, that is!



Fran Scott likes photography, gardening, antique-collecting and dog-raising (had to give that up because of wife Elsie's allergy). He shares son John's interest in model cars, gives daughter Debbie a goodbye kiss before departing to sing for their supper.



The Merry Modernaires

(Continued)

New York Philharmonic. As individuals, each has been a star in his own line, and each could win success tomorrow as a single.

In identifying The Mods, it should be pointed out that one of the problems shared by all is an inability exhibited by the rest of the world to spell the component Mods' names properly. Paula Kelly does not use a second "e" in her surname. Hal Dickinson is no relative of Charles Dickens, and wants to keep his two "i"s without argument. Allan Copeland is not Alan or Allen. Fran Scott is not Frank, although he is earnest, and John Drake is not to be confused with actors Charles Drake and Tom Drake, nor buccaneer Sir Francis. . . . Even the chap usually called "The Sixth Modernaire" (the quintet's business manager and one-sixth owner of The Modernaire corporation) is named Thomas Patrick Sheils. No "d" in that last name, please, and the "e" before the "i." Those facts established, there will be no more confusion . . . until the next batch of fan mail arrives.

In certain other (Continued on page 93)



John Drake is librarian for the quintet, as well as bass. A right versatile chap, he speaks many dialects, plays several instruments, and writes lyrics, too. But his great pride is his family—wife Marion and their two daughters, little Carole and Elizabeth.



Allan Copeland is the "junior" member of The Modernaires, but he and his wife Dolores can boast of three children. Baby Richard was born just a little over a year ago, has a brother and sister—Michael and Christine—already old enough to go to parties.

The Modernaires sing on *The Bob Crosby Show*, CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 3:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.



the Littlest

Cinderella

"Queen for a day"? Baby Mary Ann knows she'll always be the princess of Jeanne Cagney's heart



From the very first, Jack and Jeanne Cagney Morrison knew their tiny daughter was beautiful. Now that Mary Ann's proved to be so accomplished, *ta*, Jeanne says: "I keep telling myself there must be lots of babies just as smart—but I don't really believe it!"

By PAULINE TOWNSEND

IN HER three years as fashion consultant on *Queen For A Day* (now seen on NBC-TV, as well as heard over Mutual), Jeanne Cagney has dressed almost a thousand "queens." It was not only work, but also fun, for Jeanne has developed a warm affection for the wonderfully varied procession of women who cross Jack Bailey's stage to don their crowns day after interesting day. She could be forgiven, though, for the unusual zest and excitement with which, not long ago, she prepared yet another "queen" for her camera debut. It was her own daughter Jeanne was grooming for her first public appearance—Miss Mary Ann Morrison, just turned five months old, pink and pert and pretty, and obviously reveling in her role as Queen of Every Day in the Morrises' charming yellow farmhouse high in the hills back of Hollywood.

Mary Ann appeared in her mother's arms, rustling in pink organdy, her soft amber hair swirled (Continued on page 89)



Tip-toe glamour for a royal camera debut: Coiffure created by Mary Ann's fashion-expert mama—handmade booties chosen from dozens of pairs sent in by loyal fans of *Queen For A Day*.





WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS



Meg Harper may misjudge Hal Craig (Steve Getters) in *Love Of Life*—but viewers understand Jean in her role.

THIS SEPTEMBER, Jean McBride will celebrate her fifth anniversary as Meg Harper, on CBS-TV's daytime drama, *Love Of Life*. In these five years, both Jean and Meg have changed, little by little, and it is sometimes difficult to tell whether Jean is influencing Meg, or Meg is influencing Jean.

Jean, a tall, willowy beauty with reddish-blond hair and clear blue-gray eyes, seems to have grown softer, even sweeter-looking, than she was a few years ago. More poised and more at ease. And the girl she is on television has taken (Continued on page 67)

Jean is Meg Harper in *Love Of Life*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., and Chef BoyArDee.

Love Of Life—and Meg Harper—
have taught Jean McBride
an exciting, fundamental truth

By FRANCES KISH



Fan mail reveals appreciation for Jean's talent and beauty.

Like Meg, she's curious about everything—from sports to special studies.

She reads, every chance she gets—not only her scripts, but foreign languages.

Her childhood cut short by her career, Jean still treasures a "good luck" doll.





1. Loving warmth is the basis of life in Chris Hughes' household. It is natural that the children reflect their upbringing. But the anxiety of daily life is alien only to young Bobby—for Penny, like her older brother, knows its pains.

AS THE WORLD TURNS



2. Stolen moments, clandestine meetings away from familiar eyes, are savored as an escape—for Edith, from loneliness—for Jim Lowell, Jr., from an unfortunate marriage.

3. Once classmates at law school, now co-working friends, Jim confides to Chris that, if it were not for his daughter Ellen, his marriage with Claire would have never lasted.

TIMES have changed since Chris Hughes was a youth on his father's farm, when he first knew he wanted to become "a great lawyer." His parents, his sister and brother, twins Edith and John, had had to skimp and save to help Chris realize that ambition, and this had made him feel all the more responsible toward them. The eighteen years since Chris earned his law degree have seen a fulfillment of his obligations. . . . Now, at forty-three, he can enjoy a happy life with his wife Nancy and their three children, Don, Penny and Bobby. Together, Nancy and Chris have provided a warm, secure home, for they are in love. They derive pleasure knowing that they will be able to support Chris's father, Fred, in his twilight years. And they have done all they know how, to help Chris's sister Edith. Chris had financed Edith's training, so that she now has a good position at the Margo beauty salon. They have always tried to include her in their plans. Then what, they wonder, is disturbing Edith? What accounts for her self-imposed isolation from them? . . . Chris has never realized that Edith harbors an envy of their parents' indulgence of him, and considers each moment of happiness which he and Nancy have enjoyed, as happiness of which she has been deprived. It was Chris who had the benefit of a good education while she got the short end of life. Maybe

Chris thought he was doing right by them. But, when he fell in love with Nancy at college, Edith knew that Chris's loyalties would shift. Why should Nancy care about what Chris owed to the whole family? If he thinks he did his bit by financing her beauty course and supporting their father—well, Edith broods, he is mistaken. . . . And now, Edith, frustrated at the age of thirty-three, because of exaggerated memories, finds relief only in those precious moments with Jim. A frightful loneliness is replaced by clandestine meetings with a married man—her own brother's close friend. She waits through lonely hours and days, wondering: *Will he call today? Will I see him?* For Jim is all she has. . . . Grief seeks its level. For it is to Edith that her niece, Penny, turns with her innermost thoughts and hurts. It has always seemed to the young girl that she held second place to her sister, Susan, in her mother's affections. When Susan died so tragically, two years ago, Penny needed her mother more than ever—as Nancy needed her. But the two had found it hard to open their hearts, for fear they would break. So Penny turned to her Aunt Edith—her sophisticated, worldly Aunt Edith who lives in the lush surroundings of her own apartment, where she can do as she pleases. How Penny admires her! How lucky Edith is, Penny imagines. And how understand-

See Next Page →



4. Penny feels rejected by her mother, so turns to her Aunt Edith as a confidante—and Edith grants comfort and sympathy as she learns Penny, too, always felt rejected.

ing. For she gives her sixteen-year-old niece sympathy as she unburdens her thoughts about Nancy. . . . The adolescent years are fraught with emotions in conflict. Those who mature beyond them cannot relive their turbulence. And so an adolescent like Don Hughes finds empathy only among his equals. He is angry that his parents insist he complete his education, rather than enlist in the service. Like so many seventeen-year-old boys today, Don isn't really sure of anything—except that he loves Janice Turner. . . . But Nancy and Chris can't help worrying that their son will sacrifice all the promise he's shown as an honor student, at a time when he cannot know his own heart. Janice is two years his senior and Don is losing touch with youngsters his own age. How can Nancy persuade her son, without hurting him? . . . Only eleven-year-old Bobby lives in a world which is secure and loving and warm, rich with experiences he's shared with Grandfather Fred. Bobby doesn't have to struggle for recognition, he feels it instinctively. And what he feels is real—based on a foundation of mutual understanding, intelligence and love which has characterized Chris and Nancy Hughes' home for years . . . the struggling years when Nancy worked to help Chris—when Chris took the job with Lowell and Barnes which his classmate, Jim Lowell, Jr., had arranged—when their first child came—and all the good years that have followed. And, now that Judge Lowell has offered Chris a partnership, their security is assured. . . . But Chris wonders whether accepting it is wise, under the circumstances. Obviously, the Judge needs him now, to assure the well-being of the firm of Lowell, Barnes and Lowell. Oh, yes, Jim, Jr., was made a partner by his father a long time ago—when Chris himself deserted at least as much recognition. *But now that the Judge has had a heart attack, my qualifications are being recognized,* Chris muses. But why be pig-

AS THE WORLD TURNS

(Continued)



5. Beset by strife in her home, Ellen Lowell wonders why her father has acted so strangely. And Claire seeks the answers, trying not to inflict too much pain upon her.

headed? Nancy wants him to accept the offer. And as for Jim Lowell—Chris knows he hasn't really had all the good breaks. . . . Unlike Chris, Jim Lowell, Jr., has never known life's best moments. Chris can imagine how many lonely, tormented hours his friend must have spent when he left home. Jim has confided that he never loved his wife Claire and, if it weren't for their daughter Ellen, he would never have returned home. But Chris also knows that it was never easy for Claire. For she has had more than her share of misery, having been perplexed for years about her husband's growing coolness. . . . But Chris is glad to see that Jim has now returned to her. Perhaps it will be better for them. Jim does adore his daughter, Ellen. He is not the sort of father who would purposely ruin her life. Chris couldn't even suspect that his old friend is involved with another woman—with his own sister Edith. . . . What a mosaic a human life forms



6. Even in manhood, Jim is dominated by his father's wishes. When Judge Lowell insists that his son remain home with his wife Claire, Jim consents. But the Judge doesn't know Jim's secret—nor does anyone else. How long can it be kept?

with those around it! In Jim's case, the pattern is dominated by his father. Judge Lowell has dedicated his life to forming his son in his own image. Even Jim's marriage to Claire was the wish of his father. And the Judge still wields the gavel. When he was felled by a heart attack, his wish that Jim stay with Claire was his son's command. Will Edith wait for him, Jim wonders. They might at least still meet, while he feigns his role as husband, for his daughter Ellen's sake—for his father's sake. . . . But young Ellen, in her formative years, must wonder why her father stayed away from home for so long. Can a marriage like her parents' last? How long can the liaison between Jim and Edith remain a secret? . . . And what about Chris and Nancy? Will they be able to resolve the frictions between them and their children? What can they do to help those close to them find the happiness they have themselves known through time, as the world turns?

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Chris Hughes.....Don MacLaughlin
 Edith Hughes.....Ruth Warrick
 Jim Lowell, Jr.....Les Damon
 Claire Lowell.....Anne Burr
 Penny Hughes.....Rosemary Prinz
 Judge James T. Lowell, Sr.....William Johnstone
 Ellen Lowell.....Wendy Drew
 Bobby Hughes.....Bobby Alford

As The World Turns, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory Snow, Camay, Crest, Oxydol.



Another theme might be "All Alone (By the Telephone)." Merv can't help but feel a bit lonely when he sees how happy ex-roommate Loring Buzzell is with Lu Ann Simms—and their baby Cindy reaches up a loving hand.



"WHERE OR WHEN"

Merv Griffin's magic song adds a plaintive "Who?" He's found everything he wants—except the time, the place and the girl!

By MARIE HALLER

IF SHAKESPEARE will pardon the liberty, "To be or not to be . . . married" is probably one of the most recurring problems in the life of a bachelor. But not so in the life of bachelor Merv Griffin, long-time vocal favorite with the Robert Q. Lewis shows and host of CBS-TV's Sunday-morning series, *Look Up And Live*. "To be, by all means!" is Merv's enthusiastic answer.

Obviously, the next question is: "Then why aren't you?" This could be a stopper, but 27-year-old Merv takes it right in his stride, and replies, with his ready and quick smile, "Well, to tell the truth, I've been pretty close to it once or twice. But, obviously, something was missing. I think probably it was—time. You know, marriage takes time. At least, a good marriage does. And, up to about a year ago, I'd have led any girl a heck of a chase. In fact, there was a period of four years when the only person I could possibly have married would have been a lady bus-driver. Ever noticed how few of those there are?"

If there are any lady bus-drivers reading this, a word of caution: Relax! As good a catch as Merv Griffin is, those days are gone forever. What Merv is referring to took place a few years back, when he was singing with Freddy Martin and his band. For four years, Merv toured the country with Martin's group. "It was great experience for what you might call a beginner in the business," Merv explains. "Up to the time I joined the band, most of my singing experience revolved around an early-morning radio show I had in San Francisco.

"Which in itself (Continued on page 90)

Merv is host of *Look Up And Live* religious program for young people, CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 A.M. EDT. He sings on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, CBS Radio, Sat., 11:05 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.



Genius at work: "The Girl That I Marry" would have to understand when Merv's busy composing.

Merv's a man of impulse, likes to pack up for a quick trip—no doubt whistling, "Let's Get Away From It All."

He'd be a "Most Happy Fella," if his future could cook, too. So far, he's only mastered the electric coffeemaker.





Hearts grow fonder

**"Absence" was The Guiding Light
that brought Lynne Rogers and
her husband ever closer together**

by **ED MEYERSON**

IF IT WEREN'T for Tim," Lynne Rogers admits, "I'd have ended up a housewife in Forest Hills." Instead, she has ended up a successful young actress, playing the role of Marie Wallace in both the radio and television versions of CBS's popular daytime drama, *The Guiding Light*.

What makes the remark unusual, however, is that Tim is her husband. And, far from objecting to Lynne's career when they married, he wouldn't let her give it up. "He gave me the courage to go out every day and make the rounds," she recalls. "'You're as good as the others,' he'd tell me. 'Now go out and get that part. And then make something of it!'"

Since Tim Taylor is a successful magazine writer, editor, and night-club columnist—with a salary that can easily support them both—he wasn't so much urging her to get a job. He was urging her to go out and be an *individual*. He didn't want a housewife in Forest Hills, asking him what (Continued on page 82)

The Guiding Light, Mon. thru Fri., is sponsored by Procter & Gamble—on CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M. EDT, for Ivory, Duz and Cheer—on CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M. EDT, for Tide and Gleem.

"Your move," says Tim—whose encouragement led Lynne to her fine role as Marie Wallace in *The Guiding Light*.



Writer Tim Taylor and actress Lynne once found their two careers meant much too much time apart.



Today, they help each other. He cues her as she learns her lines, she inspires him as he writes.



Who's Who on MYSTERYTIME

*Whodunit? Whether
you like your mystery
contemporary or classic,
ABC has the answer
each day—same time,
different program*

THE CLUES were easy to follow. Obviously, it was an inside job—but it simply couldn't have been the butler. Everything pointed to one of the higher-ups. To protect the people involved, we won't use any names, but it's an open and shut case. Somebody at ABC Radio likes a mystery—and also has a great fondness for people with similar propensities. . . . Thus the caper was pulled off. A different, but regularly scheduled, program was lined up for each week-night. The same time slot was cleared Monday through Friday. Actors were shadowed, keenly surveilled and made to sign on the dotted line. Finally, everything was ready and the boys went into action. . . . *Mysterytime*, a five-a-week series of five separate programs, was foisted on the public. As it turned out, the public was a willing accomplice. Before the fact, they'd clamored for more mystery on radio. After the fact, armchair detectives happily settled down each evening at the same time, to second-guess hard-boiled private eyes and classic sleuths, on intrigues and tales of suspense. On Mondays, "Mike Malloy, Private Eye"; Tuesdays, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"; Wednesdays, "Masters of Mystery"; Thursdays, "Mystery Classics"; and Fridays, "Police Blotter." . . . Witnesses for the prosecution were, as it happened, increasingly difficult to find. The nays, in fact, were caught flat-footed. In what is a most arresting development, ABC has plugged a gaping hole in the schedule with their new five-a-week programming coup. The reports on radio's demise were grossly exaggerated. Our parole, it was a perfect crime . . . program.



DON DOWD

IN THE LINE-UP at each day's *Mysterytime* is your host, Don Dowd—a man with a rich and resonant voice on whom a casual air and a tweed jacket sit well. But, before he wore tweeds, Don wore swaddling clothes—in Philadelphia. . . . When he was of an age for blazers and white bucks, Don wore them at Penn State College, where he was known as the "singing grappler"—in token of his many trophies as intramural collegiate wrestling champion and also his lead solos with the college chorus. Then Don moved to Athens, Ohio, where he was graduated from Ohio University with a Bachelor of Music degree. . . . Waiting for a break in opera, Don took an announcing job on a Mansfield, Ohio radio station. One night, he subbed for the ailing emcee of a musical program. The next day, postal clerks worked overtime delivering the fan mail. Don's radio career has now reached its twenty-sixth year. . . . For twelve of those years, Don was assigned to *Breakfast Club*, often filling in for Don McNeill when he went on vacation. On stage, Don has taken curtain calls in "Time Out for Ginger," "Edward, My Son," "Goodbye My Fancy," "Light Up the Sky," and "The Silver Whistle." . . . The Dowds—the missus's name is Betty—have three children: Don, Jr., 21, Patricia, 15, and Betsy, 13. Don's hobbies include photography and fishing. He's a "do-it-yourselfer."

MONDAY

**MIKE MALLOY,
PRIVATE EYE**

TOUGH but honest, Mike Malloy is a private eye out to protect the public against the rackets and the men who run them. Steve Brodie, who stars as Mike, made the show-business racket his own after he was graduated from high school in Wichita, Kansas. There's nothing private about the events that followed. . . . Steve started as a property boy, then acted with stock companies. When the demand for his theatrical services slowed down, he worked for a year in the Texas and Oklahoma oil fields. After the



Steve Brodie was a greasemonkey until he scored with greasepaint.

war, he headed for California. He hired an agent—who promptly advised him to hang on to his job at the gas station. . . . February 2, 1943, marked the turning point, with a long-term M-G-M contract and a major role in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." . . . On TV, Steve has appeared in many of the top drama shows. At home, he likes to swim, and the private eye has a particularly sympathetic ear for hi-fi.



Elementary! It's John Gielgud as Holmes, Ralph Richardson as Watson

WEDNESDAY

MASTERS OF MYSTERY

THIS is a feast for connoisseurs. Each week, there's a different story, different author, different cast. Produced live in New York, the program highlights the best of crime fiction authored by America's foremost mystery writers: George Fass, Edward Bloodworth, Jerry McGill, John Shaw and Louis Estes. Veteran actors commit and solve the crimes. Guiding the operation is producer-director Clark Andrews, who also did *Fat Man*, *Top Guy*, *Gregory Hood* and *Rogue's Gallery*. . . . Such top performers have appeared as Peggy Allenby, a New Yorker seen on Broadway in "The Happy Journey" and "Death of a Salesman" and currently featured on TV in *The Edge Of Night*. Court Benson, who appears in daytime dramas, and such nighttime dramas as *Robert Montgomery Presents* and *Kraft*, has been heard from, as has George Petrie, a Broadway and film star who has such video credits as Jackie Gleason's show, *Search For Tomorrow* and *Ethel And Albert*.

See Next Page →

TUESDAY

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

WROTE The Baker Street Irregulars, the world-wide organization of Sherlock Holmes devotees: "Sir John Gielgud is the Master personified; Sir Ralph Richardson is Watson himself as he was writ; the stories are straight out of the Canon." . . . With both grandmothers actresses, John Gielgud was born to the theater. When he was nine, he played Shylock and Humpty Dumpty at school. By the time he was twenty-five, he was a star. Sir John was seen by American moviegoers in "Julius Caesar" and "Richard III." The knight is a bachelor, likes music and painting. . . . Sir Ralph Richardson entered the theater at nineteen—to work his way through medical school. But he couldn't cure his own footlight fever, which ran highest during his years with the Old Vic. His screen credits include "The Fallen Idol," "Breaking Through the Sound Barrier" and "Richard III." He's married and has one son. Hobbies: drawing, squash and tennis.



Scripts are done by America's foremost writers of crime stories on "Masters of Mystery," which also features outstanding stories from radio's top mystery programs. Veteran actors such as George Petrie, Court Benson and Peggy Allenby work with producer-director Clark Andrews to air an exciting series for whodunit fans.

Who's Who on MYSTERYTIME

(Continued)



Michael Redgrave



Orson Welles



Alec Guinness

THURSDAY MYSTERY CLASSICS

THIS is a name-dropper's holiday. The stories come from such distinguished pens as those of Robert Louis Stevenson, Dumas, Oscar Wilde, Alexander Pushkin, Charles Dickens, Feodor Dostoyevski and A. Conan Doyle. The actors are worthy of their writers. . . . Debonair Michael Redgrave, born in Bristol, England, in 1908, is the third generation of a theatrical family. But Michael first became a Modern Languages Master. Three years later, he switched from tutor to

thespian. He married his co-star, Rachel Kempson, and they have one son and two daughters. On celluloid, Michael's been seen in "The Lady Vanishes," "The Browning Version," "The Captive Heart" and "The Importance of Being Earnest." . . . At seven, Orson Welles threatened to jump off a high ledge to prove he'd rather act than take piano lessons. He grew up to become the *enfant terrible* of the theater. At 22, he founded his famed Mercury Theater. A year later, he caused a nation-wide panic with his radio version of an invasion from Mars. At 26, came "Citizen Kane." This season, playing "King Lear" at New York's City Center, he fractured one ankle, sprained the other, and went on in a wheelchair. He is married to the Countess Di Girafalco (Paola Mori). He likes magic, cartooning, swimming and reading. . . . There is what amounts to a cult of Alec Guinness followers, who saw him in "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "Oliver Twist," "Lavender Hill Mob," "The Prisoner," "The Ladykillers" and "The Swan." But this London man of many faces started out as an advertising copywriter, before turning actor with John Gielgud's Repertory Company and the Old Vic. In 1938, he married red-haired Merula Salaman. They have one son. Like "The Man in the White Suit," Alec likes to build models. . . . Sir Laurence Olivier, born in Dorking, England, has been

on stage on both sides of the pond since he was eighteen. He won an Academy Award in 1948 for "Hamlet," a film he also produced and directed. His other movies include "Wuthering Heights," "Rebecca," "Pride and Prejudice," "That Hamilton Woman," "The Beggar's Opera," "Henry V" and "Richard III." He is married to Vivien Leigh and, when he gets away from footlights, he has a multitude of hobbies: tennis, swimming, motoring, flying, golf and gardening.



