New Stories:
ARTHUR GODFREY
DINAH SHORE
BUD COLLYER
JOHN DALY

Mr. Peepers
Nobody’s Fool

Mary Jane Higby
When A Girl Marries

Red Buttons
Clown With A Heart
Ivory makes more lather, faster!
Your bath's a moment to treasure—it's all pure pleasure—with Ivory! For Ivory never disappears into the depths—it floats! And, at a touch, Ivory makes the richest suds you ever soaked in! Ivory, in fact, makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

Ivory gives you famous mildness... and such a clean, fresh odor!
Your skin is caressed as well as cleansed, when you treat it to baby-gentle Ivory lather. For Ivory's mildness is a byword—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And Ivory's lather is so clean, so fresh-smelling, too. It leaves you in a glow... full of go!

Ivory gives more for your money!
Isn't that a nice surprise? America's favorite soap... pure, mild, floating Ivory... actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99 4/100% pure... it Floats
"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!
As Laura read Jim's old love letters she could scarcely hold back the tears. She could imagine people whispering as she passed by, "That's the Morton fellow's ex-fiancee... Poor thing! I don't know what came between them." Unfortunately, Laura didn't either, and she spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite." Once she corrected her trouble, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold... a girl with breath as sweet as the blossoms in her bridal bouquet.

**LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH**

*4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste*

Why is Listerine Antiseptic so much better?... Why does it not only stop *halitosis* (bad breath) instantly, but usually keep it stopped for hours on end? The answer is Listerine's superior ability to kill germs.

**No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly**
You see, germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. They start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. As a result, as research shows, your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.

Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine Antiseptic does.

**Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste**
No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

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

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... the most widely used antiseptic in the world**
people on the air

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Cover portrait of Jan Miner by Ozzie Sweet

NSU motorcycle on page 65—courtesy of Butler & Smith Trading Corp., N.Y.C.
Isn't this "Juliet" pretty? The crown is smooth, sides curl gently upward. With Bobbi, no days of waiting for a natural wave. It's yours from the start.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer...Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent...as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. Immediately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you'll love Bobbi.

Isn't this "Juliet" pretty? The crown is smooth, sides curl gently upward. With Bobbi, no days of waiting for a natural wave. It's yours from the start.

The "Page Boy" is a young dream. Imagine a wave natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. Yes, it's yours with Bobbi!

There's royal charm in the "Princesse"! Bobbi's just right for all such casual styles. Gives you exactly the wave you want—where you want it.

Notice the soft curls at the ends of this flattering "Peter Pan" style. With Bobbi you can easily get curls like these all by yourself—you need no help.

Every day just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax
Ted Mack and his Original Amateur Hour are finally back on the air on NBC-TV, Saturday nights. When All Star Revue bowed out of the NBC schedule and the time period became available, the network was able to move the Amateur Hour into a half-hour of that spot, with the same sponsor, the other half-hour being taken over by Robert Cummings' My Hero telefilm series. Mack, who was in Korea entertaining the troops when the deal was set, is very pleased to return to television and, needless to say, his thousands of fans who bombarded the network with letters about his program share his enthusiasm.

The American Broadcasting Company is signing all sorts of new talent and planning many new programs now...
that they have extra shekels in the till since their recent merger with United Paramount Theatres. There is a new show called ABC Album on the Sunday-night television schedule, a half-hour dramatic program which will present a different play each week. However, it is so produced that should a sponsor want to buy any one of the thirteen shows, the particular one he wishes can then be developed into a whole series. Donald Cook will emcee the programs and as stars the network has lined up such well-known thespians as Paul Douglas, Alan Mowbray, Brandon De Wilde, Walter Slezak, Audrey Christie, and Mildred Natwick.

Thursday nights, on radio, you can hear ABC Playbill, a program combining completely different facets of entertainment. The producers are presenting, on alternate weeks, so-called high level humor, unusual audience-participation gimmicks, and a panel show, One Minute Please. Two of the regulars on the latter are Jan Struther, who wrote Mrs. Miniver, and Marc Connolly, author of "Green Pastures."

George Jessel has been signed by ABC as a performer and producer on radio and television, with his duties beginning June 1st. And, in addition, Jessel will represent the network as a "good will ambassador" at private and public functions. Jessel is affectionately known as the "Toastmaster General of the United States," in recognition of the countless dinners and benefits at which he has spoken.

ABC is already working on its fall lineup and to date has signed movie actor Barry Sullivan to star in an adventure series, The Crackdown, and Paul Hartman, the veteran dancing comedian, to headline a situation-comedy program, Pride Of The Family.

CBS is also planning ahead for its fall schedule. They have tabbed screen actress Joan Caulfield to play the starring role in the television version of My Favorite Husband. Listeners will undoubtedly remember this domestic comedy, which started on CBS radio back in 1948, and ran for two and a half years with Lucille Ball as its star.

Edgar Bergen has also put his signature to an exclusive contract which calls for him to continue his Sunday-night radio appearances and also ties him to the network for five television shows during the 1953-54 season. To date, Bergen has done only a couple of video guest appearances on special occasions.

Eddie Fisher is starring in a brand-new bi-weekly (Continued on page 6)
NEW FINER MUM

Buy one jar — get another

FREE of
extra cost

Special Offer to get you to try New MUM with M-3 — Destroys Odor Bacteria — Stops Underarm Odor All Day

Don't miss this wonderful, no-risk chance to try new Mum cream deodorant. Mum now contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor-bacteria — doesn't give perspiration odor a chance to start.

Gentle Mum is safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

So get a trial size jar — FREE of extra cost. You pay for only one jar. And you'll be thrilled with its amazingly effective protection or 39¢ will be mailed to you promptly.

*"Accept this Offer!"

Use bonus jar of Mum with M-3. If you don't agree that Mum is the best deodorant for you, return unused 39¢ jar (before July 31, 1953), with your name and address, to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. MM, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. for 39¢ refund. (Offer good only in continental U.S.A.)

Available only while supplies last.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

television show on NBC, complete with a cola sponsor. The show will also be taped for radio. The popular baritone, who recently was discharged by the Army following an eighteen-month training hitch, flies to London any minute for a two-week engagement at the Palladium, and will film his shows ahead to cover the time he is gone. Incidentally, the last professional appearance Eddie made before being inducted was at the Paramount Theatre in New York. He finished his final show at 11:30 at night and the next morning reported to Uncle Sam. Curiously enough, the day following his discharge in April, he opened back at the Paramount. And not a bad way to celebrate his return to civilian life.

This 'n' That:
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen is still receiving many, many requests for the script of the Stalin "Funeral Oratory" which he presented on his Mutual radio and Du Mont television programs. It was originally done February 24th and had startling significance when the Russian Premier died ten days later. The bishop has pointed out that his script was but a paraphrase of Mark Antony's funeral oration over Caesar's body in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." Sheen followed the script of the funeral oration, substituting Stalin's name for Caesar's, Malenkov for Mark Antony, and Vishinsky for Brutus.

J. Carroll Naish says he parted company with Life With Luigi because the sponsor would not let him tape the show. He had to turn down lots of movie jobs because he was unable to go on location trips. Naish played the role of Luigi for five years.

Donald O'Connor and his wife, Gwen Carter, have made their recent separation permanent and each has hired lawyers preparatory to filing the divorce suit. Insiders say that there will be a battle over the custody of their daughter, Donna.

Lucille Ball lost fifteen pounds following her divorce from Desi Arnaz. Ball is working on a slimming program and is trimming down for the TV camera on a diet of skim milk, high protein foods and fruit steeped in honey. Desi reports that, on the same menu, he gained ten pounds.

Joel Gray, promising new performer who was discovered by Eddie Cantor, has been signed as a summer replacement for Jackie Gleason on CBS-TV. He will sing, dance and cavort about in a variety show format.

Barbara Britton, the "Mrs." of TV's Mr. and Mrs. North, is expecting her third visit from the stalk in July. In private life, Barbara is married to Dr. Eugene Czukor.

Remember Davy Lee, the child actor who did the "Sonny Boy" number with the late Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer?" He is now an aircraft worker in California and recently made a guest appearance as a singer on Jack Owen's show in Hollywood.

Margaret Whiting and her husband, pianist Joe Bush, are having marital difficulties which may lead to a trial breakup. Friends are hoping they can iron out their troubles before they tell it to the judge.

The Aldrich Family recently celebrated its fifteenth year of broadcasting. The character of "Henry" originally evolved from Clifford Goldsmith's hit play, "What a Life," which was produced in 1938 and ran on Broadway for more than a year. Ezra Stone, who created the part on the stage, carried it into radio when it was first aired by Rudy Vallee on his variety show. Then it became a ten-minute sketch on the old Kate Smith program and was heard for thirty-nine consecutive weeks. Following this, Henry and his family were signed as a summer replacement for the (Continued on page 11)
New! ... a magical non-roll top, plus tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way Nature intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, breathing second skin.

Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Here is natural figure control! Natural control that works with your body, not against it...resilient, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, never distorts!

Magic-Controller is all one piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects firm control. It does more for you than any girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure naturally comes when you wear it under the season’s new styles. You’ll think you’ve lost a full size (and more than a few years?)

Playtex Magic-Controller
with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest Slim Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95
Extra-large size, $8.95
Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles from $4.95
Famous Playtex Girdles from $3.50
Playtex...known everywhere as the girdle in the Slim tube.
FAIRY GODMOTHER—
Glamour Version

Sylvia Devey, a charming brunette actress, has spent the past five years giving talented youngsters that all-important boost up the slippery ladder of show-business success. Your Junior Review, the WNBW-TV showcase for Sylvia’s activities, has enjoyed great popularity in Washington, D.C., since its beginning. With the cooperation of public schools, dancing and theatrical schools, and youth organizations, Sylvia invariably comes up with a fast-paced show including all types of young talent.

It is only through Sylvia’s hard work, her industry and her own warm, honest belief in the young people who appear on the program, that the show has become what it is today. She spares nothing in giving encouragement to a shy dancer, or kind but strict criticism to an over-confident singer. She has been instrumental in working with the USO and the Armed Forces’ Special Service officers to present shows at local camps and bases, as well as at the Lafayette Lounge, the USO in Washington.

A former fashion model, home economist and a radio veteran, Sylvia runs a home in nearby Maryland. She’s a model wife, according to her husband, and, despite an active career, manages two teen-aged daughters and a frisky pooch.

Many a youthful entertainer has taken his first step to eventual stardom with Sylvia, and she’s proud as an eagle of her “kids.” The requirements for contestants are simple—they must be under twenty-one, and have some talent. The talent comes from as far away as New York to get on Junior Review. To all of the hopefuls, Sylvia is a fairy godmother. It’s true she doesn’t have a magic wand, and she isn’t anything like the little old lady who sent Cinderella off to the ball in the story—she’s a glamorous version—but she sure can work miracles.
There's something about a Sea Nymph that makes any body more beautiful! Swimming or sunning, this regal Princess suit with cuff plunge collar ravishes. You'll love the exciting French Riviera colors in figure-molding latex faille. Sizes 32 to 38. Buy two or three at this happy price. About $9.

Slightly higher west of the Rockies,
Sea Nymph glamour suits come in Juniors, too! Sizes 9 to 15

At better stores everywhere, or write Betty Barnes,
JORDAN manufacturing corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal
Joe McCauley’s Dawn Patrol goes into its tenth year with the WIP deejay still going strong and still satisfied with the weird hours he’s been keeping. In 1942, when Joe first took over this all-night music and news show, he was sure that he’d head back to daytime radio but fast. But 252,000 records later he’s still working the graveyard shift with no complaints.

Oddly enough, Joe’s is one of the best-known voices in Philadelphia—which means that more people than you think stay up most of the night. Despite his popularity, though; most of his listeners have never seen him. “Just as well, too,” Joe quips. A genial-looking man with a casual manner, Joe McCauley’s schedule would give any self-respecting wife nightmares. His brunette wife, Roz, serves him breakfast at 11 P.M.—he gets lunch at four (at the studio) and dinner (at home) about the time most people are dashing off to work. Roz is pretty much used to the routine by now—and charges it up to slight madness in Mr. McCauley. He finds the family very cooperative for the most part, but still promises himself a soundproof attic where he can sleep—while his two very healthy youngsters play. Their names are Joey and Lyn, eight and five years old respectively.

Philadelphia bred and raised, Joe made his radio debut in 1937—just two weeks after he was graduated from La Salle High School. Now thirty-three, Joe has built up a tremendous following for his show. What’s more he’s even gained weight on his topsy-turvy schedule—but that’s probably due to McCauley’s madness.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

Jack Benny program in 1939, and the Aldriches have been with us ever since. The current Henry on the NBC-TV series is nineteen-year-old Bobby Ellis.

Rumor has it that Bob Burns, the bazooka-playing Arkansas comedian who was well known in radio and movies a few years ago, may soon return to show business. There is a possibility that he'll do a daily radio show and may even give television a try. During the past few years Bob has devoted most of his time to his money-making ranch in the San Fernando Valley.


Bing Crosby and his youngest son, Lindsay, who have been abroad since March 21st, will not return home until early June. In spite of all the talk before he left, the "Groaner" refused to make a definite decision about his television future until he gets back to the States.

Martin Block, famous disc jockey of New York's Station WNEW for the past eighteen years, has signed an exclusive long-term contract with the American Broadcasting Company, to start January 4, 1954. The platter-spinner, whose salesmanship ability has made him a fortune, is said to be assured of three million dollars in the course of his contract, if complete sponsorship is achieved. And getting sponsors should be no problem for Martin.

When somebody recently asked Red Skelton what he thought of Mickey Rooney, Red kiddingly replied, "I have always felt sorry for Rooney. He's too short to be a lover, and too tall to be a producer."

The suspicion over at Columbia Square is that Texas has a monopoly on schoolteachers and winners of radio contests! In December it was Nell Owen of Dallas, a cutie schoolmarm who walked off with first prize in CBS Radio's Our Miss Brooks contest to find the prettiest teacher in the United States.

This time around it's Mrs. Rowena Bridgers of El Paso, a teacher, too, who has won the "Why I Like My Mother-in-law" contest sponsored by CBS Radio's December Bride series starring Spring Byington. Mrs. Bridgers consequently enjoyed a seven-day, all-expenses-paid stay at the Biltmore Hotel in Palm Springs, California.

Prior to leaving for the desert resort, Mrs. Bridgers spent Sunday and Monday, March 15 and 16, in Hollywood as the guest of the program's star, Spring Byington. Miss Byington, like her contest winner, is a mother-in-law in private life.

Talking to Parke Levy, the program's creator-director, Mrs. Bridgers had this to say about her home state: "It's not true, Mr. Levy, that there are oil wells on every corner back home, and that Texans go to the bank five times daily with their oil earnings!"

Asked what the Texans think of Hollywood, Mrs. Bridgers said: "My friends at home, upon hearing that I was going to Hollywood as the December Bride guest, told me to relax about meeting all those radio personalities in Hollywood because, after all, they're just people. And I agree with my friends at home, you are just people—and some of the nicest I've met in a long time!"

One extra highlight of the Hollywood visit for Mrs. Bridgers was her reunion (Continued on page 13)
Pam, a Kerry Blue terrier, shares the spotlight with her mistress, Olive Tinder of WJAR-TV.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING

about Olive Tinder

Olive Tinder has a program, over WJAR-TV in Providence, called People Are Talking About—and the net result is that people all over the city are talking about Olive Tinder. No whisper campaign, either—because everything they say is good. Sharing the spotlight with her pet, Pam, and dozens of famous guest stars, Olive presents a lively quarter-hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2:30 P.M.

In a short time, Olive has become one of WJAR's top personalities. She has an extensive radio and TV background which started in Indianapolis and the Midwest, and more recently centered in Boston. A lecturer who has traveled through thirty-eight states, Mexico and Canada, Olive has given talks on books and the entertainment field. One of Olive's favorite radio jobs was when she reported the Indianapolis 500-mile auto race. She was the first woman to do so, and she brought to the entire nation the emotions of the wife of a racing driver as the cars whizzed by.

Pam, the pet who always appears on Olive's TV show, got her first movie role in "Walk East on Beacon," only to have the part in which she appeared cut from the film. But since she's been on TV—the canine has her own fan club. Together, Olive and Pam are worth watching—so their faithful Providence viewers think—the folks talk about them, too.
What's New
from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)
after twenty-two years with one of her ex-students, Les Farber, who is now a successful writer-producer with CBS Radio.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Dotty Mack, who formerly worked with Paul Dixon on his television record shows? Dotty and Dixon are no longer partners and she recently went out on her own, debuting a new program over the Du Mont Television Network.

Bill Lawrence, who formerly sang with Arthur Godfrey before he was inducted into the Army? We have answered this one before, but still letters keep coming in, asking about Bill. So, once more, Bill will not return to the Godfrey crew. When he was medically discharged from the Army, he returned to New York City to recuperate and since that time he has made a few guest appearances on television and radio. And occasionally he plays theatres and night clubs in the East.

Roberta Quinlan, songstress and pianist who starred on her own TV show over NBC a few seasons back? With the exception of a few guest shots, Roberta has done little television lately. For the most part she has been playing supper clubs around the country, though there's a possibility she may return to New York for television again next fall.

Gracie Barrie, ex-musical comedy and radio vocal star? Gracie now lives in Florida and has more or less retired from regular professional activities. However, her husband is a night club owner, so every now and then Gracie makes an appearance in his club or sings for charity affairs.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 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 the questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

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

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Thrilling results! Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's wonderfully quick help for rough, dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Tonight, do this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by ‘cream-washing’ with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh your skin looks the very first time you ‘cream-wash’—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's greaseless. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally caused blemishes

Get Noxzema today—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters!

NOXZEMA

NOXZEMA works or money back! In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. If not delighted after a 10 day trial, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

NOXZEMA skin cream
What's Spinning?

By CHRIS WILSON

With the spring housekeeping nearly finished and everything in order for treks to the beach, we overhauled our portable phonograph and bought new batteries for our radio...and prepared to enjoy ourselves. And what a wealth of new people to know about in the recording field, what a wealth of old recordings to bring back sentimental memories of a decade or so ago! Perhaps the miracle of this form of entertainment is the fact that a man's or woman's voice, in spite of death, can go on thrilling millions.

With Hank Williams' tragic passing, at least eight recording companies put out as many memorial record tributes. We personally feel his Luke-the-Drifter recordings are our greatest legacy from him. But the MGM "In Memory of Hank Williams" record—with Sonny Smith reciting a poem by recording star Art Smith—is a moving, touching testimonial. MGM has also re-issued under one label, "Hank Williams as Luke the Drifter," the best of the songs Hank recorded under that name. Included in the album are "Pictures from Life's Other Side," "Be Careful of Stones That You Throw," "Men With Broken Hearts," "The Funeral," "Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals," and "Beyond the Sunset."

Odds and Ends

We were amused to discover that Marilyn Monroe had recorded "Kiss" and "Do It Again," and that it won't be released for some time. Reason is simple. So many protests have come in to Hollywood motion picture studios, over Marilyn's sexiness on the screen, that the studio is shelving the recording until her public "cools off."

Did you see and hear Rosemary Clooney in "The Stars Are Singing"? Some 600 of her fans gathered to pay tribute to her on the opening of her picture in New York and Columbia Records released "Haven't Got A Worry" and "Lovely Weather for Ducks," which is doing very well. Columbia seems to be going in for just about every type of personality these days. Arthur Godfrey's CBS-TV "Calendar Show" has been recorded—the first Godfrey show ever to be transferred in its entirety to records. Among the performers is the maestro himself, Godfrey, singing—with The Chordettes—"If It Wasn't for Your Father," Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, Julius La Rosa, Lu Ann Simms, Janette Davis—all have solo numbers. The Mariners recorded "Look Ahead" for the album. Then Columbia has put on wax Renzo Cesana, The Continental, the great lover of radio and television who sent men screaming from their TV sets last year. Cesana's provocative voice threads through "I Kiss Your Hand Madam," "Long Ago," "Temptation," and eight other popular love songs. Don't play it while Dad or the boy friend's around or you're likely to find a recording has been accidentally stepped on.


Life Story

Little Joni James, who was once introduced as an "extra" on a Johnnie Ray TV show, is the newest rage—her "Why Don't You Believe Me" is on top. She was born on Chicago's South Side, one of six children whom her widowed mother supported. Her real name is Babbo, but Joni took her mother's maiden name for show business. Her uncle, who was supervising a travelling opera company, led her to an audition at the Children's Civic Theatre in Chicago. She danced her way into a contract with her first number. After an attack of acute appendicitis, she concentrated...
Jimmy Boyd, a good man on thegit, appears on the Jo Stafford Show.

on singing. Her singing led to recording dates, to MGM's "Why Don't You Believe Me," to night-club appearances and TV assignments—only this time as a star!

This Month's Selections:

Ten of these recordings and you're a constant platter spinner; eight, and a few friends will pay attention to your selections; six—go listen to someone else's collection and make a mental note to get with it!

3. "How Could You?" with Sunny Gale, for RCA (how could you miss it!)—backed by "I Feel Like I'm Gonna Live Forever."
4. "Dancin' With Someone" and "Long Gone Baby," by the Delta Rhythm Boys. You'll be a Long Gone Baby, too, if you listen often.
8. "Time for Love" and "Look Me Over Closely," Marlene Dietrich for Columbia. Someone said "sex" couldn't be packaged, but Dietrich comes mighty close to it.
9. "Gomen Nasai" and "Someone to Kiss Your Tears Away," for Mercury, with Eddy Howard. As always, the boy's good.

Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film
...just soft shimmering beauty

Now...try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way...With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

Suave

LIQUID 50c-51
CREME 60c

End dry hair worries with miracle Curtisol—Only Suave has it

created by HELENE CURTIS foremost name in hair beauty
What makes them all like Tampax?

Take Nancy. The outdoor type. Always ready for any sport, from cycling to tennis, no matter what time of the month it is. Even goes in swimming on "those days." How does she do it? With Tampax, the internal kind of monthly sanitary protection. Tampax does away with chafing and irritation; is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.

