RADIO-TV MIRROR

January

Betty Wragge as Peggy Young Trent
of Pepper Young's Family

New Stories:
DON McNEILL
LES DAMON
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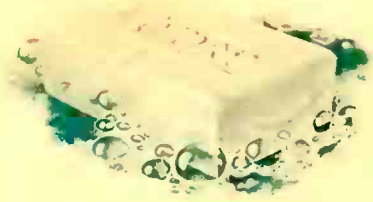
SPECIAL FEATURES

Dennis Day—
as his wife knows him

Susan Douglas—
World's luckiest girl

Jack Smith—
Voice with a Smile

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath



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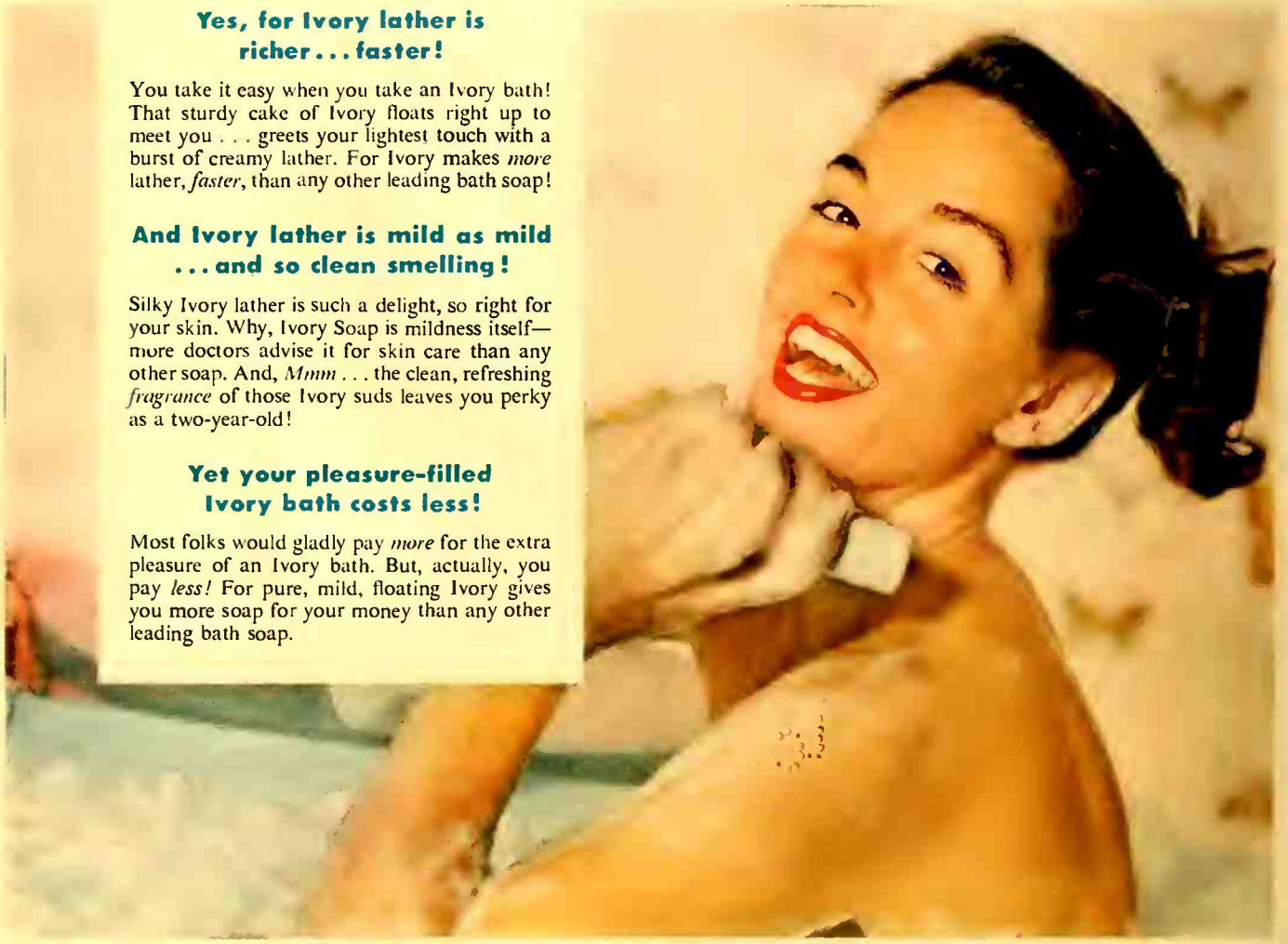

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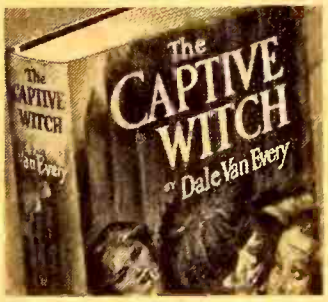

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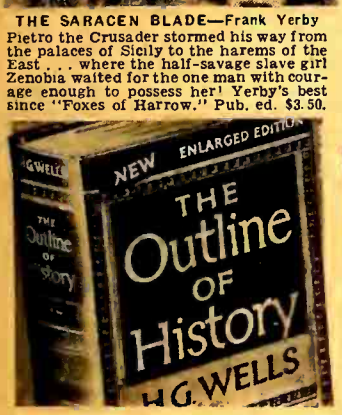

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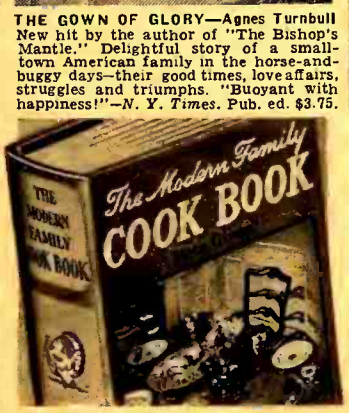

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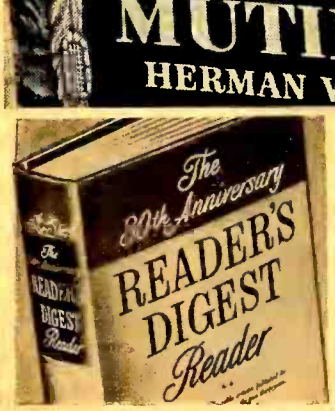

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Are you shy . . . timid . . . afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here's good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

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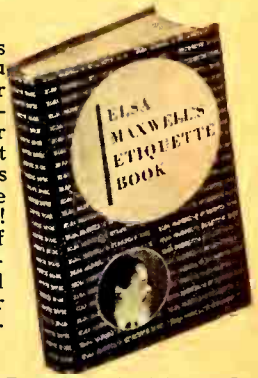

• Praised by These Famous Hollywood Stars •

"Elsa Maxwell's blueprint for correct social usage as revealed in the pages of her fine book, are an inspiration to all who enjoy gracious living."

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Gordon MacRae

"I loved Miss Maxwell's book, so interesting and not just a dry list of do's and don'ts. It's delightful, too, to look through a work on etiquette which is styled as modernly as our life today. And I agree with her 100% that good manners are one of the greatest personal assets anyone can possess."