Laurence Olivier



John Gielgud

FRIDAY
POLICE BLOTTER

ADD two-fisted action to scientific police work and the answer is, crime doesn't pay. With Sergeant Brad Peters on duty, the game of cops and robbers is decidedly unequal. As played by Bill Zuckert, this is a hard-hitting, honest policeman who, considering his six-foot-one, 240-pound frame, is enough to discourage even the most intrepid of lawbreakers. . . . Actually, Mrs. Zuckert's boy hadn't planned to be either an actor or a cop. Born in New York City, he migrated to Washington, D.C., to work under Civil Service in the Department of the Interior's Office of Indian Affairs for six years. In Washington, and neighboring Virginia and Maryland, Bill began to try out with little-theater groups. He played some fifty non-paying radio shows for such organizations at the Red Cross, U.S. Navy and March of Dimes. His big break came when he won the lead in a dramatic segment of Kate Smith's show. He played Daniel Boone. . . . Bill spent the next two years with the 25th Special Seabee Battalion on New Guinea. Wending his way back to civilian life, he began to play both sides of the law on such radio shows as *Gang Busters*, *Treasury Agent*, *Counterspy*, *This Is Your FBI*, *Official Detective* and *FBI In Peace And War*. Various real-life police officers, working on the shows in technical capacities, claimed Bill "sounds like all the cops in the world." Bill's also enforced the law on TV, and he says he really looks like a policeman in his rented uniform. Other TV appearances have included *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *Armstrong Theater*, *The Web*, *Danger*, *Suspense* and the *Jackie Gleason Show*. . . . When he's not pursuing malefactors, Bill pursues the fish at Montauk Point, off Long Island. Otherwise, he's at home at Mombasha Lake, three miles outside of the town of Monroe, New York. Here he lives in a comfortable three-bedroom house and his hobbies are gardening, reading and "the kids"—a seven-year-old son and a daughter going on six. The Zuckerts have an acre of ground, two dogs, and a wonderful time.



Bill Zuckert, say police authorities, "sounds like all the cops in the world."

Mysterytime is heard on ABC Radio, Monday through Friday, at 7:30 P.M. EDT.

The Edge of Night



TV "first": The new serial drama seen for a half-hour every weekday on CBS-TV, *The Edge Of Night* follows the stirring adventures of Detective Lieutenant Mike Karr, portrayed by John Larkin. Teal Ames plays opposite Larkin, as Sara Lane, and Loren Gilbert is seen as Sara's uncle, Harry Lane.

That's time to detect
crime—but, on a
sunny day, John Larkin's
heart hits a home run
at Yankee Stadium

By
MARY TEMPLE



From his favorite spot in the bleachers, John cheers as Yogi Berra rounds the bases and heads for home plate! A top athlete in school, Larkin hasn't had much time for active sports recently. He's been too busy acting—and "detecting"—first as radio's Perry Mason, and now as TV's Mike Karr.



MIKE KARR, of CBS-TV's daytime drama, *The Edge of Night*, is a man with loyalties which are sometimes in conflict between love and duty. In the same way, John Larkin—who plays Detective Lieutenant Karr, Monday through Friday—is torn between two loyalties. With the baseball season in full swing, duty dictates that he stay in the studio every weekday afternoon . . . while, only a few miles away at the Yankee Stadium, his team is sweating it out. Without his encouragement from the sidelines. Without his sharing in the excitement. It's enough to anguish the soul of any dedicated Yankee fan, of which multitudinous breed John is the most!

Just give John Larkin a day off, or set him free on

Continued ➔



The Edge of Night

(Continued)



After work—on rarer occasions, after one of those Yankee games—John fixes a bite to eat in the Larkin "bachelor apartment" or relaxes while listening to one of the jazz records he collects.



Busy phone—he could be quite a man-about-town if he had the time! But it's all John can do, to see the Broadway shows and good films which are his favorite fare when the Yanks aren't in town.



a weekend, and you don't have to look far to find him. He's there, in his usual place in the bleachers, scorning the comforts of the reserved seat he has long been able to afford, ever since becoming a highly successful performer in both radio and television.

"In the bleachers you find the real *live-and-die-in-the-Stadium* fans," says John. "They're out, in the broiling sun, the wind and the sudden storms, because nothing could keep them away. A group has been meeting regularly for the past several years—all crazy fans, like me. About twice a year, we celebrate a victory or go into mourning—temporarily, of course—for a defeat. It's almost like a club now."

All of the foregoing will undoubtedly explain why, if you're looking in at *The Edge of Night* on your TV set some afternoon, and Lieut. Karr's jaw seems set even more sternly than usual, it's probably because John Larkin's heart is out on the playing field at the Stadium, sorrowing over some momentary crisis in the fortunes of those exciting Yankees.

Physically, Larkin looks more like a fellow who would participate actively in sports than in watching them. (He did, at school, going in for baseball, basketball, and the rest. He still likes to go eighteen holes of golf. But there isn't time for much of this in his life, any more.) He is a six-footer, a lean 180 pounds, square-jawed; has keen gray-blue eyes under dark brows, a decisive manner, (*Continued on page 88*)

John Larkin is seen as Lieut. Mike Karr in *The Edge Of Night*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 to 5 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Company for Tide, Crest, Fluffo, and Spic and Span.

What Every Woman Wants

(Continued from page 51)

on some of Jean's own aura of softness and of ease, under the sometimes brittle exterior manner of Meg Harper.

One sign that this new personality of Meg's comes through to viewers, at times, is the change in the mail that comes to Jean. "Women no longer send such critical mail to Meg. They seem to like her better, and begin to understand her better. They admire her honesty and her realistic approach to life, even while they disapprove of many things she does. I, too, like these things in Meg, and have never thought of her as shallow and sophisticated. Only as a woman with a complex personality, trying to find happiness but going about it in the wrong way.

"As a child," Jean explains simply, "Meg had felt rejected in comparison with her sister Vanessa, who has always been good and kind and wonderful. Meg admires Vanessa, but feels herself in competition with her sister. People instinctively love Van. They reserve judgement on Meg. Meg is the one who entered into a loveless marriage to gain the power and position and money she wanted. When the marriage didn't work out, and she lost all these things, she was more embittered than ever. Meg is essentially a lonely woman, still searching for a happy relationship with a man—with Beany, the child of her unhappy marriage—with life itself. I find her a sympathetic character to play."

Of course, people still come up to Jean on the street or in restaurants, recognizing her as the glamorous Meg Harper, and ask such questions as: "How can you be so beautiful and so mean at the same time?" Or, "Don't you get tired of being that wicked woman?" Jean enjoys this, knowing that it means she has done the part well. When she meets a new man and explains her work—"I'm a wicked woman on television"—it's flattering to her as an actress to have them show their disbelief.

"Just the same," Jean adds, "it's true that there's a bit of Meg in most women. Oh, certainly, she has that hard exterior manner at times, that coldness, but don't we all get a little that way when we're hurt? And Meg has been hurt many, many times. I have my 'Meg moments,' too, when friends are apt to say, 'Now you're acting just like that girl you do on television!' And they're right!"

Like this exciting woman she plays, Jean herself is a completely feminine woman, loving comfortable, gracious living, loving pretty clothes and flattering hats, loving to dress up stunningly for dates and parties. "I have outgrown wanting to go to big parties. Now I prefer small groups of people. I find myself getting quite 'Meggish' and aloof with strangers, anyhow. I always did."

It's true that, with those she doesn't know well, she gets less and less like Jean McBride and more and more like Meg. "It's rather a shame, I suppose," she admits, "because I'm not really that way at all. I like people, and I like making new friends, but it seems to take me a while to feel entirely comfortable with them."

Not content to live only Meg's life—fascinating as that is—Jean has been filling her own life with interesting things: "When you get into a demanding profession as young as I did, right out of high school, without completing the education you want, you are always trying to fill in things you missed. I am going to study French this year, partly because I hope some day to go to France, and partly because I want to learn another language.

"MAN, THAT MINEO'S THE MOST!"

Don't miss the story

of young Sal's sensational rise

to stardom in the August issue

of PHOTOPLAY



AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Also in this issue

SHEREE NORTH

Her "overnight" success took 12 years of struggling

MY PRINCESS "YUM YUM"

Mitzi Gaynor's hubby tells why he's riding cloud 7

ROSSANO BRAZZI

He leaves his heart in Rome

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SPRING BYINGTON's warm-hearted answers to your letters

PHOTOPLAY At Newsstands Now—Just 20c

I am doing more reading than ever, trying to catch up on some of the books I have missed. I have been studying acting, trying to improve my work constantly, in Harold Clurman's and Sandy Meisner's classes for professionals. I had the experience of being in a *Studio One* drama. But, except for my voice, I don't think anyone recognized me either as Jean McBride or Meg Harper—which is good, of course." (It's difficult to disguise a voice like hers—throaty, sexy, fitting the personalities of both Jean and Meg. She has always suspected that her voice—and her height of five-foot-seven—kept her from being cast as an ingenue even when she was very young.)

Music was one of Jean's early interests—she studied clarinet, playing in the high school band, thinks she really got discouraged when they marched on the chilly, frozen football fields to play the school songs for dear old alma mater: "I just never was the outdoor, rugged type, although I love such games as tennis and wish I had more time for exercise. I'm not thinking of brushing up on the clarinet—not any more. But I do want to go on with a musical education."

Although this is a girl who dislikes routine of any kind, Jean is bound to a strict one because of the demands of playing a daily television role. She thinks about the fun there would be in traveling all over the world and having all kinds of new and different experiences. So far, however, her trips have been limited to vacations on the West Coast, a recent one in Nassau, and visits to Mexico—the latter since her sister Evelyn married and went there to live. Evelyn is only a year younger than Jean and—unlike Meg and Vanessa—these two sisters have always been close and companionable.

An average JeanMcBride day is about like this: She gets up at 7:30, has a quick breakfast in her small apartment in a mid-town hotel, is off to the studio shortly after 8:30. It's only a brief walk from the hotel, but there are usually people who recognize her as she dashes along, and she waves quick greetings as she goes. There is rehearsal all morning, the broadcast at 12:15 (EDT), a break for lunch, and an early afternoon run-through for the next day's show. Then she can shop and window-shop—if she hasn't fittings or interviews, or appointments with photographers—and get home to go over her script once more, relax a while and get dressed for dinner. She finds she must get to bed early most nights, except Fridays and Saturdays, when there is no show to prepare for next day and she can sleep a little later. As a popular bachelor girl, Jean never has lacked for invitations—although there seem to be recent signs that the field has narrowed down to one rather "special" person, with whom she feels at ease and therefore completely herself, with no trace of Meg's imperious ways.

Jean has really been a professional actress since she was sixteen, because that summer she worked at the famous, just recently closed Hedgerow Theater, near Philadelphia. After the Hedgerow, she could hardly wait to try her luck in New York, but her parents insisted—wisely, she knows now—that not only must she finish high school but wait for her sister Evelyn to finish, so they could go together. Jean was eighteen and Evelyn seventeen when they finally reached New York, filled with hope and ambition. Both studied modeling for a while, Evelyn to become a top-notch model until her marriage, Jean to go back to her first love, acting, within

a short time, realizing that her dreams all centered in show business, getting opportunities to be in summer stock, touring with a Shubert musical, "My Romance."

Oddly enough, for such a glamorous girl, Jean was never very interested in the subject of clothes in those early days in New York. Maybe it was because the glamour was always so apparent, anyhow—the vital, natural beauty. "Evelyn understood the importance of dressing and looking one's best, even from the beginning," she recalls. "She always looked stunning, wore her best outfit when she made the rounds for jobs. I mostly wore my second-best things, often a plain black coat which didn't really do a thing for me except keep me warm. After a while, I learned better. After a while, my interest in clothes—good clothes—came as a natural development of growing more mature. Certain things are best for me—the sheath line, and the Empire line, for instance. I adore stunning cocktail dresses—the kind Meg wears—a little sexy, but in good taste. I like nice suits and casual things. I like tweeds, and in summer I like gay cottons. The only time I go in for bright colors is in warm-weather clothes—there's something about the sun that brings out the gypsy in most of us girls."

Jean has been in show business now about ten years, long enough to have learned that, while its rewards can be great, so can its sacrifices. Once she almost gave it up, when her father advised her to come back home and take a course in shorthand and typing as a second profession to fall back upon. She did go back. But, before the course was finished, she got a chance to try for a scholarship in the Irvine Studio for the Theater, in New York. There was never again any question of remaining an actress.

"Of course, I am more realistic now about the acting profession," she says. "I know it means giving up many things, at least while you are getting established. I know it is hard work, constant studying, demanding of time and energy. Certainly television is all these things. But, on *Love Of Life*, everything is made easier by our wonderful little group—our producer, Dick Dunn, our director, Larry Auerbach, a really great cast and crew. The two men I play opposite most often—Steve Gethers as Hal Craig, and Carl Betz as Collie and, for some time, Frank Milan as Alden Miller—and, of course, Dick Coogan as Paul Raven, who is married to my sister Vanessa on the show—couldn't be finer.

"The mail that came in when the Hal Craig—Meg Harper romance was at its height (that's Steve and I) was sensational. Viewers seemed to recognize that this feeling Meg had for Hal was the first real emotion that had entered her life for a long time. The fact that her family could not approve their relationship, and that her involvement with this man brought great danger both to her and to them, seemed to bring out all their sympathies, probably because she went on trying to protect Hal even after she realized that this man was seriously ill—mentally ill."

Playing this complicated but always fascinating Meg Harper is a constant challenge and delight to Jean. But she wants to make sure that the other things in life don't get side-tracked too long: "Meg would be the first to say that every girl should have a satisfying, happy life of her own. I didn't feel quite so strongly about this, perhaps, the last time TV RADIO MIRROR interviewed me, two years ago—but I know now that this is what every girl really wants. Marriage, home life, children. Meg longs for the security and happiness that real love brings to a woman. I am hoping she will find it. That would be wonderful for Jean McBride, too!"

PLAY EDITOR

Who are your favorites? Send your votes for the TV, radio or recording artists you want to see in TV RADIO MIRROR.

In color, I want to see:

- TV ACTOR.....
 TV ACTRESS.....
 RADIO ACTOR.....
 RADIO ACTRESS.....
 RECORDING STAR.....

The features I liked best in this issue of TV RADIO MIRROR are:

1.
 2.
 3.

The features I like least in this issue are:

1.
 2.
 3.

- I enjoy the stories on local personalities..... YES NO
 I would like to see more of them..... YES NO
 I use the program listings and would like to see them continued..... YES NO

YOUR NAME.....
 STREET OR BOX NO.....
 CITY OR TOWN..... STATE.....

Mail your answers to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Play Editor Poll, Box 1747,
 Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

Living in His Sunshine

(Continued from page 32)

woman should do—in my own intuition. A third mistake was that of being embarrassed by the medicos' obvious and rather amused opinion of me as a 'hypochondriac.' My advice to you, one and all, is this: If they want to call you a 'hypo,' let them! Better a live hypo," Virginia laughed, "than a dead stoic!

"Still and all," she continues, "my suspicions had been lulled . . . and now, suddenly, here it was.

"Into the stillness of that room in Presbyterian Hospital's Harkness Pavilion, I said again, 'Cancer?'

"Well, er," the doctor swallowed, hesitated—so loath, poor man, to say what must be said—yes, it is.

"How far gone? Do I have a chance? What are my chances?"

"The doctor averted his eyes and said 'You know how I love you, Virginia. Because I do, and because I feel special skill is required here, I have called in the best man in the field.'

"Then what was I to think? I thought of so many friends with cancer, of their pain, the suffering of their families, too. I thought of my good friend, my good doctor—who was still, in his opinion, not good enough.

"And so not thinking, I did the most selfish thing I have ever done in my life: I called my husband and told him that, by the time he got to the hospital, I would have jumped to my destiny.

"I heard my husband scream. I heard his frantic 'Don't, please, please don't—wait!' And, even as the click on the wire told me he'd hung up, and was on his way, I was sorry, so sorry, and—even though I knew it would be useless—I made a des-

perate effort to call him back. I was to be still sorrier later on, when my husband suffered so severe a nervous breakdown that he had to spend six months at The Institute of Living—five and a half months longer, as it developed, than I was obliged to stay in a hospital myself.

"It was only for a moment, a very brief moment," Virginia points out, "that I contemplated suicide. In my opinion, a suicide is either temporarily insane or one of the physically bravest—if morally weakest—of individuals. In that moment I was, without a doubt, in shock. But I was not insane, even temporarily, nor physically brave," Virginia smiles, "beset as I am—or was—by petty fears. . . . A terrible claustrophobia, for instance, about tunnels: I'd rather not go to New Jersey, she laughed, than go through the Lincoln Tunnel! And flying used to undo me.

"Only the petty fears plagued me, however, never the big ones—for these I took to God . . . as, once the moment of panic had passed, I took the fear of cancer . . . In the half hour it took my husband to get to the hospital, I prayed: 'God, where are You? How do I talk to You? How do You talk to me?'

"As I prayed to God, I could honestly hear Him answering me. As I did, I realized suddenly, humbly, that I had no right to pray for my life—realized the enormity of it, the ego, when so many wonderful and important people have passed away. The answer I got was that no one is most important . . . that each and every one of us is a link in the chain of mankind . . . but that, if you're an important link, maybe you'll be saved.

"God's voice, I also realized (or heard?), is the intellect in man which enables him

to rationalize a crisis. His voice is in the ability He has given man to save man in his hour of need. If the need be of the body, God's voice is in the skill of the surgeon, in the miracles of blood transfusion, X-ray, radium, which are available today. God's voice is in the miracles wrought by man to save man, whether the need be of the body, or of the spirit, or of the two in one. *This is God's voice.*

"And I heard it. And I knew, then and there, that I would be saved. I took myself out of myself and put myself, completely, in God's hands. And fear was gone.

"A week later, a radical hysterectomy was performed. I was on the table eight and a half hours, and two hours in the recovery room.

"Now comes one of the miracles—I have my surgeon's word for it—of my life; I did not have one sick moment after the surgery. No after-effects from the ether. No gas pains. Not the least discomfort. I lay in my bed laughing at all the funny things I'd ever seen, or heard about, or done . . . such as going to the beauty parlor, nurse with me, the day before the operation—to have my hair dyed. 'If they lay me out,' I laughed, 'no one's going to see my dark roots!'

"I was in the hospital two weeks to the day—after which, for thirty-five days, I reported 'in' for X-ray treatments. Since then," Virginia says happily, "the health of a blooming Amazon! Such apparent health that when, not long ago, I met a doctor who had been told I'd had cancer, he looked at my face, looked me in the face, and said: 'I'd stake my reputation that you never had it!'

"Please don't," I laughed, 'because I did have it, although five years ago.'

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

Tested by doctors...proved in hospital clinics



1. Antiseptic (Protective, germicidal action)

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

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"Whereupon another doctor in the group contributed this cheery bit: 'Seen it come back,' he said, 'after twenty-five years.'

"Doctor," I laughed, 'I want your name and address in case I ever have a nervous breakdown!'

"The odds against my having a nervous breakdown," our Miss Graham says gaily, "are, at a minimum, one hundred to one! As to whether or not it ever 'comes back,' I never give it a thought. The biggest step I took, on that climactic day of June 21, 1951, was between saying I live for today and doing it. Now I do really do it.

"And my advice to you, one and all—(here we go again!)—is to do likewise. Especially if you have, or have had cancer.

"One of the reasons more progress is not made with cancer patients is that we feel—and are made to feel—scared to death. Fear surrounds us. To this fear, the will-to-live is the gauntlet we must fling. Being human, we have many natural liabilities . . . but we also have many natural assets—and the greatest of these is the power of the human will.

"It was because of his fear for me that the minute I got home from the hospital, my husband had his breakdown. A breakdown the more shattering because the building in which his business was housed chose, at this particular time, to burn to the ground."

Virginia explains that her husband's business—of which he is now the president—is the family business, Louis Guttenberg & Son, a theatrical costume business, founded in 1869, the oldest theatrical costume company in the country.

"The insurance," she continues, "was somewhat less than sufficient to cover the loss of the building, let alone the loss of the stock—consisting as it did, of theatrical costumes so valuable and, many of them, so old as to be historical. Result: We were wiped out. Flat.

"Every crisis is like an examination given by a teacher to her pupils in the classroom. Whether we pass creditably—or do not pass—depends on how much our past experience had fortified us. None of us attain stature or achieve inner strength in an hour . . . or by ourselves alone.

"My father was the love affair of my life," she says simply, "my first love affair—which began the minute I laid eyes on him and continued for the remainder of the seventy-four years of his life. As head of Komiss Stores, a group of women's clothing stores in Chicago—where I was born and raised—my dad, Mr. David S. Komiss, was, solidly and successfully, a businessman. He was also a great lover of the arts and a profound student of comparative religions. But he was, above all, a friend. My friend.

"Anything I have done or been, worthy the doing or being, is in the image of this man. . . . A deeply religious man, every night, from time remembered, he would tell me a Bible story. Holding fast to my daddy's hand, as I listened to the rich and beautiful prose he used, I think I was aware, even then, that this was something I would have for the rest of my life.

"I have an extremely developed religious sense . . . due, in part, to the Bible stories . . . but also because, although of the Jewish faith, my father's interest in comparative religions was such that I was permitted to go to an Episcopal Sunday school, a Catholic church and to the Jewish temple. As a result, every day, regardless of calendar date, is a religious holiday to me . . . and to worship God—under whatever roof, whether of church or synagogue, hospital, my own home, or of the sky—is what I do with all my heart.

"Our father cared about his children, not just as his children, but as ourselves. At each stage of our lives he would ask

my brother Justin and me our reactions to the phase we were currently going through. What did we think of this, or that? What were our hopes? Aims? Were we happy? In any way confused? How, in short, was it with us?

"Always—throughout all the vicissitudes of growing up, the problems, the many enterprises, the achievements—he was *there*, interested in us, encouraging us and . . . this is the great thing . . . believing in us."

To understate the matter, the young Virginia's enterprises were many, her ambitions lofty, her achievements remarkable. At the age of ten, she was the budding author of a play about a good and bad fairy, called "My Other Face," which was published and produced by a little-theater group in Chicago.

Throughout her school years, most of them spent at the well-known Frances Parker School, Virginia's writing talent flourished. At the age of sixteen, she entered National Park Seminary, a junior college. At about the same time, she entered a contest sponsored by the Chicago Tribune and won a job, as a cub reporter on the paper, for her entry on the required subject, "I like Abraham Lincoln, because . . ." The scene of her next triumph was the University of Chicago—where, under an accelerated plan, she received her Bachelor of Arts degree, accompanied by a Phi Beta Kappa key, at the age of eighteen.