Then there's Helene. Overwhelmingly feminine. Sachet for her bureau drawers and satin cases for her lingerie. Helene likes Tampax because it's so dainty. The highly absorbent cotton is easily disposed of, even while visiting. One's hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the throw-away applicator.

Ann's a career girl. Efficient and practical. Naturally you'd expect her to use doctor-invented Tampax. Just the assurance that there can be no revealing outlines, that there isn't any possibility of offending odor, lets her feel poised and sure of herself under any circumstances. And Tampax is so convenient to carry. A month's supply fits in the purse.


Eating wisely and well for health and beauty is fun for this handsome household.

Here's how they do it

Diet IS A FAMILY AFFAIR

The Starks enjoy Sunday breakfast: Pam, Kathi, baby Wilbur, Jr., and Will.

By HARRIET SEGMAN

"No 'starvation' diets for us," says Kathi Norris. "I'm more interested in the chemical balance working within the body than just calorie intake." Kathi, her husband Wilbur Stark, seven-year-old Pam and baby Wilbur, Jr., all incline to plumpness. All diet. The entire family drinks skim milk, and eats meats and vegetables that are low in calories. To take off a lot of weight quickly and safely, here is Kathi's two-week diet:

MONDAY
Breakfast: 3 eggs, grapefruit, black coffee
Lunch: 3 eggs, tomatoes, black coffee
Dinner: 3 eggs, combination salad, 1 piece dry toast
**TUESDAY**

Breakfast: 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee  
Lunch: 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee  
Dinner: Steak, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, olives, cucumbers, tea or coffee

**WEDNESDAY**

Breakfast: 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee  
Lunch: 2 eggs, tomatoes, spinach, coffee  
Dinner: 2 lamb chops, celery, cucumbers, tomatoes, coffee

**THURSDAY**

Breakfast: 1 or 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee  
Lunch: Combination salad, grapefruit  
Dinner: 1 or 2 eggs, cottage cheese, spinach, 1 piece dry toast

**FRIDAY**

Breakfast: 1 or 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee  
Lunch: 1 or 2 eggs, spinach, coffee  
Dinner: Fish, combination salad, 1 piece dry toast

**SATURDAY**

Breakfast: 1 or 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee  
Lunch: Fruit salad—nothing else  
Dinner: Lots of steak, celery, tomatoes, cucumbers, coffee

**SUNDAY**

Breakfast: 1 or 2 eggs, grapefruit, coffee  
Lunch: Cold chicken, tomatoes, grapefruit  
Dinner: Vegetable soup, chicken, tomatoes, cooked cabbage, carrots, celery, grapefruit, coffee

Second week repeat.

It is important, not only to abstain from anything not included in the diet, Kathi explains, but to eat everything that is mentioned. Quantities are less important, except where specifically indicated. Of course, vegetables are without butter, salads without oils, grapefruit without sugar and coffee or tea without sugar or milk. Also, only lean parts of meats are to be eaten. It's a good idea, too, to eliminate alcoholic beverages.

You can lose from ten to twenty pounds in two weeks. Don't follow the diet any longer than that. From then on, follow a sensible diet, heavy on meats, fruits, vegetables and light on sweets and starches. Happy eating!

---

**PLAYTEX Babies are Happier Babies**

...Neater, Sweeter and Cleaner

**Only Playtex Panties**

Fit so gently... Protect so safely... Waterproof so completely

Your precious baby enjoys a whole new world of comfort with PLAYTEX. Only PLAYTEX Panties let your little darling roll so readily...crawl so comfortably or toddle so freely. Made entirely of creamy latex, without a single stitch or seam, PLAYTEX Panties actually stretch all over to give all-over comfort—as no ordinary baby panties do. PLAYTEX Baby Panties stay soft, snug and attractive...are accurately sized by baby's weight. They slip on in a jiffy, rinse fresh in a wink, and pat dry with a towel. Get several pairs today—and let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable"* always!

*Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

**MOTHERS, HERE'S PROOF!**

Prove to yourself right at the store counter that no other baby panty fits so gently, yet so snugly! Simply slip your arm through a leg opening and feel why PLAYTEX Panties never cut circulation; never bind or irritate...are stretchier than any other baby panty made.

More babies wear PLAYTEX than any other baby pants!

---

**Just look at her baby!**

*Ida Lupino*

and her daughter, Bridget

"I've used PLAYTEX for my baby from the start...and I know it's the best!"

Says Miss Lupino, distinguished actress and the only lady director in the film capital. Her latest release is "The Hitch-Hiker."
MEET MILLIE

When Alfred Prinzmetal — the Brooklyn Poet — tells Millie and her mother in mournful tones, "You hate me," the audience breaks up. Marvin Kaplan, the bespectacled young man who created the Alfred role on Meet Millie, just can't help breaking people up—he's so sad it's a scream. Born in Brooklyn twenty-five years ago, Marvin started out to be a doctor—went to New York University for that purpose. But the acting bug bit, and he started working with a little-theatre company in Southern California. One night, Katharine Hepburn of Boston met Marvin Kaplan of Brooklyn, and the meeting resulted in a part in her film, "Adam's Rib." To date, Marvin has ten pictures and several Broadway plays to his credit, yet he still looks and acts miserable. Friends swear he has been known to laugh, but professionally the boy is the saddest-looking thing around. A clue to this leads us to the fact that his grandfather, Joseph Rothman, founded a pickle works, and perhaps Marvin tasted one too many sour dills as a small boy.

Elena Verdugo

Since she was fourteen, Elena Verdugo—one of the prettiest secretaries to ever sit on the boss's son's lap—has never played a straight role. The five-feet-two-inch blonde turns thumbs down on any part that doesn't induce laughter. On Meet Millie, the laughs are plentiful, so Elena is happy. . . A member of one of the oldest families in California, Elena went to school in Los Angeles—finishing high school on the studio lot. Her classmates there were Roddy McDowall and Stanley Clements. Her first public appearance was as a dancer in "Down Argentine Way." But an executive noted that she could act as well, and she's been acting ever since. Xavier Cugat fans will remember Elena's recording of "Tico Tico" when she vocalized for the rhumba king's orchestra. . . . Off-mike, Elena is Mrs. Charles R. Marion and the mommy of three-year-old Richard. Mr. Marion is a screen writer. Featured on the Meet Millie program, Elena has come into her own as a top-flight comedienne.

Marvin Kaplan
Millie's beloved "Mama" on the Meet Millie show is portrayed by Bea Benadaret, one of the ablest character actresses in radio. She is Gertrude Gearshift—Jack Benny's talkative telephone operator, and Amber Lipscott on My Friend Irma, to mention a few of her many characterizations. She has done parts on almost every top network program. . . . Bea was born in New York, studied voice and piano as a child. After she was graduated from high school, Bea studied acting at the Reginald Travis School in San Francisco. The manager of a local station heard her in a children's version of "The Beggar's Opera" and gave her a start in radio. Her first job was as a staff member of Station KFRC, where she was actress, singer, writer and producer. In 1936, Bea tried Hollywood and network radio. Her first big breaks were the jobs she got with Orson Welles and Jack Benny. In private life she is the very loving mama of Jack, thirteen, and Maggie, six. But on radio, Bea, as Brooklyn's gift to mothers, has kept people laughing until they yell "uncle."

Famous actor Wilton Lackaye saw Earle Ross—Mr. Boone, Sr., on Meet Millie—in his theatrical debut as a villain in a high-school play. The boy-villain was so convincing that Lackaye told him to go on the stage. Earle followed the advice, and has been playing the villain during most of his professional career. A silent screen veteran, Earle now remarks that he's seeing his old pictures on TV. One of the initial members of Actor's Equity, Earle has been active in every phase of show business. He formed one of the largest fine arts school in the country in Oak Park, Illinois. . . . Ross has a very unusual contract to play Mr. Boone on Meet Millie. It's strictly a verbal agreement with CBS—and that's the way Earle likes it—very friendly!

Providing the love interest for Millie is a pretty difficult task for Mr. Boone, Jr., the boss's son on Meet Millie. Between stealing kisses during office hours and contending with Millie and Mama at their home, Rye Billsbury has his hands full. But he's equal to the task... . . Rye is a native of Chicago, born in 1920—his whole family, with the exception of his mother, was show-business. He started out with a legal career in mind, but soon found himself drifting towards acting. He was Jack Armstrong, The All-American Boy, for two years, and has several roles on daytime dramas. He considers the comedy of Meet Millie an actor's dream, because the characters are honest. For the excellent job he does on the Meet Millie comedy, his star has risen in Hollywood radio.

Meet Millie is heard over CBS Radio, Thursdays at 8 P.M. EDT, for Brill Cream.
Meet Millie is seen on CBS-TV, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M. EDT.

Who's Who's in Radio-TV
AUNT JENNY Springtime in Littleton—like any other town—means spring flowers, new hats and love stories. But though Aunt Jenny has many touching, tender stories of young love to share with her listeners, she forgets that small as her town is, its life has many sides. Not love alone, but other human relationships, are dramatized in the stories that make her neighbors such interesting people. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble, wife of Broadway star Larry Noble, wonders if wealthy Roy Shepherd is the right backer for Larry's new play. Shepherd insists that his amateur daughter, Elise, be given a prominent part. Can Larry and his leading lady, Dolores Martinez, carry the play with their own talents, or might Elise's failure in her part ruin the entire production? Should the Nobles seek another backer? M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BRIGHTER DAY Three Rivers, already split into two opposing camps over the imminent power company project, is further shaken by the murder of Elmer Davidson, in which young Alan Butler appears to be somehow involved. Rev. Dennis, trying to guide his fellow townsfolk toward the greatest good for the greatest number, watches anxiously as his daughter Patsy faces her own personal aspect of the town's problem. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Though Julie Palmer believes she and Dan were right in returning young Jigger to his real mother, she cannot fight off the depression that comes with his loss. But a visit to Dr. Edwards is the most magical tonic in the world, for he tells her that the miracle has happened! The Palmers' marriage takes on a new dimension of happiness as they settle down to await the child they thought they could never have. M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL In his specialty, as crime reporter, David Farrell of the New York Eagle is constantly facing new and unforeseen dangers as he fulfills his assignments covering stories of violence and murder. David's chief assets are his sharp intuitions, his understanding nature, his inquiring mind, and his alert wife Sally, who has helped him in case after case to set the police straight. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Young Kathy Grant at last realizes the dangerous challenge she gave fate when she kept certain important facts from her family and her husband, Dr. Dick Grant. If their marriage survives, can it ever be the same now that the foundation of trust has been shaken? Or will the past be forgotten as Kathy's father, Joe Roberts, and her stepmother struggle to avert further tragedy? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, head matron of the orphanage Hilltop House, faces one of the grimmest tragedies of her experience as Reed Bannister's adopted teen-age daughter Marcia is killed in the South American accident which seriously injures Reed himself. Will there be an important change in Julie's life as Reed struggles to readjust to a life so different from the one he had planned? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Just how far from normal is the strange man known as Captain Everett Nightingale? Bill Davidson, desperately trying to prevent the Captain from harming his ex-wife and his present wife, has incurred the man's dangerous enmity. What real power lies in the hideous little idol which the Captain believes can rid him of those who oppose him? Is this closer to the truth than Bill realizes? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Now completely on the side of crippled young Danny, Chichi fights valiantly to protect the boy from the selfish clutches of two other women—his greedy, heartless mother, and wealthy, lonely Victoria Vandenbush, who means well by Danny but does not understand her own motives. Will the scheming Paul Porter add a decisive factor to the increasingly turbulent situation? What does Papa David think? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES

The loss of memory which separated Lorenzo Jones from his wife Belle has resulted in the start of a new life for him, as he plans marriage to lovely Gail Maddox. Meanwhile, Belle, in New York, searches heartbreakingly for her lost husband, faithful to the conviction that their love must bring them together again. Will her kindly employer, Verne Massey, be her key to a new life? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS

Big events loom in the lives of all the family as Evey awaits her baby—Willy wonders about his new job at the hotel, and Fay faces a future she didn’t dream of a few months back. Is Tom Wells reentering her life for better—or for worse? When he walked out of it more than a year ago he was a very confused young man. Are things different with him now? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY

During the years of Sunday’s marriage to Lord Henry Brin-thrope there have been many upsets, many disturbances, but never before has Sunday had to fight such evil suspicions as have now been stirred up by the selfish, vindicative Rose Miller. Is there any basis for Rose’s insinuations about Henry’s friendship with Wilma Taylor? And has Henry anything to do with the murder of Wilma’s ex-convict husband? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY

When Linda and Pepper decided to adopt a baby they believed they had embarked on a new and wonderful phase of their marriage. But what happens when little Culpepper’s real parents suddenly determine to have him back? If the Dennises can’t satisfy their ill-timed parental urge by legal means, will Jim Dennis find another way? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON

Lawyer Perry Mason is endeavoring not only to save his client, Ruth Davis, but to expose the far-ranging plans of master-criminal Mark Cesar as the latter ruthlessly schemes to enlarge his criminal kingdom. The mysterious, untraceable poison whose secret Cesar holds has been his most valuable weapon, but as Perry closes in on the trail the weapon may very well turn against Cesar himself. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

Carolyn Kramer Nelson struggles to clarify her own feelings as they are shadowed and confused by forces she does not entirely understand. Must she decide on complete submersion of her own principles and individuality to save her marriage? Or does happiness lie along another road? Will Miles himself be the one to indicate what decision, if any, must be made? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE

A confused young student nurse throws a decisive complication into the search for Gordon Fuller’s murderer. Will her activity make things better or worse for Dr. Jim Brent? And what will happen to the relationship between Jim and Jocelyn McLeod when Aunt Regina arrives in town and starts to take things into her own hands? Is Jim’s daughter-in-law right about Aunt Regina? M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS, M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

Helen Trent, Hollywood gown designer, enters upon the biggest job of her career as well as the most trying relationship when auto-cratic producer Kelsey Spencer engages her to work on his new documentary. A host of strange personalities surround Spencer, and when Helen reluctantly obeys his order that she come to his eerie home, Eagle’s Nest, for conferences, disaster finally breaks the tension. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY

Bill Roberts has finally got on the track of the story behind the gambling activities that have been undermining family life in Springdale. Despite formidable opposition and secret conspiracy against him, he is approaching relentlessly closer to the truth with each issue of his crusading newspaper, The Banner. Will Bill succeed in his expose—or will he be silenced? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON

The newspaper venture so hopefully undertaken by Stan and Terry Burton, which almost ended in tragedy a short time ago, is now underway again. Will the restoration of normal...
Glorify Your Hair  
3 wonderful ways with 

Nestle COLOR

1 GLAMOROUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS glorify your hair when you use Nestle Colorinsese. Yes, only Colorinsese gives hair such exciting lustre—leaves it so silken-soft, makes it so easy to comb and manage. Why not use Colorinsese after every shampoo — and whenever your hair looks dull and drab! Choose from 10 beautiful shades that rinse in-shampoo out. 6 rinses 25c, 14 rinses 50c.

Nestle Colorinsese

2 RICHER COLOR TINTS beautify your hair when you use Nestle Colorintint. For Colorintint enhances your natural hair color — adds exciting new color — blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. It's more than a rinse but not a permanent dye! Enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair shining soft. Take your choice of 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 29c, 12 capsules 59c.

Nestle Colorintint

3 LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR... as much or as little as you wish in ONE application... with Nestle Lite. Why fuss and mess with repeated applications when Nestle Lite gives you the desired result at once. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks. Contains no ammonia... enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. $1.50. Retouch size 49c.

Nestle Lite Hair Lightener

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color

Daytime Diary

Stella Dallas The mysterious shooting of Arnold King's sister Alida has held up the marriage plans of Stella and Arnold. And Stella's daughter Laurel finds herself strangely glad of the postponement. Laurel, who is present, is wrestling with a serious problem of her own, badly needs Stella's advice and help. But Stella has always insisted she would never interfere in Laurel's life. Would her help now be interference? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

This is Nora Drake Grace, reckless teenage daughter of Dr. Robert Sergeant, is now unable to put an end to her dangerous association with hoodlum Cass Todero. Nurse Nora Drake, in love with Grace's father, endeavors to help the girl, but is confused by lies and evasions which the desperate Grace believes necessary to her own self-preservation. What decisive effect will the forged pre-scription have on their lives? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Wendy Warren Striving to conceal her anxiety, Wendy watches her husband, playwright Mark Douglas, begin work on a play for the young actress who has made such an important impression on him. Mark's memories of his own early youth seem to be bound up in young Pat Sullivan. Is he overrating her ability, as Maggie Fallon insists? And what effect will Pat's personal plans have on Mark's life—and Wendy's? M-F, 12 noon, EDT, CBS.

When a Girl Marries There were times in the recent past when Joan Davis felt desperately uncertain that she would ever see her family again. But she has been restored to them, and that is why the scandal and difficulties that surround Harry leave her comparatively serene. If the great miracle of reunion came to pass, surely, Joan thinks, she and Harry can face whatever forces are arrayed against them. M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, ABC.

Woman in My House Until recently, Jeff Carter seemed to be in no special hurry to concentrate romantically on any of the girls who would have been glad to have him. It seems strange to his family—especially his disappointing younger brother—that his eye should fall on a girl ten years his junior. Is it serious with Jeff? Or will Carolyn's return to town throw some new light on how he really feels? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

Young Dr. Malone Dr. Jerry Malone continues to discover unexpected resources of wisdom and love in his elderly mother as he tries to rebuild for himself and his young daughter, the life that was almost shattered with his wife's death. Meanwhile, in New York, the marriage of his friends, Ernest and Mary Horton, has some dangerous ups and downs as Ernest's erratic personality at last takes its toll of Mary's patience. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Young Widder Brown When Ruth Loring first appeared in Simpsonville claiming to be the wife of Dr. Anthony Loring, Anthony's fiancee Ellen Brown believed it would only be a matter of time before Ruth was discredited. But Anthony was unable to prove the long-ago annulment of the marriage. And Ellen is shocked when he finally decides to accept Ruth. She does not realize Anthony is trying to protect her from suspicion in Mathilda Maxwell's death. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

TWO JOANS FOR JULY

Joan Alexander's picture on the cover and her summer vacation story inside

Joan Loring's real life story

PLUS SPECIAL STORIES ON

Doctor's Wife • Dennis James

HEDDA HOPPER EXCLUSIVE

EVERYONE LOVES LUCY!

All Featured in the July RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale June 10
Information Booth

Bishop Sheen
Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me what it is that Bishop Sheen writes at the top of his blackboard on his TV program? They are initials.

B. C., Hominy, Okla.
Bishop Sheen writes the letters—"J.M.J." They are the first initials of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Mr. Williams
Dear Editor:

Can I please have some biographical information about Bob Williams who does the Camels commercial on Your Show Of Shows?

B. K., Miami Beach, Fla.
Bob Williams was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, but doesn’t have a Southern drawl. As a teenager, Bob thought he would like to go into medicine as a profession, but he changed his mind as the result of a street interview. A man with a walkietalkie microphone approached him one day and interviewed him on a Charlotte sidewalk. Later he heard a record of his own voice, and Bob thought to himself—I sound like somebody on the radio. So he went into radio—just like that. For a few years he worked on the West Coast doing a variety of jobs such as singing, emceeing, and even a few bit parts in pictures. Today he is one of the most sought-after announcers in New York. He is charming—red-headed, and unmarried.

Groucho Theme Songstress
Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me the name of the singer who does the Desoto-Plymouth commercials on Groucho Marx's You Bet Your Life?

M. T., Pittsburgh, Pa.
The voice of the commercial is Darlene Zito.

Songs Of The B-Bar-B
Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information about my favorite cowboy singer—Tex Fletcher, who is on the Songs Of The B-Bar-B program over Mutual?

V. C., Macon, Ill.
Tex Fletcher was born in Buffalo, South Dakota, in 1909. He has been a cowpuncher, circus boy and appeared in Buffalo Bill’s famous Wild West Show. From 1938 to 1941, Tex made a series of cowboy movies in Hollywood—now being shown on TV as the Tootsie Hippodrome, which stars Tex. From 1942 to 1944, he served as an infantryman in Italy. He received a field commission as a Lieutenant. In 1944, he was wounded in the leg, and sent back to hospital in the States. It was there that he met Ada Mae Henkel, an Army nurse. They fell in love and were married. Now the Fletchers have two lovely children—Robert, five-and-a-half, and Jane Ellen, eighteen months.

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

CRAZY ABOUT NEW YORK

Who said New York isn’t a friendly town? Better not let Bill Silbert of WMGM and WABD hear anybody say that—for to him, New York is like the fabled goose who laid golden eggs. A Detroiter who blew into Gotham with (he claims) very little cash, Bill is now earning in the neighborhood of $75,000 a year. That’s a neighborhood that lots of native New Yorkers would like to be living in!

“I don’t think I’m loaded with talent,” confesses Bill, “but I’m willing to try anything once.” And try he has. Bill has been an actor, singer, sportscaster, disc jockey and emcee—not to mention the run-in he had with a city park as a paper-spearer. His first radio experience was on a show called The Happy Hour Club—it introduced Betty Hutton, Danny Thomas and Harvey Stone. Before he left Detroit, Bill was voted the best-looking TV performer in the Motor City—maybe that accounts for his success!

For a time Bill Silbert tried hitching his star to the advertising business as an agency executive—but he says his stomach was too good for the trade, and soon he was back in entertainment again. His present assignments consist of a nightly WABD-TV program, and a six-times-a-week radio deejay spot on WMGM. The TV shows are sort of visual disc-jockey programs, and on the radio he replaces Ted Husing at six each evening.

Bill’s hobbies are golf, short-story writing, and writing teleplays. He admits that thus far he has had no luck with marketing any of the scripts, but after all how much more money can a fellow make? To quote a familiar radio program: “Broadway, the loneliest mile in the world.” But it’s not so to Bill Silbert. His refrain is: “Broadway, the luckiest mile in the world.”

Johnnie Ray (left) and Bill Hayes (right) drop in to congratulate Bill Silbert on his new WMGM record show.
Why Dial Soap protects your complexion even under make-up!

Dial's skin-clearing ingredient washes away blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin

Here, at last, is real skin protection — continuing protection that works even under make-up. And it is yours in the mildest kind of face soap.