Jeanne Crain

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WHAT'S NEW from Coast

By JILL WARREN

BIFF BAKER, U.S.A. is the name of a new television show on CBS-TV on Thursday nights, starring Alan Hale, Jr. and Randy Stuart. It's the story of a young American importer and his wife who travel all over the world and get involved in various challenging situations. This adventure series is being done on film in Hollywood.

NBC-TV has a new television series, but with the emphasis on laughs. It's My Hero, starring movie actor Robert Cummings, with Julie Bishop and John Litel. This is a Saturday-night show, also filmed in Hollywood. Cummings plays the part of a real-estate salesman who is blessed with a maximum of charm and a minimum of efficiency, plus the lowest sales record in the office.

The Jack Owens Show, which until recently was broadcast to the Pacific Coast area only, is now heard on the ABC radio network, Monday through Friday afternoons. The former "cruising crooner" of the Breakfast Club is assisted in his musical half-hour by Rex Koury and his quintet.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony has just started its twenty-third consecutive year on CBS Radio, Sunday afternoons, and for the first time in some years, the programs are sponsored. The orchestra's musical director, Dimitri Mitropoulos, will conduct eighteen of the twenty-eight broadcasts during the 1952-1953 series. Guest conductors for the remainder will be Bruno Walter, George Szell and Guido Cantelli.

Comedian Frank Fontaine calls the roll for seven of his eight children after de-planing in New York City.

A few years ago, the big movie producers were swearing that Hollywood stars wouldn't go into television, and most of the studio heads did everything in their power to keep their top talent from venturing into video. But little by little the glamour boys and girls have edged into the medium and, as contracts come up for renewal, stars are demanding their television rights. For instance, Red Skelton and Kathryn Grayson both got their TV "freedom" when they recently signed new deals with their respective studios. Joan Crawford, no less, is the latest big name to put her signature to a video contract. Joan has started shooting "Those We Love," a dramatic play to be done on film as part of the America's Finest series, which will be coming across your screen within a couple of months. She will also star in a second play of this series, which will go into production in a few weeks.

Lots of lesser names from movie-town have found new careers for themselves in television. Signe Hasso, for example, who was launched with much hullabaloo several years ago as a Garbo-type Swedish import, only to have her future dimmed by the untimely revelation she wasn't a foreign actress at all, but was born right in the United States. But a good actress she was, so now she has a new career all over again, appearing constantly on most of the top TV dramatic shows. Another is Martin Kosleck, who unfortunately got himself movie-typed after "Confessions of a Nazi Spy." In television he now portrays many different characters, and is seen regularly on Treasury

to Coast

Robert Cummings finds it hard to resist Mary Beth Hughes in My Hero.

Men in Action. Even Fifi O'Dorsay, once a big Hollywood star, has come out of "retirement" for video work.

Amos 'n' Andy just celebrated their ten-thousandth broadcast and are starting their twenty-fifth year at the microphone. Incidentally, they will repeat their heart-warming Xmas show again this year on television, with Amos reciting and explaining the Lord's Prayer to his daughter.

This 'n' That:

Eddie Cantor is a much sicker man than at first announced. He suffered a severe heart attack, and that, plus his complete state of exhaustion from overwork, will keep him away from any professional activities until after the first of the year. There is a slight possibility that he may return to his television show some time late in January. Cantor had taped several of his radio shows ahead before he was taken ill, but he won't do any new work until his doctors give him the green light.

(*Continued on page 7*)

Edgar (Bud) Guest, Jr. reports news on the odd side in Detroit.

BUD OF WJR WILL BE A SPECIAL

New Year's Guest

DETROIT radio listeners may soon have to struggle through the days without their favorite news commentator, Bud Guest of WJR. Reason: Bud, who has specialized for so many years in "news that no one else wants," has come up with a way to make a quick fortune—after which he will retire.

Bud stumbled on the custom of first-footing and decided to make a profession out of it. For the uninitiated, a first-footer is a man who hires himself out to be the first man across your threshhold on New Year's Day—and, if he is a good one, he will bring nothing but wonderful luck. According to the ancient superstition, the ideal first-footer should be a dark man and, for the best luck, he should bring a gift of food to the house. Bud's hair is dark brown, and he has laid in a supply of fig newtons to handle the food department.

He has worked out a package deal. For $500, a family gets a dark, witty, debonair, red-faced first-footer (Bud) together with a beautifully wrapped box of fig newtons and a cheery "Happy New Year" cry. For an extra ten dollars, he will keep the "Happy New Year" down to a sympathetic whisper—he will even help eat the cookies. Actually, though, even if Bud does make enough money from his first-footing business to retire, he admits that he couldn't give up being on the radio. Bud would hate to think that he was completely alone in worrying about why a flea turns around in mid-air and sails through the rest of his flight backwards, after taking off. And he couldn't keep certain information to himself—such as how to cure a giraffe choking on a piece of apple. The remedy, clout the beast firmly on the stern with a large stick or baseball bat.

Bud has been reporting the odd side of the news for many a moon, and his popularity attests to the fact that folks really are curious about trivia. This New Year's Day, Detroiters expect a Guest—Bud the first-footer, and he's wishing them all "a very Happy New Year."

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 5*)

In answer to many, many letters, Ted Mack's Amateur Hour may be back soon on the ABC television schedule. Mack and the network still have a contract, but time and sponsor have to be found, and other details must be worked out before this popular show comes back on the air.

James Garner, the handsome young University of Tennessee dramatic student who won the $2000 Intercollegiate Acting Competition on the Playhouse On Broadway radio program, has a good chance of winding up in the movies. MGM is screen-testing him and, if he comes across on film as well as he comes across the air, he'll have a contract.

How would you like to have madman Jerry Lewis as the honorary mayor of your town? Well, believe it or not, the residents of Pacific Palisades, which is near Hollywood, have elected Lewis for this position. His duties will be to aid in civic improvements and to head the community's welfare efforts. Jerry's partner, Dean Martin, was named honorary chief of police. The boys probably will carry out their endeavors in a not-too-dull fashion.

Not such gay news about the team's musical conductor, Dick Stabile. After four years of marriage, Dick and his wife have separated and will get a divorce. Mrs. Stabile used to sing professionally as Trudy Stevens, and was the "poor Miriam" girl on Bob Hope's show a few seasons back. She is planning to resume her vocal career.

Patrice Munsel, the operatic lass, is rumored to be expectant. She is married to television director Bob Schuler.

Comedian Jack Carson's recent birthday gift to his eleven-year-old son, John, Jr., was strictly practical. It was a bicycle to help the youngster in his newly-acquired job as a newspaper (Hollywood *Citizen-News*) carrier. Jack claims that a couple of years ago when he gave John a pair of cowboy boots he had to keep buying the boy things to go with them, ending up with a ranch with horses in Calabassas, California.

Eloise McElhone, the gabby gal from Leave It To The Girls, and her husband, advertising executive William Warwick, have welcomed their first baby, and it was a girl! She weighed in at six pounds, fourteen ounces, and they've named her Eloise Christine. Big Eloise hopes to resume her radio and television work soon.

Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans, have just completed arrangements to adopt a baby girl. The child is partly of Choctaw Indian descent, as is Roy, and will be named Little Doe in honor of her ancestors. The Rogers lost their own baby daughter, Robin, a few months ago.

Jack Benny's daughter, Joan, certainly seems to go for popular crooners. Her romance with Vic Damone was hot and heavy for a long time. Then when they broke up she switched to Eddie Fisher, and they're carrying on via the mails while Eddie does his hitch in the Army. By the way, Damone is just about finished with his military training and hopes to be discharged about the first of the year and resume his promising singing career.

It's nice to have Mr. Peepers back on television. This delightful show, which stars Wally Cox, was originally set only as a summer replacement. But, after it went off, NBC-TV received so much mail about it that the net finally found the program a new sponsor and it's now viewed every Sunday night.

(*Continued on page 13*)

Rosie, reared in wealth, falls in love with poor desert prospector, Aaron Winters.

SHE BURNS GREEN

Though she is shocked by the poverty of his shack at Ash Meadows, Rosie insists he carry her over the threshold.

Living in loneliness ond poverty Rosie loses her dreams, grows bitter—os Aoron continues his quest for gold.

One doy Rosie osks her neorest neighbor's new wife over for teo—is disgusted ot the way she swills wine.

Rosie hos mode up her mind to leave Aaron, while he is off testing for borax ore—but she finds she loves him too much.

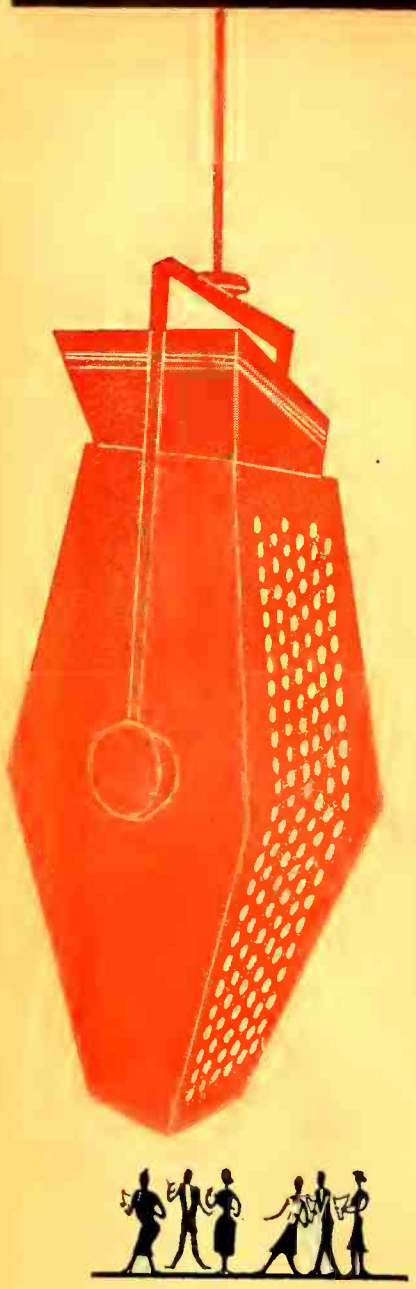
She follows him into the desert, and orrives just os he discovers the ore is borox, more precious thon gold.

AMONG the motley crew of inhabitants that made up the population of Death Valley were the strange breed of men known as "desert rats." These lonely, forgotten men pitched their little camps in the middle of the scorching desert, and went out each day in search of gold, convinced that somewhere underneath all that sand and cactus there lay a hoard, richer than the '49 Strike or the Comstock Lode. They lived literally like the rats they were named for—in poverty and filth—waiting for that pot of gold at the end of a desert rainbow. But most of them died as poor as they lived, never latching on to that dream of wealth which gold would bring.

Aaron Winters was a young desert rat, living in his shack in Ash Meadows—but Aaron had poetry in his soul. He wooed and won an accomplished and beautiful Spanish-American girl away from other suitors, and from her wealthy family. He told her he loved her "as sure as I know shade in the blazing sun, or green things among rocks and sand." He took her back with him across the desert to his adobe hut, and there the young bride was terrified by the stark poverty and the loneliness of the place.

She begged Aaron to give up his search and return with her to her parents' home, but he persisted. Their story veered close to tragedy, as Rosie grew bitter and Aaron apologetic. But one day Aaron went out in search of a new ore. The test for it was alcohol and sulphuric acid. If she burned green, it would mean great wealth for Aaron and Rosie—and she did burn green. For, in 1882, Winters discovered a rich strike of borax ore in Death Valley.

Death Valley Days, sponsored by 20-Mule Team Borax, can be viewed on most TV stations—consult local paper for time and channel.



Daytime diary

AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small town, pleasant, placid, unsensational. At least it would look that way to a stranger passing through. But Aunt Jenny, who really knows her town, can tell all the stories that would be hidden from a stranger—the stories of love and hate, of laughter, misunderstanding, and hope, that are being lived all the time behind Littleton's quiet-looking front doors. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble and her actor-husband Larry have put their recent misunderstanding far behind them, and could look ahead to a happy future if it were not for the determined pursuit of Larry by his leading lady, Judith Venable. In an effort to divert Judith, Larry has introduced her to a wealthy, romantically-inclined playboy. But, willing as Judith is to collect another admirer, will he make her forget Larry? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER The future seems brighter to Ruth as her husband, Dr. John Wayne, makes important strides toward complete mental health under the care of Dr. Seabrook at Greenacres. Even Dr. Seabrook cannot foresee what lies ahead as he encourages John's new interest in psychiatry, allowing him to take a hand in the treatment of another patient, Steve Wallace. Toward what dramatic climax will this take John? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY A great many of people seem to be taking a special interest these days in young Dr. Tom Gordon, resident at Memorial Hospital. One of them is the celebrated Dr. Cunningham, who has his own plans for Tom's future. Another is beautiful Althea Dennis, who is being slowly cured of paralysis by Dr. Cunningham. Will Althea's interest in Tom be lessened or sharpened as she sees her sister Patty also being attracted to him? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 9:45 A.M. EST, NBC.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Now that Dan's position as one of Stanton's best doctors is reestablished on a firm foundation, the Palmers are free once more to make plans for the future. And, as with most young couples, their plans include a child . . . but the child Dan and Julie are concerned with is not their own. Will he ever want to be? Or is their another solution that might, in the end, be better for everyone? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL David Farrell, star reporter on the New York *Daily Eagle*, rarely has to talk his way past a police line to get his on-the-scene crime stories. The police are well aware that many a baffling case would be still unsolved if it were not for the quick observation and sharp brainwork of David and his ex-newspaperwoman wife, Sally, who partners all his adventures, sharing equally in their dangers and successes. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Lovely Meta Roberts stands by helplessly as her stepdaughter Kathy lays the groundwork for future misery by marrying Dick Grant without revealing her previous brief marriage to the dead Bob Lang, or the fact that she is carrying Bob's child. Meanwhile the accident in which Bob died becomes increasingly interesting to the police. Is Alice Graham really trying to help Kathy—or herself? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, supervisor of the orphanage Hilltop House, begins to make plans for her marriage to Dr. Ricky Browning, unaware of the lengths to which spoiled Doreen Gordon is prepared to go to capture Ricky for herself. What part will Reed Bannister play in Doreen's plans, as she plays upon his own conviction that if Ricky hadn't come along Julie might have turned to him? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL In spite of much criticism and opposition, Bill Davidson continues his efforts to solve the puzzle of the hit-and-run death of Vernon Fields, for which young Paul Norton served a prison term. Did Paul plead guilty to protect Vernon's widow Lila? There is reason to suspect that Lila might have killed her husband to free herself for marriage to Paul. Is Bill right in suspecting another explanation? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL What pretty girl can turn a deaf ear to the promise that with a little training, a little know-how, she may become a model earning as much as fifty dollars an hour? Even the skeptical Chichi, trying to help out financially during Papa David's illness, decides she has nothing to lose by trying. Before long, however, Chichi learns just what she could lose, and with Douglas Norman's help begins an expose of a cruel and shameless racket. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Thousands of miles away from his distraught wife Belle, Lorenzo, still suffering from a complete loss of memory of the past, tries to build a new life for himself—and finds himself strongly attracted to his boss, the brilliant young woman scientist Gail Maddox. Meanwhile Belle strives desperately to learn the secret behind Edgar Grayling,