For Sunny Days . . .

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"As The World Turns"

MARY LINN BELLER

"The Brighter Day"

DON HASTINGS

"The Edge Of Night"

PATRICIA WHEEL

"The Doctor's Wife"

and other daytime favorites in

SEPTEMBER TV RADIO MIRROR

on sale August 7

A Brain? A Brain. But Virginia's head (dark-haired then) did not completely rule her heart: "At the age of fifteen," she says, "I was in love with a boy of eighteen, who would always whistle at blondes. At the time, the most apt description of me would have been 'wholesome, healthy—the Campfire Girl genus.' They loved me on motor-trip and picnic dates, because I could always hold up the back of the car or lug a log for the wienie-roast fires. This was fine, but I wanted the boy of eighteen to feel more sexy about me. I wanted him to whistle at me. So I became a blonde. . . . What of that boy of eighteen? Just one of those things!"

Virginia's education was completed at Northwestern University, where she was working for her M.A. in Journalism. Soon after this, however, she decided to give up writing as a career. "It lacked realism," she says. "My writing was great as a child. But then I grew up," she laughs, "and my writing didn't!"

In New York, after her graduation from Northwestern, for a visit with an old roommate, June Moses, a new career—marriage—was decided for Virginia by virtue of a blind date with young Mr. Harry Guttenberg.

"June made a date for me, for dinner at the Central Park Casino," Virginia recalls. "June's husband brought Harry.

I'm sorry to use an old cliché, but it was genuinely love at first sight. In view of the fact that we were married a month later—what else?" In a purely feminine aside she confides, "He's *very* handsome. Looks like actor Edmund Lowe!

"Our wedding, a small one, was at the Pierre here in New York. The honeymoon was a cruise to Central America. One year later, Lynn was born—our lovely Lynn, now a young lady of twenty and just graduated from Endicott Junior College in Beverly, Massachusetts."

Twenty-one years of marriage, still in love. "My great luck," Virginia says soberly, "is in having known the love of two wonderful men—my father and my husband. My greatest luck is that my husband loves me exactly as my father did—the same pride in me, the same belief. Since I am hurt by the most insignificant things, ridiculous things—someone for whom I'm working, say, walks past me, speaks to others, not to me, and I feel hurt, all queer inside—I *have* to be loved, have to be praised. It's my oxygen tent, it's my life-line. The feeling of being believed in, as well as loved . . . if you have this one feeling, everything else fits into place. You fit into place."

Following her network appearance last February as the principal subject on Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life*, over NBC-TV, Virginia was selected to replace the then altar-bound Margaret Truman as Mike Wallace's co-host on NBC Radio's *Weekday* program . . . and, in a subsequent interview, the "Cinderella Story" label was applied to her.

"Very nice," says Virginia, "but not very accurate, I'm afraid. I've been in the broadcasting business for a good many years, and there have been many steps along the way. . . ."

Baby Lynn was a year old when the urge to write again stirred in Virginia and she took the first of the "many steps." She went to work for Station WMCA, where she was the first to conceive and execute what is now common practice—the dramatized commercial featuring of a personality (ice-boxes, for instance, featuring Betty Furness). In addition to this creative chore, she ghost-wrote former movie-star Mae Murray's *Advice To The Lovelorn* column and became the voice of "Betty Baker," a cooking specialist.

Explaining the renaissance of her urge to write, Virginia says, "As a child, whose growth is retarded, suddenly begins to shoot up, so it is, I suppose, with a retarded talent—mine, at any rate. As proof that, once it began to grow again, the growth continues, I am now doing a book titled 'Dark at the Roots'—a title with, as you may suspect, more than one implication!"

After three years of radio work, Virginia left to join the Red Cross voluntary services, giving as many as twelve hours a day, five days a week, for seven years. . . . In 1947, she was one of the fourteen women who helped found the Cerebral Palsy Foundation and her charitable work has been legendary ever since. . . . In 1950, Virginia returned to the air doing the fashion and interview segments for the five-day-a-week *Zeke Manners* ad-lib show on TV.

In the spring of '51, Virginia's career—and life—came to a standstill. But not for long. Fortified by experience, as she was . . . in God's hands, and thus without fear . . . Virginia passed the crisis so "creditably" that, when her husband became ill, she rebuilt what fire had destroyed and took over the management of the company—so successfully that, by the time he returned, Louis Guttenberg & Son was again a going concern.

And so was Virginia, again on the air. It was while she was doing her stint

on the *Zeke Manners Show*—plus a considerable amount of speaking at benefits—that Virginia was “discovered” by Mr. Ted Cott, now vice-president of the Du Mont Broadcasting Corporation.

“He was the motivating force,” Virginia says, “in making me decide to stay on television—which, currently, I am on, as the star of WABD’s *Food For Thought*. I love my show. Love it dearly for—oh, for the good it does! If you *knew* the things that happen . . . a woman of twenty-eight was about to commit suicide because of cancer, then heard me tell my own experience on the air—and *didn’t*. There are many others, young and old, men and women, who have been helped—and who write me about it . . . so many who wrote to Ralph Edwards (3,500 requests in all) asking him to do my ‘Life.’

“And so, early last February, he did. Brought his whole crew to New York for the telecast. And never a suspicion did I have, until the poignant moment when I heard Ralph saying, ‘*Virginia Graham, this is your life!*’ The ground rocked under my feet. How could I be egotistical enough to have supposed, for one moment, that it would be *my* life?

“I’ve heard criticism of the show. ‘Bad taste.’ ‘Violation of privacy.’ That sort of thing. My reaction to this is the same as Ilka Chase’s, the day she went into ‘21’ wearing a huge diamond, and heard two women saying—quite audibly—‘What bad taste! How ostentatious!’ Whereupon Ilka walked over to them and said smoothly, ‘I felt the same—until I got mine.’

“This is the way you feel about *This Is Your Life* . . . for—whatever prejudice you may have harbored—when this honor is given *you*, it is the most thrilling, most rewarding thing. As for Ralph Edwards, I love him, I adore him, I worship him—

and you may quote me! He is the most gracious of men, and the most understanding . . . the way he deals with amateurs—with the friends and relatives of the principal subject, that is—the time he takes, before the show goes on, to put them at their ease.

“And the doors *This Is Your Life* opens for the principal subjects! Think of what it did for Lillian Roth . . . as I think—during the hours I spend each day, five days a week, on *Weekday*—of what it did for me. . . .

“Obviously, with the hours-long *Weekday* radio show added to my late-afternoon TV show, I am no longer a ‘commuter.’ After years of living in suburban Great Neck, out on Long Island, the Gutenbergs are now city-dwellers. And, if anyone asks me how I feel about the smoke, the noise, I say I *love* it.

“Our apartment on upper Fifth Avenue is everything I ever dreamed, and more—thanks to the help of my good friend, decorator Myra K. Oppenheimer. Our living room and dining room are done in turquoise and white, my favorite colors in the world, and are always filled with red roses. Two big trees—cherry trees, live ones—separate the two rooms. The furniture is French provincial, old, with modern fabrics, and one wall of the dining room is gold-framed mirror. Our bedroom is all pinky beige, white and gold—rugs, draperies and walls. The furniture is French provincial, too, except for the twin beds, and the wall over my bed is ‘papered’ with my beloved collection of Sevres porcelain miniatures.

“Lynn has a flair for the Egyptian and, since we planned each room for the individual, hers is done in modern Egyptian. The color scheme is beige, black, orange and white. The walls are covered with beige grasscloth, and there’s a wonderful

old Egyptian sunburst clock over her bed. On either side of the couch, lamps made of old Persian bells are mounted on black marble bases. A built-in hi-fi, television and radio set take up one wall of the room, and a soft-drink snack bar takes up another.

“Our kitchen walls are simulated white brick, the ceiling is festooned with rambler roses which appear to be growing over the brick wall, and roses are scattered into the white Vinal covering of the floor as if they have fallen there . . . all this to remind us of the country, in case we feel a nostalgic pang!

“Since my illness, I’ve devoted all of life, apart from work and home, to charity. Within the past year alone, I’ve appeared at well over two hundred benefits and have done eighty telethons to date. My husband and I travel all over the U.S.A. to make these appearances, and I often remain on the air with them for as long as twenty hours. Because we lead a very full life, we really treasure a night at home! When my darling Lynn is home from college, we three are together all the time and an evening at home is the biggest treat in the world.

“Life has never been so full, so rich, so deeply felt, so dear,” says Virginia, her eyes glowing, “as it has since that day of June 21, 1951, when I was reborn. This is why I say no one was sorer than I, when I knew I had cancer . . . and no one happier than I that I did have it. I’ve really learned the importance of doing everything today . . . and that, in serving others, you serve God.

“Oddly enough, June 21 is my mother’s birthday. It is also, I now feel, mine. . . . ‘How old are you, Miss Graham?’ an inquisitive young person asked me, one day last winter. ‘On June 21,’ I told her, ‘I’ll be five years old.’”

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All times listed are Eastern Daylight Time. These are network programs. Local stations may substitute or re-schedule.

Inside Radio

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program		
9:00 9:15 9:30		Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It Mutual Magazine	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15	Weekday	Cecil Brown Footnotes To Medical History	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:30 10:45		Five-Star News 10:35 Johnny Olsen	When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets	
11:00 11:15 11:30	Weekday	News 11:05 Story Time Queen For A Day	Grand Central Station Jack Paar Show News 11:35 Your Happy Holiday	Arthur Godfrey (con.) This Is Kathy Godfrey Howard Miller Show
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Noon News	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		12:10 Ed Ladd's Music Box	Frank Farrell	Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		News, Cedric Foster Music Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Aunt Jenny Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Weekday	News, Sam Hayes 2:05 Mutual Matinee Military Bands	Martin Block	Right To Happiness Second Mrs. Burton This Is Nora Drake Pepper Young's Family
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekday	News 3:05 Matinee With Bruce Elliot Bandstand, U.S.A.	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30	Young Widder Brown Doctor's Wife	News 4:05 Matinee With Dick Willard	Broadway Matinee	
4:45	Woman In My House		Treasury Band- stand	
5:00 5:15	Fred Waring Song Fest	Bob And Ray	Musical Express	
5:30 5:45	World Of Nordine Norman Vincent Peale 5:55 Production Five	Les Paul & Mary Ford 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez 5:55 Wall Street Final	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	6:30 News 6:35 Bill Stern	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Here's Hollywood, Martin Starr	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Mike Malloy, Private Eye 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry Taylor Boston Pops Concert	True Detective Mysteries John Steele, Adventurer	American Music Hall 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Contrasts In Music	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Behind The Iron Curtain Reporters' Roundup	News 9:05 American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands In The Land 9:55 News Personality	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Capitol Cloakroom 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Oance Band Parade Of Bands	Jazz Roost Virgil Pinkley Music	Music To Midnight	The World Tonight 10:05 Orchestra

Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Bill Stern	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	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Sherlock Holmes 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Dragnet X Minus One	Treasury Agent Squad Room	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Suspense
9:00 9:05 9:15 9:30	News 9:05 Biographies In Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Oatline Oefense Army Hour	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar Campaign '56 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Oance Band Ken Nordine	Jazz Roost 10:05 Oance Music Virgil Pinkley Dance Music	Music To Midnight	The World Tonight 10:05 Oance Music

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Bill Stern	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 Here's Hollywood, Martin Starr	Ed Morgan News Quincy Howe Masters Of Mystery 7:55 News	News, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	Truth Or Consequences Air Time with Gisele MacKenzie	Gang Busters Crime Files of Flamond	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	FBI In Peace And War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life —Groucho Marx Duet In Rhythm	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob and Ray Airmen Of Note Family Theater	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar Washington & The World 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley This Is Moscow	Jazz Roost Virgil Pinkley Sounding Board	Music To Midnight	The World Tonight 10:05 Music

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Bill Stern	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Mystery Classic 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	People Are Funny The Goon Show	Official Detective Crime Fighter	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 American Adventure Conversation	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray State Of The Nation	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar The Leading Question 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Pauline Frederick 10:05 Chet Huntley Carling Conserva- tion Club Jane Pickens Show	Jazz Roost Virgil Pinkley Music For You	Music To Midnight	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Bill Stern	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Here's Hollywood, Martin Starr	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe Police Blotter 7:55 News	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy City Editor	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	CBS Radio Workshop
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	NBC Job Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob and Ray American Travel Guide Disc Date	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar So They Say 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Cavalcade Of Sports 10:25 Sports Oigest	Jazz Roost Virgil Pinkley Music	Music To Midnight	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Local Program		News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor		8:55 News	News Of America Farm News
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	News 10:35 Good News	No School Today	Garden Gate
11:00	Monitor	News 11:05 For Parents Only	No School Today (con.) It's Time	News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Drake Show
11:15 11:30		Musical Wheel Of Chance	10:35 Moppets & Melody	
11:45		11:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	10:55 News	News, Calmer 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00	National Farm & Home Hour	News 12:05 Magic of Music	News 12:05 World Tourist 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	News, Jackson 12:05 Romance
12:15 12:30 12:45	Monitor			Gunsmoke 12:55 Tremendous Trifles
1:00 1:15	Monitor	Fifth Army Band	News 1:05 Navy Hour	News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital
1:30		1:25 Men's Corner	It's Time 1:35 Shake The Maracas	Man About The House Adventures in Science
1:45				
2:00	Monitor		News 2:05 Festival— Ballet	News, Townsend 2:05 String Serenade
2:15 2:30		Lucky Pierre	It's Time 2:35 Ballet (con.)	
3:00	Monitor	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival— Light Opera	News, Bancroft 3:05 Richard Hayes Show
3:15 3:30		Sport Parade	It's Time 3:35 Opera (con.)	Treasury Show
4:00	Monitor	Standby Sports, with Harry Wismer	News 4:05 Chautauqua Symphony	News, Cochran 4:05 Treasury Show (con.)
4:15 4:30 4:45				Larry Faith Orch. Turf Events*
5:00	Monitor	Standby Sports with Harry Wismer (con.)	News 5:05 Pop Concert	News, Cochran 5:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball
5:15 5:30 5:45		5:50 Cecil Brown 5:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford	News 5:35 Dinner At The Green Room	Make Way for Youth

*8/4 Brooklyn Handicap

Evening Programs

6:00	Monitor	John T. Flynn	News 6:05 Pan-American Union	News, Cioffi 6:05 Music At The Chase
6:15		The Mariners' Album Report From Washington Dinner Date	6:25 It's Time Sports Kaleidoscope	Young Ideas
6:30			Bob Edge, Sports Afield	
6:45				
7:00	Monitor	Pop The Question	News 7:05 At Ease 7:25 It's Time	News, LeSeuer 7:05 Juke Box Jury
7:15 7:30		Inspiration, Please		
8:00	Monitor	True or False	News 8:05 Best Bands News	News, Jackson 8:05 Country Style
8:15 8:30		Musical Caravan	8:35 Best Bands	8:55 Sports
8:45				
9:00	Monitor	I Ask You	News 9:05 Best Bands	Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party
9:15 9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardoland, U.S.A.	National Juke Box	Basin Street Jazz
10:00	Monitor	Renfro Valley Barn Dance	News 10:05 Hotel Edison Orch.	News
10:15 10:30			News 10:35 Lawrence Welk	Orchestra

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Monitor	Oral Roberts	Light & Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup Monitor	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Great Composers It's Time	World News Roundup The Music Room
9:30 9:45	Art Of Living	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	Church Of The Air
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel	News, Trout 10:05 E. Power Biggs
10:30 10:45	Monitor	Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:35 College Choir	Invitation To Learning
11:00	Monitor	Frank And Ernest	It's Time 11:05 Marines On Review	News 11:05 Washington Week
11:15		Christian Science Monitor		
11:30	11:35 New World	Northwestern Reviewing Stand	News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Monitor	As I See It		News, Robert Trout 12:05 The Fabulous Dorseys
12:15 12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunnin- ham	It's Time 12:35 Herald Of Truth	World Affairs Guy Lombardo Time
12:45		Christian Science		
1:00	Monitor	Les Paul & Mary Ford 1:05 News	Dr. Wm. Ward Ayer	Woolworth Hour- Percy Faith, Donald Woods
1:15 1:30 1:45	Lutheran Hour	Merry Mailman Lutheran Hour	News 1:35 Pilgrimage	
2:00	Monitor	Music From Britain	Or. Oral Roberts	News 2:05 World Music Festivals
2:15 2:30	The Catholic Hour		Wings Of Healing	
3:00	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Dr. James McGinlay 3:25 It's Time	Music Festival (con.)
3:15 3:30 3:45			Billy Graham	Music On A Sunday Afternoon
4:00	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 Music On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
4:15 4:30 4:45				
5:00	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	5:25 Van Voorhis, News	News 5:05 Indictment
5:15	5:05 World Theater		High Moment	Fort Laramie
5:30 5:45		5:55 Wismer, Baseball Scores		

Evening Programs

6:00	Monitor	Walter Winchell	Monday Morning Headlines	News 6:05 News Series
6:15		Tomorrow's Headlines	Paul Harvey, News	
6:30	News 6:35 Meet The Press	On The Line, Bob Consigne	It's Time 6:35 Evening Comes	Gunsmoke
6:45		Les Paul & Mary Ford 6:50 Sports, Wismer		
7:00	Monitor	By The People	News 7:05 Showtime Revue	News Analysis 7:05 Bergen- McCarthy Show
7:15 7:30 7:45		Pan-American Panorama	George E. Sokolsky It's Time Travel Talk	
8:00	Monitor	Hawaii Calls	Country Music	News 8:05 Our Miss Brooks
8:15 8:30				Two For The Money
9:00	Monitor	Wm. Hillman, News	Overseas Assignment	News 9:05 Music Hall, Mitch Miller
9:15		Dick Joseph, World Traveler	Lifetime Living	
9:30 9:45		Manion Forum Keep Healthy	It's Time 9:35 Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	9:55 Jim McKay
10:00	Billy Graham	Wings Of Healing	News, E. D. Canham Richard Hayes	News 10:05 Face The Na- tion
10:15		Bonsoir Paris	Sings Revival Time	Church Of The Air
10:30	American Forum			

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NETWORKS

- ② CBS flagship station
- ④ NBC flagship station
- ⑦ ABC flagship station

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, JULY 5—AUGUST 6

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
JULY			
5, Thu.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
6, Fri.	7:55	9	Dodgers vs. Phila.—R
	8:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
7, Sat.	2:00	8, 11	Pgh. vs. Giants
	2:25	2	Det. vs. Chi.
	7:55	9	Dodgers vs. Phila.—R
	8:00	11	Yanks vs. Wash.—R
8, Sun.	1:30	9	Dodgers vs. Phila.—R
	2:00	8, 11	Pgh. vs. Giants—D
12, Thu.	2:00	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
	9:55	9	Dodgers vs. Mil.—R
13, Fri.	8:15	11	Cleve. vs. Yanks
14, Sat.	2:00	2, 8, 11	Chi. vs. Yanks
15, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Cleve. vs. Yanks—D
16, Mon.	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Yanks
17, Tue.	8:15	11	Det. vs. Yanks
18, Wed.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yanks
	8:55	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
19, Thu.	2:00	11	Det. vs. Yanks
	8:55	9	Dodgers vs. Cinc.—R
20, Fri.	8:15	11	K.C. vs. Yanks
21, Sat.	1:55	2	Det. vs. Boston
	2:00	8, 11	K.C. vs. Yanks
	2:55	9	Dodgers vs. St. L.—R
22, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	K.C. vs. Yanks—D
24, Tue.	7:55	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
25, Wed.	1:30	11	Mil. vs. Giants

D—Doubleheader R—Road game

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
JULY			
25, Wed.	7:55	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	9:00	11	Yanks vs. Chi.—R
26, Thu.	1:25	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Mil. vs. Giants
27, Fri.	7:55	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
28, Sat.	1:55	8, 9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
	10:00	11	Yanks vs. K.C.—R
29, Sun.	1:55	8, 9	Chi. vs. Dodgers—D
	2:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
30, Mon.	7:55	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
31, Tue.	7:55	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
AUGUST			
1, Wed.	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
	7:55	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Yanks vs. Cleve.—R
2, Thu.	1:25	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
3, Fri.	7:55	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants
4, Sat.	1:55	8, 9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	2	Boston vs. Cleve.
	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants
5, Sun.	1:55	8, 9	St. L. vs. Dodgers—D
	2:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants—D
6, Mon.	1:30	11	Phila. vs. Giants
	8:00	11	Yanks vs. Boston—R

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ④ Today—Faye Emerson subs for Dave
- 8:00 ② Coptain Kongoroo—Kids jump
- 9:00 ② (8 at 11) My Little Morgie—Laffs
- ④ Herb Sheldon—& Ja McCarthy
- 10:00 ② Gorry Moore Show—Fralicsome
- ④ Ding Dong School—TV nursery
- 10:30 ② Godfrey Time—Man. thru Thurs.
- ⑦ Cloire Monn—For women only
- 11:00 ④ Home—Far the housewife
- 12:00 ② Valiant Lady—Flara Campbell stars
- ④ It Could Be You—Bill Leyden
- 12:15 ② (8) Love Of Life—Stars Jean McBride
- 12:30 ② (8) Search For Tomorrow—Serial
- 12:45 ② (8) Guiding Light—Perennial favorite
- 1:00 ② Charles Collingwood—News
- 1:10 ② Stood Up And Be Counted—Russell
- ④ One Is For Sheldon—Herb's hat
- 1:30 ② As The World Turns—Serial
- 2:00 ② Johnny Corson Show—Variety
- ④ Richard Willis—Female renovating
- 2:30 ② (8) Art Linkletter's House Party
- ④ Tennessee Ernie—Na. 1 pea-picker
- 3:00 ② Big Payoff—Randy Merriman quiz
- ④ Motinee Theater—Hour teleplays
- ⑦ (8) Film Festival—Excellent movies
- ⑨ Ted Steele—Happy-ga-lucky time
- 3:30 ② Bob Crosby Show—Let's swing, gates
- 4:00 ② Brighter Day—Daily serial
- ④ Date With Life—Dramatic stories
- 4:15 ② Secret Storm—Peter Habbs stars
- ④ Queen For A Day—Jack Bailey
- 4:30 ② Edge Of Night—Jahn Larkin stars
- 5:00 ④ I Married Joan—Jaun Davis comedy
- ⑤ Virginia Grohom—Chit-chat for gals
- 7:15 ⑦ John Doly—Award-winning newsman
- 7:30 ④ (8) Songs—Gardon MacRae, M.; Snaaky Lansan, T., Th., Jaye P. Margan, W., F.
- ⑨ Million Dollar Movie—July 2-8, "Lady Luck," Robert Young; July 9-15, "Marine Raider," Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan; July 16-22, "Three Cases of Murder," Orsan Welles; July 23-29, "Behind the Rising Sun," Robert Ryan; July 30-Aug. 5, "Johnny Angel," George Raft; Aug. 6-12, "Shaw Business," Eddie Cantor.