Now, no matter how lavishly or how sparingly you normally use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh cleanness of your skin is continuously protected . . . underneath your make-up.

For Dial does a wonderful thing. It washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. This ingredient clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, there was no way to remove bacteria effectively. Even after thorough washing with other kinds of soap, thousands are left on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. This ingredient clears the skin of unseen bacteria that so often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

After ordinary soap (1). Thousands of blemish-spreading bacteria on skin...

After using Dial (2). It removes up to 95% of trouble-causing bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

You'd never guess this mild, gentle soap gives you such benefits. Dial's creamy lather gently removes soil and make-up; gives you scrupulous cleanliness, helps overcome clogged pores and blackheads. Then Dial continues, with its skin-clearing action, to protect your complexion all day.

Skin doctors know how Dial clears away troublesome bacteria. They recommend it for adolescents and adults. For simply by washing with Dial every day, your skin becomes cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap can get it. Why not let Dial protect your complexion— even under make-up?

P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try New DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy, unbreakable squeeze bottle.

Mild, fragrant DIAL Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner
YES, ESTHER WILLIAMS uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World

4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

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

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

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

...and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to $1.00.
Jan Miner, heroine of Hilltop House,
woke up in glamourland and
miraculously the world was hers

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Jan Miner—who, as pert, pretty Julie Paterno in Hilltop House, endears herself to you daily with her understanding and sense of humor—went to a party a few months ago. There were a lot of elegant people there, and the conversation not only dripped famous names but places, too: "Ran into Basil in Havana two weeks ago, so we went on to the Riviera until it was time to come here for the dog show." 

That sort of thing. Jan had been covering up with vague little mutterings: "Ah, yes, Havana, lovely place" . . . "The Riviera, such a blue Mediterranean in front of it" . . . and so on. But
Dreams can come true

Jan's usual idea of leisure—working on her farm.

when finally a stuffy dowager turned to her and solemnly asked, “My dear, have you ever been to Iceland?” Jan had had it.

She jumped in her chair. “Me? My gosh, the only place I’ve ever been was to Detroit on a bus.”

Well, that is true no longer. Jan has been to a place now.

Specifically, she’s been to Hollywood to make a movie, and she will probably never finish talking about it.

As you have no doubt read in these pages, Jan lives in two places—New York City and her farm in New Hampshire. In New York, she works hard at her job. In New Hampshire, she works hard at just being good and alive, at digging loam or driving a tractor or hoeing a row in her vegetable garden.

But when she was notified, on twenty-four hours’ notice, that she was going to Hollywood to make a TV film (probably the hardest work any actress can be assigned to do anywhere, at any time) she thought of the expedition only in terms of a glamorous, exciting vacation.

To the girl who had never been anywhere except to Detroit on a bus, this was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened. Of course, she’d rather have had it all work out so she could have had more time to get ready—perhaps even more time in which to anticipate and dream...

She was on such short notice, in fact, that in all
to study, correspondence to keep up with her fan clubs.

the flurry of getting ready she didn’t have time to wonder what her first flight in a plane would be like, or even to gape at the splendor of such an opportunity as had come her way. Flying around her apartment in the hour before plane time, she babbled at Lillian Stewart (her good friend and secretary, who was frantically helping her pack): “Black book. Don’t forget (Continued on page 92)

Jan Miner is heard as Julie Paterno in Hilltop House, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., for Alka-Seltzer (Miles Laboratories, Inc.), and as Lois Miller in The Doctor's Wife, NBC Radio, M-F, 5:45 P.M., for Ex-Lax, Inc. She appeared in "Allen of Harper" on Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars, which is seen on CBS-TV, Fridays at 9 P.M., for Schlitz Beer. (All EDT.)
Dreams can come true

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"Black book. Don't forget (Continued on page 92)"
There's music in Godfrey's soul—kindness in his heart for everyone
When I became music conductor of the Arthur Godfrey morning radio show at CBS, back in 1946, I considered it just another assignment similar to the ones I was already doing as staff conductor for the network. I assumed I would have the usual duties of rehearsing the band and the singers and arranging new tunes. And I must confess I didn’t undertake this new show with much enthusiasm, because it wasn’t sponsored and, for all I knew, it might not even last long. Musically, it was a fairly simple program to do. There were just Janette Davis, the Mariners Quartet, the band—and, of course, Arthur ad libbed everything. (Continued on page 72)
Life begins with Marriage

Jack Barry thought he had everything
Presenting wee Jeffrey Van Dyke Barry, whose fans sent gifts even before he was born—and whose arrival brought Jack and Marcia delight beyond all imagining.

By GLADYS HALL

The new father pushed a formidable-looking bottle of medicine across the desk, the better for me to read the label. It was designed to settle jangling nerves and jolting stomachs.

"My wife is wonderful," the new father said wanly, "the baby is wonderful—and I'm sick as a dog!"

The new father is, of course Jack Barry, the urbane gent you've watched and listened to as he emceed Juvenile Jury... WNB'T's Oh, Baby!... Du Mont Television's Life Begins At Eighty and Wisdom Of The Ages. Jack not only emcees these shows—the ideas for them originated in the fertile brains of the new father and of his partner, Dan Enright, and the two also own the shows. "We create about fifty ideas a year," the new father told me later, when he was able to speak of anything but his new fatherhood, "and if we get three to five of (Continued on page 88)

Jack Barry emcees: Life Begins At 80, seen over Du Mont, Fri., 9 P.M., for Serutan, and heard over ABC Radio, Wed., 8:30 P.M.—Juvenile Jury, NBC Radio, Sat., 6:30 P.M. (WNBC, Sat. at 1:30 P.M.)—Wisdom Of The Ages, on Du Mont, Tues., 9:30 P.M., Serutan and Geritol—Oh Baby!, WNB'T (and others), Wed. 6:30 P.M., Sat. 11:15 P.M., Mennen Baby Products. (All EDT.)

he wanted—until he met a girl who fenced in his heart
Irene Beasley presents—

FRONT SEAT AT
Over the radio, a startled housewife hears that she's going to London to see the queen!

By MARY TEMPLE

Just suppose it's any ordinary Friday morning and you are washing the breakfast dishes. Your husband has finally decided, with some help from you, what socks he should wear with what shirt, and you have waved him off to work. Your child has gone to school, maybe after remembering to run back at the last moment for the homework she somehow or other managed to get done between her favorite radio and television programs. You are deep in the day's household chores, pacing them to the radio, on which you are listening to Irene Beasley, one of your favorites.

And, suddenly, Irene Beasley (Continued on page 86)

Irene Beasley's audience-participation program, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EDT, for Continental's Wonder Bread, Hostess Cakes.

Joan (left) is all excited about her mother's good luck, and even the youngest grandchildren realize it's something special.

The Westovers are full of gay plans, thanks to the fabulous prize she won by entering Irene's unusual contest.

THE CORONATION
OUR GAL SUNDAY, as she is so affectionately known to so many in her community, sat alone in the huge living room of the home which she and her husband, Lord Henry Brin-thrope, shared. Her slender, shapely legs were tucked under her and she leaned her head back against the high cushioning of the chair—looking for all the world like a lost child. Lord Henry was in trouble—serious trouble, but Sunday wouldn't let her thoughts dwell too long on the terrible events that had transpired in the last few weeks. . . . Rather, her thoughts winged back to her childhood, when her mother had told her that, no matter what trouble existed in her life, if she could learn from that trouble she would grow stronger and better as a person. "One mistake is human," her mother had said firmly, out of a moral fiber that she had tried to implant in Sunday's character. "But to make the same mistake twice means you learned little, the third time means you're an absolute fool. And a fool's life has no richness, no grace." Almost as if she were hearing her mother again, Sunday's head nodded in agreement. Actually, wasn't she partly at fault for Lord Henry's present difficulties? With all the honesty that was so much a part of Sunday's soul, she had to admit she was. Being human, she had made a mistake. . . . When Lord Henry had brought Rose Miller home, Sunday had immediately been won over by her—Rose's helplessness, her charm, her extreme sensitivity, endeared her to Sunday's heart. But her affection for Rose had blinded Sunday to her first love, her first duty—blinded Sunday to her husband's needs and the problems he faced. She'd listened to Rose's idle chatter about her husband's attention to a beautiful redhead and, instead of questioning Lord Henry in an honest, open manner, she'd hidden her hurt, and lived on blind faith. If she'd only been honest in her own emotions at that point and made Lord Henry tell her the truth about the red-headed woman—whom she quickly found out to be Wilma Taylor, a young schoolteacher. Sunday would have known then that Wilma's husband, Paul, was an ex-convict who had threatened Lord Henry—threatened to take Lord Henry's land away. The day Wilma Taylor came to ask her aid she would have sensed the deeper troubles instead of just listening to the ones Wilma dared bring to the surface. Certainly, events would have taken a different turn if she had been side-by-side with her husband in his difficulties instead of just being an interested onlooker, closing her eyes to situations which were, at best, dangerous. . . . Now, Lord Henry faced a murder charge. Sun-

Our Gal Sunday, CBS Radio, 12:45 P.M. EDT, for Anna and other products. Pictured (left to right) in their original roles: Vivian Smolen as Sunday, Karl Swenson as Lord Henry, and Cathleen Cordell as Wilma Taylor.
By MAXINE ARNOLD

"I don't believe it. I don't believe it at all," she kept telling herself. "What am I doing out here?"

She felt like a kid at recital who's learned the wrong speech. She'd watched this happen to others. And she'd cried with them.

Now—across the plains of Texas, in penthouses along Park Avenue and as down South as you can get in Dixie—all across America—others were looking inside the private heart of a girl named Dinah Shore . . . and they were all crying with her.

But she was still too emotionally dazed to believe it. Who would want to hear the story of her life? Or see it? There was some mistake—(Continued on page 94)

Ralph Edwards emcees This Is Your Life, NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop Cosmetics—Truth Or Consequences, on NBC Radio, Th., 9 P.M., for Pet Milk. Dinah Shore—NBC Radio, M, F, 10 P.M.—NBC-TV, T, Th, 7:30 P.M.—for Chevrolet and your local Chevrolet dealer. (All times EDT.)

MY LIFE
"I'm going to marry her," said Sandy, the moment he saw Ruth—and the moment grew into a lifetime together.

By ELIZABETH BALL

The Young Beckers, Sandy and Ruth, live in a white Georgian house, which they bought a little more than a year ago, in Little Neck, Long Island. They have two dogs, a duck and three children. Or, to put things in the proper order of importance: three children, two dogs and a duck.

The children are: Joyce, who is eight, Curtis, just four, and Annelle, two.

"Each of the children is entitled to 'special billing,'" says Sandy, "Joyce, being the oldest, as the first-born, Curtis as the only boy, and Annelle as the baby."

One of the dogs, a German shepherd, is called Jocko; the other dog, a member of that popular breed known as (Continued on page 82)

Sandy Becker stars as Young Dr. Malone. M-F, 1:30 P.M., for Procter & Gamble, and is often heard on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, Sat., 12 noon—both on CBS Radio. He is seen locally as emcee of the popular Ask The Camera, on WNBT. (All times EDT.)
Liveliest fivesome in Little Neck: Sandy and Ruth and the little Beckers, Curtis, 4; Joyce, 8; Annelle, 2.

BECKERS—and how they live
"People have always claimed that opposites attract each other," laughs petite, blonde Mary Jane Higby, star of ABC Radio's daytime drama, When A Girl Marries, "and my husband, Guy Sorel, and I certainly fill the bill. In fact, we go far beyond just plain filling the bill... it might be said that we are a case in point, to the point of being extreme. And—perhaps for just that very reason—our life together has been extreme... extremely wonderful!"

In the case of most couples, (Continued on page 67)
Different in background, tastes, temperament—Guy and Mary Jane prove how happy "opposites" can be.
My head said, "Go slowly."
My steps slowed almost to a halt, as I thought over the whirlwind events of the past few weeks. "Go slowly," my head cautioned, but my heart continued to beat as rapidly as ever "for Johnny, for Johnny"—as it had seemed to do from the first moment we'd met. The path I was walking in the park today was the same path I'd taken six weeks before. That had been in late March, when the trees, still gaunt from a long winter struggle for survival, seemed to reach to heaven, as if in search of relief from hardship, in search of life itself. The trees had been a symbol to me of my own misery. I was alone. In a big city for the first time. Without friends. With only my dreams for company. I had a job—but not the glamorous type of job I'd prepared for myself in my imagination. Secretary to the head of Graduate Group, Inc., sounded exciting... but, in reality, Mr. Clem Zenon, the president, occupied one desk and I another in a two-by-four office on the seventh floor of the Manual Building on Seventh Avenue. My closest contact with persons my own age was through a window on the air shaft which gave little air and no light to the office. I could watch the young man who worked the comptometer machine in the cubicle directly opposite mine. Since Mr. Zenon dictated all his letters into a dictaphone and was rarely in the office, there had been times when sheer loneliness almost drove me to scream at this young man... just to have the attention of another human being for a moment, I thought, would be enough. Loneliness in a city where hundreds of people jostle you, push you, shove you, is probably the most terrifying kind of loneliness—for you feel that if you could reach out and touch another with a smile, a word, a gesture, the aloneness would vanish. I could never bring myself to make the gesture. Perhaps that is what had led me to accept the broad smile on the face of Johnny. Perhaps that is why I (Continued on page 71)
My head said, "Go slowly." But my heart beat in the tempo of love...

MY TRUE STORY

By MARY JASON

My steps slowed almost to a halt, as I thought over the whirlwind events of the past few weeks. "Go slowly," my head cautioned, but my heart continued to beat as rapidly as ever. "For Johnny, for Johnny"—so it had seemed to do from the first moment we'd met. The path I was walking in the park today was the same path I'd taken six weeks before. That had been in late March, when the trees, still gaunt from a long winter struggle for survival, seemed to reach to heaven, as if in search of relief from hardship, in search of life itself. The trees had been a symbol to me of my own misery. I was alone. In a big city for the first time. Without friends. With only my dreams for company. I had a job—but not the glamorous type of job I'd prepared for myself in my imagination. Secretary to the head of Graduate Group, Inc., sounded exciting... but in reality, Mr. Clem Zenon, the president, occupied one desk and I another in a two-by-four office on the seventh floor of the Manual Building on Seventh Avenue. My closest contact with persons my own age was through a window on the air shaft which gave little air and no light to the office. I could watch the young man who worked the comptometer machine in the cubicle directly opposite mine. Since Mr. Zenon dictated all his letters into a dictaphone and was rarely in the office, there had been times when sheer loneliness almost drove me to scream at this young man... just to have the attention of another human being for a moment, I thought, would be enough. Loneliness in a city where hundreds of people jostle you, push you, shove you, is probably the most terrifying kind of loneliness—for you feel that if you could reach out and touch another with a smile, a word, a gesture, the aloneness would vanish. I could never bring myself to make the gesture. Perhaps that is why I (Continued on page 71)
Three lovely ladies who think Nat’s pretty nice to have around the house: Debra Jane, Wendy Ann, and wife Nancy.
WENDY WARREN'S MAN

In real life, he’s Nat Polen—who’s much too busy to be temperamental

By FRANCES KISH

When a good-looking six-footer strides up to a microphone on the Wendy Warren And The News program to play the role of Mark Douglas, two women hang on his every word. One, of course, is Wendy Warren—his wife in the daytime drama. The other is pretty Nancy Polen—his wife in real life, who listens in the living room of their Long Island home. Perhaps their three-year-old Wendy Ann and two-year-old Debra Jane are listening, too, wondering how in the world their big daddy ever managed to get into that box the grownups call “a radio.”

Nat Polen gets an appreciative twinkle in his eyes when he discusses the dual life he lives as Mark and as himself, touching on their similarities and the many ways in which they’re not alike at all—even though Nancy sometimes teasingly accuses him of carrying over the role of Mark into their home life. “That’s when she thinks I’m being temperamental,” he explains. “Actually, she’s fond of both of us, Mark and me, so neither of us minds.”

(Continued on page 84)

Favorite pastime of Wendy Ann and Debra Jane is riding their tricycles—with the help of a parental push. For Nat and Nancy themselves, there’s nothing quite like a game of golf—when they can find the time to play.

Nat Polen is heard in Wendy Warren And The News, CBS Radio, M-F. 12 noon EDT, for Maxwell House; he’s often in Captain Video, Du Mont, M-F, 7 P.M. EDT, for Post Cereals.
LUCKY, LUCKY - THAT'S ME!

Garry Moore's songstress, Denise Lor, leads a charmed life—and prays that she deserves it

All the joys of home: Denise's hearthstone is shared with husband Jay Martin, their son Ronnie and baby Dennis.

By GWEN AULIS

Denise Lor, your singing star on CBS-TV's The Garry Moore Show, is French—did you know? She is American-born—birthplace, Los Angeles; raised in Sunnyside, Long Island—but of French parentage. Her given name is Denise Jeanne Briault Lor, which she took for her stage name, was her mother's maiden name. Denise has black, black hair and blue, blue eyes. The hair so intensely black, the eyes so brilliantly blue, it takes two adjectives to describe them. She is five feet, six inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has a flair, like all French mam'selles, for clothes. The day (Continued on page 89)

Denise Lor is on the Garry Moore Show, CBS-TV, M-F, at 1:30 P.M. EDT, for Ballard's Biscuits, Duff's Mixes, Rit and Shinola, Stokely-Van Camp, Deepfreeze, Kellogg's Gro-Pup, and Masland Rugs.
a perfect day for DALY

John Daly's life is "organized chaos"—but it contains no fear of new, exciting experiences.

by Gregory Mervin

"A perfect day for me," says John Daly, "would be to wake at noon, have breakfast in bed, then turn over and go back to sleep." John smiles quizzically—just about the way he does on What's My Line? when Bennett Cerf makes a pun—and asks, "Shall we be serious or continue with fantasy for a moment?"

He decides in favor of fantasy.

"Supposing I had caught up on my sleep. Well, on the perfect day, the entire family would be aboard a strato-cruiser. We'd be on our way toParis (Continued on page 80)

What's My Line?—CBS Radio, Wed., 9:30 P.M.—CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M.—for Stopette (Jules Montenier, Inc.). It's News To Me, CBS-TV, Sat., 10:30 P.M., as sponsored alternately by Jergens Lotion and the Simmons Co. This Week Around The World, ABC Radio, Sun., 5 P.M. All EDT.

John finds a lot of difference among his children. Charles, for instance, is the mechanic and designer.
Such get-togethers as this are precious, with Johnny usually away at school and Dad busy at the studios.

Buntsy's greatest interest is riding, and it's a big treat for her when Dad takes her to a horse show.

With Johnny, it's sports, particularly golf. Here he is discussing the game with Dad and his friend, Jack.
Red Buttons—Clown with a heart

By CHRIS KANE

It's a long way from Third Street and Avenue B to Sutton Place; it took Red Buttons thirty-four years to make the trip, and a lot of the ground along the way was rocky, but you get the feeling he wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

Aaron Chwatt is the name Red was born with, and in his neighborhood the kids didn't know from swimming pools, or tennis. On Third Street, they got their exercise fighting in the alleys—though, on the days when Aaron was too tired to fight, he'd stand back and bawl, "Hey, fellers, I'm an orphan."

Even the toughest muggs in the neighborhood were moved to tears by mother love, and the orphan gimmick had worked wonders.

Red was too mischievous to be a genius at school. (*Mom and Pop went to (Continued on page 79)

The Red Buttons Show is seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Instant Maxwell House and Gaines Dog Meal.
"Gracie," puffed George Burns, as they walked up the stairs, "I think we've made a mistake!"

Gracie Allen and George were hiking up the stairs to the second floor of their Beverly Hills home. Gracie nodded her head in agreement. "You're right, George. Who'd think a little old thing like a telephone could turn us into mountain goats."

"Well, I thought it was a good idea at first," said George, "but now I know better. I should have known better before I put the phone in."

"That's right, George. We've learned our lesson again."

"Look, Gracie, I can't go any higher on these stairs. You go up the rest of the way and answer the phone. If it's not for us, then take the message again!"

The upstairs telephone—recently installed in eighteen-year-old Sandra's room—was to have been the answer to their problems. George's and Gracie's, that is. They had suddenly become aware of the fact that their telephone was being monopolized by the endless conversations of their two teen-age children. (Continued on page 73)
educating whom in the Burns and Allen household?

Gracie has memories, too, made up of fond kisses—and telephone rings.
If Bud had had any fixed ideas about his career, that would have been a law book in his hands today!

**By CORINNE SWIFT**

A tall, handsome man faced a microphone with his first contestant—outwardly calm and self-assured, inwardly wondering if this was again a turning point in his career. As he asked his questions, he could feel the woman at his side getting more and more tense. He knew, with all the showmanship that was in his very bones, that somehow he had to bring a laugh or both he and the contestant would break under the nervous strain. Cautiously but steadily, he built toward that laugh and suddenly, to his horror, he could feel it coming— ... but directed at the woman. With that instinct which comes with good showmanship as well as with being a good human, he deliberately twisted his next phrase into utter nonsense and the audience roared—roared with laughter at Bud Collyer.

Since then, thousands of persons have stood at his side when he faced either a microphone or a television camera, and people still marvel at
Man with an open mind

"I have a beautiful wife, a wonderful family, and an exciting career," says Bud.

Bud's wife is the lovely Marion Shockley, herself an actress, just as Bud was an actor before turning emcee.

This is Collyer's castle, the home with an open viewpoint.

See Next Page
the ease of his contestants on Break The Bank and Beat The Clock. His public knows Bud as the emcee who laughs with you, not at you ... and would-be contestants swarm to his two shows—daily to Break The Bank, every Saturday to Beat The Clock.

It took a good deal of living and a lot of learning, as well as strong personal conviction about the dignity of people, to bring Bud Collyer to one of the most envied spots in show business. A star spot which brings with it rich rewards of happiness for Bud. Bud did not always dream of becoming the country's top emcee, any more than Eisenhower always dreamed of becoming President. Quite the contrary. Bud approached life and his future with much the same ease with which he now approaches contestants ... with an open mind.