convinced that he alone holds the clue to Lorenzo's disappearance. Will she be able to learn of it in time? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Many a Rushville Center problem has been solved by Ma Perkins, and many a neighbor has found her help invaluable, but in the matter of her adopted son Joseph even Ma finds herself strangely helpless. Will he ever succeed in convincing himself he was never in love with Gladys? And what of Gladys? Will her life be wrecked all over again by her self-centered mother, Mathilda Pendleton? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Loyalty to an old friend places Sunday Brinthrope in a difficult position when she champions Craig Norwood against the accusation of having murdered his wife, June. Is Norwood worthy of Sunday's help? How will this affect Sunday's husband, Lord Henry, who has always suspected Craig Norwood of a plan to break up the Brinthrope marriage? Can Sunday convince Henry that nothing is going to happen to their relationship? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY After years of happy marriage, Pepper and Linda didn't know how to handle the misunderstanding that suddenly made them feel like strangers. But the strength of their love finally led them together again, and the future seems bright with promise as they make the important decision to adopt a child. New happiness may lie ahead for the Youngs . . . but will there also be new, unforeseeable problems? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON Marc Cesar and the strange, fanatically devoted woman who helps him operate his sinister racket continue to elude Perry Mason, although the astute lawyer is coming daily closer to the secret of their association. Will Ruth Davis fall a victim to their ruthlessness before Perry has the knowledge necessary to save her? Will Perry learn enough about the Lonely Hearts Club to lead him to Marc Cesar? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS? Heartbroken at the threat that hangs over the career, perhaps the life of her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, Carolyn tries desperately to unravel the complex skein in which his enemies have entangled him. Will Miles ever know that Carolyn exposed herself not only to physical danger but to ruinous suspicion to protect him? What is Annette Thorpe's true stake in the deadly political game? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE In spite of Jim Brent's certainty that Conrad Overton devastated his brother Malcolm's fortune, Conrad manages to juggle facts in such a way that nothing can be proved. Augusta Creel could expose Conrad, but the two who know her whereabouts—Gordon Fuller and his accomplice, Wanda—have their own reasons for keeping her a prisoner in a roadside hideout. Are Jim and Jocelyn really helpless against Conrad? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT What lies ahead for designer Helen Trent as she begins work on the great new documentary produced by the powerful, almost legendary Kelcey Spencer? Because Spencer is her boss, Helen is unable to evade his invitation to his remote mountain home, Eagle's Nest, where the unveiled antagonism of his housekeeper, Mrs. Poindexter, adds to her suspicion that some strange secret lies hidden there. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY In spite of the loyal encouragement of Rosemary, and the help of her family and friends in Springdale, Bill Roberts finds it hard to get started on the new career for which he had such high hopes. Not even his relationship with Rosemary seems safe from the nervous explosions resulting from the strain he is under. How will Dr. Greer figure in the Roberts' future? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON With no experience and little equipment except their high enthusiasm, Terry and Stan embark on a totally new venture, as Stan becomes publisher of the Dickston *Herald*. How will its great plans and hopes for the future be affected by his mother, who managed to acquire a controlling block of the paper's stock despite Stan's strong desire to enter on his new career on his own? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS The terrible misunderstanding Stella tried to forestall finally breaks up the marriage of her beloved daughter Laurel, who has taken her two children and left her socialite husband, Dick Grosvenor. Is Dick's relationship with his house guest, Marla Darnell, really what Laurel believes it to be? Heartbroken, Stella waits and prays for an opportunity to convince Laurel that Dick still loves her. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nurse Nora Drake, with the help of Fred Molina, has traveled a bitter, painful road as she tries to clear herself from suspicion in Peg Martinson's death. One by one the leads that seemed to offer help have petered out, and Nora is finally left facing the stone wall of Vivian Jarrett's hatred. Will Vivian's jealousy keep her from revealing the truth that might save Nora? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Wendy's recent marriage to writer Mark Douglas slips quickly into dangerous waters as Mark's discouragement over his work makes him increasingly disturbed. A husband who is afraid his wife's talents outshine his, a beautiful woman who has never stopped thinking of Mark despite his marriage—what is this combination going to mean to Wendy as actress Maggie Fallon comes back into Mark's life? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Imprisoned, helpless, even her appearance disguised by the insane Donald Brady in order to further his plan of removing her from the life she knew as Harry's wife, Joan Davis somehow manages to hold on to her courage and faith in the future. But will Harry's belief that Joan is dead lead him, in time, to make a new life in which there would be no room for Joan if she escaped? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE One by one, all the Carters have tried to talk Sandy out of the depression she has been unable to shake off since the death of her young husband. Even though she is going to college, Sandy feels she is living without purpose. Is her brother Clay right in urging her to go out more? Will the repercussions of her brother Jeff's accident affect Sandy in a way nobody could foresee? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE Though he himself has not adjusted to the shock of his wife Anne's death, Dr. Jerry Malone is making a grim fight to keep the loss from marring the life of their young daughter Jill. Will his friend Dr. Browne be able to help as much as he hopes to by coming to Three Oaks? Meanwhile Crystal and Gene Williams watch helplessly as Gene's father Sam tries to drink away his own grief over Anne. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN With his ailing, dependent wife Ruth in a mental sanitarium, Dr. Anthony Loring feels that any hope he once cherished of severing his meaningless marriage so that he and Ellen Brown could find happiness together must now be put aside forever. Anxious to help Ellen forget their hopeless love, he encourages her to accept the attentions of the young engineer Christopher Eliot. How will Christopher's mother affect Ellen's life? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

the Singing Salesman

Dick Hunt tinkers while his son David imitates Johnnie Ray with the song "Cry."