- 7:45 ④ John Cameron Swayze—News
- 10:00 ⑨ Million Dollar Movie—See 7:30 p.m.
- 11:15 ② The Late Show—Feature films
- 11:30 ④ Tonight—Steve Allen, All-American

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 ⑦ Bold Journey—True-Life travels
- ① Suzie—Private Secretary re-runs
- 8:00 ② Burns & Allen—Reruns for summer
- ④ Ernie Kovacs Show—Except July 23, Producers' Showcase, "Rosalinda"
- ① Public Defender—Reed Hadley stars
- 8:30 ② Talent Scouts—Bab Crasby mcees
- ⑦ (8) Voice Of Firestone—Cancerts
- 9:00 ② (8) Charlie Forrell Show—Comedy
- ④ Medic—Reruns
- ⑦ Film Fair—July 9, "The Adventurer," Jock Hawkins; July 16, "The Amazing Mr. Beecham," Cecil Parks; July 23, "Eureka Stackade," Chips Rafferty; July 30, "I Believe in You," Celia Jahnsan.
- 9:30 ② The Vic Damone Show—Songs
- ④ Robert Montgomery Presents
- 10:00 ② (8) Westinghouse Summer Theater
- 10:30 ④ Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Tuesday

- 7:00 ④ Gildersleeve—Willard Waterman
- 7:30 ② Nome That Tune—Musical Quiz
- ⑤ Waterfront—Pres Faster as Mike
- 8:00 ② Phil Silvers Show—Reruns
- ④ Dear Phoebe—Peter Lawford comedy
- 8:30 ② Paul Whiteman Show—Liltin'
- 9:00 ② Joe & Mabel—Comedy
- ④ Sneek Preview—Filmed dramas
- 9:30 ② Undercurrent—Meladramas
- ④ Koiser Theater—Circle Theater
- 10:00 ② (8) \$64,000 Question—Hal March
- ⑦ The Big Picture—Army documentary
- 10:30 ② Do You Trust Your Wife?—Bergen
- ④ Big Town—Mark Stevens stars
- ⑦ Women Went To Know—Faye

Wednesday

- 7:30 ② Cortoon Theater—Terrytaans

- ⑦ (8) Disneyland—Fun & fantasy
- 8:00 ② Godfrey & Friends—Last 7/25
- ① Mon Behind The Bodge—Palice
- 8:30 ⑦ (8) The Amazing Dunninger—Magic
- 9:00 ④ Kroft Theater—Fine plays
- ⑦ (8) Screen Directors' Playhouse
- ① The Man Colled X—Barry Sullivan
- 9:30 ② I've Got A Secret—Bab Cummings
- ⑦ (8) Eddy Arnold Show
- 10:00 ② U. S. Steel Hour—Alternates with 20th Century-Fox Hour
- ④ This Is Your Life—Reruns
- ⑦ (8) Boxing—Headline events
- 10:30 ④ Ina Roy Hutton Show

Thursday

- 8:00 ④ You Bet Your Life—Graucha reruns
- ⑤ Liberoce—Valentina af piana
- ⑦ Hour Gloss—English films
- 8:30 ② Climox—Suspense dramas
- ④ Drognet—Summer reruns
- 9:00 ⑤ Professional Wrestling—Dramatic
- 9:30 ② Four Star Playhouse—Drama
- ④ (8 at 10) Ford Theater—Reruns
- ⑦ Greatest Sport Shows
- 10:00 ② Arthur Murray Party—Katie stars
- ④ Lux Video Theater—Dramas
- 10:30 ⑦ Racket Squod—Reed Hadley stars

Friday

- 7:30 ⑤ I Spy—Raymond Massey thriller
- 8:00 ② Mamo—Peggy Wood charms
- ⑤ Sherlock Holmes—Master detective
- ⑦ (8) Combat Sergeant—Melodrama
- 8:30 ② Our Miss Brooks—Summer reruns
- 9:00 ④ Best In Mystery—Whadunits
- ⑦ Dollar A Second—Quiz far cash
- 9:30 ④ Star Stage—Teleplay reruns
- 10:00 ② The Line-Up—City palice; reruns
- ④ Boxing—With Jimmy, the Powerhouse

Saturday

- 4:30 ② Turf Events—Aug. 4, Broaklyn \$50,000 Handicap from Jamaica
- 6:00 ② Telephone Time—Jahn Nesbitt
- 7:30 ② Beat The Clock—Bud Callyer
- ④ The Big Surprise—Mike Wallace
- 8:00 ② (8) The Honeymooners—Gleasan
- ④ Hour With Julius La Rosa
- 8:30 ② (8) Stage Show—Darseys & guests
- 9:00 ② Two For The Money—Sam Levenson!
- ④ People Are Funny—Linkletter
- ⑦ (8) Lawrence Welk—Family favorite
- 9:30 ② Russ Morgan Show—Musical show
- 10:00 ② Gunsmoke—Westerns; reruns
- ⑦ (8) Mosquerade Party—Latsa fun
- 10:30 ② 20 Steps To A Million—Quiz
- ④ Adventure Theater

Sunday

- 7:30 ② (8) Private Secretary—Jock Benny
- ④ Frontier—Reruns
- ⑦ Film Festival—July 8, "Woman in Question," Dick Bagart; July 15, "White Carridors," Gaagie Withers; July 22, "Odd Man Out," James Masan; July 29, "Adam & Evaline," Stewart Granger.
- 8:00 ② (8) Ed Sullivan Show—Extravaganza
- ④ Steve Allen Show—Variety, except July 15, Summer Spectacular
- 9:00 ② G-E Theater—Reruns
- ④ TV Playhouse—Live hour teleplays
- ⑦ (8) Original Amoteur Hour
- 10:00 ② \$64,000 Challenge—Sanny Fax
- ④ Loretto Young Show—Reruns
- ⑦ Focus—Dramatic documentaries
- 10:30 ② (8) What's My Line?—Jab game

Imagine Me—Playing Cupid!

(Continued from page 39)

"Now see here, Ethel. You leave that 'Mother' Burton character of yours in the studio. When Dwight is in front of the microphone, being Stan Burton, you can boss him around all you please, but I won't have you meddling with his personal life—"

"I'm not meddling. I just thought they might enjoy each other."

He didn't even hear me, but continued, "Nor will I permit you to interfere with Avery. When she gets around to it, she'll choose her own companions. Here you're not the managing Mrs. Burton of Burton Towers. In Westport, Connecticut, you are Mrs. John Almy—and don't you forget it."

For my mild-mannered husband, that was quite a speech. In all honesty, I had to admit he had a point. We're a congenial little group here in our lane, doing just enough visiting back and forth to feel neighborly, yet never invading anyone's privacy. Jack, since he reached sixty-five and retired from his forty-five-year-long job with Metropolitan Life, has, to a pleasant degree, become the patriarch of our little community. It was understandable that he should object to what he called "meddling."

So I murmured the usual "Yes, dear." Yet I couldn't help reflecting that men just don't understand the difference between interfering in some one's personal life and wanting to further the happiness of people you love.

And I do love Dwight. When you work together for nine years, as we have done on *The Second Mrs. Burton*, the roles you play develop into a sort of second life. At CBS, I often call Dwight "Stan" and he calls me "Mother." I'm pleased when he confides in me, for my habit of "mothering" is strong. Jack, a widower when I married him, has two sons. I was a widow with three daughters. All are married now, and we have nine grandchildren. We're happy to "adopt" Dwight into our nice, big family.

Let me make clear, however, one marked difference between my real-life association with Dwight and the radio relationship between the autocratic Mother Burton and her somewhat clinging son, Stan: On radio, Mother Burton can't bear to cut the silver cord. She has been jealous of every girl in Stan's life. She thinks his wife is her bitter rival. She tightens up the purse strings to control him, and she's forever trying to make him move back to Burton Towers so that she can keep him right under her thumb.

In our personal lives, quite the opposite is true. I have always admired the brilliant success Dwight has made of his career without much aid from anybody. He began writing while he was still in high school at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and when he went to Ohio Wesleyan in Delaware, Ohio, he not only sold stories to national publications, he also took part in dramatics, played in the band and traveled eighteen miles each night to work an eight-hour shift as an announcer at Station WAIU in Columbus.

He was graduated in that dismal year, 1931, landed in New York in 1932 and, while waiting for rehearsals to start for a Broadway play, was signed to do impersonations on the old *March Of Time* program. Thus launched, he has been on many of the major radio programs. He also is a newsreel commentator and a television announcer. On CBS-TV, for instance, he has worked on both *Guy Lombardo's Diamond Jubilee* and *Walter Cronkite's*



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Sunday News Special. As a free-lance, he makes many film commercials.

How he stretches his hours, I'll never know, but in his spare time he flies his own plane, is an expert horseman and skier, a good photographer and an avid deep-sea diver. His interest in sports has been strengthened by his desire to be close to his children. Gretchen, a dark-haired, dark-eyed charmer of eighteen, wins blue ribbons at horse shows and shares Dwight's interest in drama and classical music. Blond, blue-eyed Richard, who is a year younger, plays football, wants to become a mechanical engineer, and argues about opera-versus-jazz with Dwight.

I do admire the way he has remained close to them despite his divorce, six-seven years ago. I remember his saying then, "Ethel, I don't want to be a stranger to my own children. I must make sure we enjoy our time together." He has accomplished it through special short trips and big vacations. A visit to Martha's Vineyard set the pattern for their adventures. They left the car at the airport, packed paratroopers' folding bicycles into Dwight's amphibian SeaBee plane, flew to their destination, set up the bikes and explored that historic spot. They have since fished along the Atlantic seaboard and in the Canadian woods.

In Bermuda, they discovered deep-sea diving. Telling me about it, Dwight said, "Richard wanted me to try this little face-mask he had. Looking through it, I found a whole new world. The movements of the fish and the colors of the plants and the rocks were simply magnificent."

By now they have learned about snorkels and aqua lungs, hydro-packs and helmets. Last year, Dwight, Richard and some friends were first to dive on a freighter, the *Wytchwood*, which had sunk the week before in sixty feet of water. The crew got off safe, but they lost all their gear. Dwight's description was vivid. "It was a weird sight. Their clothes had floated out of the cabins and were waving around in the current. A clanging port-hole made an eerie sound. As souvenirs, we brought up a ship's clock, a light, a sextant and a few other things. But Her Majesty's customs officials had watched us through telescopes. They met us on shore and, a bit stiffly, informed us we knew nothing of the laws of salvage. They impounded everything for three years. I was able to keep only the buttons I pulled off an officer's coat. Richard kept a pair of dentist's pliers."

That's my Dwight—a wonderful father, a wonderful actor, a wonderful friend. But I couldn't help worrying about his being alone in that apartment, just living for the times he could be with his kids. I'd say to him, "Dwight, you ought to find yourself a nice girl . . ."

Yet, when he did start dating, I believe I worried even more, for the thought struck me, "What if Dwight marries the wrong girl?" Of course, I'm sure the girls he dated were perfectly nice girls. Dwight wouldn't have gone with them if they weren't. But I didn't know them, so—perhaps just a teeny bit like Mother Burton—I fussed about it. I also began thinking about Avery Hathaway.

Both Avery and her mother, Madeleine, have houses in our lane. Avery's daughter, now two years old, also is named Madeleine. There is a fine old New England family dating right back to the *Mayflower*. Avery is lovely to look at—tall, with good bones, fine features, brown eyes and dark chestnut hair which curls naturally. Describing her, you automatically think of the word "patrician"—for, while she is warm and outgoing in temperament, she also has a deep sense of dignity. When her marriage broke up, she didn't

go crying over it on everyone's shoulder.

But life in a suburban community can be solitary for a woman alone with a small child. To her, too, I often gave the same advice: "Now, Avery, you should find some nice young man . . ."

Naturally, I had mentioned Avery to Dwight and Dwight to Avery, but I never wanted to say too much, for you know the way any man and woman resent being thrown at each other. But I did want to introduce them. Once they met, I'd rely on that trusted combination. Moon and June still logically rhyme with "spoon." That was good strategy. And, had I used the same wisdom with my husband, all would have been well. But no—I'd had to let him in on the plot. Now I couldn't invite the two of them to my home without kicking up a fine family ruckus.

I'd sure outsmarted myself, I decided, while riding the train to the studio the next day. Maybe after nine years of playing the role, I hadn't really learned very much about Mother Burton. She would have been oh-so-smooth. I'd been about as subtle as a kid bobbing for apples. Jack was right. From now on, I'd keep my mouth shut.

Only, you know, I didn't. References to Avery kept creeping into my conversation with Dwight. Little things like: "Avery and I went shopping . . ." Or, "Avery and I traded plants from our gardens. She had too many delphinium and I had these special hollyhocks . . ."

The first hint my small campaign was progressing came the day Dwight interrupted one of my aimless references with a question, "Who is this Avery girl you're always talking about? What does she look like?" I proved to myself I had learned my lesson. Instead of launching on a glowing account, I merely said, "I just couldn't describe her. You'll have to come out to our house and see for yourself."

I took the same tack with Avery—but, having caught sight of Dwight on TV, she had a slight advantage. Eventually, she did voice that typically feminine question—"What's he really like?"—so I had a chance to play coy. I merely said, as I had to him, "I'll have to invite both of you to my house. Then you can see for yourself."

But how to do it, with Jack playing the staunch defender of the "status quo," was another problem. The month of May bloomed into June, June sizzled into July, and still I hadn't managed to bring them together. Then Opportunity knocked!

The heat had made Jack restless. The Japanese beetles had attacked his roses and, on that particular day, I was off the show and had a list of projects, long as your arm, for him to attend to—and he didn't feel like it. He stomped into the kitchen and delivered a decision. "Ethel, there's no sense in being retired if you work harder than in the office. I'm going fishing."

Again, I wasn't smart. I should have ventured at least one wifely objection. In-

stead, I said, "When?" Jack said, "Tomorrow morning," then looked at me suspiciously. "What are you up to? You're too anxious."

I was anxious, all right. Jack's car wasn't more than out of the driveway when I was on the phone, calling Dwight. "Remember that girl you wanted to meet? Come out to Westport tonight and I'll take you both to dinner."

Dwight, darn him, hesitated. "Can't I come tomorrow?"

I practically shouted into the phone. "No! Tomorrow Jack would be home.

"But I've got a date."

"Break it. It's tonight or never."

Things I had said about Avery must have intrigued him, for he laughed and said, "Mother, you've got a way with you. I'll be out."

Then I called Avery. "Dear," I told her, "I have a guest coming to cocktails. That Dwight Weist I've spoken of. Jack's away and I really need you to help me out. Can you plan on dinner, too?"

"I'd be glad to," said Avery. "Should I bring Mother?"

Again I nearly shouted. "No! One mother on the scene is enough."

I wish you could have seen Avery as she came sauntering down our lane. She looked just the way a pretty girl should look on a July evening. Pink chiffon dress, dainty sandals, hair tossed back in soft curls. Oh, she was a picture.

Their meeting was easy and pleasant, but I was taking no chances. There's nothing like keeping people moving from place to place to save a party from getting stiff. I whisked them off to Cobb's Mill Inn, just about the most romantic setting I could imagine.

Did the introduction take? Well, I'll tell you—after the first fifteen minutes, I could have gone home and neither one would have known I'd left. Their "party" calls to me were a further tip-off. Each thanked me prettily. Each made some vague reference to the other. You know the usual masking words—charming, interesting, delightful. The less they said, the more pleased I was. "They're being cagey," I thought. "They have another date and don't want me to know it."

That was fine, in the beginning. But, as time spun on, I began to wonder. I knew Dwight came out to Westport now and then; I knew Avery went into town on an occasional evening—but nothing, absolutely nothing, happened.

Finally, come February, I thought I'd better find out. As Dwight and I were leaving the studio, I asked, "How are you and Avery getting along. Do you find her interesting?" Dwight was most formal. "She is a very charming woman."

Then I had a notion. By now, Jack knew they had met. He wouldn't object to a little Valentine party. I suggested, "How would you like to spend the weekend with us?"

Dwight's rejection of my invitation was positively starchy. "Gosh, Ethel, I'm sorry. I'm going skiing up at Stowe, Vermont. They say snow conditions are perfect."

The nerve of him! I stalked off thinking, "All right for you, Dwight Weist. I know all about men like you. The old bachelor habits have set in. You shy from the sight of a wedding ring, even in a store window. You're not going to let any woman tie you down. Well, keep your freedom and I hope you're stuck with it."

I do believe that is as close as I've ever come to being angry with Dwight. Avery certainly had better find a more likely candidate. I began trying to think of eligible men I knew.

But any talks I planned on having with her had to be deferred. Avery, I learned, was away for the weekend. Her mother did

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drop in on Sunday. Jack was out of the house, so I spoke right up. "Do you know where that fool Dwight is this weekend? Valentine weekend? He's gone skiing. Clear up to Stowe, Vermont."

Madeleine started to laugh. "Do you know where Avery is? She's up at Stowe, too. With Dwight."

The next week was utterly frustrating. Dwight told me about Avery's skill as a skier. Avery spoke about the lovely crowd at the inn. Neither said a single word which meant anything.

That's how matters stood until the following Sunday afternoon. I was writing letters, Jack was half-dozing over the mound of Sunday papers, when Dwight and Avery arrived. Surprised to see them, it was my turn to talk eloquently about nothing. Dwight broke it off by saying to Jack, "It's sure funny. As Mother Burton, she notices everything. But Ethel certainly isn't very observing today."

"Observing?" I said. "What is there that I should have noticed?" Avery held up her hand. Left hand. Third finger. On it blazed a diamond about the size and brilliance of a Kleig light.

I was so happy I wanted to run over and kiss them both. I wanted to laugh and cry and tell them how much I loved them. But that would only have embarrassed them. So I tried to be the comedienne to the end. "What's that?" I demanded, pretending I couldn't see the stone. "I'll have to get my magnifying glass." While swallowing the lump in my throat, I made a great show of rummaging in a desk drawer. "Where did all this happen?"

"At Stowe," said Avery.

I turned to Dwight. "How?"

He beamed. "I thought we always had such a good time together we should keep on having a good time together—always."

"You sure kept quiet about it for seven days."

Dwight apologized. "I'm sorry I couldn't tell you sooner, but I wanted to see Gretchen and Richard to tell them before they heard it from anyone else. The kids were pleased. They like Avery."

He harrumphed away what I suspect was a slight throat obstruction of his own. "And, Mother Burton—I might also say that, at long last, you're going to get your wish. I'll be moving to—shall we say, Burton Towers?"

Jack, always literal, asked, "You mean our lane?" When Dwight nodded, he grasped his hand and shook it heartily. "Welcome, neighbor. I've always thought you and Avery were meant for each other."

Now honestly, you'd have thought Jack was the one who started this. Men! I'll never understand them.

I had the fun of announcing the engagement to the cast of *The Second Mrs. Burton*. I did it in style and brought boutonnieres for the men and corsages for the girls, and we had a fine flurry of excitement and good wishes.

Avery and Dwight were married April 25 at the Green Farms Congregational Church at Westport, with Jack practically playing the master of ceremonies and me feeling very much the mother of the bridegroom.

And do you know what we neighbors gave Avery at her bridal shower? We had the party at my house, of course. And, since she didn't need linens or any of the usual things, I had an inspiration. I suggested we give her an outdoor barbecue spit. From my own point of view, it has proved a most enjoyable gift—for, when there's a party starting, we can smell good things cooking two doors away and it is almost inevitable that Dwight and Avery ask Jack and me, too. Perhaps I do have a few of Mother Burton's wiles, after all.

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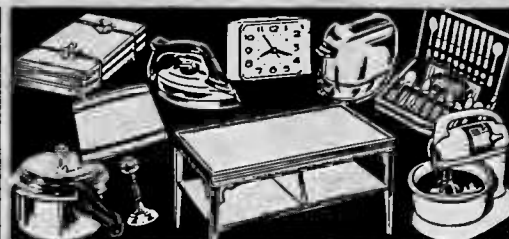
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Wedding for Today

(Continued from page 42)

marriage of David Cunningham Garroway, Jr., to Pamela Wilde (the Marquise de Coninck) is the most unexpected. And the most exceptional. . . *Unexpected* to, among others, bridegroom Garroway himself—because, less than three years ago, Dave would have said (and did say) that marriage was not for him, nor ever again likely to be. “I have lived alone, neither loving it nor hating it,” Dave said, at that time, “for seven years. I shall probably continue to live alone, neither loving it nor hating it, for conceivably another forty to fifty years!”

Exceptional because it's slightly extraordinary—not to say improbable—for a gentleman who has lived in a state of bachelorhood for ten years to suddenly turn benedict. . . Especially for one with as many opportunities (pick-of-the-crop pretty ones!) to forsake what he described as his “quite literally monastic life” as were afforded Mr. Garroway—whose six-foot-two, 210-pound frame, sandy hair, gray eyes, instinctive good manners and “slow-motion dynamo” personality are not in the least unattractive to the ladies. . . and for one with so many well-considered reasons for not doing so.

As an instance: Dave was saying, three years ago, “There is no such thing as the Ideal Woman—because, on a purely mathematical basis, there can't be. The human organism is made up of an astronomical number of personality traits. For a man to expect to find a woman whose traits match his is like expecting to draw thirteen spades in a bridge game. Not” Dave added, “that I have set my sights too high. A girl with whom I can be comfortable is the only major requirement. Assuming this is so, and that she has a centrally located nose, she can be short or tall, dark or fair, slender or stocky—have three eyes and four ears, for all of me.” And not that he wasn't keeping his weather eye open, either—“hoping,” he said, “if not expecting something to happen. . . . But, although I look all day long, nothing ever does!” That's what he said *then*.

“But one evening, I looked up,” Dave now laughs, somewhat incredulously, “and suddenly something *did* happen! . . . The evening to which I refer was in the summer of '54, almost two years ago. The place was Billy Rose's place—Billy's magnificent country house which recently burned to the ground—where I was spending the weekend. The girl,” Dave adds, “was Pamela.