"I never try to force people into impossible situations on the shows," Bud says seriously. "And I believe much the same type of attitude applies to life. We have to approach problems, careers—whatever—with an open mind. Certainly the time comes when it becomes necessary to make a decision. And, having made a decision, you naturally proceed on that basis. But ... I believe it's utter foolishness to stick stubbornly to a decision when, as time goes on, signs point in other directions. In my own case, my route ... once I had supposedly arrived at a decision regarding my future ... was beset with sudden tempting turns—which I took. As a result, and at the risk of sounding a little smug, I am a completely happy and satisfied man. I have a beautiful and devoted wife—actress Marion Shockley ... a wonderful family—Pat, Cynthia and Michael ... an exciting and profitable career, and a multitude of friends."

The big switch in Bud's life, after supposedly having arrived at a decision, was the turn from law to radio. Of course, the fact that it was law—rather than the theatre—that he selected as a profession was, in itself, an example of Bud's open-mindedness. All of his early life, he had been surrounded by the atmosphere of the theatre. His mother was an actress. His father was a lawyer— with a flair for the dramatics. His sister, June, was to capture film audiences, while his brother eventually entered the business end of the movie industry. Yes, the atmosphere of the Collyer apartment was charged with theatrics.

"When I was about ten years old," reminisces Bud, "we lived in an apartment up on 112th Street and Broadway. My brother and I, who were just a little over a year and a half apart in age, were very close. Even though the apartment was large enough to allow each of us his own room, we (Continued on page 87)
Daughters Cynthia and Patricia and son Michael love to be with their parents, too—meaning Marion and Bud.
Photos of Timbo, toys for Timbo—the wonder never ceases for Jo and Paul. And Jo adds softly, "The baby has given me a new understanding of my husband."

Their son was an answer to their silent, secret prayers.

Jo Stafford and Paul Weston can talk about "miracles," for they have one in their home

By JO STAFFORD

Babies change everything. I think it's wonderful that they do. If your life is not a kaleidoscope already, they can make it one—and pop up in every corner of it. Yes, I think babies touch every facet of life at some time or another. The wonderful thing about it is, they help give meaning to everything they touch.

I know our new son (and first baby) Timothy John has made plenty of changes in my husband Paul Weston's and my life. All kinds and shapes of changes. Take my general easy-going attitude, for instance. People have known me for years as Jo "I'll-be-there-when-I-get-there" Stafford or, after our marriage, as Mrs. Paul "I'll-be-there-when-I-get-there" Weston. But this was all B.T. (Before Timothy).

Today, you can set (Continued on page 91)

Jo Stafford can be heard on the Jo Stafford Show, CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 7:30 P.M. EDT.
blessed tiny Timothy

He's not much bigger than a minute, but Timothy alone makes Thursday the most precious day of Jo's week.
blessed tiny Timothy

Their son was an answer to their silent, secret prayers.

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Jo Stafford can be heard on the Jo Stafford Show, CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 7:30 P.M. EDT.

He's not much bigger than a minute, but Timothy alone makes Thursday the most precious day of Jo's week.
One thing about Mr. Peepers—he can handle anything that can't talk back.

Flowers fascinate Wally, even when he's not playing a botany professor.

"I finally decided," says Wally Cox, after due deliberation, "to let people pay for laughing at me."

By PERRY MANFIELD

Marion Lorne, that tremendously funny lady on the Mr. Peepers show, entertained in her apartment at the Fairfax one afternoon not long ago. Honored guest was Wally Cox—Mr. Peepers to doting TV audiences. But the real insight into the intriguing Wally Cox—Mr. Peepers' personality came, not too surprisingly, from his wise and witty hostess of the day.

Only Marion Lorne, with a flutter of fingers and a touch of unique mimicry, could adequately describe Wally's first reaction to the television (Continued on page 86)

Wally Cox stars as Mr. Peepers, Marion Lorne is seen as Mrs. Gurney on NBC-TV, Sundays at 7:30 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Reynolds Metals Co

Marion Lorne, who portrays his principal's wife, knows as much about Wally as anyone does. But—can you believe all he says?
(Continued from page 64)
camera. "In my own case," Marion began, "after thirty years on the stage, I'd always played to an audience that was at least ten feet away. Then when I started the television thing I suddenly discovered this great mechanical eye right here, practically in my face. I tell you, it was terrifying. Fortunately, when I do that, it's funny, so I got away with it.

"But when I grew to know Wally quite well, I discovered that his first reaction to the camera? His reply was absolutely typical of the man. He said, 'My dear Marion, I thought it was impertinent. I simply turned my back on it, and went home."

Although this sounds too close to the Mr. Peepers character to be anything but apocryphal, it is the truth. Actually, Wally Cox enjoyed being up in the microphone when he was doing that the camera distracted him; he forgot to identify it as the audience he was playing to, and so wandered off to escape it. Technicians (and the camera, on its dolly) frantically tried to follow him—apparently with success, because after that first show he was a TV star.

You have probably seen the Mr. Peepers character on television, but he hasn't won a Tony, or an Emmy, or five feet six, wears horns-rimmed spectacles, weighs 130 soaking wet, and has forgotten what it means to have his hands paused in front of a science teacher at Jefferson Junior High.

As Robinson Peepers, he knows just about everything there is to know about botany and biology, from flowers and fungi to muskrat—but when it comes to everyday, ordinary life he is completely baffled. He just doesn't dig the mechanics of getting along even in the academic world of a modern junior high school. He would like to give such delightful, solemn pronouncements as: "It is unlikely that we can ever know how fast the dinosaur could run," and, "No, I don't think the oyster could be used for energy in the future..."

Also, when he is writing for Petal and Stem, a mythical magazine to which he contributes, he is most learned when he is discussing the proper way to eat string beans and the proper way to say "I love you, Japanese Beetle."

or, "Are You Starving Your Dirt?"

Then, after school, he has a date with the pretty school girl, Patricia Montague.

A history-teacher pal, Harvey Wassitk (Anthony Randall, a close friend of Wally's in real life), suggests that he brighten up and make the girl laugh if he wants to make time with her.

Mr. Peepers replies seriously that he isn't much good at that sort of thing. In fact, he knows only one joke and he isn't sure that it would go over so well—"It's all in Latin," he says.

How close is the Robinson Peepers character to the real Wally Cox? Well, Wally was once a guest star on the Garry Moore show. When the producer of the show, David Folco, approached Mr. Peepers about a character, he was not interested in doing so. He was afraid he would play a Wally character that was so unlike the Wally that he had the Shy Onyx in a film. He was afraid he'd be typecast, but Wally was fascinated with this (and later he went off to Japan to get away from it.)

Now, at that time, Mr. Peepers was almost fifty, he had been in the army, he had been a teacher, a technician, and in the film he was a teacher, a technician, and in the film he was a Wally Cox. He was, in a way, a Wally Cox. He was, in a way, a Wally Cox. He was, in a way, a Wally Cox. He was, in a way, a Wally Cox.

Then Wally Cox gave out with the most quoted lib of his career. "This morning I was reading a 1921 National Geographic Magazine, in which a veritable gentrified Wally Cox found himself in the pages of a lunatic's voracious appetite for aphids. Now, how can anyone pretend to be profound about such a subject? Everyone knows you just walk up to an aphid and start eating!"

But if he disposed of things, Wally Cox was last, inside as he plugged away at creating a character that might one day become a star, a Mr. Peepers. Certainly, by the time he had developed some monotony, a touch of a trouper, a touch of a scoutmaster, he was about as shy as presenting them at Tallulah Bank-head would be.

There's a lot more to the legend. It seems in character that he was walking down the street one day and found a young man and a girl having a spat over an empty peddler's cart. The young man was Wally, and the girl was Marlon. He had had as a fourth-grade classmate in Evanston, Illinois, and the girl was Marlon's sister, Frances. Marlon wanted Frances to get into the cart and be pushed along, and she didn't want to. Wally rescued his acquaintance from Marlon, got into the cart himself and the two went merrily off down the street. Shortly afterward they took an apartment together, and Wally discovered a "Streetcar Named Desire" then, or much of anything else. But he was on his way, and as he grew to greatness he managed to make other parts attended by bigger and more important theatre people. Wally gave his monologues at these parties and, as was inevitable, a certain Judy Freed, NBCpolicy editor, so captivated with Marlon's pet raccoon, Benoit, Gordon, proprietor of the Village Vanguard, a not very dressy but charming night club in Greenwich Village.

Robinson Peepers moved to guest appearances on radio and TV shows, and finally the Ford Dealers of America decided to sponsor him in the Mr. Peepers series. That was in July of last year. It was never meant to be anything except a summer show, and it ended in September.

"But by that time," says Lady Dorothy Montague, "I knew Wally and thought he was growing up. He had the most enchanting talent in television. So when I was staying with the Reynolds in Miami I told them, 'We must all stop whatever we're doing and look at Mr. Peepers!'" the Lady said, and "It sent the Reynolds adoring him. And in October there was Wally back on the air, big as you please, sponsored by the Reynolds Motors.

The truth is, of course, that while the visitors to the Village Vanguard and Lady Montague probably were both especially instrumental in furthering Wally's spectacular career in television, it's that, not just two or three, but millions of people discovered him. It is not surprising that a night club customer or the running, a character actor would be fascinated by Wally's subtle wit. Mr. Peepers is such a charming, amusing person, that it would be a shame not to believe that Mr. Peepers is really Wally Cox. Mr. Peepers in private life, living and sculpturing figures in a one-room apartment, having moved from Brando's apartment because he couldn't afford the rent, and owning a room where there are only three suits and a motorcycle because he needs everything in life. It is so like Mr. Peepers to buy two acres of steep hillside woodland in Rockland County, New York, intending to build a hill house on it with his own hands.

But Marlon Lorne and Lady Montague, both of whom have known Wally for a long time, and who see him in thePrimitive terms at Marlon's cocktail party that afternoon at the Fair, him another way.

They see a young man who, having overcome his handicap of shyness and a natural inferiority complex, has developed into a witty, exciting showman and a great artist. The Wally Cox they know may never return to the people he works with. But he's nobody's fool, he's a fast-talking gentleman, and any time you catch him asleep or unaware it will be the result of an atom bomb or the million-

friends have a hunch that Wally's career will follow just about any path he chooses for it. They also think that, when he gets ready for the house in Rockland County, it will be Wally Cox, a sharp, pro-fessional job.

It may be that Mr. Peepers will have built it with his own hands, but the odds are that more Maynard Cox will have paid the contractor's bill.
When A Girl Marries

(Continued from page 44)

the word "opposite" merely indicates that one is fair and the other dark, or one is a
deep thinker and the other a scatterbrain. Ordinarily, that is about as far as the term
goes. Until it is applied to the Sorels, whose lives have been completely oppo-
site right from their very beginnings. The
fact that they eventually wound up in the
same profession is in itself a minor mira-
acle—that they ever met, a major miracle.

"I was born in St. Louis," explains Mary
Jane, "of a theatrical family. My father
had a stock company there . . . the theatre
and my family had always been pretty
much one and the same. Why, before I
could walk, I had a 'carried-on' part in
one of Father's plays, and by the time I
was of kindergarten age, I was a seasoned
trouper with Dad's group. Then when I
was five, Father took an interest in films,
and we moved to Hollywood. One day not
too long after our arrival, Mother and I
were standing outside one of the studios
waiting for Dad when a stranger walked
up to Mother and asked if she had ever
thought of letting me work in films. Up
to this moment I don't believe the idea
had entered her mind, but it wasn't long
before I was on my way to becoming a
child star. And, strange as it may seem, it
wasn't long before I found I didn't like it.
I had loved working with my father in his
stage productions, but the movies
frightened me. I was, it seems, always be-
ing kidnapped, riding runaway horses, et-
generally speaking, being yanked around.

"Perhaps I was too imaginative and im-
pressionable, but whatever the cause, after
my third two-reeler, I told Mother I didn't
like the movies ... didn't like being
pushed and pulled. And that was the end
of my film career. Mother enrolled me in
a Hollywood public school, and for the
next number of years—through gradu-
ination from Hollywood high school, to be
exact—my career took more or less of a
back seat. I say 'more or less' because,
even though I concentrated on my educa-
tion, I never lost sight of the fact that one
day I would become an actress. With
the family background, my becoming an
actress was just the natural sequence
of events. It was the one thing I knew and
loved—the fact that there might be other
possible careers never entered my head.

"Along with my regular schooling I
studied music—singing and piano—partly
because of my love for both and partly
because they would eventually stand me
in good stead when I launched my career . . .
which launching took place immediately
after graduation from high school when I
joined a stock company in Hollywood.
Slowly, I broke into local radio—event-
tually, thanks to Edward Everett Horton,
winning up with a network role. And,
finally, the much coveted nighttime shows.
But even this latter accomplishment left
me somewhat dissatisfied . . . I disliked the
lack of security. One day it occurred to me
that daytime serials—most of which
originated in New York—offered both the
experience and security I wanted. So,
with the family's blessings, I departed for
what I hoped would be greener fields.

"I'm sure I don't know what I did to
deserve my good fortune but, two days
after my arrival in New York, I landed a
supporting role in a daytime serial which
had gone off the air. And, two years
later, I won the starring role of Joan Davis
on When a Girl Marries, a role I have
continued to play over the years. Yes,
radio has been good to me . . . I've had
interesting and varied roles in many pro-
grams, and have found the security I
was looking for. Besides When a Girl

"My Skin Thrives On
Cashmere Bouquet Soap
because it's such wholesome skin-care!"

Says—
complexion-lovely
ELLEN WILLIAMS

Read How This Smart Young College Secretary Was Helped by Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director!

"I went to the Conover School to improve my
appearance," says Miss Williams. "After all, as a
secretary in an all-boys school, I had to look my best
every second! Miss Jones taught me wholesome
skin-care. She told me to use Cashmere Bouquet Soap
because it's such a natural way to a softer,
smooth looking complexion. I love the fragrance
of its mild, gentle lather. And it leaves a fresh
glow no make-up can match!

Now Cashmere Bouquet is part of my daily
beauty ritual, and my skin thrives on it.
Yours will, too. Try it and see!"

Here Are Candy Jones' Personal Beauty Tips for You!

1. Glamorize your legs the Hollywood way! Sponge on cake make-up . . . use a second,
darker coat over too-fleshy areas. Your legs will
look beautiful under your stockings!

2. Check your complexion under bright sunlight.
If you don't like what you see, faithfully beauty-
cleanse twice a day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

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

New magic formula... milder than castile!

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

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

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

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

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!
Married: award as Cynthia
in The Romance Of Helen Trent".

But the story of radio and television actor Guy Sorel reads quite differently. The fact that Guy looks exactly like Frenchman Jean-Emmanuel Bonnet, who was born in Neuilly, France, of French parents. When Guy was still a baby, his family moved to New York City, and the Sorel family became American citizens. Guy received most of his schooling in New York, but returned to France for his final bout with higher education. All of his grades were fair, at best, interesting and stimulating, but impractical. He had received a purely classical education and, whereas he wound up well educated, he also wound up unprepared for a practical business career.

To make matters worse, he didn't know what he wanted to do. He tried his hand at a number of things, eventually wound up in Philadelphia—again in a job he disliked. However, while he was in the Quaker City, a friend suggested that he join the Plays and Players Club. Thinking this would be a lively social outlet, he joined the group ... with not the faintest notion of ever taking part in their theatrical activities. However, the day came when his friend saw a need of somebody to fill the role of a Frenchman and, after considerable pressure was brought to bear, Guy agreed to take it. He found it, to his surprise, much more interesting. In due course, he announced that he was in the theater. He continued to stay in the theater, and, as he gradually became known as a person of some importance. I'm not sure that before we were married, Guy, who is an excellent mathematician, completely understood the major complications arising from my garbled additions and subtractions. However, he was quick to catch on, and early in our married life it was agreed that I should make out the checkbook stubs in pencil, each, or else he would pick up some of the infinite pains Guy did to have everything just as he had planned.

Then there seems to be somewhat of a problem over my mathematics—which, while not posing a threat to the community, is of some importance. I'm not sure that before we were married, Guy, who is an excellent mathematician, completely understood the major complications arising from my garbled additions and subtractions. However, he was quick to catch on, and early in our married life it was agreed that I should make out the checkbook stubs in pencil, each, or else he would pick up some of the infinite pains Guy did to have everything just as he had planned.

Unfortunately, "In Time To Come" was short-lived. During the ensuing "dry period," Guy tried singing, sports. The following season, he was offered a small role in Helen Hayes's production of "Harriet," which he eventually left to join the touring company. But, having had a close friend poodle in "In Time To Come," it was a case of "if you can't beat 'em—suggest he take a year off, come to New York and devote himself to the pursuit of a stage career. After one semester at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, Guy proceeded on his rounds of casting offices and, exactly one year after deciding to follow his hunch, he not only won his first Broadway role in "In Love," but was named the "best supporting player of the year" by George Jean Nathan. A few months later, he starred in "The Thirteenth Letter," in which he played a poodle.

"The Thirteenth Letter," and since that time has concentrated solely on radio and television. No two careers could have been more diametrically opposed to one another, yet the result of the birth, and the other the result of a hatch some twenty-seven years after birth.

Even the way Guy and Mary Jane met is not the least element of "opposites." One of Mary Jane's great loves is the water—anything to do with the water but, particularly, boats. During the summer of 1936, while out for a cruise on the Potomac, Guy and Mary Jane were at a small marina, and saw a boat. "It was just this side of being a tugboat," laughs Mary Jane, "but it stayed aloof, and we loved it. To help counteract its appearance, and because in such a bug on pirate lore, we named her the Ann Bonney, after the famous woman pirate of the eighteenth century." What the boat lacked in size and comfortable sleeping quarters was compensated for by the exuberant spirits of the Sorel family. After a week-end open-house for their landlubber friends. And so it happened that, one weekend shortly before his first Broadway appearance, a mutual friend brought Guy and Mary Jane to a house guest around the Ann Bonney.

"Just why he ever came out that weekend," muses Mary Jane, "is something I'll never know. One day, I think he wasn't coerced into—certainly his career didn't hinge on the visit. You see, my husband not only does not share my enthusiasm for boats, but he never has. He doesn't like them. Then, but if he never saw one again, I know it would be just fine. And yet, he came to spend the weekend on the boat of a stranger! A miracle, I think—because he had arrived arrived at my own conclusion as to why he's so lukewarm on boats—he likes his comfort. He always claims that the reason I like sports and the outdoors is because I like to be just a little uncomfortable. If that is the case, I had good reason to love the Ann Bonney—she had just about everything in the line of discomfort.

Be that as it may, Guy's love of comfort didn't prevent him from making subsequent visits to the Ann Bonney. But Mary Jane surprised him very much by saying that to him: "Ann Bonney, she had just about everything in the line of discomfort. I've come to the conclusion that black and the bad alike live in the same world, and that no one who has purchased a part, in the rectory in January thirteenth, 1945, in the rector of the Presbyterian Church on Lower Fifth Avenue in New York, two- and-a-half years after their meeting. In due time, Mary Jane found that with Guy came his fabulous record collection ... a collection of the greatest vocalists of current and past generations. "Each of my records plays Mary Jane, "is one of the few things, besides our love of the theatre, that we have in common. We play the piano about equally, but I am more interested in and love to attend concerts. But listening to old scratched records—well, that's something else again. However, I don't suppose listening to records is as much of a concession, someone who is not a great deal of the boat is for Guy.

"On the other hand, there is cooking—which I feel more or less even more the score. But, my God, Guy can cook. Frankly, only dire necessity forces me to face a stove. So, on the maid's days off, Guy does the cooking—I do the dishes. But, part of it, this might seem a reasonable bargain, to lower the 'true French tradition'—a dash of this in one saucepan, a dash of that in another, and a soupcon of something else in still another. But why should I tell it in the kitchen, it looks as though a battery of chefs had been at work for a week! At this point I know we've evened the score.

"From the standpoint of personality, continuity is not as evident between Guy and I again quite different. Guy is decisive. He thinks a thing through, makes up his mind, and then with infinite pains goes about it. Of course, his enthusiasm and, as a result, am inclined to peter out long before I have accomplished what it was I set out to do. In some ways, this personality difference is responsible for Guy's being the decorator in our family. Besides having excellent taste and a real talent for carrying colors in his mind, Guy has the ability to make up his mind, stick to it, and track it down. As anybody knows who has ever tried to do anything difficult, it is quite impossible getting the point across to the decorators he worked with. Now you see the modern-Greek combination quite frequently, but back in 1945 those in the business knew they had a minor 'opposites' problem. Did I ever think I was doing the decorating. I'm sure I would have become discouraged and allowed somebody to change my mind. In fact, I'd doubt that anyone could ever dump the infinite pains Guy did to have everything just as he had planned.

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Of course, a less important than household mathematics, the Sorel family, but still falling under the general classification of "opposites," is the question of household pets. Mary Jane is a dog fancier, while Guy is an avowed "friend of cats. However, this problem never really amounted to much ... it was solved by Eva Le Gallienne when she presented Mary Jane with a cairn terrier.

"One of the most enduring traits of my husband," concludes Mary Jane, "and one that never really came into focus until after we were married, is his indefatigable appetite for work. It was probably as a result of his frequent boyhood trips between France and the United States, Guy likes to stay put. Travel for adventure's sake means nothing to him. To me, I think it's only the change of way of travel, it would mean a great deal ... would mean a great deal if we could ever get even vacation time together to take a trip. But with his constant attendance at new museum exhibits, and we're up and out before the announcement has had a decent chance to cool. Fortunately, I, too, like the museum, hence, I do not feel me, I would probably get to very few. Recently, Guy decided it was time I saw the National Art Gallery in Washington, D. C., so off we went for a weekend. When I came back, again, he insisted on museum, that's exactly what I mean—from stem to stern, starboard to portside. It was wonderful!!"

"Yes, it's plain to see how these two people have developed a truly satisfying and stimulating life. It's not so much the fact that the minor "opposites" outnumber the "likes," as it is the fact that both Mary Jane and Guy have developed the ability to allow each other the privilege of their individualism. Beyond that, they have learned to good-humoredly make concessions to one another and, in the process, have built a wonderful life together.
from editors but some immediate success, too. A couple of contributions were accepted by The New Yorker. However, at the end of that summer Don, with little money and many manuscripts he couldn't sell, decided that another dream had burst.