Dick Hunt, pianist Hank Kahout, and maestro Willard Potts.

THERE'S a young real-estate salesman in Akron, Ohio, name of Dick Hunt. And oddly enough there's a young tenor in Cleveland, Ohio, with the same name, and the same pleasant personality. Sound like a real coincidence? Well, it isn't—Dick Hunt, the singer, and Dick Hunt, the salesman, are one and the same man. Station WHK in Cleveland features Dick four evenings a week, at nine-fifteen, from the Pilsener Brewing Company's Rathskeller. Dick emcees, acts as party host, sings, and does commercials for Pilsener Time.

At the Rathskeller, Dick shows that his background in radio, TV, musical shows and night clubs really taught him a lot about how to entertain an audience, the one in front of him and the listeners at home. Dick studied voice at the University of Akron and at the Juilliard School of Music in New York. An extremely energetic guy, and a real trouper, Dick not only sings for WHK but, as soon as he's through with his stint there, he rushes off to the Chesterfield night club, where he entertains from 10:30 to 2:30 A.M. Then he's off in his 1940 "hot-rod" again, but this time to a well-earned rest at home, thirty miles south of Cleveland.

When he gets home after a day of selling real estate and singing, there is usually some chatting about the day's events with his wife Betty, over a snack. Betty and Dick have two children. Carole is nine and David, five. It's fairly obvious that a man who has as much to do as Dick must have some relaxation—and, for him, building "hot-rods" is the method.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 7*)

Nine-year-old Helen Strohm has taken over the role of Kathy, the youngest daughter in the Anderson household on the NBC radio series, Father Knows Best. Helen replaced Norma Jean Nilsson, the "veteran" child actress who became too grown-up to play Kathy.

There's talk that Mitzi Green will land the Baby Snooks role made famous by the late Fanny Brice, when the series finally goes back on the air over NBC. It has been held up again, this time because of legal snags over the scripts.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Dagmar, the blonde Mrs. Malaprop who was a fixture on the old Broadway Open House show and who later had her own television program? Dagmar's Canteen on NBC-TV didn't make the grade and the network dropped the whole venture. She has done little or no television lately, but instead has put together an act and is making personal appearances around the country, mostly in night clubs.

Ken Murray, the comedian whose TV show was so popular last year? Ken is still under contract to CBS-TV, and is still drawing his salary, as a matter of fact, but at the moment there are no plans for his return to the cameras. CBS couldn't fit in the time this season for his hour-long variety show, so in the meantime, Ken, who got his start as a vaudeville comedian, is playing some of the big supper clubs with his own revue.

John Conte, the baritone veteran of many radio and television shows? Surprising to receive letters about John, who is very much present with a Monday-through-Friday musical show over the ABC radio network. Possibly listeners have missed hearing him because he's on only for five minutes at an early morning hour.

Phil Regan, the former "singing cop," who has appeared in all branches of the entertainment world? Regan has quit show business and has signed a contract as vice-president in charge of sales and advertising for a big beer company in St. Louis. The tenor will divide his time between New York and California, plugging beer products. Another Irish tenor, Morton Downey, does the same sort of thing for a soft drink company, except that he does his plugging, in between songs, while fulfilling professional engagements.

Bob Burns, the bazooka-playing comedian, who used to be a regular on Bing Crosby's programs and also made many movies? For the past several seasons, Bob has been retired from any professional activities and has devoted all his time to his very profitable ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Maybe Burns likes the life of a "gentleman farmer" better than that of a performer, but wouldn't he be a natural for television?

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 a line to Jill Warren, RADIO-TV-MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, 17, New York, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

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

One of the entries for Bell's "Thing" contest — a rooster.

the Breakfast bell

DON BELL is one man who smiled his way into his job and into the hearts of the Des Moines people who listen to him from 6:35 to 8:45 in the morning or on his Matinee show, over KRNT. Bell, now a nationally famous deejay, was a Cleveland station's getter-upper when he acted upon the complaint of a newspaper radio columnist about the town's sourpusses. Bell immediately set to work on a scheme to make people smile in spite of themselves. Listeners were asked to smile at three strangers during the day, and describe the reactions in letters to Don. Clevelanders got the grin habit, and flooded Don with letters. At this point, the KRNT station manager heard a network pickup of Don's show and wasted no time in hiring him as the station's morning man.

The Bell clan gathers before the family hearth in their brand-new home. From Don right on down to baby, they're all house-proud.

The son of show people—his father was a concert violinist and also did a blackface act—Don has spent a great deal of his life traveling. During his varied career Don has been a reporter for the Chicago *American,* the New Orleans *Item,* and city editor of the old Cedar Falls (Iowa) *Daily News.* A fling at a job on a tramp steamer gave Don a look at the world and plenty of opportunity to meet all kinds of people. Meeting folks is one of his favorite occupations. He got his introduction to radio thirteen years ago when he was hitchhiking through Tupelo, Mississippi. He met a man from a local station who was looking for a "masked baritone."

Don claims that since he's been in Des Moines he has really had a chance to settle down. Most of his early life he lived out of a trunk. And, even after he married Fran, they spent much of their time in hotels. But now they've bought a home to adequately house their rather generous-sized family—six children in all. And Don spends a lot of time puttering around the place, getting a big kick out of each new improvement.

Information Booth

About Judy

Dear Editor:

I would like some information on Judy Johnson of Your Show of Shows. Is she married, and does she have any children?

S. T., Carmel, N. Y.

Judy Johnson was born on March 8, 1926, in Norfolk. Virginia. She got her first job when she auditioned for a college band in Richmond. All her life Judy wanted to be in show business and that first job made up her mind for good. Since then she has worked with name bands. It was while Judy was with Sammy Kaye's band that Max Liebman, producer of Your Show of Shows, saw Judy and signed her to be a featured vocalist on that program. Judy commutes to New York every day from her home in Nutley, New Jersey, where she lives with her mother. As far as romance is concerned, with rehearsals, dancing classes and acting lessons, there's not much time left.

Dragnet Theme

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me what the theme song of the TV program, Dragnet is?

R. T., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The theme on Dragnet is an original score composed for the show by Walter Schuman.

Dr. Crane

Dear Editor:

I enjoy listening to Santos Ortega as Dr. Crane on City Hospital (radio version). Could you please give some information about this fine actor and how he started on radio.

E. B., Yonkers, N. Y.

About sixteen years ago Santos Ortega was an actor who wasn't exactly setting the world on fire. He was getting along, but nothing spectacular. Then suddenly the producers of a program called Blackstone Plantation needed an actor to play the role of a Latin-American plantation owner complete with accent. In looking over a list of actors' names they came across Santos Ortega and figured he must be the real thing. What they didn't know was, that although Santos' father was Spanish, the actor had been born in New York, and spoke English—not Spanish. But that didn't stop Santos—he acquired an accent rapidly, and convinced everyone he was a Latin. In addition to radio. Santos has done a great deal of legitimate theatre work, and is a member of the Lambs Club—famous actors' group. Today he is recognized as one of the leading actors in radio.

Meet Sam Edwards

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me the age and marital status of Sam Edwards, who plays Dexter on Meet Corliss Archer?