“She happens to be quite pretty. ‘Beautiful?’ Yes, I'd say so—although if I try to explain why I say so, I will probably come out with one of those nebulous descriptions. She has a sparkle that she carries everywhere. Never bored. Outgoing. She's dark. Dark eyes, dark hair. Of medium height. Slim. She wears clothes beautifully and—having spent most of her life in France, where she knew all of the couturiers—most of them are Diors and the like. She wears her hair a lot of different ways, in a bun, not in a bun—not monotonous to look at.”

Ask Dave's secretary, chic, young and pretty Nancy Jones for a woman's-eye view of another woman. “Oh, lovely!” says Nancy, of Dave's Pamela. “Her face comes up to points—an upturning face,” she explains, “a crisp sort of face. Lovely to look at!”

Lovely to look at. But when Dave looked up, that evening at Billy Rose's, and suddenly something happened. . . . “What happened,” says Dave, “was no this-is-the-girl feeling, no big-romance-

bows-in revelation. A pleasant girl, I thought. But I also thought: *With another guy.* And let it go at that. Apparently Pamela's plumage was similarly unruffled by the impact of this first meeting—for she told me later that if I hadn't been wearing a scarlet dinner jacket that evening—she wouldn't have noticed me at all!

“During the evening, we'd find ourselves at the same table, or in the same corner now and then, and talk a bit. Mostly shop talk, which—since my bride is an assistant television producer with Elliott, Unger & Elliott—was common ground. I also picked up a few such vital statistics as that she is twenty-eight, was born in Los Angeles but brought up in Paris—where her father, who is president of Columbia Pictures' International, was located. . . . that she had been married—but no longer was—to the Marquis de Coninck and has an eight-year-old son, Michael, who inherits the title. Other than a mutual and natural enough interest in television, the only other common bond we discovered that evening was that we are both readers of non-fiction and technical books.

“A pleasant girl,” Dave repeats, “but I did want to know where I could reach her. . . . Here the common interest in non-fiction books served a purpose: A book in which I thought she might be interested occurred to me. In order to send her the book, I obviously had to have her address. This she gave me before the party broke up. I sent the book. What, I then wondered, does she think of it? Be mildly interesting, I mused, to find out. No necessity of our getting together to talk about it, a phone call will do, I thought, giving it the mental shrug. I then had to finagle around some to get her phone number—which she hadn't given me. Finally, by means of tracing it through her apartment house number—just call me Nero Wolfe!—I succeeded. . . . Since I do not habitually go to this trouble, I began to perceive, dimly, the handwriting on the wall. However, even after the phone call—during which a dinner date was arranged, then another dinner, then another—I didn't think of marriage. . . . didn't seriously consider marriage, in fact, for the whole first year of increasingly steady dating. I didn't seriously believe,” Dave says seriously now, “that it was for me. I thought, as I had been thinking for the past four years—or ever since the program called *Today* was launched on January 14, 1952—I haven't time. . . .

Almost literally, no time at all—and what there is of it, a most trying time to expect a wife to keep. In order to be on the air with *Today* at 7 A.M., I must be in the studio by 5 A.M. From five to seven, we rehearse, mostly for position. Cameras,” Dave explains, “can't ad-lib, have got to know where to go, on whom to focus and why. We also have to be on hand, in the event of an emergency—such as an expected guest who doesn't materialize. They almost always do, but occasionally there is one who won't get up in time. In order to be in the studio at 5 A.M., I must awaken—now we come to the bleak part of it—at 4 A.M. I'm awakened by a clock-radio on the bedside table and by The Horror, a monster with a throat of brass, a tone that would rouse the dead. You have to get up,” Dave adds, looking dour, “to shut that one off! That I am going to have a flesh-and-blood alarm clock, soft throated and gentle voiced, to wake me in the morning,” Dave sighs happily, “is of itself an indescribable blessing!”

When *Today* goes off the air at 10 A.M. (EDT), “communicator” Garroway's crowded day goes on. There are staff meetings, conferences, interviews—more staff meetings with agency and sponsor representatives. “And, by the time they have had their way with me—or I, infrequently, with them,” Dave smiles wanly, “it is 7 P.M., or thereabouts. Time for dinner. And so, at 8 P.M., to bed. . . . Once upon a time—*time?*—I had my weekends. Now I work most of the weekend, every weekend. Rehearsal all day Saturday, and, until air-time, most of Sunday for my commentating chores on NBC-TV's *Wide Wide World*. From 7 to 10 P.M., on my ‘day of rest,’ I continue to commentate on NBC Radio's *Monitor*.

“Whether or not I shall keep up this pace after our marriage, I haven't decided. But that this pace made marriage seem impossible for me—and unfair to the ‘quite impossible she’ I never expected to meet—is something I had definitely decided—so I thought. . . .

“Where in the wide world, I asked myself, is there a woman who would bear with alarms going off at 4 A.M., lights out at 8 P.M., husbandless weekends? Granting that so improbable a phenomenon does exist, how could I hope that she would share my hobbies? Some of these are mild, some slightly maniacal. My interest in sports cars, old, jazzed-up, windshieldless trick cars. . . . jazz music. . . . haunting marble yards—marble is one of the milder manias, as many tables in my apartment bear witness. . . . golf, city life, plain food. . . . my love of *quietness*—jazz music notwithstanding. “How could any reasonable man reasonably expect a woman to fit into such a pattern?”

Then, strangely enough, along came Pamela, who fits in very neatly. . . . so neatly that our traits and tastes are as compatible as hand-in-glove (except for jazz—and I'm teaching her that). . . . First of all—and most surprisingly of all—she's a sports-car fan from ‘way back! We've discovered that once, two or three years ago, we were both at LeMans Race Course in France, only about three feet away from each other—one pit between us—and didn't know it.

“She appreciates the necessity of a man being alone once in awhile. Alone, and quiet. I expect to get enough of the quietness I love in this marriage. Pamela is not the noisy type. . . . She is so good in so many ways. Her Gallic training makes her the opposite of simpering, or posturing. Makes her practical, too. She has great Gallic sense of thrift—about money—about clothes—about food. Can she cook? *Superbly!* I used to say that exciting foods don't excite me, but that isn't true anymore. When Pamela cooks,” Dave speaks with obvious relish, “I'm excited, all right! Because when she cooks, it tastes different. She uses a lot of wine, lots of seasoning—but delicate seasoning. She does a rabbit stew that tastes better than anything! And Chinese food—the light oil frying they do, she does.

“She accepts the hours I keep as the way things are, when you're on radio and TV. Whether or not she will take naturally to waking me at 4 A.M., remains to be seen—and heard. I suspect, however, that The Horror will take care of that. Also, I gave her a clock-TV (12-inch screen) for Christmas. Now I'm turned on in her bedroom every morning at 7 o'clock. . . . a form—rather a subtle form, if I do say so—of ‘conditioning.’

“As concerns my early-to-bed routine, she's in complete accord. . . . she's used to being dumped at home at 8 o'clock!

Often we just have a two-hour dinner together, and that's that. Her understanding comes, in part, from the fact that she is working very hard herself, from 8 to 6—she's going to stop that when we're married—and is so tired, just as I am, that when we see each other we just sit there.

"Thrift and understanding . . . and, with all that, a very warm person. (You don't, you know, marry a girl for her sense of thrift.) Gay. A fun person. Our sense of humor," Dave smiles, "is much the same. We love to go and see really bad movies. Sort of like playing *jeu de gateaux*, the French game of pretending that everything is dandy when everything is miserable. Such a game, translated into life, is something of a philosophy, as well as a genuine sense of humor.

"So, it kind of creeps up on you . . . marriage, I mean—the idea of marriage and liking the idea. We began to talk about marriage six months ago, began to be more and more realistic about the future and what it was to be—and that it was to be together. Although I don't remember any one moment," Dave looks mildly perplexed, "when I said 'Will you?' I do remember asking 'What kind of a ring would you like?' and Pamela saying 'I don't care.' And I remember going out and buying a ring—a marquise-shaped diamond, about three carats—and saying 'Here's your ring, dear,' and Pamela saying 'Thanks' . . . and so, without special effects, we were engaged! The wedding will be the same—quiet, small, at the home of Pamela's parents here in New York, just a few people, none of them 'names.'

"Since I will be doing *Today* for at least two more years—I recently signed a new ten-year contract with NBC—we'll live in town for a while after we're married, then in the country. We'll have young Mike with us and my twelve-year-old daughter Paris, for weekends, I hope. The two kids have met, made friends.

"Country life will be a whole new life, a whole new world to me," says Dave, "and I—who have long and stoutly maintained that I am a 'city feller,' by habit, custom and preference—am looking forward to it. . . .

"Nor have I any qualms about my ability to meet any challenge the country has to offer. Let hurricanes blow, blizzards rage, lights go out, plumbing freeze—and I'm your man! I'm the do-it-yourself type. Fooled around with tools all my life. Come by it naturally from my father, a 'trouble-shooting' electrical engineer who used tools of all kinds, as if they were part of him.

"We would like to find a simple, one-story very modern house—love to have it near the water. But the two 'musts' are a stable where Pamela, an expert horsewoman, can keep a horse—and a workshop for me, a large one in which to keep the cars I want to buy. About eight cars I'd like to buy right now," Dave sighs. "Just located a wonderful old Rolls in London, one of two such bodies ever built.

"No man," Dave admits, more soberly, "ever walks into marriage without misgivings. But mine are very small ones—just that I may not be able to adjust to married life after ten years of being required to adjust only to me! . . . Even these misgivings give way, however, when I reflect upon how mistaken I was in my conviction that there is no such thing as the Ideal Woman—the woman who is ideal for you, because her traits and tastes match yours. As I used to say, to illustrate my point in a poker game, you can't expect to reach out and pick up a royal flush. . . . Except that," says the happiest looking Dave Garroway friends or fans have ever seen, "I did."

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The Mrs. Eddie Fisher I Know

(Continued from page 34)

dancing class: I was dressing for the next class as Debbie came out, and I was so excited when we were introduced that I pulled my dancing shoes out of my case without looking—and we both fell down laughing, for my dachshund had chewed them to ribbons!

Debbie immediately asked, "What size do you wear?"

"Four-and-a-half," I said.

"Gee, you're the first person I've ever been able to lend my shoes to," she said generously. "Here, take these." And she handed over her lovely new dancing slippers. We soon became fast friends. Knobby and I weren't married yet—he was still in the East—and Debbie was going with R.J. (Bob Wagner). I know she sensed my loneliness, with Knobby away, and she invited me out to her house in the Valley.

I soon felt I was part of the family. I sat at their dinner table so often I began calling Mrs. Reynolds "Mom." When we went on double dates, Debbie lent me clothes to such an extent that I felt like her sister. She was my strongest booster at the studio, forever urging the executives to give me bigger parts. And, when I opened at the Mocambo in July, '52, she was there to hold my hand.

Then we went to Korea together to entertain. I became ill, and the doctors said I might lose my hearing. Debbie stayed with me the whole time. For a singer to lose her hearing, of course, is frightening. But Debbie had a strong personal philosophy, a positive attitude, and she wouldn't let me give up hope. "Don't worry," she said. "Everything will come out all right . . ." (And she certainly used this attitude later, when—before they were married—she and Eddie were having so many problems.)

Then Knobby came to California with Ray Anthony's band, to play the Palladium. And soon the Reynolds family had another adopted member—Debbie is like a little sister to Knobby, like the little sister he never had. When we were married, Debbie was my maid of honor, and Mr. Reynolds gave me away.

At the party following our wedding, Debbie said to me, "Someday I'm going to find a fellow just like Knobby . . ." I should have seen the handwriting on the wall, for Eddie and Knobby really are so much alike: They are about the same age, the same size and the same temperament. They are both shy and sort of quiet. And, when they do make a little noise, they have to force themselves.

I met Eddie for the first time—about three months before Debbie did—at a party at Terry Moore's house. We were all singing and having a good time, and Eddie came up to me saying: "You sing a fine song and I'd like to use you on my show . . . What are you doing now?" I had just begun doing the Hunt's Tomato Sauce jingle. I didn't want to tell him—because I thought, if he found out that I was singing jingles, then he wouldn't want to use me. A few months later, I saw him at a party Debbie gave, and he said, "All I heard in New York were those Hunt things you did. They're sure cute." And he sang them through for me!

Eddie, extremely sensitive to the feelings of others, knew that singing my jingle would please me. He insisted that I "guest" on his show right then and there. Eddie, who came from a poor family, is eager to give other young performers a helping hand. And he's fiercely loyal. He's had people with him from the very beginning of his career and

never let one of them go. Not only loyal—he's sweet, he's honest, and he knows what struggle means. I think these are the things which attracted Debbie to Eddie—because she has these qualities, too.

Debbie and Eddie first went out on his opening night at the Coconut Grove, when he called and asked her to be his date. I don't know if the studio set that up, or if it was Eddie's idea. But I do know they were thrown together long enough to know that something clicked.

The next Thursday, Debbie gave a Gay Nineties party at a friend's house, and Eddie was her date again. Everyone was dressed in the style of the 1890's and it was a real fun party, where we all entertained. Debbie put on a wig and did a singing-dancing imitation of Eddie, all the time rattling Coca-Cola bottles.

But, when she wasn't "on," Debbie was a picture of contrast to her party. She followed Eddie with her eyes, and she sat by him, quiet and subdued. She wasn't like the Debbie I knew, at all!

The next Sunday, Knobby and I received a specific phone invitation to "come by the house for a barbecue." This invitation was no simple, "Hey, drop around . . ." So we knew something was up. Jim and Pat Mahoney were there, along with Bernie Rich and Joey Foreman and their girls, Knobby and myself and Debbie and Eddie. We spent the afternoon fooling around the pool and taking pictures. Debbie and Eddie were together constantly, and in my eyes this was the "I want you to meet all my friends" kind of party.

After that, the four of us went to the movies a couple of times, and I could see that Eddie was fast becoming the fellow for Debbie. Before, when we went on dates, Debbie had been a regular cutup. She was always leaping from the front seat into the back, or sitting so far over on her side of the front seat that she almost hung out over the door—chattering a mile a minute and cracking jokes.

But, sitting in the front seat with Eddie, she actually did look like she had the fragrance of violets about her. I remember one night I said kiddingly, "Why, Frannie! You're actually sitting in the middle of the seat next to Eddie, instead of hanging out the door!" Knobby—who, I suppose, is more sensitive than I—stuck his elbow in my ribs as if to say, "Lay off."

That was in August. Late in September, Debbie called to say, "I'm coming over . . ."

I said, "Fine, come on . . ."

When she came in, her face was one big blush and sparkle. "I've got something to tell you," she said.

And, with a straight face, Knobby replied, "We can't imagine what it is."

Then, with real tenderness, she brought the ring out of her pocket, showing it to us without a word. The only time I was ever as happy for anybody was when the minister said, "Man and wife . . ." and Knobby and I were married.

Debbie's engagement was kept quiet for a month or more. Only the "family" knew. Then, when she announced it, the trouble started.

As a matter of fact, Knobby and I were having our problems, too. I had gone to NBC-TV's *George Gobel Show*, and our constant work was taking us further and further apart. During the year that Debbie and Eddie were having so much trouble—some people wanting them to get married and some people wanting them not to get married—Knobby and I were having a rough time, too. But I never said anything to Debbie about it. I didn't

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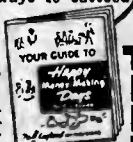
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think it was fair. She had trouble enough. The first time I mentioned my problems was in New York, about four days before she and Eddie were married. Debbie dropped into a recording session. "I guess you've seen the papers," I said (referring to my own worries).

"Yes," Debbie said, "and I can't even talk about it . . . it makes me so unhappy—both for you and for Knobby."

"We are really trying to work it out," I said (and, of course, now we have and we couldn't be happier.) "As soon as we know anything ourselves, we'll let you know . . ." I remember I was recording "When You Wish Upon a Star." You know the line, "All your dreams come true . . ." And, after the song was over, I said to Debbie, "I hope that both our dreams come true."

And Debbie, optimistic as always, replied, "Don't you worry, everything will come out okay. . . ."

Four days later she was married. It was all done in a terrible hurry—just like Knobby's and my wedding. (I remember I had been in such a hurry I had to borrow Debbie's clothes to go on our honeymoon!) Of course, she tried to call me in New York for the wedding—but I had already gone back to Hollywood.

After the wedding they went on tour with *Coke Time*, then Eddie brought his show to Hollywood. He immediately asked Axel Stordahl if he could have Knobby in the band. Knobby and I were seeing each other and on the verge of going back together. I remember the first show Eddie did here: George Gobel was rehearsing across the hall and I went in to say hello. After the show, Eddie came out and introduced Debbie and me to the audience. "Meet my wife and my friend," he said. Then Debbie looked at me, saying, "Shall we . . ." and I said "Yes . . ." and we picked Eddie up and carried him bodily off stage amid much laughter from the audience.

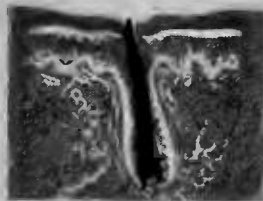
Knobby and I decided to go back together a week before our third anniversary. First we called our families and then we called Mother Reynolds. "Oh, Frannie will be so pleased," she said. Then Debbie came to the phone and we were both crying, we were so happy about it, and she insisted that we have our third anniversary party there. Because my parents are in the East, I think the Reynolds feel responsible for me. On our first anniversary, Debbie invited everybody who had been at our wedding. And she gave us a second anniversary party, too.

So the third anniversary party made us a completely happy family again. And now, when time allows, we repeat some of the old fun times of '52. Cooking, for example. Debbie and I are the world's fastest cooks. The phone suddenly rings, Saturday or Sunday, and immediately a barbecue for eight is underway. Of course, five minutes after Debbie and I get into a kitchen, it looks as though a hurricane had struck it. Yes, I still borrow from her—but now it's pots and pans.

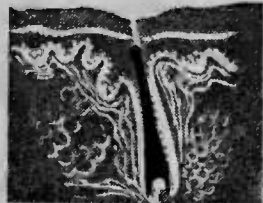
Speaking of borrowing, Debbie called from New York just after she made the announcement about their expected baby. (I've known for a long time that Debbie wanted children. And I've seen Eddie with youngsters—he's absolutely wild about them. I know he will make a good father.) But, to get back to the borrowing—Debbie called, and she was so happy with the news that she hardly made sense. But I caught this much of her conversation: "As soon as I get finished with these mother clothes, I'll give them to you and then you'll have to go to work on them!"

Knobby and I both agree, we will, too.

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Hearts Grow Fonder

(Continued from page 59)

happened at the office today. He wanted someone he could love as an equal—a partner he could team up with in the Battle of Manhattan.

"Together," Lynne explains, "we do the best we can. It isn't he alone doing the best he can, while I just do the housework. It's both of us. We each have our own existence, and each respects the other's privacy. This doesn't mean that we're less in love. It merely means that we don't intend to engulf each other."

If this sounds suspiciously like living apart, a visit to the Taylors in their comfortable Manhattan apartment offers quick reassurance. Obviously, no two people ever got more enjoyment out of "living apart"—together. Although you've come to get Lynne's story—and although Tim withdraws to a far corner of the living room determined not to interfere—it isn't possible. They're so much a team, you can't talk to one without involving the other. And Lynne's story wouldn't be complete, not without Tim's story, too . . .

"I'm a native New Yorker," Lynne starts out, waiting for the customary exclamation of surprise. It doesn't come. "But I was born right here in New York," she continues, and looks to Tim for help. And that's how the other half of the team gets involved. He knows, from his own experience, that a surprisingly large percentage of actors were born "right here in New York," and each thinks it's unusual.

And so, like a lot of other actresses, Lynne was born in New York City. Her father, Louis L. Rogers, is a stock broker. She studied art at the High School of Music and Art, developing a talent which was to come in handy for her role as the artist in *The Guiding Light*. "When the script called for Dick Grant to sit for his portrait," she recalls, "everyone was surprised that I could actually fill in the canvas myself."

At Queens College, however, the artist decided to become an actress. She majored in English, speech and dramatics, managed to spend two summer holidays doing stock at the Provincetown Playhouse. She also managed to graduate magna cum laude. At Columbia University, Lynne started to work for her master's degree in Drama and Comparative Dramatic Literature. Transferring to the Yale Drama School, she was about to return for the second year when she landed the role of Myriam in *Light Of The World*, based on the New Testament.

"After a year, the show was replaced by a quiz program." Lynne says it with a dead-pan expression—it's the only comment she can think of. "That was 1950," she remembers. "Then CBS assigned me to be an actress-at-large on the *Stork Club* show. I was to be there just in case—you know, in case I were needed or some of the guests didn't show up."

A year later, CBS hired Tim to be a writer on the same show. "They warned me," he says, "it would be a short job—only three or four weeks. I was to do a preliminary interview of the guests, then draw up a list of ten questions. These were copied on little pieces of paper and pasted to coffee pots for Sherman Billingsley to read off."

And that's where they met—in the famed Cub Room of the *Stork Club*. Not the real Cub Room, of course, but the television studio designed to look like it. "We said hello," Lynne recalls. "Both of us were left-handed—so there we were, with things in common." That was the start.

They had time to discover even more

things in common, for Tim lasted thirteen weeks—a record for writers on the show. Then Igor Cassini, who conducts a similar television program, hired Tim to be a writer for him. Tim, in turn, hired Lynne to be "his Girl Friday." They worked together until the summer, when Cassini and Tim hied themselves to Europe to interview assorted celebrities.

In a way, Lynne didn't mind. Proximity had made them very close, but Tim seemed shy of marriage. She knew that the cure was to "give him a lot of freedom, make him miss you." It worked, too. Tim now confesses that he "wrote more to her" than he ever wrote for the show.

Professionally, however, that summer was "a bleak period" for Lynne. But then, after weeks of discouragement and making the rounds, it happened.

In this case, because Kermit Bloomgarden was the producer, Lynne thought she was trying out for a role in his stage production of "Autumn Garden." Instead, she found that she was auditioning for the road company of "Death of a Salesman."

But that was the same afternoon Tim's boat arrived from Europe. He was "really mad" when Lynne wasn't at the dock to meet him. They got together, however. Explanations were made. And they had a proper reunion. But they also had a prolonged farewell. Lynne's contract called for one year with "Death of a Salesman."

By the time Lynne returned from her tour, Tim was ready with his proposal. Only they couldn't get married. They didn't have an apartment. And that's how they happened to have a June wedding. It wasn't sentiment. Once again, it was circumstance. It took them six months to find a place to live.