"It was like this," he explains, "you see yourself as a writer and you try and it doesn't fit."

But Don didn't return to Iowa and the reason for this was Mary Prugh. She was a reporter, and lie her simply because thousands of dollars away. They met at the beginning of the summer and by fall they were in love. Don resolved he would be sensible again, stop his dreaming, and get a job. The CBS Artist Bureau told Don:

"It was kind of a flunky job," he says, "but it gave me a chance to meet a lot of people in theatre and show business, and that's all." The theatre fascinated Mary Prugh, too. They shared this interest and it is one thing more that added to their compati-

bility. And if Don had just stuck to his job, being a personable, bright young man, it's likely he would have advanced in the agent end of show business, but it wasn't a year before another dream began to nag at him. That was field dream, the idea of going to the Orient.

He talked to Mary about it. She didn't like the idea of his going. "You're headstrong," she might have said. 'You wouldn't go if you loved me.' Or, 'You just can't take off for the sea like a headstrong kid,'" Don says, reminiscing. "But I had to go somewhere."

Don shipped out of San Francisco as a seaman on a freighter in 1934. He didn't find the bugs and heat very exotic. It wasn't much fun when he took sick in Java, and he later said he was a natural athlete and loves sports. His sophomore year he gave up athletics to work with an amateur theatre group.

At the end of his second college year, Don went to Chicago. He got a job as a timekeeper in a factory and took night classes at the Chicago Academy of Art. Don's first big dream—and it collapsed. At the end of the year, Don decided his talent was small and went back to college.

For several years then, Don was just trying to find himself. He attended three different universities: Northwestern, New York University, and Arizona. He majored in English and speech, did some theatre work and announced for a year at a Tucson radio station, worked with a Chautauqua unit one summer, but another summer he was in California building miniature golf courses. Another summer, he worked in a butcher shop. He tried a lot of things. Some from home because the country was in a depression.

"I had given up the first dream of being an artist," Don recalls. "I finally had my A.B. from the University of Iowa and Arizona. And I majored in English and speech, did some theatre work and announced for a year at a Tucson radio station. I worked with a Chautauqua unit one summer, but another summer I was in California building miniature golf courses. Another summer, I worked in a butcher shop. I tried a lot of things. Some from home because the country was in a depression."

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Finally, he went back to his home town and taught school. In addition, he directed plays and the school band and coached the baseball team. He worked very hard. He even held a class in public speaking and got one of his students into the semi-

inals of a state competition. But then his imagination took hold again and another dream grew. He saw himself as a magazine writer living, logically enough, in New York's Greenwich Village.

Came the summer vacation period and Don took off for New York. He got himself a room in the Village and enrolled in a writing class. He had a lot of rejections what it takes to be an actor. (Kennel Del-

mar, who was to go places as Senator Claghorn, was also in this group.) In 1938 Don got his first regular network job. That was on the Don Burns show.

From then on, Don's stock as an actor kept rising. He did several Broadway plays. He worked on Cavalcade Of America and Death Valley Days. He was an assistant to the director in Tennessee Jed. And in 1942 he played Captain Jim—and then David Harding in Counter-Spy, which he continued to do after ten years.

"And none of this had been a dream," he says. "The part one I never cast myself in was that of an actor."

Don's home is now in Darien, Connecticut. It's a lovely white house with case-

mer windows, and it's tastefully furnished and has good furniture plants and their three children. They have two boys and a girl: Douglas, Janet and Britton.

And what is the life of an ex-adventurer, ex-artist, ex-butcher's assistant, ex-et cet-

er? It's early to bed, for one thing, with the kids bedding down from nine on, at half-past ten on their room. He's an early riser and, on days off from radio work, Don is likely to be in jeans and a sweat-shirt working around the house. In the spring, he starts his to-

mato and corn, and by summer over the compost. In summer, when they move to their cottage in Vermont, he grows potatoes, ears of corn for roasting, baskets of tomatoes, cucumbers, cucumbers, both boys and cukes. Don's best friend, while he's in New York, is MacLaughlin. They both live in New York and he's an excellent self-portrait and pictures of the family.

"All of Don MacLaughlin's love are the Dodgers and follow ball games. They spend evenings reading, listening or watch-

ing favorite programs. They are not os-\n
ientation people and not attracted to ex-

clusive clubs or nightclubs. He has moved from home because the country was in a depression."

And things are never dull, not in a house that has three children. "Just watching them is a barrell of laughs. He has moved from home because the country was in a depression."

Janet, although feminine and blonde, is very fond of sports and often joins Don behind the garage to play catch or shoot a few baskets.

"Let your youngest, I've got a hunch, is going to take to acting," Don says, "but you never know, and that's the fun of it."

Don has worked at many things but he has accomplished a little of all those things, for which he is best fitted or else he is still a boy. When he does his work well, con-

scientiously, he will be reasonably content and dreaming if he continues to do it. His cake will vanish. The person will then discover what every man knows—there is more happiness in his home than in all the adventures of the Orient.
My True Story

(Continued from page 47)

smiled back when we passed each other that first day we met on this very path that I was now walking. . . It was seven days exactly—I know because I counted them—seven days in which we smiled, and on the seventh day we spoke. Johnny introduced himself, told me his name was Johnny Sloane, and I had hesitatingly told him my name—Mary Jason. Almost boldly, he’d led me to a cafeteria in the park. And before my shyness could take hold, I found myself seated opposite him, telling him about my job, listening to the fact that he worked as a truck driver on the Albany—New York run of a small furniture moving outfit. It was the night shift but he didn’t care because he was saving every cent he was making toward his own outfit. Oh, he had dreams, too—dreams he could put into words. As the March winds died out and were replaced by the soft spring breezes of April, my heart seemed to reach toward Johnny more and more. . . At first, it was just casually meeting him in the park and going for coffee in the cafeteria. Then it was by pre-arrangement that we met in the park after my working hours, from there to go to dinner and a movie before Johnny went off to his job. This all seemed right somehow—at first. Being left behind to find my way back to my rooming-house, after a date with Johnny, had been at my own insistence. Meeting Johnny at our old familiar stand in the park had seemed romantic, practical. . . But, as the days wore into weeks, I began to wonder. Johnny had not offered to have me meet his family, his friends. Could it be that this was all as casual to Johnny as our smiling at one another had been? Or had he something to hide? My mind would let me say, “Perhaps a wife,” but my heart would always quiet my head with a positive: “But Johnny isn’t like that.” I’d read enough, been around enough, to know that what my heart said was logical. . . Unconsciously, as I walked along the path, I stopped at the place where always arranged to meet. It was nearing the noon hour, but on this day Johnny was to be away for his stop-over in Albany, and so I sat on the bench which the city provided for weary, troubled people. . . Suddenly—a shadow. And then, as I looked up, there was Johnny grinning down at me. I tried to answer back with the same casual smile, but my lips trembled and I felt as if I were on the verge of tears. Johnny seemed not to notice, however, and words came tumbling out, words which I could hardly comprehend—at first. “Darling, Mary, darling,” he stammered, “for days I’ve been trying to figure something out—I should have asked you right out, should have been honest with you. But I didn’t dare. I was so afraid you had something to hide. Perhaps you were married. Perhaps you were ashamed of me. Perhaps—well, almost anything the imagination can hit upon. I couldn’t understand why you wouldn’t let me take you home. I couldn’t understand why you’d never invited me to meet your folks—why you never talked about them.” “But, Johnny,” I protested, rising from the bench. “I—” Tenderly, almost possessively, Johnny took me in his arms and tilted my chin so I had to look directly at him.

“I know,” he said. “I know without your telling me. Dumb guy that I am, I got bright and went to see your boss Zenon. Forgive me, darling, but the suspense was killing me. I had to know. You can’t very well—if you are a young lady, that is—invite a young guy to your room when you live alone. You can’t invite a guy to meet parents you don’t have. Now, can you?” Dumbly, I nodded. I didn’t bother to add, You can’t even take your young men to the orphanage where you were raised, to meet your “family,” when the orphanage no longer exists.

“Well, if you’re a young man,” Johnny grinned down again at me, “you can’t invite a girl—a respectable girl you hope to marry—up to your room to entertain her, and you can’t invite her to meet parents you don’t have—that is, if you’re an orphan like me.”

Like the sun coming out from behind a cloud, suddenly everything was clear. But, before I could catch my breath and realize that Johnny had explained to me and then proposed to me all in the same sentence, Johnny was speaking softly again.

“I think,” he said solemnly, “I have solved our problem. Come with me to the head of my church, the one I’ve attended ever since I arrived in town five years ago. He knows me, he’ll tell you all about me—and, most important, he’ll marry us!”

Johnny and I went for our last walk down that path where loneliness had driven us together. . . this time to the final realization of the love we both wanted so much.

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This is due to Tangee’s miracle-working ingredient—Permachrome. And Tangee is extra-rich in Lanolin, base of the costliest cosmetic creams. No irritating chemicals! So your lips are always soft, dewy and fresh looking. A full range of the newest shades ... from beguiling Pinks to bewitching Crimsons.

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71
I am continually amazed at Arthur's retentive memory. He might have a little trouble learning a song, especially if it involves a tricky harmony part, but, once he's learned it, he never forgets it. For some time there was an old song of his which he would not repeat it for a couple of years. But, when he does, that fantastic memory of his comes through and he'll remember every single note. Another thing about Godfrey is that he doesn't really like. And, if a lyric is particularly sad or emotional, he'll actually break up while singing it. I have seen him cry many times, and with complete sincerity.

I think it is interesting that Lu Ann Simms, the Chordettes, and the McGuire Sisters, all joined the Godfrey gang after having Talent Scout winners. In addition to all of Arthur's other abilities, he certainly has a talent for picking talent. There is some of an alma mater spirit that prevails with the Talent show, too. Arthur and I constantly hear from artists who formerly appeared on the program. Frank Guarrera, the baritone, still keeps in touch with us and still has a very soft spot in his heart for all of those blankets that ask: "Do you work forty hours a week?"—I'll have to answer: "Considerably more than.

I don't think there is another musical director's job in show business with this kind of heavy schedule. But, as a musician, you can be sure I am not looking for any easier job. In the past few months, I have had to work at something like about twenty-five hours a week for the morning program and about thirteen hours a week for the Wednesday night show. And, besides that, I've been a member of the Godfrey orchestra and singers. But, with our daily broadcasts, the Talent Scout show and our Wednesday-night television program, it is impossible for me to think of any big arrangement except the cast, as I used to in the beginning. Now I have seven arrangers and six copyists to turn out all the orchestrations necessary for the tremendous number of songs the Godfrey aggregation does every week. I wonder if my listening and viewing audiences realize how many actual hours of music rehearsal are necessary in order to do the job we do. Do you know that the orchestra and singers rehearse about twenty-five hours a week for the morning program and about thirteen hours a week for the Wednesday-night show? I have heard of one of those blankets that ask: "Do you work forty hours a week?"—I will have to answer: "Considerably more than."

Arthur doesn't do as much singing on the morning program as he used to, because his whirlwind pace doesn't leave sufficient time for him to warm up. It isn't the thing he wants, and he always asks me not to forget the morning a few years ago when Arthur decided he wanted to sing a certain song. I gently reminded him that he had sung it before, which phased him not at all, and he said something to the effect that we'd have an on-the-air rehearsal right then and there, which we did. And the audience loved it. It took me and the boys in the band a while to get used to this kind of a show, but by now anything even remotely resembling a musical ad lib is duck soup. Of course, Godfrey's is a musical ad lib, not a musical ad lib like "Arthur's the only band in America where the melody is carried by the drums." But I guess he is pleased with the sound that comes out, because the whole orchestra, and people say, runs from that point. It started on the original morning program seven years ago.

I don't know how much we have improved as a musician, Arthur has improved tremendously during that time. He'll be the first one to tell you he doesn't think he has any real musical talent. But I'll be just as quick to disagree with him. He is a thoroughly natural musician. Arthur sincerely loves music and it is a great part of his life. He has taken his ukulele playing very seriously, and it shows. And, while I can't say that he started out on the original morning program seven years ago.

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Beloved Teenagers

(Continued from page 56) "It seemed," says Gracie, "that the phone was growing right out of Sandra's shoulder. Whenever I turned around there she was on the phone."

"But I didn't know I'd never know," says George. "Flat on their backs in the floor, watching television; radio on so loud you'd think someone down the block was listening; eating a sandwich; don't discuss homework; and open any door; and holding an hour-long conversation on the phone. Even in a vaudeville I never saw an act this good!"

"Something had to be done," says Gracie. "We couldn't get our business cards. We thought maybe we should put them on television. Their 'act' would be a sensation."

"I had what I thought was a good idea," says George. "We'd get them listening; you'd be standing, adjustments nearly every day."

"Gracie," said Gracie, "you wore out my clothes. She was expecting to hear the laundry ring right here."

"Oh," said Gracie, "you wore out my clothes. She was expecting to hear the laundry ring right here."

"So we put in the phone. Now one of two things happens. If they're expecting a call on their phone, and we are all downstairs in the den, with the television, they still hold the phone up. And if they do, it's back!"

"Gracie," said Gracie, "she doesn't understand."

"Let her wear a scarf," said George. "Nothing-especially my scarves."

"Because Ronnie wore levis and sandals beside the laundry ring. And the laundry ring."

"Okay," said Gracie, "you wore out my clothes. She was expecting to hear the laundry ring right here."

"Just so Gracie," said Gracie, "she doesn't understand."

"Gracie," said Gracie, "you wore out my clothes. She was expecting to hear the laundry ring right here."

"Sandra's shoulders, most interesting of all."

"You must have been a hole in the laundry bundle and they all fell out on the way home. Look, the drawer is empty."

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said countless people facing a hard-to-solve situation—until they heard their very problem solved on radio’s “My True Story.” For this true-to-life program presents, in vivid dramatic form, real problems of real people—directly from the files of “True Story Magazine.” When you listen, you’ll hear everyday situations involving such emotions as love, hope, fear, jealousy...you’ll meet the kind of people you’ve known all your life.

TUNE IN

My True Story

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Be sure to read this tragic story, “CHILDLESS—I TURNED TO ANOTHER MAN”—in the June issue of TRUE STORY Magazine—on sale everywhere.
Inside Radio
All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time

Monday through Friday

Morning Programs
8:35-8:45 Do You Remember? Local Program 8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:45 Gabriel Heatter
8:45 Gabriel Heatter 8:55 John Conte
9:00 Alex Reiner, News Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Cliff's Family
9:15 Thy Neighbor's Voice Breakfast Club
9:45 Every Day
10:00 Welcome Travelers CECIL BROWN Music Box
10:15 Double Or Nothing News
10:30 Strike It Rich Ladies Fair
10:45phrase That Pays Bill Henry/Susan Swift
11:00 Bob Hope Show
11:15 Lorenzo Jones
11:30 Dorothy Kilgallen
11:45 John Cameron Swayze

Afternoon Programs
12:00-12:15 Curts Massey Time Don Gardner, News 12:15 Betty Crocker
12:15 Capital Commentary with Bausch 12:15 Betty Crocker
12:30-12:45 Capitol Commentary with Bausch 12:30 Betty Crocker
12:45 Capitol Commentary with Bausch 12:45 Betty Crocker
1:00-1:15 News, Home Edition Curts Massey Time
1:15-1:30 News, Home Edition Curts Massey Time
1:30-1:45 News, Home Edition Curts Massey Time
2:00-2:15 Pickens Party
2:15-2:30 Dave Garroway Music By William McCurry Show
2:30-2:45 News, Bandhart
3:00-3:15 Life Can Be Beautiful Life Can Be Beautiful
3:15-3:30 Road Of Life Life Can Be Beautiful
3:30-3:45 Right To Happyness Life Can Be Beautiful
4:00-4:15 Backstage Wife Music By Bob And Dan
4:15-4:30 Stella Dallas Young Widower Brown
4:30-4:45 Woman In My House Bobby Benson
5:00-5:15 Just Plain Bill Cal Tiney Show
5:15-5:30 Front Page Farrell Bobby Benson
5:30-5:45 Lawrence Jones Bobby Benson
5:45-6:00 The Doctor's Wife Bobby Benson

Tuesday
6:00-6:15 Bill Stern 6:15-6:30 Three Star Extra 6:30-6:45 Dad's Family
6:45-7:00 News Parade 7:00-7:15 News Of The World
7:15-7:30 One Man's Family 7:30-7:45 Fair And Square
7:45-8:00 News Of America 8:00-8:15 The John Cameron Swayze Show
8:15-8:30 News, Bob Hope Show 8:30-8:45 News, Bob Hope Show
8:45-9:00 Bob Hope Show 9:00-9:15 Morning With Bob Hope
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9:45-10:00 The Morning Show 10:00-10:15 Morning With Bob Hope
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TV program highlights

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

Baseball on TV

Pre-game Programs:
Happy Felton's Knot Hole Gang—30 minutes
Joe E. Brown With The Yankees—15 minutes

Joey E. Brown With The Yankees—15 minutes

GAME CHANNEL

DATE TIME PROGRAM

Tuesday, May 12 8:30 P.M. Cleve. vs. Yanks

Wednesday, May 13 2:00 P.M. Cleve. vs. Yanks

Thursday, May 14 2:00 P.M. Chicago vs. Yanks

Friday, May 15 8:00 P.M. Giants at Cinc.

Saturday & Sun., May 15 & 16 2:00 P.M. Chicago vs. Yanks

Wednesday, May 19 8:30 P.M. Boston vs. Yanks

Thursday, May 20 2:00 P.M. Detroit vs. Yanks

Thursday, May 21 8:30 P.M. Dodgers vs. Giants

Friday, May 22 1:30 P.M. Dodgers vs. Giants

Saturday & Sun., May 23 & 24 2:00 P.M. Boston vs. Yanks

Monday, May 25 9:30 P.M. Boston vs. Yanks

Wednesday, May 27 2:00 P.M. Wash. vs. Yanks

Thursday, May 28 8:00 P.M. Giants vs. Dodgers

Friday, May 29 2:00 P.M. Wash. vs. Yanks

Saturday, May 30 1:30 P.M. Giants vs. Dodgers

Sunday, May 31 2:05 P.M. Pitts. vs. Dodgers (D) 9

Tuesday, June 2 8:30 P.M. Milwaukee vs. D'gers

Wednesday, June 3 1:30 P.M. Milwaukee vs. D'gers

Thursday, June 4 1:30 P.M. Milwaukee vs. D'gers

Friday, June 5 8:30 P.M. St. Louis vs. Dodgers

Saturday, June 6 8:30 P.M. Chicago vs. D'gers

Sun., June 7 1:30 P.M. St. Louis vs. Dodgers

Monday, June 8 1:30 P.M. Milwaukee vs. Giants

Tuesday, June 9 8:00 P.M. Cine. vs. Dodgers

Wednesday, June 10 1:30 P.M. Milwaukee vs. Giants

Ch. 6 carries only Sat. games
(D) Means Double-header

Post-game Programs:
Happy Felton's Talk With The Stars
Joe E. Brown With The Yankees

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today — 4 & 6
Sun or no Garway brightens morning with news and features.

10:00 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time — 2 & 6 (M-Th)
Robert Q. Lewis takes over while Arthur recuperates from hip operation. The whole Godfrey gang participates in simulcast.

11:00 A.M. One In Every Family — 2 & 6 (M-Sat)
Dean Miller honors outstanding members of visiting families.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich — 2 & 6
Help for the needy. Warren Hull with quiz worth up to $500.

12:00 Noon Bride And Groom — 2
Wedding bells ring out and you're invited as favored guest.

12:15 P.M. Love Of Life — 2 & 6
The problems of a career woman, starring Peggy McCay.

12:30 P.M. Search For Tomorrow — 2
Daytime serial of the conflicts between two generations.

12:15 P.M. Guiding Light — 2 & 6 at 2:30 P.M.

Popular dramatic series with Ellen Demming and Herb Nelson.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show — 2 & 6
Garry's Gay Gabbing. Songs by Denise Lor and Ken Carson.

2:00 P.M. Double Or Nothing — 2 & 6 (M-W-F)
Parks perks 'em up with cash quiz and spiffy interviews.

2:30 P.M. Linkletter's House Party — 2
An wit sparks everyon out in a funnest.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off — 2 & 6
Clothes, mink, a trip abroad for milady when hubby or boy friend correctly answers quiz put by Randy Merriman.

3:30 P.M. Break The Bank — 4
Two great guys, Bud Collier and Win Elliot, with exciting quiz.

4:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers — 4 & 6
Join Tommy Bartlett for a visit with people on the move.

4:40 P.M. Kate Smith Show — 4 & 6
America's First Lady of Song with hour of brilliant variety.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 — 4
Real nice people are cast in this serial of small-town life.

7:30 P.M. Eddie Fisher — 4 & 6
Don Ameche emcees songfest starring ex-Pfc. Eddie Fisher.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show — 1 (T-Th)
Tantalizing tunes trilled by delightful Dixie damsel.

7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre — 9
Hit plays in original versions. Matinee: Sat-Sun., 3:00 P.M.

7:15 P.M. Perry Como Show — 2 (M-W-F)
Prince Perry and Fontane Sisters make beautiful music.

7:45 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen — 2 (T-Th)
Jane Froman's magic voice with guests and dance ensemble.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan — 4
Video newreel of day's events with John Cameron Swayze.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test — 7
The stairway to stardom for young actors with Neil Hamilton.

8:00 P.M. Barns And Allen Show — 2 & 6
Laugh time with the veteran husband-wife team in comedy.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show — 4
Irascible Jerry plays the dummie with Paul Winchell in 30-minute comedy-variety featuring "What's My Name?" quiz.

8:00 P.M. Homie De Squad — 7
Whodunit drama on film starring Tom Conway and James Burke.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts — 2
Garry Moore is in the master's chair for this talent raid.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour — 4 & 6
Exuberant musical productions with famous concert artists.

9:00 P.M. 1 Love Lucy — 2 & 6
The five-star comedy series starring Lucille Ball-Dessi Arnaz.

9:00 P.M. Eye Witness — 4
Robert Montgomery checks in 30 minutes early presenting who-dunits and suspense stories with an off-beat approach.