T. A., Newton, Kansas

Sam Edwards is in his late twenties, but really sounds like a love-sick teenager on Meet Corliss Archer. A bachelor. he lives with his family.

Who Is Cynthia?

Dear Editor:

Who plays the part of Cynthia Swanson on Helen Trent? Please print her picture in your column.

E. S., Chicago, Ill.

Mary Jane Higby, who plays Cynthia on Helen Trent, is also Joan in When A Girl Marries. She and Julie Stevens (Helen Trent) were born in the same city, St. Louis, Missouri. Mary Jane is married to Guy Sorel, an actor. The Sorels collect vocal records of great singing stars and actors of the past, have a Cairn terrier, and a boat which they keep on Long Island Sound. They live simply in a small apartment in New York. (*Cont'd on page* 17)

Ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

Judy Johnson

Santos Ortega

Mary Jane Higby

Reid (Chuckles) Chapman of WISH in Indianapolis.

Chuckles galore

REID "CHUCKLES" Chapman—deejay, emcee, hearty eater and family man—has been working for Station WISH for the past nine years and as long as Indianapolis listeners respond accordingly—it looks like he'll be around for quite a while.

Since he started with WISH, Chapman has worked in almost every department including the job of Program Director. Two years ago, a new assignment was given him. This was to take over the afternoon hours and develop a disc jockey type show that would appeal to the housewife. Actually, Chuckles found this easy since he had quite a following among homemakers already as a result of his popular Breakfast with Chuckles on the air for five years. The music is the most important thing on any record show according to Chapman, so he plays as much music as time will allow. No hot jazz, though. "How can a woman iron shirts and do a good job if I play hot music?" Chuckles explains. Visiting celebrities often appear on the program for a chat with its jovial emcee. Stars like: Phil Harris, Monica Lewis, Herb Shriner, and Dennis Day—to mention a few.

When he isn't on the radio, you'll find Chuckles at home. His family is his hobby. He and his wife Janet have three children—Arthur Reid (known as Chuck), Martha Elaine, and Mark Christopher. The Chapmans were married in 1942.

The Chapmans—Janet, Chuckles, Mark, Martha, the doll, and Chuck.

Information Booth

(Continued)

Bill's Daughter

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me some information about the actress whom I have enjoyed hearing as Bill's daughter, Nancy, on Just Plain Bill for so many years?

A. F., Portsmouth, N. H.

Probably one of the busiest young actresses in New York, Toni Darnay, in addition to playing Nancy Davidson on NBC's Just Plain Bill, stars on other daytime serials, and makes frequent free-lance radio and TV appearances, is bringing up her two children and supports an adopted French war orphan. Born in Chicago, Toni comes from a long line of stage folk. Her grandfather owned a string of theatres in which her mother acted. Toni's father, who was a doctor, objected to her early entrance into show business—she went on a vaudeville tour at the age of thirteen. When Toni was eighteen she came to New York, where for a while things seemed pretty hopeless, but then she tried out for a daytime serial, and from then on she had no worries about finding a job. She is married to Bill Hoffman, a free-lance radio and TV writer. The Hoffmans live in New York City with their two children, Toni and Darnay. "The names were Bill's idea," Toni says sheepishly.

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.*

Toni Darnay

DISTINCTIVE_

with a truly different flavor and aroma — *extra-mild* FATIMA continues to grow in favor among King-Size cigarette smokers everywhere

YOU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke —*plus* the added protection of

FATIMA QUALITY

twenty years of deeds well done

By

HELEN BOLSTAD

On or off the air, it's an old McNeill custom dating from the days Don and Kay first wed: Be happy—and share happiness.

MANY A SMILE REPLACED A TEAR WHEN DON McNEILL AND HIS TROUPE REACHED OUT HELPING HANDS

VENERABLE and well-travelled though the trophy was, it commanded the admiration of only its freckle-faced, tousle-headed owner. Others on the stage of ABC's Civic Theatre in Chicago frankly sought to put as much distance between it and themselves as broadcasting demands allowed. All were uncomfortably aware what two hot days and a fifty-mile journey had done to the lad's treasure. In words of one syllable, quite literally, the fish stank.

Yet no one directed the kid to dump it in the nearest well-covered garbage can. Instead, Don McNeill brought him to the microphone as proudly as, a few months previous, he had introduced the man who brought him one of the most coveted of honors, the Freedom Foundation award.

In a manner well-calculated not to upset youthful dignity, Don asked the boy's

See Next Page

From the start, Don shared his family life with listeners, his pride in Kay and their three growing boys.

Reverse giveaway: Don's drives have brought many comforts to needy homes (above), sold millions in defense bonds (below, with guest star Hildegarde).

name, address, age. He coaxed him to tell how he caught the fish and how it felt to feel that spine-tingling tug at his line the very first time he went fishing. The lad concluded, "And now I'm going to bring it home to show my father I really did catch a fish." Then, seeking evaluation of his achievement, he asked, "Don, this is a real *big* fish, isn't it?"

Much as he would have liked to agree, McNeill could not deceive the youngster. "As a matter of fact, for that particular lake, it's a rather small fish."

The boy's disappointment lasted only a minute. In a triumphant comeback, he said, "I betcha, though, it's the biggest small fish anyone ever saw."

That young fisherman's uncritical delight, and the pleasure of other boys who have enjoyed McNeill's hospitality, have meant more to the Breakfast Club's famed maestro than all the other honors he has received in twenty triumphant years of broadcasting.

Establishing a summer camp, within driving distance of Chicago, which not only provides recreation for himself and his own family but also gives boys from distressed areas their first taste of the out-of-doors satisfies for Don McNeill a long-held ambition.

It also is his way of returning thanks for those twenty years of broadcasting. The man who signs his show, "And be good to yourself!" is well aware that the public has been good to him.

For, in a business where a thirteen-week option period can mark the death of a lifetime

IN HIS HANDS

Ted Collins—who has guided her career and planned her shows for more than two decades.

she was a great person, other than a great voice. I could see she was wasting herself doing a singing-dancing comedy role as the butt of the comedian's jokes, and I went backstage and told her so. She already knew it but she didn't know what to do about it. I was sure I did. That was the beginning of our partnership."

It was also the beginning of Kate's success . . . on radio, on records, and on television. "There have been hundreds of Kate Smiths since Kate became famous," Ted will tell you. "Women who thought they, too, personified all the good things that Kate does . . . all the fine, simple things that have made the public accept her as one of them. They felt it would be an easy matter to do as Kate has done. They were (*Continued on page 81*)

Kate Smith and Ted Collins are seen on the Kate Smith Hour, NBC-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EST; multiple sponsorship.

GODFREY'S MAN, TONY

Marvin and Godfrey play host to Tony's daughter Lynda Ann.

Godfrey LIKES GOOD HUMOR, WARM AND FRIENDLY CITIZENS—

Tony's just as versatile around the house as he is on the Godfrey shows. But he swears the real talent belongs to his wife, Dot—a superb cook!—and to Lynda Ann, who is already very musical.