As it turned out, however, it was well worth the wait. Their apartment is only two-and-a-half rooms, but that's more than most New Yorkers dare hope for of heaven on earth. It's in an old, white brownstone off the lower part of Fifth Avenue. The rooms are enormous, with twelve-foot-high ceilings. There are fireplaces in both the living room and bedroom. And what's more—"Eugene O'Neill once lived here."

The wedding should have been romantic. They drove out to Greenwich, Connecticut, a lovely town where Tim had once worked as a reporter. But the Justice of the Peace was nervous. He had only married three couples before. Well, the bride and groom were nervous, too. They had never been married before at all.

Here Lynne was, promising to "honor and obey"—as though her life were her own to do with as she pleased. She was an actress. It was enough being at the beck and call of producers without having a husband to obey as well. How could she possibly handle two careers?

And Tim, reaching in his pocket for the wedding ring, felt that he was giving up his freedom forever. *With this ring*, he would be chained to those two-and-a-half rooms—in sickness and in health, till death do us part.

It wasn't death that parted them. Once again, it was circumstance. They were married on June 7, 1953. On June 30th, Lynne had to leave for the Lakeside Theater in Putnam, Connecticut, where she had a ten-week contract.

The Taylors can tell the story now, laughing at their early doubts. Lynne has proven she can handle two careers with equal success—both as Lynne Rogers on television and as Mrs. Tim Taylor in private life. As for Tim, sitting beside her on the sofa—he's been in those same two-



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and-a-half rooms for three years now, without once looking for the nearest exit.

"And we owe it all to that ten-week separation," Lynne says. "It was the best thing that could have happened to us."

"It gave us time to think things over," Tim adds. "I know I'd be there in the apartment. I'd be conscious of things—a perfume bottle, a summer dress among the clothes in the closet—things I took for granted. Then, all of a sudden, I'd realize: Someone else lives here, too."

Lynne describes these ten weeks as "sort of a limbo period." It gave her a chance to "go into marriage kind of gradually." For example, she suddenly realized that a married woman doesn't go out with other men. She wasn't forbidden to do so. It just came over her that she didn't want to. It had more meaning, she found, seeing the one man she was married to rather than the many men who were just friends.

It was the same with cooking. Suddenly, she realized that she wanted to cook for Tim. She started collecting cook books. "And once she made her mind up to it," Tim admits, "she became good at it."

As a team, they also found that they could help each other. Tim, who periodically makes a round of the night clubs for his weekly column, declares that Lynne is "better than a tape recorder."

Tim, in turn, helps Lynne by cueing her in her parts. But, more important, he has built up her self-confidence. It seems incredible that anyone as pretty as Lynne, or as talented, could ever have suffered from insecurity. Her face is heart-shaped, with the look of a happy Valentine. Her auburn hair fairly cries out for color television. But the forehead! It's dangerously high for an ingenue. Not that being bright is any handicap for an actress, but Lynne looks every bit as intelligent as she is.

Tim has made her understand that youth alone has been her handicap. She has a poise and intelligence far beyond her years. Just right for a leading lady, but not for an ingenue. And one day, Tim predicts, Lynne will graduate into stardom.

A glance at the record proves that Tim is right. In her five seasons of stock, Lynne has played such unusual roles as the heroines in "Bell, Book and Candle," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Dark of the Moon," and "The Sea Gull." And last January, when she became Marie Wallace on *The Guiding Light*, she was taking on the difficult role of a young artist who suddenly found herself going blind.

But, most of all, they have helped each other by "just being there." "Home," says Tim, "is where you can be who you are." But it's one thing being yourself, it's quite another being by yourself. It's nice to have someone to make plans with. Speaking of plans, Lynne says: "We'd like to go to Europe and we'd like to have a family."

It's also nice to have someone to play chess with. And, when you glance at the chess set, sitting on top of a handsome mosaic table, Lynne suddenly laughs. That table was almost the occasion of their one and only fight.

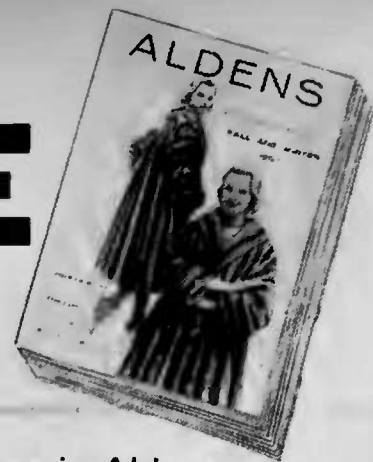
"That's my contribution to the do-it-yourself craze," Lynne explains. "I made it all myself, and gave it to Tim last Christmas as a present. But, because I wanted it to be a surprise, I did all the work at a friend's house. Every day, I'd be out for a couple of hours, trying to get it done in time. And then I got sore. He wasn't the least bit concerned about where I was disappearing each day. Not once did he ask me where I'd been!"

But Tim was merely sticking to the team rule, to respect each other's privacy. As Lynne now understands: "This doesn't mean that we're less in love." It has made them more in love than ever.

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1956



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Forever Sparkling

(Continued from page 28)

Alice in her arms so she could reach the microphone."

When Alice was eight, she started taking tap, piano and "personality singing" lessons from Mrs. Clarise Powell in Kilgore. Each week, Alice sang two or three times in and around town in Lions, Elks, and Chambers of Commerce functions. When she was ten, she sang her first professional song—material from the coming movie attraction in Mr. Crim's local theater. When she was twelve she did a weekly radio show in Henderson for a used-car dealer. (Salary: \$5.00.) During the war, the station put on a monthly bond rally: Listeners bought bonds, phoning in requests for Alice's songs.

Alice herself reports she had no hobbies as a child. When she was in high school, her father bought her a horse. Her friends rode frequently—but Alice rode only about once a month. ("And was I sore after that ride," she says.) The Wyches also had a small bass-stocked lake on their property. Alice's friends fished the lake—but Alice found too much enjoyment from her singing to go riding or to join the fish-frys.

"In high school," says her mother, "Alice went from school to school doing bond shows. She also played Army camp shows at near-by Henderson. Her teacher was her accompanist. We had to drive twenty miles to pick her up, twenty miles to Henderson. In all, we drove about one hundred miles, twice a week, for these shows. In the process, we wore out two cars."

Alice and her husband, Bob Waterman, met in high school. Bob came to Kilgore to play college football. The college had no dramatics class, so Bob attended the one at the local high school. "He used to get up in front of the microphone," says Mrs. Wyche, "and improvise."

"Later, Bob wrote the school play. Alice, then about fifteen, was the star. The superintendent of schools said it was the cleverest thing he had ever seen. After hearing Alice sing for the first time, Bob said, 'You know, someday I'm going to marry that girl.' But before he did, he went into the paratroops.

"While in her teens," Mrs. Wyche continues, "Alice's favorite radio program was *Showtime*, originating from Dallas. It was sponsored by Interstate Theaters, and they had many big Hollywood names

as guests. 'Wouldn't it be wonderful,' Alice used to say, 'if I could be on that show someday.' Then, when she was sixteen and seventeen, Alice did two big camp shows at Fannin. The shows were so successful that the company toured all of the big cities of Texas selling bonds. In Dallas, Mr. Freeman, the booking agent for Interstate Theater, heard her—and signed her for *Showtime*.

"Alice called me, so excited that she forgot to tell me Mr. Freeman had changed her name—no one could spell or pronounce Wyche. So I first heard Alice introduced on radio as 'Alice Lon'—Lon being her middle name. All day long, my phone was busy with friends wanting to know if Alice Lon was Alice Wyche!"

From radio station WSAA and *Showtime* in Dallas, Alice went to Chicago, where she sang on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*.

Then Bob Waterman came home on furlough, Alice flew back to meet him in Dallas and they were married. After another short tour for Interstate Theaters, Alice and Bob moved to Pasadena, California, where their three sons were born.

Mrs. Wyche takes up the story: "In Pasadena, my husband and I have some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roman, with whom we grew up in Texas. Alice says, 'Next to you, Mother, I love Ruth.' They went with her to the hospital for Bobby's birth, and later took her home with them for the first six weeks.

"Clint and Larry were born in short order, after Bobby. They came so close together that Alice gave up her singing, except for occasional guest spots.

"When Larry was born," Mrs. Wyche continues, "I came out to be with Alice. At that time Mr. Welk had his local weekly TV show. We were watching another show one night when Alice said, 'I'm going to turn on an orchestra that I think is just grand,' and she dialed the Lawrence Welk program. She watched with a wistful look in her eyes—reminding me of the Sundays she used to sit entranced by *Showtime*."

Then a friend of Alice's told her that Welk was looking for a singer. "I took a picture and a record of mine to his office," says Alice. "Mr. Welk called me two days later, asking that I come and sing for him."

Lawrence liked Alice and he told her so. In fact, he told her that he liked her

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very much. Her hopes were aroused.

A few weeks later, Alice and Bob went down to the Aragon Ballroom, where Lawrence was appearing nightly. Lawrence saw Alice in the audience and asked her up on the bandstand to sing. She sang one song and the audience response was overwhelming. "Well," he said, "the people certainly like you. We'll have to do something about this . . ." It was then that he decided to let the viewers and listeners choose his Champagne Lady.

Along with several other girls, Alice sang on Welk's TV show. The viewers were invited to vote for their choice, and Alice's mail began to mount up immediately. On July 3, 1953, Lawrence announced that Alice Lon was to be the Welk Band's Champagne Lady.

Even with the tremendously heavy schedule of five nightly appearances at the Aragon Ballroom, plus the Saturday TV show, Alice is happier today than she's ever been, because she is working at the job she loves so well—singing.

Alice's mother says, in describing the children: "Just as Betty Jo and Alice were different, Alice's three boys are as different as white, black and grey. Bobby, eight, is the quiet one. He is particular and, when he dresses, everything must match from head to toe. When he goes to school, he leaves the house looking like a band box and he comes back the same way.

"Clint, six, is the easygoing one. He is polite and agreeable and, when you ask him to do something, he does it. He is sweet. But, at the same time, he has a temper—though, when he flares up, he gets over his pique in a second. You dress Clint as neatly as Bobby. But, before he leaves the house, his shirttail is out. And, when he comes home, he always has sand in his shoes and holes in his jeans.

"Larry, five, is very easy to please when it comes to clothes. You can hang anything on him and it's all right. But he's the one who likes to fight. He can hardly pass one of the others without hitting him. Or, if they pass him, he will put his foot out and try to trip them up. But have you ever known boys who were any different?"

"They have boys' interests," Alice smiles. "They love baseball, and they go to Cub Scout meetings, and they eat peanut-butter sandwiches until I think they are going to turn into one. On my nights off, our favorite pastime is to pop popcorn and watch TV together. In fact, they'd rather watch TV than anything. They come in from school, plop down in front of the television set and are there for the night. I think they've developed an interest in music from it. Bobby has a set of drums which he uses to punctuate everything on TV from gun shots to music by Welk."

Though the boys' personalities are different, they all love to sing and are in that respect just like Alice and her sister Betty Jo were. Mrs. Wyche says, "The boys have all been able to carry a tune ever since they were youngsters. Before she started work, Alice used to teach them songs. They stood up beside the piano and sang before they could even talk plainly. Today, for example, they sing 'When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-bob-bobbin' Along' in trio. Larry, the youngest, learned it first and he makes me think of Alice when she was his age. He hears a song once and he can sing it through perfectly."

Today, Lawrence Welk's Champagne Lady encourages her own peanut-butter trio with their own musical interests. She tries to point out to them that, if they work at the things they like to do best, they'll be happy all their lives. Alice Lon knows this to be true, for the Champagne Lady is happiest of all when she sings. The sparkle's always there, but it really bubbles over when she sings.



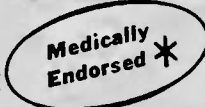
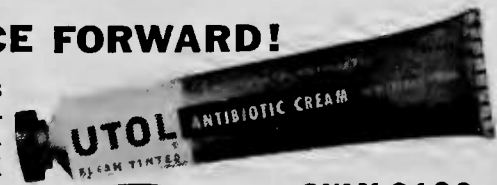
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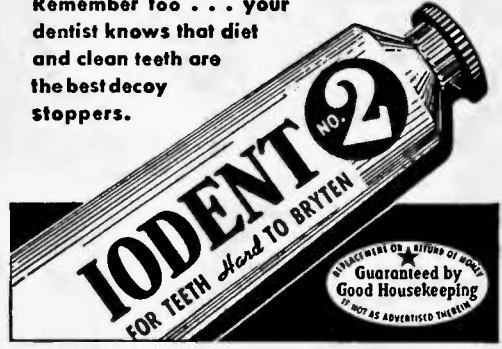


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Model Girl

(Continued from page 40)
 contests herself. Her brother Victor, a bank teller in Paterson, New Jersey, had been her sponsor from the time she entered high school.

Marion, the second of two children, was born Marion Bull in Stillwater, New York. When she was grammar-school age, her family lived in Flushing, Long Island. When she entered high school, they were in Paterson, where her father worked at the Wright Aircraft Plant until his death seven years ago. "We had a fabulous home—lots of fun," says Marion. "We were always doing things together. Tobogganing, picknicking, the usual things—except when Victor entered me in contests."

Marion was photogenic, so there were any number of good portraits and snapshots of her around the house. Victor, when the mood moved him (and that was often), mailed Marion's picture into a contest. She was a freshman in high school when she was chosen Miss Paterson. And, when Victor was drafted, he entered her in a beauty contest at Fort Dix. She won again.

"I didn't take it seriously," Marion says. "No one has ever convinced me that I'm beautiful. And then everyone thought I should become a model, and that struck me as an empty, think-nothing life. I was taking a commercial course in high school and anxious to prove that I could make good in the business world."

In the meantime, back at the ranch (Paterson East Side High School), she fell in love with Raymond James Jaeggi. They were both in the same class, but didn't meet until halfway through their senior year—which is hardly credible, for Marion was probably the best-known girl in school and Ray was a five-letter man, a star in baseball, basketball and football. He was handsome and stood six-three. Everyone knew him but Marion. Marion hated sports.

"When I first saw Ray, he was hanging around another girl's neck. In a locket, of course. I couldn't believe there was anyone so handsome in school. But, of course, I'd never gone to a sports event."

There was a New Year's Eve party coming up and Marion already was dated, so she did the next best thing—which was to get Ray a blind date with her friend.

"Well, Ray's the kind every girl dreams of marrying. When I saw him, I cut my friend right out. I don't suppose she'll ever forgive me, but I was in love."

After that, it wasn't so easy. She had to go to ball games, which bored her to death—and, when it came to ball games, Ray knew no season. In the fall, it was football; winter, basketball; spring and summer, baseball. And golf. And tennis. And Marion got so bored.

"If there were a dance or party coming up," Marion recalls, "I'd have to wait until the very last minute for him to ask me. I'd tell the other boys I was going away for the weekend, or that I had to work, just to keep the evening open for Ray. Then, at the last minute, he would call and ask me to go with him."

Proving she had brains as well as beauty, Marion had Ray so steadily engaged in a few months that their class yearbook predicted an early marriage. They were, also, chosen Venus and Adonis of the class. But Marion was still to be tested. She had to sit on the first-base line and cheer Ray through Princeton.

"She duped me," Ray says. "She didn't miss a game after we started dating. Better than four years, she sat on the sideline and cheered me on. But, since the day

of our marriage, she has refused to go within a mile of any ball park."

Ray was a fine athlete and turned down an offer from a major league team for Marion's sake. There was too much risk of being crippled for life, and he didn't think it fair to her. However, he didn't agree with Marion that there was any hazard in wearing a bathing suit for a beauty contest.

The problem came up in the second year of their marriage. Marion had made good in commercial work. She was head bookkeeper at a Paterson firm, when Victor entered her picture in a contest for Miss TV of New Jersey. Both Ray and Victor thought that she should win.

"It was different from other contests," she recalls. "It meant so much to the other girls, for the winner was assured of a model's career through the Conover Agency. They were all pushing so hard, and their mothers were following them around with make-up kits. I wanted to get out of the whole thing."

Marion's own mother had never participated in Victor's plans for Marion. She remained strictly neutral when the crisis over the bathing suit came up. Marion had passed the preliminaries of the Miss TV contest and was told to report for the second phase—in a bathing suit. Instead, she tried to quit. But Victor and Ray overruled her objections.

"Of course, they didn't have to get up there and be stared at," she observes. "And I never felt qualified to be a model. I'd never had lessons in movement. I didn't know how to walk or what to do when I got to the center of the stage. Most of all, I just didn't like the idea of being looked over in a bathing suit." But they had talked her into it. "I remember that, when I got out on the stage, everything stood still. My heart and breath stopped, but somehow I was smiling. What I was smiling about, I'll never know."

And she won. And for the next couple of years was just as sorry she had. "Jobs didn't come easy, and being married was a handicap. At least, it seemed that way to me. When I literally held my hands behind my back, I'd get a job. When the ring was out where it could be seen, I was turned down. On the other hand, there was security in being married and I wasn't forced to take on any lingerie work. There's nothing wrong about modeling lingerie. Many good models do and it pays well. But, at that time, I had reservations about lingerie, just as I had about bathing suits."

Ray was her mainstay during the two rough years, for he never lost confidence in her new career. And he was lucky, too, that his disposition was just right for the husband of a model. He says, "You've got to keep your head. A husband who tends to be jealous just can't marry a model. It would never work if you were offended when someone looked at her."

In 1949, Marion had her first big break. She won the title of Queen of Photography. This led to good assignments. She had two prosperous years as a fashion model before she reported to work on *The Big Payoff* in September of 1951. She started on the show in its second week.

"Now I always do the 'legs' on the show—shorts, playsuits, bathing suits," she smiles. "And I do lingerie, too—but, on television, you wear clothes with it. However, my attitude has changed, and that's the important thing. Whether it's modeling a party dress or bathing suit, it's fun and it's work, and I enjoy all of it."

There was the day Marion came down

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the stairs in a wedding gown and it caught on a nail. She was supposed to walk into the camera but she couldn't move and she could only pray that the camera would dolly into her. After a moment of eternity, it did. And there was the afternoon Bess Myerson was interviewing a honeymooning bride and Marion was modeling a negligee. Bess was talking about the negligee as Marion approached and suddenly Bess lost her voice. Marion remembers, "I came onto the stage with the camera on me and then I felt this weight at the back of the negligee. I didn't know what it was and couldn't turn to see. Well, the train had caught on a potted plant and I was dragging it across the stage with me. Bess was trying to contain herself—it must have been a hilarious picture. But I kept coming and the drag was such that it pulled a couple of buttons open on the negligee. Bess lost her composure and burst into laughter. Of course, Bess has such a wonderful laugh that it was almost worth it."

When you're high-strung and conscientious, as Marion is, you are often tied in knots by the end of the day. "Luckily, I always find Ray with a smile. He has a wonderful disposition and the sun always shines in our house."

Their home is in Ridgewood, New Jersey, on a corner lot that contains a white convertible and a white-and-aqua Cape Cod house. Inside, their home is very, very pink. "We've been here a year. People we bought it from had painted their walls rose, and we thought that would be the first thing we'd change. But we lived in it and liked it, and so decided to just lighten it to pink."

Ray does the painting and wall-papering, skills he has learned since marriage. Marion still giggles when she recalls his first papering job. "We forgot to hang the line to make sure the first roll hung straight. Well, everything slanted and you felt as if the house were listing."

While they haven't changed the basic color scheme in their new home, they have made some expert improvements in the living room. "It's not a large room and there was a mantel over the fireplace that shortened it still more," Marion explains. "We took off the mantel and put a large mirror on the wall. Then there was a small window over the sofa, and that was made into a picture-sized panel window."

The carpeting in the living and dining rooms is soft aqua. Traditional furniture in the living room is mahogany with a bleached driftwood finish. The upholstered chairs are champagne pink and the semi-circular sofa is in aqua. In one corner of the room is Marion's latest and most cherished possession, a baby grand piano in antique white. "I've had my heart set on a baby grand for years. I play only popular music, but I enjoy it. I took lessons until I was thirteen and, of course, I'm sorry now that I quit."

The dining room is off the living room, and the furniture is traditional, in brown mahogany with shiny brass candelabra and a brass tea-cart for contrast. There is a bay window with broad and high white drapes. "We eat in frequently, but I'm not a courageous cook. The only thing I've ever baked is an apple pie. Anyway, I usually come home with Ray and we're both starved, so we eat broiled meats that I can make quickly."

On the other side of the kitchen is the den, in blue, and here is the television set and Marion's sewing machine. She has always made clothes. Her mother is a seamstress and Marion is well taught. "I'm grateful that sports are on TV," she says, "for I couldn't have Ray going without me, and I'd be bored if I went with him. I remember that when he began

taking a night off to bowl, I nearly tore up the house. But, while he watches a ball game on TV, I can be with him—and get my sewing done."

Their bedroom is across from the den and boasts a four-poster bed spread with antique taffeta in aqua to match the drapes. There are oval rugs on the floor, and these rugs have odd experiences. "First time Marion put the rugs in the washing machine," Ray recalls, "we heard a terrible racket. I ran down to the cellar and there was the machine walking right across the cellar. Well, I unplugged the machine and it stopped. The service man called the next day and told Marion that, if she stopped washing rugs in the machine, the machine would stop walking. Well, women never pay any attention to service men. So my job now, when I hear the racket, is to get to the washing machine before it gets out the door and runs away with our carpets."

Their home is a one-and-a-half Cape Cod, and the room upstairs is finished off for guests with rock maple furniture, yellow wall paper, and rugs and spreads in white. There is a small bathroom luxuriously finished with wall-to-wall carpeting. Drawers are kept ready with pajamas and towels for unexpected guests, and regular visitors have permanent tooth-brushes tagged with their names.

Marion and Ray like to entertain, and have had a few big parties since moving into their new home. Marion says she is changing her attitude about being a hostess. "I've been doing all the work myself—the cleaning, cooking, shopping, serving. I don't know what I'm trying to prove. But, by the time twenty guests arrive, I'm ready to collapse. I'm beginning to think I'm foolish to try to do it all by myself."

To get her sleep, she passes up breakfast with Ray. He is up at seven-thirty to go into Manhattan. He is an advertising counsellor for *The American Druggist*, a trade publication. Marion wakes at nine. For the sake of health and beauty, sleep is the only thing she insists on. She doesn't worry about food, and she exercises only in summer, when she and Ray go swimming every evening. Her complexion is such that she needs little make-up except when she contends with summer freckles. Her hair, so admired by viewers, is brown with auburn highlights. It takes a wave easily and she washes and sets it herself, simply, with six large curlers. She weighs one-hundred-and-ten, stands five-four-and-a-half in flats and five-seven in heels. She uses jewelry sparingly and favors pearls. In clothes, she prefers yellow-gold colors.