9:30 P.M. Red Buttons — 2 & 6
For hilarity's sake, tune in Red's skits with Pat Carroll.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents — 4
Sure-fire, full-hour dramatic treat with host Robert M.

10:00 P.M. Studio One — 2 & 6
A treasure chest of video drama is opened by Fletcher Markle.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Belah — 7
Things go from yowls to howls as Louise Beavers, housekeeper Belah, saves the Hendersons from various domestic plights.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theater — 4 & 6
Merry murder of your blues by Milton Berle and cast. Once a month, Circus Hour, starring Dolores Gray and Joe E. Brown.

8:00 P.M. Life Is Worth Living — 5
Inspirational, non-sectarian talks by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.
TV program highlights

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Date With Judy • 7
Pert, pretty Mary Linn Beller as irrepressible teenager.
8:00 P.M. Godfrey And His Friends • 2 & 6
While everyone hopes for Arthur’s quick recovery, guest stars take turns emceeing the midweek Godfrey family party.
8:00 P.M. Mr. broadcast • 4
Domestic comedy and Joan Davis make the ship of matrimony heave with laughter. Jim Backus as her judge-husband.
8:30 P.M. Music Hall • 4
A show that ripples and bubbles with song and personality of Patti Page and guests. Alternating: Cavalcade Of America.
9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Tugs at the heart as Warren Hull quizzes worthy contestants
9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Full-hour, adult teleplays, superbly cast and produced.
9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Husky Ralph Bellamy stars as adventuring crime-buster.
10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Top-flight sluggers trade blows on your video ring.
10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4
Ralph Edwards’ unique, emotional drama of a person’s life.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2
Enthralling stories with stars of Hollywood and Broadway.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
It’s all in fun but worth the life of any contestant as Groucho lashes with hit wit and splashes cash about.
8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2
Entertaining 30-minute dramafc filmed in Hollywood.
8:30 P.M. T-Men In Action • 4
Manhunt stories taken from files of the Treasury Dept.
8:30 P.M. Chance Of A Lifetime • 7 & 6
Big-name stars, a talent showcase and popular Dennis James.
9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4
Highly praised, absorbing police drama with Jack Webb.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Adventures of reporter Steve Wilson chasing headline stories.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4
Excellent weekly dramatic series filmed in Hollywood.
10:00 P.M. My Little Margie • 2
Charming situation comedy with Gale Storm and Charles Farrell.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
* Lee Tracy, as Marty, unbaflies homicides for the police.
10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4 (4 & 6 at 11:00 P.M.)
Engrossing espionage series, filmed abroad, with Jerome Thor.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7
Stu in a stew with his family serves up a platter of laughter.
8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
Beguiling, entertaining story of a Norwegian family in Frisco.
8:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
Live (and lively) comedy situation series with tenor Dennis.
8:00 P.M. Ozzie And Harriet • 7
Howlarious and ingratiating forever are the Nelson family.

Saturday

7:00 P.M. Stark Club • 2
Inside the famous Cub Room with Billingsley and guests.
7:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Paul Whitman’s gang are small in years but big in talent.
7:30 P.M. Heat The Clock • 2
Bob Collyer—clock-watcher as couples try stunts for big prizes.
8:00 P.M. Jackie Gleason Show • 2
Unbridled comedy is the rule in this gigantic variety.
8:00 P.M. My Hero • 4
Robert Cummings blunders as deity salesman to make laughs.
8:30 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4
Ted Mack introducing young and old aspirants to show biz.
9:00 P.M. This Is Show Business • 2
Clifton Fadiman, head man, in this fine panel-variable show.
9:30 P.M. Your Show Of Shows • 4 & 6
A galaxy of stars, headlining Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar, participate in a grand ninety-minute-long musical review.
10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The nation’s favorite pops sung by Snoopy, Dorothy, June.

Sunday

4:30 P.M. Omnibus • 2 & 6
Magnificent entertainment, from drama to dance, performed by internationally famous stars. Alistair Cooke, your host.
6:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Brilliant, engaging video news review with Ed Murrow, narrator.
6:45 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7 & 6
WW’s dramatic exclusives in the world of politics and society.
7:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4 & 6
Side-splitting hijinks by the carrot-topped clown and cast.
7:30 P.M. Mister Peeper • 4
Wally Cox as bungling, well-meaning teacher draws laughs.
8:00 P.M. Toast Of The Town • 2 & 6
Glittering battery of talent with host Ed Sullivan, Toastettes.
8:00 P.M. Lux Video News • 4 & 6
A lavish revue of music and dance with nation’s top comics.
9:30 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
The mighty, musical aggregation of the Pennsylvanians with dance and other visual interpretations of music you like.
9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5
9:30 P.M. Ken Murray and Alan Young • 2
Two rib-ticklers: alternate weekly in live Hollywood show.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
Supercharged with tension in near-death struggle.
10:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Party • 5
A happy, rhythmic show with guest stars and femcee Kathryn.
10:30 P.M. What’s My Line? • 2
Suave John Daly emcees this guess-your-occupation panel show.

8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
Marie Wilson and Cathy Lewis in riotous misadventures.
8:30 P.M. Lux Video Show • 4 & 6
Good-natured Riley (William Bendix) bumbles into comedy.
9:00 P.M. Schlitz Playhouse • 2
Stars of screen and stage in dramas of literary merit.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Exciting documentary-style stories of real-life reporters.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
A gay thirty minutes with Eve Arden as wistful Brooksie.
9:30 P.M. The Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
Maddening but merry escapades of adolescent Henry (Bob Ellis).
10:00 P.M. Mr. And Mrs. North • 2
Photogenic Barbara Stanwyck and Richard Denning combat crime.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade Of Sports • 4 & 6
Boxing events that make headlines. From Madison Square Garden.
10:30 P.M. Down You Go • 5
Sparkling panel quiz blows in from Chicago with Dr. Bergen Evans.
In they knew they didn’t want to cook in her apartment. Whenever she asked, he took a lot of trouble to explain, and you take your life in your hands—we” And after Minsky’s, he worked in two legitimate plays. Nothing came of either.

In 1943, Red went into the Army. “Take care of yourself,” said his friends, with long, long faces, thinking of our boys in the trenches and breaking into heart-rending versions of “Over There.”

A couple of weeks later, he was home again. He’d been assigned to the “Winged Victory” company. “I was ashamed of myself.”

Victory company. “I was ashamed of myself.”

Fool of the Mountains, and she went to Bar Mitzvahs, weddings, and meetings of the Knights of Pythias.

He put in a stint at Minsky’s. (Recently, his wife got cute and squirted water at him, and he fixed her with a devilish eye. “Fool around with water with an old burlesque comedian, and you take your life in your hands—”) And, after Minsky’s, he worked in two legitimate plays. Nothing came of either.

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The first time she met Red was in Lindy’s, back in New York, a few months later. A mutual friend introduced them, and Red took Helayne home. She didn’t see him again for three months.

One night, she went to Lindy’s again and was greeted by Red, who used to spend a lot of time there. “Where are you going?” he asked.

“I’m going home to wash the dishes,” she replied.

“I’d like to come along and wipe ‘em,” he said.

So she took her home, and she let him wipe the dishes. It was the only time he ever did it. They now own an electric dishwasher. (He used to tell them sixteen, and I told her that he’d love to “putter around the kitchen,” but as she points out, they’ve been married three years, and he hasn’t puttered once.)

After that, he dated her occasionally and, whenever too long a time elapsed between dates, she would invite him to dinner at her apartment. (He says she’s the greatest cook in the world, and makes even better blintzes than his mother.)

They had a lot of fun together then, but they knew they didn’t want to be serious about each other. Red had been married once, and it had been annulled. (Nice girl, in-law trouble. It just hadn’t worked out.)

Now he knew where he was going. He didn’t want to get married again. Not till

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Doll had decided she wanted to get married—but not to Red. On the other hand, she told herself, you’ve got a king-sized crush on him, so calm down and try to do things the way you’d do it in your own interest. Get him out of your system. Then you’ll be able to fall in love with some eligible young man who doesn’t work all night and sleep all day and spend his spare time in Lindy’s with the boys.

She then mapped a campaign for getting him out of her system—which meant taking the initiative. She used to send him little gag cards and letters. For instance, there was one gadget held together with a rubber band and, when he opened the envelope, a great big fake moth would fly out. He’d laugh, then phone. “Hey, Doll, you’re so—"

They’d spend the evening together, and she’d manage to slip a note into his pocket. “Call Doll-face Friday,” the note would say. “Johnny, there’s something I want to tell you, but I can’t tell you over the phone. Meet me next Saturday and we’ll talk.”

Doll would then slip into her bathing suit and, while Johnny, the bored fellow, was keying away at the typewriter, she’d slide off with the note. She’d then go into the next room, fill a slip, and send it out. And so on and so on.

Red and Doll were a happy couple, but they were in their early twenties and they were subject to the fashions of the times. They’d be wearing a copy of the lastest Parisian fashions, and so they’d try to get a discount on the clothes. They’d then go back and try to get a discount on the clothes of the next season. Then they’d try to get a discount on the clothes of the season after that.

And so on and so on.

A Perfect Day for Daly

(mean window-shop. Johnny would be looking for the Paris edition of The Times to check baseball scores. Charles would be at the CBS radio station, when Kit talked him into auditioning for a job at NBC as a summer relief announcer.

Before Kit could catch her breath, Johnny was suddenly a network news reporter—away for weeks, months or years—on political campaigns, at international conferences. Kit had a son and there were now four children to care for and manage on her own much of the time.

John sums it up simply, “She’s a wonderful wife. I’m grateful that she hooked me.”

Of course, Kit insists that it was the other way around and it probably was. No matter, neither has any regrets.

“Maybe one regret,” Kit says, “We would like more time together.”

As a married woman knows, early morning is hardly the time to relax and talk about the problems of the day, unless when there is so much to discuss. Well, Kit’s problem is that John goes home so late. And she must get up early with the children. She can’t afford to keep John’s house, being glad to have the problem with usual feminine ingenuity.

She goes to sleep quite early with the children and takes an evening nap. When John comes in, he’s rather interested in her, and she goes to meet him and they adjourn to the kitchen.

“We put out a slab of butter, a jar of peanut butter, a huge box of crackers, and keep our coffee on hand.”

Naturally, the first topic on the agenda is the children. Johnny is away at school but there may be a letter from him to refresh Johnny’s grades are excellent, but the teachers interested in all facets of his personality. This has to do with John Senior’s theory on children.

“I encourage the youngsters to make..."
their own decisions as much as possible," John says. "Sometimes they get their fingers toasted but they're much wiser for it."

Young Charles got involved in an amusing incident recently. He had joined a boys' organization in the community, then one day announced to his father that he wanted to quit.

"I don't think much of that club," Charles said.

"If you want to quit, go ahead."

The following day Charles said, "Well, I mailed in my letter of resignation."

"A letter?"

Charles had not only quit but explained in detail why: the club was disorganized, there was a lack of discipline, no progress was being made, it was a waste of time.

"And he was right," John tells you. "Kit and I had gone to one of his meetings. The boy's criticisms were accurate, although I certainly didn't expect him to write the letter." John paused and reminisced. "You know it isn't the kind of thing I would have done as a boy. Parents then wanted their children to be merely unobtrusive. As adults, they expected their sons to stand on their own feet but weren't too willing to let them learn at an early age, in formative years, when it's important."

At times, John and Kit have some rather serious discussions. "You take headlines. Today people think of news in personal terms: what war means to their children and husbands, what a law is going to do to their standards of living."

Kit is lucky to have an authority to analyze the news for her. John has been a working reporter with many greats and near-greats. He was a war correspondent and personally supplied Eisenhower with a pen to sign the German surrender papers. He was presidential announcer to FDR and traveled with Wendell Willkie.

"People get depressed, even morbid, about what they read in the paper," John notes. "They forget that civilization has come a long way and is here to stay."

But the Dalys are parents and understand the concern of those who have sons in the armed services.

"Before we know it, our own son will be of draft age," John says. "Of course, we hope that tomorrow or next week will bring a better world. In the meantime, we must remember that our way of life, with its freedom and dignity, is always worth defending and worth sacrifices."

John talks the same way to his children for, as he says, "I don't want them to think they are merely being used to fight someone else's battles. I don't want them ever to be self-pitying. And that means they must not be afraid to live a full life and accept new experiences."

But John does not spend all of his time lecturing the children. The last time Johnny got home for a few days, John Senior planned a free afternoon to golf with his son and had tickets purchased far in advance for a ball game. Neither Charles nor Buntsy were interested in the game.

"Now there's a problem," John says. "Each of the kids has a different line. With Buntsy, it's taking her to a riding academy or horse show. Johnny is interested mainly in sports. Charles is the mechanic and designer. So it means expeditions with them, one at a time."

John and Kit do little socializing with friends, for most people are ready to go to bed just about the time John gets home. John's usual free time comes on an afternoon and in the middle of the week.

"You see, a perfect day can't be planned," John says. "And it's not really important, anyway. I have many perfect days. I know it when Kit and I are in the kitchen late at night. We both know it."
The Happy Beckers

"You know what—I'm going to marry her." "Yeah?" "Yeah." "It went," Sandy laughs, "something like that." "It went on from 'that,' too," Ruth takes up the telling, "but first let me explain that I'd gone to the studio with a friend of mine who was a singer. I was a secre-

tary, but I'd been playing piano for him, and one time I'd secretly married, the first time; married in church with white veil, orange blossoms and organ music, the second time. And because of my lack of knowledge about animals (and the animals) with the warm and wise love that is the food of happiness for all young, growing things.

There is one lack, and only one, in the way Ruth and Sandy always note of the young Beckers. Due to Sandy's radio and TV schedule, which is as tightly packed as-
to use the popular simile for crowded quick-draw scenes, Sandy hasn't the time he'd have to (has, in fact, only Sundays) to be at home.

"But Ruth comes into town for dinner fairly often," Sandy says, "and I sometimes take her down to a show, too—and on her avo-

dily—especially on Ask The Camera—and little Curtis is quite a critic. The kind of critic all performers pray for—Sandy says. Variously, "Pretty good show tonight, Dad!"

Sandy's day begins (five days a week) with the alarm going off at 6 A.M., in order that Sandy may be off for the city in time for her audition, "Today In New York" on Dave Garaway's NBC-TV show, Today. Five days a week, too, Sandy is your Young Doctor Malone on radio, his "daytime serial," five evenings a week, at 6:30 P.M., he emcees Ask The Camera on WNET.

Weekends are well taken care of, too. Saturdays, he often guests on Armstrong's Theatre Of Today, over CBS Radio, and he appears regularly on ABC-TV's Pet Party and Mutual's Twenty Questions. His an-

nouncing chores are many—including a studio of Caribou, "a wild animal," he has himself. (Fortunately for Sandy, The Shadow is recorded and transcribed or he wouldn't have his precious Sundays at home, either.) He has just been added to the roll call for both Saturday night's Your Hit Parade and Monday night's Robert Montgomery Presents, on NBC-TV. Here and there along the way, he has announced We Loo!-And Learn and Theatre Of Bug-

dance, among others—and has played dramatic roles on Rosemary, Grand Central Station and Columbia Workshop. As a newscaster, Sandy's performances are also numerous and noteworthy.

But even this all-work-and—almost-no-

play-of-your—hand-sized
cloud, has its silver linings; in fact, the happy ending to a story that hasn't been all sunny-side-of-the-street.

It all began, of course, with boy-meets-
girl—into that with the love story of Sandy and Ruth...

"One day," Sandy says, heading off, "I was sitting in the control room of Station WBT. I was a friend of mine, John Henderson, the en-

ngineer, when we noticed two beautiful young ladies walking into the studio. I'd never seen either of them before but I turned to my friend and said, 'See that girl, John, she's the one with the dark hair and the—eyes—'

"To which my friend, a sort of tactician, Gary Cooper type, replied drily, 'Yeah, (Continued from page 42)"
"Whod believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

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**83**
“I read them all,” says Sandy. (There are suitcases of them in the Becker living room!) Did it kill him not to be able to use them all, answer them all. For me, it’s a great responsibility,” says this young man who puts his heart into his work. “It is now down as truth, to feel that the kids are assimilating a certain amount of knowledge without hokum, are learning something every night—palmable.

Sandy puts his heart into his marriage, too—“And none of the romance,” to take Ruth’s word for it, “has gone out of it.”

“Most wonderful husband in the world” is how Sandy rates his father, and the conclusion was born when he walked into their living room with the TV set sample chairs. “Well, he is—after ten years, he’s still romantic; still affectionate every day, not every other day; and I have never, even when we had no money, heard him object to the fact that I brought him enough clothes to please him—or for the house.”

“Comes home with some pretty gruesome-looking antiques, though,” Sandy teases, reddening, man-like, at open praise.

“Half a toothbrush!”

“Sandy makes fun of my ‘grab-bags.’” Ruth explains, “pretends not to understand that, if you see one interesting piece in a box of junk, you have to take the whole box. I once got a job-lot for $1.75 and there was that most wonderful old ironstone platter which is, as we learned from the tracings, over three hundred years old. I found our sofa at an auction for $27.50 and covered it myself. I also think the TV set sample chairs by the TV set were sample chairs. I got them for $25 each. I made the draperies myself. They cost us $100 instead of the $50 he said I’d do if they were to make them done. And we did all of the painting and papering ourselves.”

In his basement workshop on Sundays (“I try to do everything on Sunday!”), Sandy is quite man-like, and such, “most useless things—a door, a duck house, lamps, toys for the kids. I also cut down and re-did this old Italian coffee table,” he points out, with modest pride.

Ruth does most of the cooking and, as a cook, “she is,” says Sandy, “the finest! She’s an improviser and it always turns out fine.” Sandy grins. “I am a chemical-cooker. Like to take all kinds of canned stuff and节目 around with it. Inspirational cooking, you might say!”

In the Becker household there is now the invaluable Quixote housekeeper, children’s nurse and member of the family (Gundel came from Germany, and the Beckers are now bringing over her entire family), and she’s almost as much a part of the cooking. In the kitchen, latches her occupation as “housewife,” and that is happy-making, too.

“Ruth has a very beautiful voice,” SandyBEGINSSAYS, “I’d say I’m glad she isn’t singing professionally. It seems to be the kind of man who wants to submerge his wife. Actually, I don’t want to—but the kind of singing Ruth would be doing would be last anyway, and there are all kinds of things that don’t go very well with home life.”

“With our home life, anyway,” Ruth smiles.

“Happy as it is,” adds Sandy.

Wendy Warren’s Man

(Continued from page 49)

Such teasing doesn’t go on often, any-

how. Nancy is the first to say that the man

she married is a thoroughly stable fellow, with no time for temperament. A busy man who puts his heavy hand on anything and everything that catches his eye, and he does it not by being told but by doing it, that is what he is. He has been caught by many things that he never really planned for himself or expected to happen. In fact, this element of the unexpected has been woven through Nancy’s life, and she has experienced ever since high-school days. (If you’re a follower of Mark Douglas’ career you’ll remember that Mark’s life, too, has taken many unusual twists and turns.)

One of the things that have happened to

Nancy was the birth of her first child, and that was in 1943, the year when Nat was introduced, he knew that this and the girl’s name would be a surprise to all. “And it kills me when the kids are assimilating them! pretends not to understand that, if you see one interesting piece in a box of junk, you have to take the whole box. I once got a job-lot for $1.75 and there was that most wonderful old ironstone platter which is, as we learned from the tracings, over three hundred years old. I found our sofa at an auction for $27.50 and covered it myself. I also think the TV set sample chairs by the TV set were sample chairs. I got them for $25 each. I made the draperies myself. They cost us $100 instead of the $50 he said I’d do if they were to make them done. And we did all of the painting and papering ourselves.”

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she married is a thoroughly stable fellow, with no time for temperament. A busy man who puts his heavy hand on anything and everything that catches his eye, and he does it not by being told but by doing it, that is what he is. He has been caught by many things that he never really planned for himself or expected to happen. In fact, this element of the unexpected has been woven through Nancy’s life, and she has experienced ever since high-school days. (If you’re a follower of Mark Douglas’ career you’ll remember that Mark’s life, too, has taken many unusual twists and turns.)

One of the things that have happened to

Nancy was the birth of her first child, and that was in 1943, the year when Nat was introduced, he knew that this and the girl’s name would be a surprise to all. “And it kills me when the kids are assimilating them! pretends not to understand that, if you see one interesting piece in a box of junk, you have to take the whole box. I once got a job-lot for $1.75 and there was that most wonderful old ironstone platter which is, as we learned from the tracings, over three hundred years old. I found our sofa at an auction for $27.50 and covered it myself. I also think the TV set sample chairs by the TV set were sample chairs. I got them for $25 each. I made the draperies myself. They cost us $100 instead of the $50 he said I’d do if they were to make them done. And we did all of the painting and papering ourselves.”

In his basement workshop on Sundays (“I try to do everything on Sunday!”), Sandy is quite man-like, and such, “most useless things—a door, a duck house, lamps, toys for the kids. I also cut down and re-did this old Italian coffee table,” he points out, with modest pride.

Ruth does most of the cooking and, as a cook, “she is,” says Sandy, “the finest! She’s an improviser and it always turns out fine.” Sandy grins. “I am a chemical-cooker. Like to take all kinds of canned stuff and program around with it. Inspirational cooking, you might say!”

In the Becker household there is now the invaluable Quixote housekeeper, children’s nurse and member of the family (Gundel came from Germany, and the Beckers are now bringing over her entire family), and she’s almost as much a part of the cooking. In the kitchen, latches her occupation as “housewife,” and that is happy-making, too.

“Ruth has a very beautiful voice,” Sandy begins, “I’d say I’m glad she isn’t singing professionally. It seems to be the kind of man who wants to submerge his wife. Actually, I don’t want to—but the kind of singing Ruth would be doing would be last anyway, and there are all kinds of things that don’t go very well with home life.”

“With our home life, anyway,” Ruth smiles.

“Happy as it is,” adds Sandy.
penter he finished an extra room and hallway upstairs, and partitioned off the rest for much-needed storage space. The garage was lengthened so he could have a workshop at the back. Now that the kids are growing up, he falls over dolls and tricycles to get to it, but it's still his pride.