By GREGORY MERWIN

THIS Tony Marvin—just how accomplished can a man be? Tony juggles four balls as nonchalantly as he juggles four-syllable words. He's as handsome as a modern day Valentino, yet, with as much ease as he reads a commercial, Tony answers Arthur Godfrey's questions on zoology, aerodynamics, medicine and just about anything else. He can sing an operatic aria, make music with a saxophone, tell a riotous story or act as dignified as a high-school principal.

Tony Marvin of radio and TV is identical with Tony Marvin, private citizen, and there's Arthur Godfrey's word for it (he recently signed Tony to a new contract), for Godfrey has no mercy for anything phony. Arthur, the great showman that he is, insists upon being natural and insists that his associates be the same.

"That's the great thing about working with Arthur," Tony says. (*Continued on page* 60)

Tony Marvin is on Arthur Godfrey Time, CBS, M-F, 10 A.M. (part simulcast, CBS-TV, M-Th), for Toni, Star-Kist, Fiberglas, Frigidaire, Rinso, Pepsodent, Snow Crop, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Chesterfield—King Arthur Godfrey and His Round Table, CBS, Sun., 5 P.M., for Kingan & Co.—Godfrey and His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Toni. All EST.

HE HAS ALL THIS AND MORE IN TONY MARVIN

Two women am I

Peggy grew up and married—so did actress Betty, who is now wed to actor Walter Brooke (above). Right, she introduces her real husband to her radio father, played by Thomas Chalmers.

Betty Wragge says:

"I'm glad I belong to Pepper Young's Family—I wouldn't miss living Peggy Young's life for anything!"

By LUCILLE DAHL

"FIFTEEN years and more than 4000 performances ago I, Betty Wragge, met my 'other self,' Peggy Young, for the first time. This historic meeting took place, of course, on the NBC Pepper Young's Family.

"We were young teenagers, then, Peggy and I. Exactly the same teen age, too, and with, I should suppose, the same birthday—which, speaking for myself, is September 22.

"We are also look-alikes, although I learned this for the first time in all these years when, recently, Peggy was kidnapped by a mental patient, held prisoner in a shack, and a description of her was broadcast to the papers and the police. The description of her, as broadcast after the kidnapping, was that of a blue-eyed blonde wearing, when last seen, a blue sweater and gray skirt. And I am a blue-eyed blonde liable to be found, any morning, in blue sweater and gray skirt.

"Fifteen years ago, the part of Peggy was actually a child's part. Since then we've grown up together, so closely identified that I sometimes forget which school-girl problems were Peggy's and which (*Continued on page* 88)

Betty Wragge, heard in Pepper Young's Family, NBC, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST; sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

Betty and Walter share many interests and enthusiasms—among them, a love for skiing.

HELEN TRENT—

Too late, Helen realized just what Kelcey's cordiality meant . . . and how guilty they must both appear to Mrs. Poindexter's prying eyes!

HELEN TRENT seemed to catch her breath for the first time in hours as she turned the key in the latch of her own front door. What an evening! Even though she was a grown woman, completely confident of handling herself in almost any situation, Helen couldn't help but be angry with herself for allowing a situation to develop where she could be open to criticism. Like all career women, however, she had long ago taken the attitude that there were certain men in business who would take advantage of a woman working for them, but for the most part business men treated a woman with courtesy and consideration. Tonight, however, had come as pretty much of a shock to her. . . . A short while ago, Helen had taken a job with Kelcey Spencer, producer of documentary films—it was a challenge to her creative imagination, for she was designing costumes that had to carry along the authentic mood of the dramas. Although she had turned down a couple of invitations from Spencer which might have involved personal attention—such as a dinner date—it had never entered her head that he had other than the most business-like intentions when he asked her to come to Eagle's Nest, his great mansion, with the sketches on which she had been working day and night. Conferences, business ones in a home, were certainly not unheard-of in her business! Also, if Helen had thought of it as a personal entanglement before going to Eagle's Nest, she would have consoled herself with the knowledge which everyone in the film capital had—that Kelcey's ill wife was certain to be there. . . . It had never occurred to her that Kelcey's wife was so ill that she kept to herself, secluded away in an isolated wing of the mansion! Her first suspicions were aroused when Kelcey put aside the sketches in favor of a large drink for himself in front of the fireplace. Helen waited patiently for him to finish and get down to business. Thinking back over the scene that followed, she knew that she should have been much less friendly in her chit-chat, as she settled back to relax in an easy chair while waiting for Kelcey to put away his drink and start considering the costumes. Instead of lightly thrusting aside his personal comments with a smile and changing the subject, she felt she should have bluntly told Kelcey that she had no personal interest in him—that he was her employer and nothing more. . . . It didn't really occur to her just how persistent Kelcey was being until his housekeeper, Mrs. Poindexter, appeared in the doorway. At that precise moment, Kelcey had taken the sketches from her and had turned from his desk, grasping her shoulders with his strong hands. As he poured out the story of his personal interest in her, Helen had listened almost sympathetically, not willing to let anger over the situation get the better of her natural sympathy for anyone in trouble. She knew at that moment she would have to thrust him from her. As she turned from Kelcey and started to walk toward

HANDLE UNWELCOME ADVANCES?

the fireplace, she realized that Mrs. Poindexter had not only witnessed the scene but the shock of her own evil interpretation was written all over the housekeeper's face. Flustered, Helen momentarily lost control and, with words tumbling from her lips, she excused herself on the ground that she was late for another appointment and must leave. . . . As she regained control of her turbulent emotions on the way back to her home, Helen realized she had put herself in a horrible light with Mrs. Poindexter, to say nothing of the fact that losing her own self-control had made her lose face with Kelcey. "Next time," Helen told herself sternly as she put out the lights in her living room, "I'll be honest, completely forthright, no matter how much I think I'm hurting the man's feelings. In the end he'll respect me for it, and certainly I'll respect myself, which is the more important thing."

The Romance of Helen Trent, heard M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS Radio; sponsored, Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc. Pictured above in their roles as Helen, Kelcey and Mrs. Poindexter are Julie Stevens, Mercer McLeod, Leona Powers.

HELEN TRENT—

Too late, Helen realized just what Kelcey's cordiality meant . . . and how guilty they must both appear to Mrs. Poindexter's prying eyes!

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In HAWKINS FALLS or Keokuk

BE YOUR

Win Stracke—the guitar-playing Laif Flagle of Hawkins Falls—teaches his art to Bernardine's sons, Bill and Tony.

Producer Ben Park says the real-life Bernardine has the same gay courage she portrayed as Lona, cheerfully paying her debt to Dr. Corey (Maurice Copeland).

Bernardine Flynn, like her TV self, Lona Drewer, knows that a woman can be all she wants to be

WONDERFUL SELF!

By LILLA ANDERSON

DURING this season, when the greeting "Happy New Year" expresses everyone's hope for a brighter future, each of us in her own way examines the patterns of yesterday's past and sets about building more solidly for the tomorrows. To Lona Drewer, leading lady of NBC's Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200, a RADIO-TV MIRROR reader addressed a letter poignantly expressing the hopes of a mother, a wife who wants above all things to find happiness for her family and for herself. Intimately, the reader sketched out the problems which confront her and her family—problems similar to those Lona and Knap meet and attempt to solve—and wistfully she added, "I wish my husband and I could be more like you and your husband."