"I'll be getting dressed to go out," she says, "and feeling like a real bouffant dress, but Ray says no. He thinks that I should wear something sophisticated. He says it's my business to show my figure." Marion smiles tolerantly, "Of course, I belittle beauty. I mean the mere part of it that hits the eye. I've seen so many beautiful girls. I've seen them come into a room and take your breath away. But with some, after an hour, it all wears off. Where is the beauty? Well, the point is that you must have a lot more than just looks."

It's obvious that Marion James has a lot more than "just looks."

Fans show particular interest in her. A woman writes that Marion reminds her of a daughter. A younger woman, in Texas, feels that she "knows" Marion well enough to ask her to dinner with her and her husband when they visit New York. Around Studio 66, Marion is known for her friendliness and good cheer. She radiates warmth. Her smile is infectious. Perhaps that is why, after five years on television, her beauty has never worn off.



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The Edge Of Night

(Continued from page 66)

a clipped and forceful way of talking. A down-to-earth type of guy, who doesn't seem to fit any popular conception of a popular actor.

He took up acting when he was a student at Rockhurst College, a Jesuit school in Kansas City, Missouri. (He was born in Oakland, California, and lived in San Francisco for a while, until his parents moved to Kansas City.) School plays started him off, as school plays have a way of doing when there is latent talent. He was headed for the stage, anyhow, but as a singer—until he decided he was too impatient ("too lazy," he says now) to go on practicing and practicing and to work as hard as a singing career requires. (Little did he reckon then with a medium called television—and the hours and hours of practicing and work it would require.)

From amateur performances at school to professional stock-company roles, from bit parts to juvenile leads, these were the next steps—touring the West and Midwest for a couple of years, going back to Kansas City during a lean period when he heard there was an audition for radio announcers. He got the job, stayed several years doing announcing, disk-jockeying, then moved on and ended up doing about the same thing in St. Louis.

"I was getting dissatisfied with my slow progress," he recalls. "I was an actor, not an announcer, not a disk jockey, good as those jobs are. I wanted to get on the network. I needed more money (even bleacher seats were going up in price). A friend, playing Chicago stock, wrote that he was doing quite well there and urged me to come and try my luck. I quit the job I had, got on a Greyhound bus headed for Chicago, and arrived with sixty-five dollars in my pocket—and no job."

A kind-hearted Greek restaurant owner, who had the coffee shop in the actors' hotel where John was staying, let him do some busboy stints, let him eat on credit, and finally invited him into his home when even the cheap room he had was more than he could afford. "Whenever I would protest that he was doing too much for me—and worry about repaying him for his kindness—he would tell me not to worry, that I would surely 'make it.' He was right, and I had the joy of paying him back for everything before he died. Everything except for his interest in me and his great kindness—these being things one can't repay with money."

It seemed that everyone in Chicago was nice to John. It was getting started that was tough for a newcomer. Gradually, John worked his way in and met with encouragement and kindness.

"I have never encountered such a wonderful and cooperative spirit as in those early days of my radio career," he says. "The first network program I did was a dramatized commercial on a really great show, the *Vic And Sade* program, which a lot of people will remember fondly. Then I got my first real dramatic role—I played a policeman on that one, a rookie."

During the war, John was in the Army as a field artillery communications sergeant. That took out almost four years from his career, most of them spent in Europe. And radio had moved, part to California and part to New York, with only a small percentage remaining in Chicago. He stayed East, and then job followed job. In 1947, he became *Perry Mason* on radio, continuing the role until the show went off the air last December.

It was a good part. He liked it. *Perry Mason* wasn't a cop, but he was a lawyer, interested in many of the same problems

that now face Lieut. Karr. (Incidentally, John hasn't entirely deserted radio. He still plays Tom Wells in *Ma Perkins*.)

"I particularly like being Mike Karr," he says. "Mike is a policeman who does more than just apprehend criminals. He works to prevent crime, especially juvenile crime. He is interested in the rehabilitation of the law-breaker, especially the young kid who gets all fouled up with the law."

"All of this appeals very strongly to me, personally, because I feel that these delinquent kids need understanding and help before it is too late to do much for them."

When Larkin was named for the leading role in *The Edge Of Night*, someone summed it up: "Larkin has the strongest face in the business, and that's the kind of guy Karr is. And he has the human touch, and that's also Karr."

"TV is much more demanding, physically and mentally, than radio," John admits. "We're on the set from early morning until the show goes off the air at 5 in the afternoon (Eastern Daylight Time). Technically, however, there are great rewards in television for the actor, as well as for the audience. I'm not bound to a stationary microphone, as I was in radio. I like that freedom of movement and the greater freedom of expression."

In spite of putting on a half-hour show, live, five times a week, with a complete new script every day, there is little tension. Teal Ames, the pretty actress who plays Sara, the girl Lieutenant Karr loves, says she doesn't know how she would have got through the first few weeks without his help. "Whenever I got scared, John would signal to me, in some subtle way, that I was doing just great. It kept up my morale."

The rest of the cast are "old pros," too: Don Hastings, who plays Sara's brother, Jack Lane; Mark Rydell, who is Walt, Jack's bad influence (Mark's latest movie is "Crime in the Streets"); Ian Martin, who is Detective Sergeant Charlie Brooks; Maxine Stuart as Grace O'Keefe, the public stenographer; Patty O'Neill, who is Jack's girl, Betty Jean; and Betty Garde, who is Mrs. Lane.

Larkin's bachelor status prompted a girl at a party to refer to him as "that good-looking, popular, man-about-town." John laughed that one off. "I couldn't be a man-about-town if I wanted to. Not with a working schedule like mine. I don't dare stay up late, except on a Friday or Saturday night, when there's no show next day. I try to see all the Broadway shows, and the good movies. Although I had been on some of the big TV dramatic shows—*Studio One*, *Big Story*, and others—I had never realized that a daily TV program takes you into a different world of work, alters your life, dedicates you . . ."

Entertaining, at his apartment, is fairly casual and informal. If the weather is cool enough, a guest sits near the big kitchen fireplace and watches the host use it to broil steaks and chops or hamburgers, bake potatoes, or concoct man-size casseroles. The apartment is in a remodeled, 120-year-old house, in New York's Greenwich Village, a house rumored to have been occupied at one time by Edgar Allan Poe. Background music for entertaining is usually some choice pieces from John's collection of old jazz recordings.

All this, however, is only for the non-baseball days. Any other time, when the team is on home grounds during the season, look for Larkin at the Yankee Stadium. In the bleachers, of course, with the rest of those seasonal fanatics!

The Littlest Cinderella

(Continued from page 49)

into a curl on top of her head, two brand-new teeth sparkling in a mouth which never stopped smiling. Her shoes were soft pink booties which exactly matched her dress. That choice had been a hard one, since Jeanne had to choose from some forty pairs of the soft little woolies made and sent to Jeanne, from every part of the country, by loyal listeners to *Queen For A Day*.

As photographers set up their equipment to record Mary Ann's debut, the baby sat on her mother's lap and jangled the charms on Jeanne's bracelet. "Isn't it wonderful?" Jeanne beamed. "She has discovered my charm bracelet." Then she laughed. "Isn't it ridiculous?" she said. "I keep telling myself that there must be lots of babies just as smart as Mary Ann. But I don't really believe it."

Queen Mary Ann is, indeed, a most accomplished little girl, for her months. There are those two new teeth, for instance. She has already given up her formula, and is reaching eagerly for the cup. She has mastered the delicate art of sitting up, and practices it determinedly.

"She can even dance," Jeanne boasted. And Mary Ann's daddy, U.C.L.A. Theater Arts Instructor Jack Morrison, appeared on the scene right then to help her prove it. A little help from the hi-fi, and Mary Ann was whirling around the room in her Daddy's arms, swaying to the music!

She sleeps until a civilized hour in the mornings, then breakfasts—in her high chair—with her parents. When Jeanne goes off to her work on the show and Jack to his classes at the University, Mary Ann is whisked into a bath by a doting maid, Margaret, and then into her nap in an extra bassinet in the dining room just off the kitchen.

Jeanne gets home by two (except on Mondays, when Jack Bailey does two *Queen* shows). By this time, Mary Ann is awake and eager for her buggy ride, propelled by Mommie, up and down the curving, tree-shaded hill roads in the neighborhood. "We've gotten to know all the houses where there are little children," Jeanne says, "even the ones where there are going to be little children. Our car pool for kindergarten and elementary school is already very well organized!"

Mary Ann even dines with the family—or, rather, plays happily in a bassinet pulled up to the candlelit table between the two chairs occupied by her mother and father. Jeanne wouldn't think of putting the baby to bed until she could have a little playtime with her daddy. Consequently—shudder, all you traditional child-rearers—Mary Ann goes to bed at eight o'clock! Mary Ann is healthy and happy. That's what counts. Jeanne didn't study for her master's degree in child psychology for nothing.

It was while Jeanne was taking classes at U.C.L.A., several years ago, that she first met Jack Morrison. It amuses them both that, even before she met Jack, she got to know his two children by a former marriage, Patience and Charley, when she was a student observer at the U.C.L.A. elementary school. It was a happy coincidence. When Jeanne and Jack decided to be married, the children were not only willing but eager to accept Jeanne as a second mother.

Patience and Charlie spend weekends with the Morrises, and longer periods during school holidays. "Mary Ann looks just like them," Jeanne says, "and she adores them both."

Patience, now a very grown-up high-schooler, looks, Jeanne says, "just like

Grace Kelly." Charlie, at 9, is still "pretty much all boy a la Mark Twain," and very rewarding company—"a student of life, a real comic spirit." Jeanne smiles contentedly, as she adds, "Weekends are the best—for all of us."

Many women juggling household, job, and children would concede that Jeanne Cagney has worked a modern miracle in arranging what is quite a complicated life with a minimum of tension and strain. This happy fact, she explains, is not accident. She planned it that way.

It was no coincidence that Jeanne married Jack Morrison the same week in June, 1953, that she signed her contract with *Queen For A Day*. She says there was never any question in her mind—if it came to a choice between home and family and continuing her career—which would win out. Her best energies would go to her husband, their home, and the children they hoped to have. That is what marriage meant—and still means—to her. Nevertheless, a complete renunciation of the career as an actress she had pursued so successfully and happily was—in prospect—not exactly painless.

The solution came with Jack Bailey's offer to Jeanne to join the *Queen For A Day* family. Relatively speaking, her work requires a minimum of time away from home. She can be a real wife and a good mother and still enjoy the emotional rewards of working in show business—she could be a part-time actress, and still, in all the essentials, a full-time wife and mother.

It has worked out beautifully, "because we planned it," Jeanne believes. "It was the first time in my life," she says now, "that I ever went in for long-range planning. It's second nature for Jack. Already, in his extracurricular role as vice-president of the American Educational Theater Association, he is planning next year's convention! I had always been a spur-of-the-moment girl myself."

Even today, in so far as her work is concerned, Jeanne worries no farther ahead than tomorrow, how the next show will come out. She gives her best to her work, loves the show and all the people on it. She was delighted when—since she was "about two minutes pregnant" and felt obligated to tell Jack Bailey the truth, so that he could start auditioning for a successor—he told her to relax, to go on with her daily appearances so long as her doctor thought it was safe for her. "A lot of our candidates are pregnant," he told her fondly. "You'll look just like one of the tribe."

As a result, her pregnancy became—like Lucille Ball's the year before—an issue of national concern. Letters of advice came from all over. And gifts—the booties, little sweaters, dresses hand-embroidered with loving care.

Just before Mary Ann was born, the Queens' Club gave Jeanne a shower: "Everything in yellow. They had found out, somehow, that that was what I wanted for the nursery."

Mary Ann smiled at this, as though to say that she, too, is grateful that she has so many, many friends—even if, so far, she hasn't exactly met them. And then she wiggled a bit, and muttered. "Those," said her mother, "are get-me-out-of-this-fancy-dress-and-let-me-stretch noises."

The little Queen disappeared "to get into something loose," with her mother as escort. The hi-fi played on. A fire crackled on the hearth.

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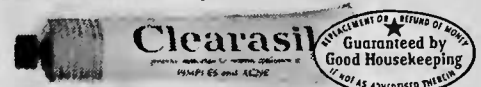


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T
V
R

"Where or When"

(Continued from page 56)

is something of a story. As a kid, I had been a boy soprano in a church choir. When my voice switched, so did I—to piano. Soon I was playing with local dance bands in and around San Francisco . . . I lived in San Mateo, a suburb. Well, to make a long story short, one day I heard that one of the radio stations was auditioning for a pianist. I hot-footed it over to the studio only to find that what they really wanted was a vocalist. Somewhat to my own amazement, I found myself auditioning for this spot . . . to the tune of 'Where or When' . . . and, to my complete amazement, found myself winning a one-shot guest appearance. To say I was stupefied when I was offered my own show, the following week, is putting it mildly. But there it was. And suddenly—I was a singer!

"A short time later, I learned that Freddy Martin was holding auditions for a male vocalist. Once again 'Where or When' turned the tide. Funny, the way some little thing—in my case, a song—seems to become a lucky charm.

"But—getting back to Freddy Martin—as I said, my association with him was a great experience and provided the best training I could possibly have received. However, there were no two ways about it . . . it was strenuous. At one point, we covered seventy-four cities in seventy-four days!

"Of course, touring wasn't always this strenuous. Sometimes we spent several days in a city. In places like New York, where we played the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, we stayed for two and three weeks. But I guess you get my point about lady bus-drivers."

Yes, we get his point. Those four years were obviously no time for a young singer to entertain any ideas about marriage.

When Merv left Martin's band, he went to Warner Bros. on a film contract. After his four-year on-the-move routine, it seemed to him as though he had settled down. He rented a furnished house and started to make friends and "socialize."

"Of course, as I look back on it now," he admits, "it was just the comparison with being on the road that made my life during 1952-54 seem so 'settled down.' Actually, I made three pictures during that time and went off on a personal-appearance tour around the country with one. In 1954, besides playing the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas with Tallulah Bankhead, I spent the summer in New York as replacement for the Jane Froman and Jo Stafford shows. So I guess I really wasn't as stationary as I thought. But, even so, it was while I was on the West Coast . . . that I first thought seriously about marriage. And it's probably just as well it never got beyond that stage, since my summer in New York had proved to me that this was where I wanted to be permanently . . . well, as permanently as an entertainer can use the word."

So, when the bright new year of 1955 rolled around, New York found itself with an energetic young vocalist on its hands. What to do with him? It didn't take Robert Q. Lewis long to decide that question and add Merv to his cast.

Having spent the summer of 1954 in New York, Merv was no longer a stranger. He had made friends quickly that summer and—being the type of person he is—had kept them. During his 1954 stop-over in the big city, Merv had shared an apartment with a young man in the music publishing business. "Loring Buzzell and

I got along just fine. Both being in the music business, we had a lot in common. When I'd come roaring in (as I often do), ready to compose the year's greatest song hit, Loring would understand . . . and leave 'genius' to its work unmolested. He had a lot of friends in the city, and was real open-handed about introducing me around. Though we didn't live together very long, we had a ball. He was dating a real cute girl . . . and, in July of that summer, that livin', breathin' doll whisked him off down the aisle, with me as best man. Since I thought Lu Ann Simms and Loring Buzzell made one of the greatest teams, there was nothing I could honestly do but give them my blessings . . . and look for another apartment.

"And I must admit it's couples like Lu Ann and Loring that make me know it must be wonderful to be married and raise a family. It would have a steadying effect, particularly on a guy who's in as precarious a profession as I am. Not that I'm unhappy being a bachelor . . . but, sure, some day I hope to meet up with that so-called 'right girl.'"

How will he know her? Merv Griffin is quick to answer, "I haven't the remotest idea. Never did make up a list of likes and dislikes or *musts* and *mustn'ts*, or anything like that. Whether she's a blonde, brunette or redhead couldn't be of less importance. I have no preference. Beautiful? Not necessarily. Attractive? Yes, but then just about anybody can be attractive . . . you know, dress well, be neat, well-groomed—that sort of stuff.

"Type of personality? Well, I guess this is the one thing on which I have some definite ideas. If there's one thing I get out of life, it's a large charge. Life to me is exciting. I'm a great one for spur-of-the-moment activities. I'm long on impulses. I might suddenly decide I wanted to go somewhere for a few days or a weekend . . . and I wanted to go right then. The girl I marry will have to be the type who will want to stop reading, pack a few things, and take off with me on a moment's notice.

"Being the impulsive type, I have one characteristic I suppose I really shouldn't wish on any girl. Emotionally, I'm apt to be riding the crest of the wave or fighting the ebb tide. Don't think I'm as bad as I used to be . . . I try to avoid those 'way-ups and 'way-downs . . . but I might present a problem that way.

"Of course, not everything I do involves spontaneous combustion, but I'm positive the right girl for me must be quick on the trigger. Above all, she must have a good sense of humor. Seems I just naturally gravitate to people who like to laugh . . . people who find life fun and exciting—not a sad state of affairs to be put up with. Don't misunderstand. I'm not looking for lady clown or a dyed-in-the-wool extrovert . . . just a gal with a sense of humor and happy outlook.

"Oh, yes, there is one other thing. And here I may be bucking the tide. Is it too much to ask for promptness? You see, I'm used to being prompt . . . in my business, you have to be. Maybe I have a 'thing' on the subject. I try to remember that not everybody is as aware of time as I am . . . as I have to be. But it doesn't seem to help much. Having to wait for a date—particularly when I know she could have been on time, if she had tried—can kill an otherwise good time.

"Also, it would be nice if she could cook. I can't. Why I never learned, I'm not quite sure—because I love to eat. Italian food, in particular. In some not-

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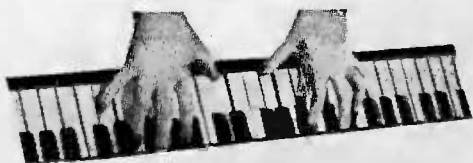
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so-strange way I seem to have collected a lot of friends who love to cook but have rather inadequate cooking facilities in their own apartments. You know how full of 'pullman kitchens' and hot plates New York is. Well, I'm fortunate enough to have a nice big apartment—five rooms—with a really quite decent kitchen. Or at least I'm told it is. I really wouldn't know. About the most I can manage is the electric coffee maker and toaster.

"But—to get back to my cooking friends—it certainly doesn't make them unpopular with me when they suggest coming over to whip up a home-cooked meal for me and a half-dozen others. Most of my friends are in the entertainment world, in one capacity or another. I don't mean to sound snobbish or choosy about my friends . . . their being in the

entertainment field, I mean. It's just that that's where I meet people. So I suppose I might be fairly safe in saying the girl I marry will probably—although not necessarily—be in some way connected with my profession.

"Well, for a person who said he had no preferences or real demands, I seem to have prepared a fairly substantial list. Certainly didn't mean to. Always thought love and love alone would be my guide. In fact, despite everything I've said, I'm still of the mind to leave the 'where and when'—and who—up to love."

Which is probably the most sensible thing this young bachelor with an eye to the future could do. After all, "Where or When" has always been his good luck charm, and there's no reason to think that adding "who" will change the picture.

Grandmas Have the Most Fun

(Continued from page 37)

chores that go with children. For the first time since the birth of your first child, you can relax a little. Your husband sees you serene, perhaps for the first time. You have a whole new kind of romance."

Arthur and Kathryn Murray have had a tremendous romance since they were married, April 24, 1925. Four months before the wedding, they were complete strangers. Arthur, already famous, was broadcasting dance instructions and Kathryn was in the studio audience. He chose her to demonstrate a step. She was one of many thousands of women he had danced with and yet he remembers, "She was so charming that I instantly began to think it would be wonderful to have a wife who was so much fun to be with." Four months later, he slipped a ring on her finger and they honeymooned in Europe.

"When we got home, we had a little apartment on Fifth Avenue at Ninety-Sixth Street," Kathryn recalls, "and I wanted to be the perfect housewife. Well, I had been a typical daughter previously, and I had acted as though food grew on the table. I knew nothing. I had to run over to the YWCA for a cooking course."

She was determined to be domestic in a big way and every night served dinner in the dining room. She got out her sterling and crystal and her best linen and table service. She decorated the table with flowers one night, with nuts the next, with colored candles another night.

"But, you know, it would take us so long to clean up that we never finished in time to make a movie. Then, one night, Arthur brought home a cartoon of a man sitting down to dinner and on the table was an enormous cake with an American flag flying out of the center and the husband saying wearily, 'Darling, must we always have surprises?' Well, I took the hint."

Kathryn was, in a sense, relieved. It wasn't that she disliked being a housewife. She has always managed her home with efficiency and imagination. The cookery course at the YWCA was just the beginning. She has taken other courses and she has invented some excellent recipes of her own. But the fact remains that she came to feel hemmed in by the stove and refrigerator. Under those circumstances, she couldn't have been more fortunate in her choice of a husband.

Arthur Murray preaches and practices equality of the sexes. His business is a big one—he has more than four hundred branch studios in the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Mexico, England and Honolulu. In this organization, a woman can be sure of equal opportunity with a man. In his office, women hold

positions of equal or higher authority than men.

Arthur's mother, a practicing realtor, had been a successful business woman, which accounts for his original respect for women as dynamic, capable executives. His continued confidence is due to the remarkable contributions made by Kathryn to his dance studios—although an event early in marriage handicapped her for a while. The event, fifteen months after the wedding, was the arrival of two storks.

"Twins! And they weren't a surprise. They were a shock." She recalls, "I had read a book that described twins as a 'freak of nature.' Well, I was upset when I was told that I had twins. I imagined them about the size of birds. I didn't even want to see them. It was the following morning that I saw my girls for the first time. Of course, they weren't freaks. They were lovely babies and I felt differently instantly."

The date was July 1, 1926. The twin girls were named Phyllis and Jane. For the next twelve years, Kathryn found herself fully occupied at home. She did manage some outside studying. Prior to marriage, she had prepared to be a teacher at the Newark State Normal School. She added to this with courses in French, horticulture and magazine-article writing. Arthur gave her home courses in business.

"I wonder if sometimes the girls didn't feel shut out," she says, "for Arthur and I talked so much about his work. But, you see, I regard the husband as the most important member of the household. Oh, I was attentive to the children but they knew that, if Daddy was to be late, I would wait and have dinner with him."