Other Polen projects have been knotty-pining the kitchen walls, making cornices for the windows, doing electrical work under the skilled instruction of a neighbor who told him what to do—and, more important, what not to do—and building toys for the children. On hand right now are plans for a cabinet to house an AM-FM radio and record player, a toy chest for the children, and an Early American "dry sink" of knotty pine, with a place for potted plants in the top. A fair-sized lineup for a fellow who had hardly a speaking acquaintance with a hammer before he became a householder. The work has turned out to have therapeutic value, too, relaxing for a man who works with ideas the rest of the time.

Another recent interest, getting a chance to direct a group of actors, wasn't completely unplanned, because Nat hopes to direct at some future time, but the way it happened was certainly unexpected. Out of a clear sky, one day about a year ago, the local Little Theatre group called him and asked if he would direct the play they planned to put on last summer. Now another one is coming up. In the meantime, a group of professionals like Nat, who find themselves living rather far from Broadway, have banded together to form a local "arena theatre." He wanted to direct for this one, too, but they needed him for a role in their first production, "Second Threshold." Oddly enough, all this activity began before Mark Douglas in the Wendy Warren script, wrote and directed his play. The actors Nat directs tell him that some days he sounds a lot like Mark, when he's impatient with their mistakes. They don't really mean it, however, because Nat is having too much fun out of the whole business of working with a community group ever to get really upset, as Mark did with his professional actors.

Nowadays, when the Polens get the rare chance to sit back and enjoy their house, they can feel pretty pleased about the way Nancy has used color and decoration. The walls are mostly deep, restful greens. One wall is papered for contrast, in a Grandma Moses sampler print. The fireplace bricks are painted white, there are touches of gold and white in fabrics and lamps and decorations, and a few bright patches of color scattered about all the rooms to give a cheery note. Nancy, one of eight children, knows the endless round of housekeeping, but she has things down to a system and is fussy about everything being just right.

When Nat appears on Captain Video, she sometimes lets the children stay up a while to watch. The first time this happened, their daddy was getting some rough treatment from a spaceman, and his arm was supposed to be hurt. Debra, old enough to realize he was in trouble, forgot that her mother had said this was "only pretend" and she rushed to the screen and tried to pull her father out. "Give me Daddy. I fix him," she insisted. Ever since then the kids haven't been allowed to watch, if trouble is brewing for Daddy.

While playing a role on Captain Video is probably mostly fun for Nat, portraying Mark Douglas on the Wendy Warren program is a real challenge, since he has to get inside the character of this complex personality to play him properly. "Mark, as I see him, is a poetic person, deeply sensitive, inclined to extreme heights and depths of feeling. When Wendy Warren says he is 'on wires' I know just what she means. As Mark, I am either riding the crest of the wave or sinking 'way down under. Yet sometimes I think people like that get more out of life than the others do. They feel so strongly about everything. They suffer so from unhappiness, they are super-sensitive, but they savor every happiness to its fullest."

As her husband says this, Nancy nods her head in agreement, and you know she is thinking that in some ways this could be a description of Nat himself, a sensitive man of deeply-felt emotions... except that—between his jobs in radio and television, his home and wife and kids, and all the extra-curricular activities—he has absolutely no time for tempera-

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Jimmy Philip and his collection, some She at the beginning called me O. and once before, back had been Hostess Cup Cakes. The figure was to the telephone wires going "I you when -year fan something completely unexpected. In January of Mrs. Witt, ill with the flu, heard her name as winner over Irene Beasley's Great Girls when she was getting a confirming phone call from Irene. At first, Mr. Witt couldn't believe the news, then, when convinced, he enjoyed the prospect of the whole family having the same moments, too, had to be made for the care of the Witt's two children. And neighbors and well-wishers telephoned and wrote letters of congratulations as the Westover trip itself, and the opportunity to be present for the historic pageant of the coronation of England's Queen, there are hardly words to describe how Caroline Westover's heart was filled. As Mr. Westover have ever flown, and there will be, first, the trans-continental flight east from Municipal Airport in San Diego to New York, and then the trans-oceanic flight from New York to the trans- tional Airport to their destination on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. "I wake up dreaming of all the thrills of just this one trip," she says, "and all that is involved, and thinking of how my husband and I will share this wonderful new experience of flying," she says.

They will spend Sunday and Monday at Le Touquet, a French seaside resort, where they will stay at a fashionable hotel. There will be surf and pool bathing, golf, and other sports, if they want to join in. At night there will be dancing and entertainment at the Casino. Tuesday will find them in London, occupying reserved seats for the Coronation procession, followed by dining at the famous London music hall, the Palladium. Wednesday they will go back to Le Touquet to relax. On Thursday they will drive to Paris, luncheon on the way at the lace center of Chartres. Then to the Folies Bergere, and on Friday drive out to the Palace at Versailles and wander through the beautiful gardens, of which they have never been witness. The next day will have dinner in Paris that night, go on a tour of the famous night spots, and follow that with a day of sight-seeing all over Paris.

Their schedule calls for the flight home next day, but the Westovers may prolong their stay two weeks further on their own account, to visit some of the countries they have in Switzerland and Italy—where they hope to spend a few days in Rome—returning to Paris by way of Nice, and spending the end of their vacation in London. There Mrs. Westover hopes to get in touch with some distant cousins with whom she has been corresponding.

Part of her interest in the Coronation, apart from the natural family considerations, is her interest in genealogy. She has been writing a history of her own family for generations back, and is the chairman of the Historical Society of the Cameron Family. Besides her active club, civic and church work (all the Westovers are active in their church), she does her own housework in their sunny, comfortable old house which has been thoroughly modernized by her builder husband. She loves to cook, and has a reputation for desserts. As the spare time goes into reading up on previous Coronations and on the Royal Family, although she already knows a great deal about both, "I still recognize it as something I've been interested in," she explains, "because they seem like such a wholesome group of people. I have sympathized with their having to be in the limelight and have marveled at how well they handle the job." But I know the Coronation procedure in a general way, and can hardly believe that the opportunity will be mine to see part of this historic event in England. I am sure the reception of the many enthusiastic and youthful officiallly on takes her tremendous responsibilities. I am sure, too, that I will have more understanding and perhaps a chance to see the reaction of all the British people to this great occasion.

No story about the Westovers and their trip would be complete without telling something of how it came about. In the first place, it is generally guessed that Caroline Westover is the kind of woman who likes to try new things and who keeps her mind alert and open. "I have always been interested in adventure in a game," she says.

"So the first day it was announced on the radio I sat right down and tried to figure out the number of prizes that had been sent out to home winners during the six years that I have been keeping track. I knew that the Continental Baking Company had been generous with extra prizes during their anniversary and Christmas weeks every year, so I took them into consideration, but after I sent the first postcard I began to have misgivings about the number I had arrived at. I began to re-figure, and I sent another card. I sent a few more after that, each time re-vising my calculations."

"About a week after that, I got out all my previous figures and thought about them some more. This time I shut my eyes and simply wrote down the number that seemed right to me, and mailed it off without thinking about it. It was all on my mind. It was a lower number than the others, because I had used another method of calculating, and it won the prize. I never consulted anyone about what I should send in, but I have a feeling that the thing that really amazes me is that I should hit exactly the right number."

"Thinking back, now that the contest is all over, I feel pretty safe and well! It is a great honor, and I am proud of it. I am preparing for the privilege of going to England and the Continent and of witnessing part of the ceremony of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II of England, I believe that is the right number."

I am proud and I am preparing for the privilege of going to England and the Continent and of witnessing part of the ceremony of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II of England, I believe that is the right number.
Bud Collyer

(Continued from page 60) preferred to be together. All of which left the adjoining bedroom empty, and gave me a place to set up my easels, so that I could always be a lawyer if, when the time came, he still wanted to. In other words, he made a decision regarding his future — and proceeded to an open marriage.

From Williams College, Bud went to Fordham Law School. In those days Fordham had no dramatic club, and for a time it appeared as though he would have to forego his extra-curricular activity. But not for long. The Morningside Players, Columbia University's dramatic club, invited him to join them, and for the next three years Bud's time between Fordham law and Columbia Dramatics...to say nothing of a musical show he put on six days a week at 7:45-8:00 A.M. over WCBS.

It was by means of this latter activity that he not only paid his way through Fordham Law, but also paid for a thirty-four day European trip upon graduation.

Upon his return from his European holiday, he went to work as a clerk in a law office for a scant fifteen dollars a week.

On the side, he continued his work with the Morningside Players, and, as it turned out two years later, it was this group that gave him the stage in the direction of his career. One evening, an NBC producer attended a Columbia play in which Bud had a singing part, and was so impressed that he gave him a job in a program.

In the mid-forties, this program became the picture and the need for publicity. "Dreams Of The Long Ago." In due time, other acts as well as announcing roles came along.

In 1939 he took his roles of Clark Kent and Superman—in the popular radio program, Superman—which roles he continued to play for twelve and a half years. By 1940 his assignments were equally divided between acting and announcing.

In the mid-forties, quiz shows came into the picture. Bud was frequently asked to fill in, if, for a start. I can also be found in many a high school for my parents never failed me.

When Bud reached high-school age, he branched out from his home performances and became an active member of the Horace Mann Drama Club. At Wil- liams College he not only took part in the four yearly productions of the Williams Little Theatre—a group that used the local school for the female roles—but also two plays a year with the Cap and Bells Society, a strictly student organization. Besides these activities, he found time to go out for the usual athletic sports, making first team on some, and scrub team on others.

As though these were not enough in the way of extra-curricular activities, Bud's interest in religion came to the fore, and he joined the Williams Christian Association. Bud was something of a religious figure, and a young man had heard that the local school for the female roles—but also two plays a year with the Cap and Bells Society, a strictly student organization. Besides these activities, he found time to go out for the usual athletic sports, making first team on some, and scrub team on others.

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By the time Bud was graduated from Williams College, he had decided to follow in his father's footsteps and become a lawyer. Or, at least, he had decided to tuck a law degree in his vest pocket and pass the bar examination. So that he could always be a lawyer if, when the time came, he still wanted to. In other words, he made a decision regarding his future — and proceeded to an open marriage.

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Life Begins With Marriage

(Continued from page 33)

them, on the air, we consider it's a good year."

The new father is, likewise, that erstwhile man-about-the-night-clubs and squire of some of Hollywood's loveliest stars... known to you, a brief year ago, as "Bachelor Jack Barry... now married to vivid, beautiful, many-talented Marcia Van Dyke... and the most walking-on-clouds new father you ever did see—of Jeffrey Van Dyke Barry, aged (the day we talked with his slightly delirious dad), a hoary five days.

"I never believed it," Jack was saying, his blue-gray eyes dilated, his dark hair giving the impression of being rumpled—although it wasn't... his hands shaky—and they were. "For years, I've heard all those tales about tense-up expectant fathers and never believed them. I believe them now.

"It began, the tensing-up, the night before my son was born. A Tuesday night. On Tuesday evenings our Wisdom Of The Ages show is televised. It's a quiz show, as I hope you know, and Marcia is on the panel. This particular—this most particular—Tuesday P.M., we're on the air and suddenly I notice a strange expression on Marcia's face. Immediately, my mind began to operate on two levels. On one level my mind was on the show. On the other level, it was preoccupied with Marcia's strange expression and what it might mean.

"By the time the show went off the air, Marcia's strange expression was erased from her face. Yes, a slight upset of the tummy, she agreed with me, that was all...

"This was a Tuesday night. Or am I repeating myself? Wednesday, around noon, my wife called me: 'Dear, you'd better come home. I'm going to have a baby.'

"'When?'

"'Now.'

"But now isn't always what it means in the dictionary. We sat and played Scrabble all day long.

"In the early evening we went to the hospital. In a hurry. I can't describe the short trip because it is, mercifully, a blank... but you know the last thing she said to me just before she went into the delivery room? As you know, we have a five-minute TV show on Friday, Oh, Baby! It's a tough job. Marcia knows how tough a job it is. Perhaps that accounts for her train of thought, for just before she went under, she looked up at me and said: "Oh, baby!"

"I was all right at the hospital at first," Jack confided then, with modest pride, "pacing away the time. All of a sudden, Dan walked in. He hadn't been able to sit it through with his own but thought he could manage it with mine. He did. He stayed with me. I was grateful. Made things seem more normal. So I was fine until a nurse came in and said 'Mr. Barry, your baby will be here in about twenty minutes.' And then an hour passed, two, three... Never in my life have I been so completely tensed-up as I was then, or so abjectly—in my heart—on my knees.

"Just as I walked the last mile my legs would carry me, the doctor came in, smiling. 'You have a handsome baby boy.'

"The next thing I know, I am looking at the baby. He looks, I remember thinking, with feeble humor, as if he ought to be on Life Begins At Eighty! They do, you know, they all do," the new father said, defensively, "but that only lasts a few hours, a day or two. You should see him now!

"About twenty minutes after the baby was born, the doctor—finding me hovering outside my wife's closed door—told me, 'You can go in now.' I went in. She was pretty groggy. I leaned over, kissed her, said, 'Darling, you should be very happy, you have a beautiful baby boy.' There was a flicker, or so I thought, of long dark lashes. An hour later, they let me see her again before I went home to breakfast. (The baby was born at 3:26 A.M.; it was now five o'clock or so, and dawn.) Again I leaned over her, kissed her, said, 'Darling, you should be very happy, you have a beautiful baby boy.

"I know,' my wife said, contentedly, 'some man was in here a while ago and told me the same thing!'

"But when Jack said then, consulting his watch, 'it's time for me to call my wife. Like to listen in to a report on progress?'

"I would, I said, I would indeed!

The conversation—of which, obviously, I could hear only one side—went like this: "Ounce and a half today, huh? You don't say! Fine! Great! So how is he, darling? That's swell! So how's the little feller—all right?"

There were, by actual count, half a dozen more of the same exclamatory questions: 'He's all right? He is? That's fine!' From last year's bachelor to this year's husband and father is quite a change for any man, however valiant. One minute, there was Jack Barry, bachelor—confirmed bachelor, he would have told you—and the next minute, he was falling in love, in love at first sight. In love at first sight, moreover, with a picture.

"One day," as Jack tells it, "I saw my wife's picture in the newspaper. That, (and I guess I knew it), was that. A very pretty girl, a cross between Ella Raines and Jane Russell, yet like neither of them, really, being in a class, and of a type, all by herself. At that time Marcia was playing in the Broadway musical, 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.' This gave me an idea. On our panel show, Juvenile Jury, we have a little girl, nine years old, called Patty Milligan. Patty, I knew, was playing in 'A Tree.' I showed her Marcia's picture. I said, 'Is this girl in your show?' Yes, sure,' said Patty and added, as if reading my mind (or, perhaps, my heart), 'Why don't you take her out?'

"Will you speak to her for me?" I said, snapping at the bait. 'Ask her if I may call for her at the theatre next Thursday night?'

"Upon Patty's report that Miss Van Dyke had said I might call for her, I called for her. Properly introduced by Patty, we went to the Copacabana for dinner after the show. Whether Marcia thought she would be bored with me, or bothered by me, I don't know, but she brought her agent along. I didn't say a word to her all evening. Very hot then, a hit in 'A Tree,' with a lot of commitments and offers to discuss, she and her agent talked business all evening. In spite of which, neither Marcia nor I, after that evening, ever dated anyone else again. We both had a couple of old dates to dispose of, so to speak," Jack laughed, "but after that—well, not too long after that, we found ourselves married and on our honey-moon!"

"But weren't you sort of scared," I asked then, "when, at the altar, you actually faced the change marriage would make in your routine, in your life as it has been for thirty-four pretty gay-making years?"

"I don't know of a bachelor who isn't scared," Jack laughed, "but I was not too scared, because I have a very unusual wife. As for the change in my routine, it
is completely changed—of course it is—but the change are all for the better. "Since my marriage, I've developed interests I never had before—I'm painting now. Oils. Love it. I've gone back to my music. Often, of an evening, we duet, Marcia and I. I play piano; she, the violin. We're planning a new TV show together, Marcia and I, a husband-and-wife show. In fact, it's planned. We're calling it, It's The Barrys. Supposed to be done in our apartment, we'll chat and entertain our friends in show business.

"Now we have the new interest," the new father said..."Everywhere. A home well-kept—no one to put a quilt on the back of the coach. Concerning plans for him I have, I'm afraid, the typical male reaction; the looking forward to the time when I can take him fishing, swimming, to baseball games, the fights. We'll have one room set aside for me, as a den. For this room I have a desk, a beautiful big desk, a big chaise longue on which to lie back and dream up those ideas, a TV set, a phonograph . . ."

"There is, too, the comfort of marriage, of my marriage, anyway, such as I have not known before. One day, in my parents' home. Some bachelors live sumptuously but I, Jack said, with his engaging grin, "was not among them! My place looked like the attic at the old man's house!" Now, to point the contrast, we live in a beautiful apartment, with beautiful terrace out over the river where, on summer evenings, we dine by sunset and starlight. We have a maid but no cook because my wife is a wonderful cook. I don't know where she learned it, when and how she found time to learn, practicing violin for six hours a day as she does, and has been doing for years. Nevertheless, she cooks divinely, so that the only night our maid cooks is Tuesday, when Marcia is on the panel of our Wisdom Of The Ages show. There are racks for magazines. My clothes are sent to the cleaner. The beds are smoothly made. There are flowers on the table—often, I say, "Jack, a purr in his voice, "can deny the comfort of that!"

"Speaking of the apartment, while Marcia and a decorator were 'doing' the place, the 'jewel' neckline circled with the 'perme' and powder..."

"Now Is..."

"No moves this year! For this room of my own, this den designed as an incubator for increased production, is mine alone no longer! To one side has been moved my beautiful big desk, my big chaise longue, my TV set and other things. The remaining side is now equipped with a bassinet, something called a bathtime, a pair of pale blue scales, a playpen, several woolly objects purporting to be lambs, kittens, puppies, very small bears, pandas and the like . . . various and sundry trays and racks of powders, oils, safety pins, bottles, neat stacks of diapers. No more shows this year." Jack repeated firmly, "unless it may be a bigger and better Oh, Baby!"

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Lucky, Lucky, That's Me

(Continued from page 51)

We lunched at Sardi's in New York, Denise was wearing a full-swinging purple wool skirt, a wool sweater, the "jewel" neckline circled with pearls, and in her hand she carried the red, rose she'd used in the song..."Starting with hems," Denise laughs, "she's just learned how to cut a dress. Mother taught me everything—and she knows everything—about dress-designing and dressmaking. She made all my clothes, of course, when I was a kid. A great one for buying up yard remnants. If I had a date the next night and didn't have anything to wear by the time my date was due, she'd have made me something dreamy out of a remnant. Although not anywhere nearly as skilled as my mother could do likewise. But, with two little boys, all I can do for them is patch up holes with a needle."

"From choir loft to wings in a single bound" is the way, the succinct way, in which the lovely Lor sums up her career. I simply happened to be in the right place at the right time. Is the way the explanation is, adding on a slight note of anxiety, "I sometimes have the feeling that, when success is achieved by gradual degrees, it is more permanent and lasting."

The "single bound" is, however, something of an exaggeration. It is true that Denise did not have "that pounding the pavements" as she puts it, but neither did she spring, full-fledged, from the church choir to The Garry Moore Show. There was a time, however brief, of waiting and of working; of dreaming that perhaps, some day; of almost not daring to hope. . . .

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Lucky, Lucky, That's Me

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Denise was five when, shortly after her father's death, her mother moved to Sunnyvale, Long Island, where Denise grew up. As a youngster Denise always played with boys—rough boys, tomboys—played Cowboys and Indians, and roller-skated. "Roller-skated all the time," Denise recalls. "I even ice-skated the whole thing up and down the stairs! Did I go to the movies much as a child? Every day, if possible; two and three times a day, if possible? Oh, I really skated, this tall, blond young man named Martin. He wasn't required to put in as many hours of rehearsal as Denise and some of the others. Says Denise, 'I'd think he's tired, he's sick? Who knows what I think he is? Then we got to working together, singing together, and I got to thinking, Pretty nice.

Then, just when I started to get started, and then, same as we just had gradually that first date, we just gradually, Denise lauded. "I'm trying to say that I was in Chicago, playing in 'Finian's Rainbow,' and one day he just called up and said, 'Come on out!' That, in three words, was the beginning of me and me a pink suit and I made myself a matching hat—gee, it was pretty!—and went on. And we got married. We didn't have a honeymoon trip, but it was fun to be with him. He took me to a drugstore and put me in a drugstore—married there or ever been married. And everything was perfect, except that Jay didn't like my pink suit on account of he doesn't like pink. So I took it off and put it on—especially to this size," Denise makes a tiny gesture, "and I threw it away!"

Within a year after her marriage, Denise's first baby was born and Denise, in her and her husband's house, slaved away, like a waitress at Schrafft's (as the singing teacher's husband), took a small musical company out to Toledo, Ohio, for summer stock appearances. And right away, it was a success. Denise, in the chorus, was given little parts to act and solos to sing. "I—like Jeanette MacDonald—sang in "The Firefly," Denise remembers. "The Sapphires. I got to sing all by myself. I was in my glory! In a bit of a quandary, too. The zoo was right next door to us, with the big cats roaring and peacocks walking around. I'm sure you're all by now thinking of the nature of the animals that we lived with. But I assure you we were as well."

Almost immediately, Denise was starred in musical comedies and she became the singing teacher's wife, the singing teacher's husband took a small musical company out to Toledo, Ohio, for summer stock appearances. And right away, it was a success. Denise, in the chorus, was given little parts to act and solos to sing. "I—like Jeanette MacDonald—sang in "The Firefly," Denise remembers. "The Sapphires. I got to sing all by myself. I was in my glory! In a bit of a quandary, too. The zoo was right next door to us, with the big cats roaring and peacocks walking around. I'm sure you're all by now thinking of the nature of the animals that we lived with. But I assure you we were as well."

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Blessed Tiny Timothy

(Continued from page 62)
your clock by my rising and shining. So you see, I had already given new meaning to my way of living. Until he came along I'd never seen a sunrise. Now I'm up at the crack of dawn (well, the eight o'clock dawn toather) and have my playtime with Timothy—before the lucky guy falls back to sleep!
The baby has also given me a new understanding of my husband. Of course, I always knew that Paul was considerate and understanding. It was just that the "confession incident" was one of the little things he'd done rather than done, that showed me his consideration at work.
I remember it was in the early morning shortly after the baby was born. I didn't yet know "it" was a boy. But I had such a wonderful feeling, as if the fragrance from the flowers in the room reached out and covered me with their warm perfume. I had hoped and prayed so hard that the baby should be a boy that when I felt the perfume of the flowers and saw the early light of the dawn I knew! I knew that our baby was a boy!
Then, not Paul came in. "You have a son, Mrs. Weston," the nurse said. "We have a son," Paul said, and his face was lit up with such a big smile you'd think he was being paid on it.
Then we both confessed.
"Oh, Paul," I said, "I'm so glad. I wanted a son so badly.
"You wanted a son? So did I!"
"But you never said a thing."
"You never said a thing, either," he replied.
"No, yes, but...I sort of thought you expected an 'it' the way you were so careful never to refer to her or him."

Then I learned the reason for his silence. He didn't want me to be disappointed when the baby arrived, he didn't want his preference known. Masculine logic! Not much, but consideration aplenty.
To celebrate Timothy's arrival, Paul brought a beautiful pink bassinet, which was crammed full of his best baby gifts. "It's time for a bath," he says, sitting down at the table.

"Do," says the baby.

"What's in the morning paper?" Paul asks.

Silence from the child as he focuses on Paul's bright tie. "Did you see that?" says Paul. "Not much news in the paper, so he doesn't say anything. Don't tell me that kid isn't bright."

"Well, Timbo, do you love your daddy and mommy today?" Paul asks.

"Da!" says Timmy and lunges for the red tie.

"Look at that, will ya? Isn't he a honey, though—understands every word you say to him."

Then, with his coffee finished, Paul will get up from the table and say goodbye. "Get to get to work," he says. "Bye, dear," and kisses me on the cheek. "Goodbye, Timbo."

"Da," says the baby.

"Did you hear that!" says Paul. "Only two months old and already says goodbye to his dad. What a kid!" And out the door he goes.

Paul isn't the only one in the house who, because of the baby, has turned comedian. Not in a bad way.
Paul, our pet pooh-dle, has to get his licks in, too. Beau is the only pooh-dle, so far as I know, who holds a musician's card. That's right. Pooh-dles play the piano. Not well, but loudly. Especially if I'm devoting all my time and attention to the baby. Then Beau gets frantic. He's not used to being slighted.

He, then, will play the piano, hop up on the bench, and start pounding away. He's just plain jealous. Won't stop pounding till we start laughing. It's not just a question of paying attention to him—we have to laugh yet.

Between the two of them (Paul and Beau) it's like a carnival—and on Thursdays it's like a three-ring circus. That's the day Edna, our cook, and Mrs. Park, our nurse, have off. But I look forward to Thursdays eagerly, for that's when I have baby Tim all to myself. It's real heaven—

I can love him for eight hours without interruptions. Paul says Thursday's good for him, too. Since all he gets for dinner is hot water, it's like being on a diet.

I've already been asked by some of our friends what sort of a career or future we have planned for Timothy. It's a good question, but one we find hard to answer. Paul and I were allowed to choose our own careers. We feel we made the right choice. When the time comes we know Tim will, too. Until then, it's public school for him and the yellow school bus that goes with it (since it goes right past our hilltop house).

That bus is an education in itself. I've never seen anything so big and yellow and filled with so many happy screaming children. It'll be a nice feeling to be able to kiss Tim goodbye in the morning and send him off on that happy bus. Then, whatever special talents Tim has, we'll let the school develop. Of course, with our love and encouragement.

That's where parents come in, we feel. With encouragement, and maybe a little guidance, and lots of good example. We feel children learn best by example and not nearly so well by criticism.

Take my young nephew, Chris, for example. His parents agreed to teach him by example, too. Last week they all came to dinner and, when we were at the table with our soup, my sister Christine caught my eye. I saw that young Chris had left his spoon in his soup bowl. She indicated she wanted my help in teaching Chris by example that people generally don't leave soup spoons in their soup bowls. But she didn't want to nag at him. She doesn't feel...
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(Continued from page 29)
black book! And hair. Don't forget hair! I don't think it's going to be... And there's smog, they tell me, smog and the rainy season. I'll be helpless without all those pieces of hair, and I've got to have the black book.

About three days later, while Jan and I sat at a table in Cheroio's in New York, talking over her Hollywood juncture, Lillian Stewart came up to the table and—before I had even caught up with the sensation—I nervously put a small, morocco-covered address book in front of Jan.

"There," she said.

Jan grabbed it, gave Lillian a stricken look, and said simply, "Where?"

"In the desk. Under some papers." Jan leaned back and began to laugh.

"Oh," she said. "Of course, that's where it would be." Then she explained about the black book and the hair.

Of all the things she might possibly need in Hollywood, the address book was the most important because it contained every address and phone number of every friend she wanted to look up while she was on the Coast.

Naturally, she had Hollywood without it. But for the first time in a long while, Jan who has baby-fine hair of a shade which describes as "a good, vibrant mouse-color," went one day to a great hairdresser and said to him, "I don't like my hair."

"Neither do I!" he said. "I'll fix it for you."

And he certainly did. He dyed it a shade of silver ash that was perfect for her complexion.

Dreams Can Come True

That's the way—doesn't do nearly as much good as an example.

So she obviously started her soup spoon on the bottom plate. So did I. Bang. Did Paul and my father. Bang, bang. Chris's eye flashed around the table. He saw four soup spoons with their cibls beneath the bowls—and one (his) stuck out like a Hunk Finn's fishing pole.

His little hand went up on the table like a stealthy highwayman and stole the spoon out of the bowl. He hid the mov- ment with a reach for the celery. Bright boy? I think so. Some folks don't realize how their own children are. Indeed, Paul might be used to try teaching by example. We hope we can with Tim.

As you can see, the baby's had quite an effect on our family. Redirected our thinking, turned my husband and the dog into converts, and the boy a time clock of yours truly. The baby's changed the design of the house, too. We've turned Paul's music studio into a nursery.

Speaking of which, after Tim was born, Paul suggested we get away for a few days' rest. He thought we ought to run over to Las Vegas and lie in the sun and loaf around in the pool (he apparently hadn't run up all of his surprises on the emerald-cut stone). At the moment I thought the idea was great; there's nothing like a few days in the sunshine!

So I was happy. But I was about to see how we were hopped into the car and started off. But as soon as we drove away from the house I felt as if I'd lost something. It was like an emptiness beside my heart, and the farther away from home we got the sad- der I felt.

At Las Vegas, I moped around for two or three days until Paul finally said: "You have been smiling since we got here. I think I know what's wrong."

"You do?"

"Yes," he smiled. "The car's outside and it's full of gas. You want to go home...?"

"Oh, Paul!" He said I smiled for the first time in three days.

It's easy to explain. It's just that babies change everything. I hadn't realized how much I'd miss Tim—and the house and the early-morning feedings, and Paul's conversations at the breakfast table, and Beau at the piano, and—especially—the Thursdays Tim and I spend together by ourselves.

I think I must have held my breath all the way back to Bel-Air. Finally I saw the trees that surround the house. Golly! They were white and out in spring flow- ers. It was just as if something had gone all out to show us she was glad to see us back home.

Yes, I remember thinking, babies change everything. But I've never known of spring having a meaning before. But when I saw those beautifully decorated trees I couldn't help but think that Tim had done that. When you have a baby, they even give meaning to the spring.

Golly, I was happy! Golly, I am happy!
or she would have been morally obligated to sit the old throats, for her sake. Time? Minutes? Hours? Sets? All ready, all beautiful—and all used in the film. Make-up? By Don Cash, one of the best in the business, because it had to be done right. Photography by Russell Harlan, an Academy Award nominee, and direction by ace director Roy Kellino, with the help of a top crew—for those three minutes. And the end-result of three months of work.

Here was the old Goldwyn studio in Hollywood, smack in the center of it, where great screen pics had once been filmed and legends were turned. But now it was taken over by TV, the speed medium.

The story Jan had been hired to film was an episode from a daytime drama called Against The Tide, and its principal cast included John Newland, Hans Conried, Anne Seymour, and Robert Warwick. It had to do with a professor in a little college town who is being arbitrarily retired. His daughter (played by Jan) and other people in the town don’t think he should be retired, and they set out to form a plan to keep him at his job.

The show started at dawn. Shot followed shot in breathless succession. “And do you know,” Jan says, “the most wonderful thing is this: There wasn’t one moment during the filming when anyone’s nerves gave, or anyone spoke except in the friendliest possible way. Everybody seemed to love everyone else—there just isn’t any time for impatience or temperament, any more than there’s time for nonsense or gags. Except, of course, for Hans Conried’s natural wit and one amusing incident the last day."

At six p.m. on that third day, the final scene was shot. Roy Kellino said, “Oh, one more shot, please, at the kitchen table. No dialogue in this one.” All Jan and the others had to do was sit at a kitchen table, folding letters and putting them into envelopes. Of course, the actors were to continue the action until the director called “Cut”.

Bone tired, her hair slowly wilting under the hot lights, Jan sat and accepted folded pieces of paper from the person at her left (Hans Conried), stuck them in envelopes, licked the seals, and folded the right (John Newland). Suddenly, she did a double-take at one of the pieces of paper. It had been folded in the shape of an airplane, the kind you sail out of office windows.

She could feel the rising tide of hysterical laughter starting, felt her face getting red with it. She sealed her lips tight. I can’t let loose, I can’t break up, I’ll ruin the shot and we’ll be here all night, she thought frantically, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Then, just as she was about to pop, she heard uproarious laughter clear at the other side of the stage. The shot had been over for minutes, the picture wrapped up, and the entire crew had sneaked away. But now it was time for the set to watch and see how long the earnest actors would continue waiting for the word, “Cut”.

Jan was tired at the end of every working day. When she got home, she would collapse at her dressing table and dig her fingers into her temples. But then, after a bath and a good, homely glass of beer (which is the strongest thing Jan ever drinks) things seemed to get better. At 7:30, when she joined the McCrays, she was miraculously as good as new.

And then, each night, she got her reward for all the hard work. For her, and for glamour, the excitement of Hollywood, that she had always read and dreamed about, all her life— ... the drive up above the Sunset Strip, up toward Mulholland Drive, until the whole land to the horizon was a quiet mosaic of lighted beauty (“Wait till you see it in the daylight,” Dodie would say. “That’ll be the day.” Jan would sigh, “but even at night it’s beautiful”) ... the visits to all the world-famous places where celebrities might gather.

Like any tourist, Jan asked that she be taken to the two, big, important Brown Derbies (there are four)—the Vine Street one in Hollywood, and the Beverly Derby across Wilshire from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. She wanted to go to Giro’s and the Mocambo, up on the Strip. And, after seven years of being a top radio star in New York, and of giving autographs and being stopped on the streets by admiring listeners, Jan in turn gawked at her own idols—Tracy and Gable and Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Fred MacMurray, Irene Dunne. She met these people, and felt the same thrill you or anyone else would.

She also met the one and only “name” she’s been name-dropping for years. In a situation similar to the Iceland, Detroit-on-a-bus episode, Jan’s boy friend was once asked if he knew any movie stars and, after some reflection, replied: “Well, I know Alfalfa.” Seems he’d once been on the set of an “Our Gang” comedy and had met the comedian. So, always after that, Jan would say to people, “No, we don’t know Tyrone or Lana, but we do know Alfalfa.”

One day on the set at the Goldwyn studio, she laughingly made this remark to the unit manager, Frank Dexter, who said, “Oh, yes, you’d have to cross the set to a tall young man. The tall young man came ambushing over. “You remember Miss Miner, of course,” Frank prompted.

“Why, uh—” said the tall young man. “Miss Miner, isn’t it?”

This and many other things she remembers of the trip to Hollywood, and will always remember, no matter how many trips she makes in the future to that fabulous place—or to Havana or the Riviera or even Iceland.

She’ll remember the wonderful party Tom and Dodie McCray gave her, to meet their friends, at their beautiful home in Hollywood. And she’ll remember the night of the “Emmy” Award dinner ... where she sat and cried happily with her film family.

Yes, Jan—or Julie Paterno of Hilltop House, as you know her—has been to Hollywood, that glamorous farther-than-them-there-places. And the experience didn’t change Jan any more than winning still another Radio-TV Mirror Award, as the favorite daytime radio actress, has changed her. She has the same ability to laugh that captures her heart on Hilltop House—the same gentle ability to be completely down-to-earth and decent. She’s just a wholesome American girl who’s had another dream come true.
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This Is My Life  
(Continued from page 41)  
Still, that was Eddie Cantor’s voice saying, “But Dinah, darling—this is your life.”  

Now Ralph Edwards was saying something to her. She tried to answer. Then they stopped—`er—er—just I remember—er . . . Do you know what—er—er. Tell you later”—The lump in her throat wouldn’t let the words through. For a split second, she didn’t know what she was doing. She was telling her story now. Nobody belonged there. In her story, more than sister Bessie and her husband, Dr. Maurice Seligman, whose godliness, spiritually and financially—a finer human being to tell you and seventy-five dollars when Frances Rose was finally ready to give up in the Big Town and come home —had helped pull her through her youth.

From Tin Pan Alley, there was Ticker Freeman, Dinah’s accompanist—so important a part of her success ever since, years ago, the girl with the deep drawl and the melting brown eyes had come into his office where he worked as a song plugger and asked him to play an audition for her. She had little money to pay for his services and she didn’t know if he’d been so strong, he’d be willing to go along.

Ticker’s took six weeks off to accompany Dinah to Hollywood and help her get started. She found she never returned to Tin Pan Alley, giving up a then far more lucrative job plug singing for Feist Music Company to gamble his future with her.

Mama Alabama, her attractive Brunette cousin, Dodie, Dinah’s girlhood companion, now married to Leo Jaffe, of the Jaffe Dry Goods Store in Birmingham, Dodie had heard that for a night off—getting away—stirring stew on the stove and keeping a wary eye on her busy fifteen-month-old, Sally—when her teen-aged daughter, Ida, rushed into the kitchen gasping, “Mama—Hollywood!” Returning from the glamour world and dreamily stirring the stew, Dodie had wondered what Leo and Ida were going to do. The last minute, Dodie had fallen down the steps coming to the phone—“I’ve got to get to Hollywood,” she’d wailed, and he assured her, “Don’t worry—no matter what’s broken—you’ll get there.

Then from Shreveport, Louisiana, blonde Louise Hammett Beal, the ballad half of Dinah’s first sponsored radio program on WSM, Nashville, Rhythm And Romance, fifteen years before. Louise had returned from Hollywood a few months ago with her four-teen-year-old daughter, Barbara, “I must be dreaming,” Marge Cooney of WSM had traced her through relatives in Mississippi. “Why doesn’t Ralph Edwards call me tomorrow from Hollywood?” Daughter Barbara and son Jimmy, a vigilante committee of old-timers who had picked up the news to switch the call to the Veterans’ Administration office where Louise works. Louise had been both excited and worried about coming to Hollywood. I don’t see how she can get through tomorrow when she knew. Remembering those years ago when her parents in Mississippi died, and she felt so lonely living at the YWCA in a strange city, she asked. “I was always taking her home with her on holidays. Sharing her own family and home with her, so warmly welcoming her.”

Jimmy Rich was in the dressing room too. A week before, at Station WMGM in...
New York City, the small baldish musical maestro—who coached Dinah, believed in her, and made chances for her, when she made her big break. In Big Town—had been in the middle of a tough recording session when he was called to the phone. It was the first record for a new boy singer and with a new recording company. On crutches, Jimmy had hobbled to the phone, but he couldn't hear a word. "You'll have to call me tonight at home," he shouted.

That message so depressed voiced Jimmy said he didn't see how he could leave town then. He'd broken his ankle a few weeks before and he'd been away from it too long. But he kept seeing the plucky kid with the down-South voice, who'd approached him so eagerly. "Fanny—with an–e Shore," she said. She was one of the few famous singers he'd coached who had not forgotten—-or let him forget—ever. Whether by can-crutch—she knew—some way he'd be there ...

And her—Dinah's—beloved husband, he was there. At five o'clock that same evening, George had been before the cameras on movie location thirty-five miles away. Dinah, who was starring in "Fort Ti," for Columbia studios. One thing sure, he'd never get home to dress. Even if they finished shooting in time, to get home to dress, on the Captain Thiessen, he'd been ski-suit and all. The studio was working day and night trying to make "Fort Ti," the first three-dimensional action film out. Every day and night. The sympathetic cast and crew had tried so hard to hurry the day's shooting through. Finally, knowing how important tonight was to George's life, Producer Katzkin and Director William Castle cut a whole scene and held up the capture of Fort Ticonderoga—and George Montgomery zoomed down the freeway to Hollywwod and took the role which meant too much to miss ...

And now, sitting demurely in a chair in the dressing room, their beautiful little five-year-old daughter, Darla, was the calmest of the lot. Her Uncle Maurice had brought her, explaining Mommy was doing a television show and Missy was to be part of a new commercial. Dinah's face lighted with the entire idea—and dressed for it.

Now they were moving in masse quietly behind the curtain, preparing to go through the white archway into the life of the star who meant something different to each of them. And so much to all of them. And who was waxing warm out there on stage then, introducing— "One of the greatest of show business—beloved by millions—that great humanitarian—Eddie Cantor!"

All across America any who'd asked themselves whether this show was on the level, whether the subjects ever knew, could find their answer in the absolute shock on Dinah's face as she heard, from somewhere behind a curtain, "One of the greatest of show business—beloved by millions—that great humanitarian—Eddie Cantor!"

In her broken words, her half-laughs. Half-tears. Hearing these voices—as though from thousands of miles away—she somehow remembered out of her present and past ...

Voices associated with those family snapshots flashed on the screen now. Where on earth are they? Fanny says she'd been hiding pictures like these for years. Like that of a one-eyed infant in a long white dress who, as Ralph was saying, seemed "to be looking for an audience."

"I productive, mother of the little one. And beyond the doorway her sister's voice was affirming that fact. "She was sure, Ralph—from the time she was old enough to take a chance.

"Bessie! I talked to you all day—and you never said a word. All day—"5

Bessie—she'd always talked to ... and still did. Bessie had been Mother, con-

fessor, sister and friend. When their own mother died, Bessie and her bridgecom, Maurice, without a moment's hesitation had uprooted their own home and lives in St. Louis, Missouri, and headed straight for Nashville to make a home for her dad and Dinah, realizing how much she would need an older sister's understanding and care ...

Bessie—who'd been such a comfort earlier to their mother and dad when Dinah was stricken with polio. Nobody had known at first that it was polio—until her folks decided they wanted to get out of bed ... and they noticed she was dragging one foot across the room. When she was four her parents took her to New York City for a trip for their dry goods store—and to see a famous European specialist who'd just arrived there. He'd advised muscular manipulation—such as Soloman Rusk doing in Australia. He told them to encourage her to take part in all sports and to exer-
cise. Ride a tricycle, play ball, and swim ... and later she'd become the neighbor-
hood girl wonder. But even then the little actress, Frances Rose, had been far more impressed with the models she saw in the stores in the Big Town. And in the end she'd say, explaining her mother would say, egging her on to perform for her sister at home. "What did the models do?" And four-year-old Frances Rose would dress herself closely around her small hips and, taking miming irregular steps across the living room, announce in affected dramatic tones "And it's only—twenty-nine ... seventy-
five..."

And speaking of acting—where had Ralph Edwards gotten this adventurous close-up of a teen-aged Dinah clutching the way of a smile, with its rumble seat overflowing with girl gradu-
ates? A vehicle, the voice of one of the girls was saying, Dinah had christened "Soloman Aaron T. T. Harem."

"Oh, no! That can only be Dodie. My cousin, Dodie..."

How excited they'd been that day. Fanny Rose and cousin Dodie—the attractress-beautiful, was flattering her tearfully now. And the other girls in their long pastel dresses, who'd loaded Dinah up into the Chevvy her dad had given her for Christmas, who'd driven out to the edge of town to a little place where they served the best barbecue sandwiches. They'd ridden around all the rest of the afternoon, singing and harmonizing like mad. They were really livin'-high-school grads who'd acted in school plays and thought that Fanny Rose, at least, was sure to become an actress.

But it was Dinah's ownin' low voice that got recognition for her and a spon-

sored show at WSM called Romance And Rhythm—as the soft drawl beyond the archway was reminding her now. A voice from fifteen years earlier was saying. "Loulou! Hammett and Fanny Rose Shore have many grand surprises in store. But one at a time—the rest they'll be savin'—let's hear them cut loose with ' Ain't Misbe-

avin'!"

Loulou—Louise Hammett Beal—the romance section of the show they did once a week. Louie got a lot of laughs. Hank Fort—who later wrote "I Didn't Know the Gun Was Loaded" and "Put Your Shoes On, Lucy"—had written those limericks for them. Marge Cooney and Beasley Smith (later to be famous for com-
posing "That Lucky Old Sun") had ac-

companied them on twin pianos then. Beasley was pretty important at the sta-

tion then, and, at some point when a show had been dropped, he was her biggest booster. "Just keep her on the

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Millie, leaving them—lIltd crying—"If a great actress
found."

She was always singing "Dinah," because it had such
a good rhythm beat. And listeners knew and appreciated
the song. She was doing it for the name. She had never
been做什么 than find the next morning
at the top—only to find the next morning
the station had cancelled the programs
leaving them two dollars and fifty cents
per week.

But Fanny Rose was making another
name for herself even then. She was always
singing "Dinah," because it had such
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I do want luggage as smart as my going-away suit
I do want luggage that matches my husband's
I do want luggage that is open stock

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I do want luggage that matches my husband's
I do want luggage that is open stock

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I do want Samsonite!

No wonder brides fall in love with Samsonite! It LASTS...like a good marriage. Its tapered shape and costume colors have great fashion flair. And the better-than-leather finish keeps spotless with a damp cloth.

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