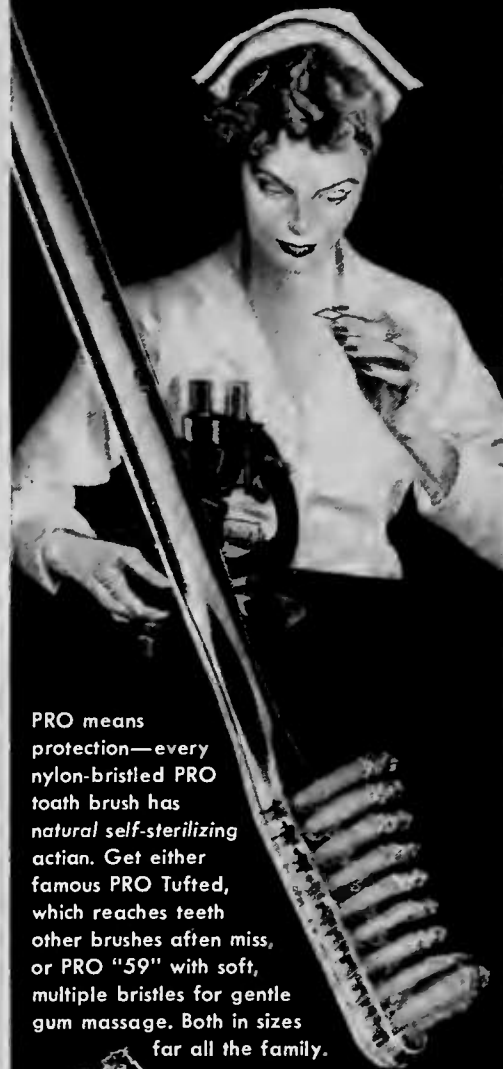
The Murrays lived in the suburbs. Arthur's studio was open evenings. That, along with personal appearances and broadcasts, kept him in the city and he was often late in getting home. Although frequently separated, Arthur and Kathryn were together on attitudes: "Then and now, we often talked about a housewife's life and how it becomes empty and pointless when her children grow up. At that time, she is mature, understanding, disciplined and probably very attractive. We agree that she should then turn to another full-time occupation. Work is what makes a person alert and exciting."

When the twins were twelve, Kathryn began to work for Arthur. Her thinking was that the children were in school all day, and occupied with friends and games and study after school, so that there was no need for her until dinner. So, when the children got off in the morning, Kathryn went to the office, then met the children again at dinner.

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she is a vice-president. She maintains correspondence with branch managers and writes sales manuals and training manuals for teachers and students. She takes a couple of hours out each morning to rehearse for the Thursday-night television show. Her executive day begins at nine-thirty and runs as late as six-thirty or eight every workday but Saturday, when she usually takes off at noon. But in spite of her heavy professional schedule, she still bakes, runs her home and cooks.

For many years, the Murrays have been living in a Park Avenue apartment, for they decided to give up the mechanics of running a house when the children grew up. In their apartment, they have two bedrooms, a tiny dining room, a comfortable living room and a fine kitchen—where, three mornings a week, Kathryn bakes.

"Arthur is one of those men who likes to have his cake and eat it," she says. "I don't think bread has ever passed his lips. He even has cake for breakfast. He has a cookie tin on his desk that I keep filled."

Whenever he tastes a new confection, he reports it promptly to Kathryn. She accepts the challenge, although she can't always predict the ending: "Arthur got back from Florida just recently and told me about a black-and-white cake that was striped rather than marbled. Well, I tried it, but all of the chocolate settled to the bottom. Of course, we ate it, anyway." (Cakes that don't come out right are termed "mistake cakes." They are sliced and put back in the oven with butter and sugar and/or cinnamon to be made into crisps.)

Kathryn has been getting up at six since she was a child. Her father was on an afternoon paper and had to be at work by eight, so Kathryn awoke early to breakfast with him.

"It's not easy to get early-morning companionship, but then early-morning privacy's rather nice," she says. "I have some juice and coffee and then the paper all to myself. After that, I do my baking and put my clothes in order."

Mrs. Murray is a conscientious housewife. Open a closet door, and you find boxes neatly arranged and labeled with contents. In general, however, the Murrays try to keep away from storage problems by saving as few things as possible.

"We don't believe in letting possessions run away with you. When we get something new, we give something old away. A new sweater means giving away a used sweater. If I buy a black dress, then I give away something dressy. I really hate to part with books, though. But, in the end, we do."

Her apartment is furnished in eighteenth century, and much of the furniture she has kept since her wedding. She is particularly fond of the fine Chippendale chairs in the living room. They are covered in yellow damask. The walls are beige and the carpeting is aqua. Aqua raw silk and gay chintz make the curtains and the upholstery. Little shelves over the fireplace hold porcelain dancing figures which the Murrays have been collecting over the years. Corner shelves are filled with plants, as is the window box. There are about seventy plants in the living room.

The dining room is small. Here, Kathryn has a two-seated sofa, a small table and a television set. "We eat out often," Kathryn says, "for we are usually in the office late. But, when Arthur wants to watch television, we come home and we have something quick and easy, like hamburgers or chops, while we watch the shows."

She has taken possession of the master bedroom and has the walls in charcoal gray. Two of the walls, however, are fully covered by pink taffeta curtains. The carpeting is moss green. As a dressing table,

Kathryn uses a handsome antique library desk. Arthur's bedroom is smaller and looks like a sitting room, with its couch-bed and a small TV set.

"We sleep apart because of my early waking," she says. "In the morning, I thunder like a herd of elephants."

After a couple of hours of work, she sits down to a full breakfast. About nine, she leaves for the office, wearing simple, dark clothes. She favors brown and navy; wools in the winter; shantung in the summer. What she puts on in the morning usually has to last through the evening. In cool weather, she wears a red coat.

"Red is practical. It can be dressy in the evenings—and, besides, it gives you a pick-up after a day at the office."

She makes one concession to fashion by wearing a beret-style hat, although she hates hats. For years she has been ordering the same style over and over in different colors. She got her first mink coat two years ago.

"A mink isn't much fun when you know you can have one," she says. "I don't think I've worn it fourteen times. What I'm really proud of are my nightgowns and negligees. I think that I must have the most beautiful collection in New York. Arthur always gives me a nightgown and a negligee for birthdays and holidays. When he stops buying me black nightgowns, I don't think life will be worth living."

At the Manhattan studios, Arthur and Kathryn share the same reception room. Their offices are adjoining. They seldom have the opportunity to dance with each other, but each puts in at least an hour a day at the studio.

"It's this way," Kathryn says. "During the day, if I feel a little tired or just want to walk away from my work for a while, I see if one of the instructors is free and book him for an hour of dancing. I come back to the office feeling refreshed."

In a month's time, the Murrays spend a weekend with each of their daughters. One twin, Phyllis, is married to Edward McDowell, a high-school teacher in New Haven, Connecticut. They have three daughters: Kathryn, six, Martha, four, and Meg Adair, seven months. Kathryn's other daughter, Jane, is married to Dr. Henry J. Heimlich. They live in Rye, New York, and have two sons, Peter, two, and Philip Murray, three. The granddaughters call Kathryn "Grandma". The boys call her "Katie."

"The children love Grandma for the way she tells stories," her daughter says. "She's good at pantomime."

This is not a new side of Kathryn Murray. Daughter Phyllis announces that she is going to get a piano, for she says the warmest memories of childhood are those of Kathryn singing to her at bedtime. But she is not merely entertaining. Grandma Katie is also tactful. Whenever she phones, she always asks to speak to the grandchildren first.

"It works better, too," she says. "It's impossible to talk to Phyllis or Jane when one of the children is begging for the phone."

After the telecast each Thursday, Kathryn phones her daughters for their opinion of the show: "I'll have something on my mind, like a dress—the show is all over, and I'm still not sure whether it was right for me. I'll ask Phyllis, 'Did you like my gown?'—and she says, 'Mother, I was too busy watching you to see the gown.' She is critical, though. She told me that she didn't think I should do any more acrobatic dancing. She doesn't think it's fitting for a grandmother."

But Kathryn Murray is an unusual grandmother. That's not surprising, for she is an unusual woman—all five of her.

The Merry Modernaires

(Continued from page 46)

respects, The Mods share comparable problems. Among them, they have ten children—seven girls and three boys. Paula and Hal Dickinson, who have been bride and groom since New Year's Day, 1939, have three daughters: Martha, fifteen, Paula, Jr., thirteen, and Juliann, nine. John and Marion Drake have two daughters: Elizabeth, six, and Carole, two. Fran and Elsie Mary Scott have a son and a daughter: Johnny, eleven, and Deborah, almost four. Allan and Dolores Copeland have three youngsters: Christine, almost seven, Michael, who will be five in November, and Richard, who was a year old in April of this year.

The fact of their multiple parenthood has always provided The Mods with a stupendous area to be discussed, conferred upon, and shared in commiseration. There is no comfort to equal that of one parent upon being reassured by another with the famous phrase, "Don't worry—it's only a phase. Putting the pearls through the garbage disposal is nothing. Wait until he puts a carton of cigarettes in the automatic washing machine with a pair of riding boots and your wife's heirloom lace tablecloth."

As everyone knows, Bob Crosby is parent of five, which further extends the area of understanding—and a lucky thing, too, because an occasional Modernaire performance has produced frantic home-side repercussions.

On a show several months ago, The Mods did a dramatization of "Skokian," a narrative ditty telling the sad plight of a pith-helmeted hunting type (played by the youngest, blondest member of the group, Allan Copeland) who encountered a band of savages and wound up in a giant kettle while the camera recorded his plight. The rest of The Mods were hay-skirted, frizz-headed, painted and beaded enough to strike terror to the stout heart of a Marine sergeant . . . so it is not remarkable that Michael Copeland, aged four and one-half, concluded that his father had just wound up as No. 1 on the Tidbit Parade. He went into hysterics.

Mrs. Copeland telephoned CBS-TV and explained her problem. Word was slipped to Bob Crosby, who hastened to announce that he had a special message for Michael Copeland: His daddy was fine. It had been a game, and any resemblance of Allan Copeland to a New England boiled dinner was all in fun. No water in the kettle—no fire, really, under it. . . . Michael relaxed but, for several weeks, he refused to watch the program, explaining simply, "They play too rough."

The ten children of the singing group have presented another fascinating problem. As everyone knows, children never come down with chicken pox until the eve of the most inconvenient day in any calendar year. Just when The Mods have been scheduled into Coconut Grove for three weeks, or are flying daily to Las Vegas to fulfill a highly satisfactory commitment, some second-generation Modernaire is sure to come down with something—usually a disorder featuring large, red polka dots.

Another bugaboo of singing groups is the unfilterable virus of the common cold. Paula Kelly, the soprano and unofficial mother, style authority, and coffeemaker of the group, is instantly alerted by a dull eye or a tired tone, and she is positively galvanized by a sneeze, no matter how *gesundheit*. She produces tall bottles of anti-histamine, and the sneeze is sent home as quickly as possible, performances

and rehearsals considered.

As a result, The Mods have never failed to keep a date because of illness. Transportation is their nemesis, and even that has put the hex on them only twice. The first near cataclysm took place, of all unlikely locations, in the spanking new CBS-TV building itself. Usually, The Mods drift in by ones or twos during the thirty minutes preceding the nine A.M. rehearsal.

However, one morning the news filtered up to the third-floor studio that a violent motor accident had taken place on Beverly Boulevard, the artery passing to the north of the station, so all five Mods popped down to the street to check the situation then returned to the elevator.

The elevator, an automatic, took the vocalists up two and one-half stories and hung poised as happily as a mountain goat resting on an Alp. . . . Five synchronized watches announced that airtime was approaching and The Mods were not. Beating the panic button produced no response; the doors opening on the second floor were just beyond reach below, those opening on the third floor were just beyond reach above. No one even suggested uttering sounds of distress because setting up a howl in a telecasting studio elevator is roughly equivalent to whispering for attention in a steel mill.

Chances are that they might have camped there for some time if Tommy Sheils, The Mods' business manager, hadn't rescued them forty-two seconds before the "On the Air" light turned red to match The Mods' complexions.

The second incident took place in March of this year, when The Mods were establishing some sort of an endurance record by doubling their output of notes. Their schedule went like this: Each Monday through Friday, they reported to CBS-TV at 9:00 A.M. to start rehearsals for the Crosby show. The show aired at 12:30 until 1 P.M. (PST), at which time the four guys and a gal had a fast coffee break and returned to work on the show for the following day. They broke at 3:00, drove to the airport . . . and took off at 4:00 for Las Vegas.

Usually, they reached Vegas around 6:15 to 6:30—depending upon the co-operation of tailwinds—rushed to the hotel at which they were appearing (The Sahara), changed clothes and applied makeup, had another cup of coffee, and gave their first show at 8:00 P.M. The second show went on at midnight, after which the quintet with the quivering vocal chords removed costumes, showered, redressed, and had dinner. Having slowed down to a gallop, they fell into an exhausted sleep disturbed only by a call permitting them to catch their chartered plane which took off for Los Angeles at 6:00 A.M. . . . Shaken but still game, they then reported at CBS-TV at 9:00 A.M.

As there is in any group, there was one rebel against this regular invasion of the skies: Allan Copeland. As far as he is concerned, the Wright Brothers goofed. He never boards a plane if he can avoid it, and he leaves as quickly as a stairway is rolled into place. During The Modernaires' three-week Las Vegas marathon, Allan had no choice except to fly up to Las Vegas with his fellow troupers . . . but, just after the midnight show, he was able to catch a Limited train having a berth made up for an admirer of surface transportation, for the trip back down.

And so it happened that when The Day of the Big Wind descended upon Las Vegas, grounding everything but tumbleweeds, four of The Mods were stranded in

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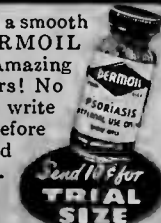
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the State of Nevada—whereas Allan Copeland appeared, fresh and triumphant, for the regular 9:00 A.M. Crosby rehearsal. . . . Possibly you saw the show in which The Modernaires became a trio composed of announcer Jack Narz, who emits a reasonably pleasant baritone in such laments as "Sixteen Tons," Bob Crosby, and anti-aircraftman Allan Copeland.

Incidentally, Allan is the newest member of The Mods, having completed eight years with the group, and is known among his associates as "our juvenile delinquent" because of his sunny blondness, his impish inclination to insinuate into the quintet, at odd times, the voice of Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Rudy Vallee, or some equally unexpected personality. But more of Allan later.

Founder and namer of The Modernaires is tenor Hal Dickinson, a big, bluff, hearty man who would be type-cast in motion pictures as a high-minded attorney, a kindly doctor, or a successful but hard-working business man—which he is.

Born in Buffalo, New York, Hal earned a sextuple-threat reputation by excelling at tennis, basketball, baseball, hockey, song, and tympni. His first musical job cast him in a trio called "Three Weary Willies," which sang over station WGR, Buffalo, sponsored by a furniture-company. Pay was \$10.00 per month plus all the furniture polish they could use. "Three Weary Willies" was one of Hal's titles. Another was "Don Juan, Two and Three," for the trio singing in New York on NBC.

A bridge addict, Hal was never really happy with a trio, so (after a 26-week stint with Ted Fio Rito in *Hotel Hollywood*) Hal returned to New York to captain a quartet by acquiring a fourth for bridge. That done, the foursome joined Ray Noble, and Hal—agreeing with Ray that the quartet should be given a distinctive title—spotted an advertisement for bringing a home up to date. "Modernize your furniture," the billboard suggested, and the wheels of the elevated took it up, "Modernize your furniture and give your home an air—modern air—modern air. . . ." The Modernaires were born.

After their Noble experience, The Modernaires joined Charlie Barnet for six months, then spent some time with Fred Waring and Paul Whiteman. In 1940, they were approached by an erstwhile buddy of the Ray Noble days, a chap who had played tantalizing trombone. He had formed his own band, and he wanted The Modernaires to add vocal zest to the organization. His name was Glenn Miller.

It was with Glenn Miller that Hal acquired some motion picture experience in "Orchestra Wife" and "Sun Valley Serenade." And, during the war, Hal was on the plane with the rest of the band when it made a safe flight from England to France. Glenn's smaller plane disappeared.

To backtrack a little: In the early twenties, a girl named Paula Kelly was born in Grove City, Pennsylvania. She was still in pigtails when she talked her two older sisters into forming a trio to sing over Pittsburgh's KDKA airwaves. When Major Bowes came to town, Paula arranged an audition for the trio which resulted in a fifteen-month tour with the Bowes unit. Occasionally, a singing group named "The Modernaires" would share billing with the Bowes unit, so Paula got to know a chap named Hal Dickinson.

When her sisters tired of life on the road and decided to remain at home, marry, and start families, Paula accepted a Dick Stabile singing offer, followed by a season with Al Donohue, followed by engagements with most of the top name bands of the country. Somehow, wherever she went, The Modernaires seemed to be

appearing at a rival theater or a rival supper club—and Hal Dickinson seemed to be available for dinner after the last show.

Each meeting was more enchanted and each parting became more painful, so they decided to do the sensible thing: Form a domestic duet. This union was celebrated on New Year's Day, 1939. The Modernaires had thus become a quintet . . . so Paula also learned about picture-making in "Orchestra Wife" and "Sun Valley Serenade."

It is pleasant to report that, about two months ago, Paula was stopped on the street by a well-known agent who said, "I think you could succeed in motion pictures. Right now there is a part for which you'd be right. Would you be interested in interviewing for it?"

Paula said that her three daughters kept her rather busy and that she also aided her husband in his profession, so her time was quite taken up. Then she said, "But thank you—thank you very much."

The gentleman was exhibiting rare taste in his attempt to interest Paula in films. Her hair is dark auburn, close-cropped and curly. Her eyes are wide-set and the color of tiger's-eye quartz. Her figure is that of an active teenager.

Paula was taught violin during her formative years, but hasn't played for some time. An expert swimmer, she hasn't much time to indulge that ability, and her golf has suffered from neglect since last summer. However, she is an avid antiquer and has studied her reference books to the point where she not only knows whether a piece is authentic or not, but whether the worm leering from a chair-rung is tenth or twelfth generation.

As previously mentioned, Paula and Hal now have three daughters: Martha, fifteen; Paula, Jr. thirteen; Juliann, nine. And as things stand now, Paula, Jr. thinks she, too, would like to be a singer.

There's one other tidbit about Paula Sr. that you should know: She has a terrible time shopping. Not long ago, she absently picked up from the local market shelf a product not advertised on the Bob Crosby show. One of those "innocent" bystanders—who should be shot—observed, "Wouldn't you think that people who are earning a living by advertising a certain product would buy the same brand?"

Tomahawk, anyone?

John Drake is the tall, blond, New English member of The Mods. He could be type-cast as a successful writer, a popular professor in a Midwest college, or the hero of Ray Milland's life story. He's the librarian and the bass for the Mods, and—when he isn't filing or bassing—he's likely to be playing sax for kicks, or working in his garden. He is an expert at dialects and can reproduce an accent perfectly after a little exposure to same.

Born in St. Paul, John became a musician at nine, when he was given a clarinet. He earned his way through college (U. of Missouri) by playing for college and fraternity dances. . . . Career-wise, he has played and sung with the Slat Randall, Emerson Gill, Dick Stabile, Eddy Duchin and Jan Garber organizations before he joined The Mods in 1942. Seems that Hal Dickinson had caught John Drake one Sunday night in Chicago, in 1940, and had kept the talented bass in mind until a vacancy in the anchor department of The Mods occurred.

John took a leave of absence from the group during the war years when he served with the Coast Guard. John is married to his high-school sweetheart and they have two daughters—Elizabeth, six, and Carole, two—who dig up dear Daddy's petunias in order to have a little gift for him when he comes home at night.

Fran Scott was born in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, where he learned to play violin in a home not too closely adjacent to other houses. Next came banjo, and—after he had broken his leg playing football—he embraced the bass viol. From strings, he went to the trombone . . . and, recently, after having noted John Drake's virtuosity on sax, Fran took up that instrument. He has challenged his fellow baritone to a sax duel, and a rehearsal hall is being cleared at CBS.

Fran started his career by spending four years with Ray Pearl, then worked with Freddy Martin, Red Norvo, and Blue Barron. He joined The Mods in 1943, and serves as chief arranger for the group. In his spare time, he used to raise boxer dogs, but his wife, Elsie Mary Cook, discovered that she had an allergy to boxers, so that hobby was ended.

Fran is a shutterbug. His favorite subjects are son Johnny, eleven, and daughter Deborah, nearly three. Also, he is an antiquer having an enthusiasm quotient equal to that of Paula Kelly . . . when the Scotts built their home in The Valley, the size and shape of the rooms were determined entirely by which precious piece of early Americana was to go where.

Allan Copeland, youngest in point of years and youngest in point of service with the quintet, joined the group in 1949. Before that he had been a member of Los Angeles' famed Mitchell Boys' Choir (Allan was born in L.A.) and had sung his way through University High, near the University of California at Los Angeles. . . . He had also served in the U.S. Navy, married Dolores Barty, and spent a year with Jan Garber, building vocal group arrangements, singing, and organizing his own singing combo, The Twintones.

When a vacancy occurred in The Mods' baritone-tenor department, Hal Dickinson sent for Allan, having had him spotted for some time. Allan took the train to Minneapolis to join the group. He is very inclined toward loud sport jackets, incandescent sport shirts, and whatever sartorial fashion is the moment's last word. His three youngsters (Christina, six; Mike, four; Ricky, just past one) think he is a visual wonder.

Clearly, The Modernaires are—as originally stated—one big, happy family. All exchange notes on how to be successfully reared as parents. All are steeped in music by natural inclination and training. The Dickinsons share their interest in antiques and dog raising with Fran Scott. Fran shares his gardening hobby and his multiple-instrument rating with John Drake. John shares his interest in visual music and his lyric-writing ability with Allan . . . and Allan shares his sports outfits with anyone bold enough to wear them.

Occasional troubles? Misunderstandings? Problems? Every family has them, so naturally The Mods must expect an occasional rumble. But, years ago, Hal Dickinson established the tradition of a group business meeting on the first day of every month. It is known affectionately as "the barbecue," because everyone is expected to bring his prize beef. The session has always proved to be a picnic, ending in mutually affectionate agreement.

Critics believe that this harmony of personality is reflected in the virtuosity of their recordings. If you don't now own the following Moderaire discs, you should add them to your library: "Juke Box Saturday Night," "Dipsy Doodle," "Salute to Glenn Miller," "To Each His Own," and "April in Paris." Prize records . . . to go with the prize record of one big, happy family—The Modernaires.

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