Then, as if catching herself, the reader became a little self-conscious. Realizing that she was writing to a person who was only living for fifteen minutes each day on a television screen, she addressed herself to Bernardine Flynn, who is Lona Drewer of Hawkins Falls. "Perhaps," she added, "if your home life is anything like Lona's you can help me."

There are differences in the vital statistics of Lona's and Bernardine's past, but they become as nothing beside the unity of spirit which exists between the two women of reality and fiction. In those (*Continued on page* 69)

Bernardine Flynn is seen as Lona Drewer in Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200, on NBC-TV, M-F, at 5 P.M. EST; sponsored by Lever Brothers for Surf.

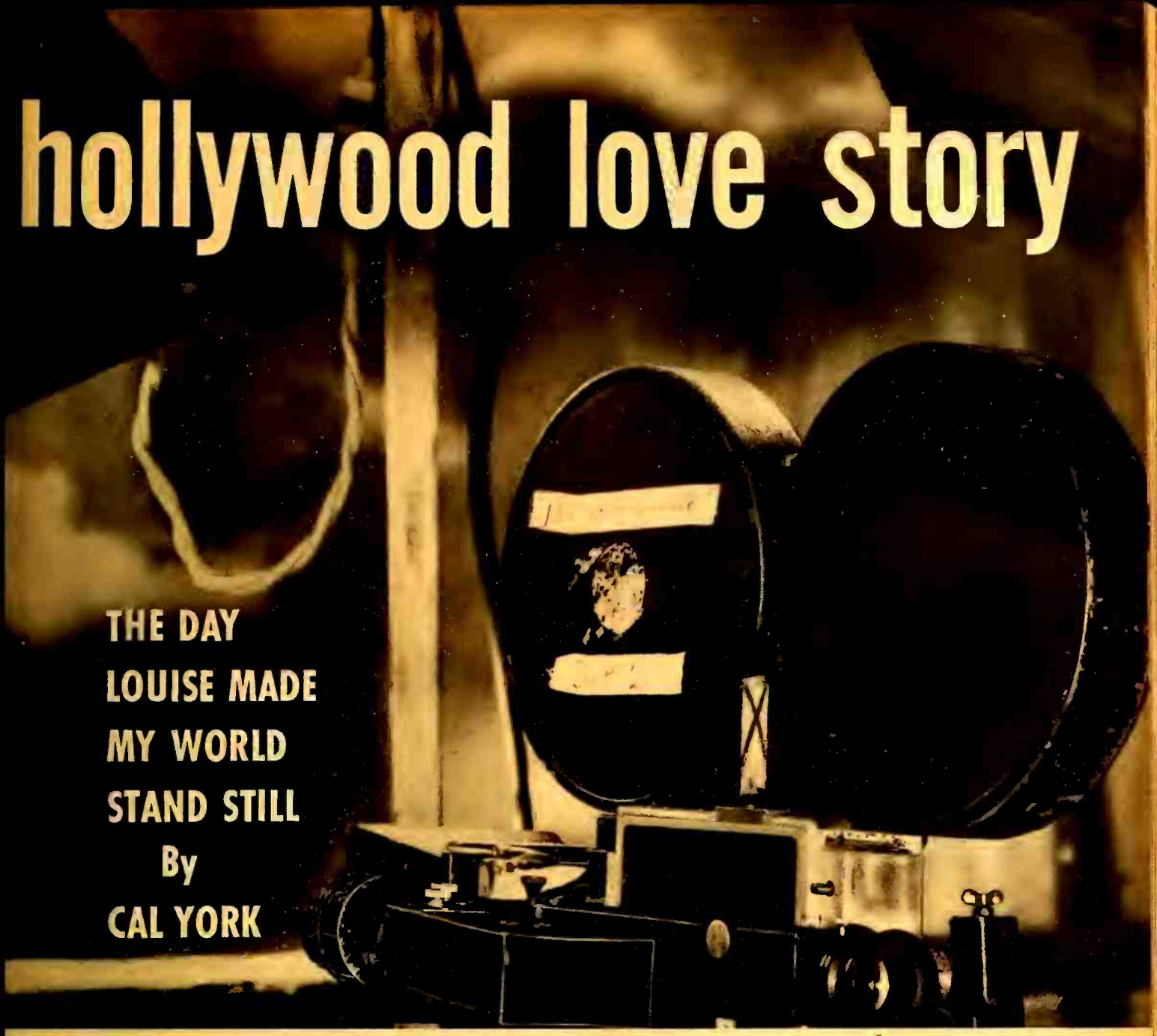
Femininity is Bern's keynote—and the same warm sympathy which Lona shows to Nancy Campbell (played by Beverly Younger). She has great vitality, too, allowing time for many hobbies—such as painting a portrait of her son Bill.

LOUISE GRANT had been one of my favorite Hollywood people for some time, ever since I first met her when she was my waitress at one of the fancier bistros on the Strip. She'd been trying to break into pictures since she was seventeen, and finally, after a lot of hard work, she got the chance to play the lead in a Carter Studios movie. Just about the time she started rehearsing the film, I saw her in the studio cafeteria.

"Hi, Louise—how's my girl?" I sat down at her table, and got one of her best beautiful smiles, a smile that kind of lights up her whole face. "Oh, I feel wonderful, Cal, dear—the new part is really the best thing that's ever happened to me. Of course, there is just one thing that sort of burns me up. Guess who's going to play opposite me?" This was news, so my ears got bigger. "None other than that spoiled darling, William Franklin, Jr." William Franklin, Jr., comes from a long line of acting greats. But so far, during his twenty-five years, he's been in and out of trouble, in and out of scandal sheets, and never in a play or movie. "There just isn't any justice," I volunteered. "There are hundreds of young actors in Hollywood with real talent who need a break like this, and they give the part to this phony."

I left feeling pretty disgusted with Carter Studios and pretty sorry for Louise—this guy would be murder to work with. About three weeks later, I dropped around to the studio again, this time to visit Louise on the set. As I walked on the sound stage, Jim Logan, the director, was shouting at the top of his lungs. "Listen, Franklin, I know you have a great, big, long line of pedigree, but when you work for me you'll do as I say. Now take this over again from the point where Louise enters." "But," protested William Franklin, Jr., "I don't quite understand what you want done differently." "Use your head, man, instead of your reputation, and you'll stumble through it adequately," sneered Logan. Bill Frank-

hollywood love story



THE DAY LOUISE MADE MY WORLD STAND STILL

By CAL YORK

lin bristled at this and I watched him closely as Louise entered.

When she came through the door, his face relaxed, took on almost a glowing quality and, with complete control, his voice softened as he went through his lines. As the script indicated, halfway through the scene he gently pulled Louise into his arms and he was about to go into the clinch when Logan let out a bellow. "As a lover, you should have stayed in that mink-lined cradle," he screamed. "More feeling, more emotion. . . ." My ears shut out the sound as I concentrated on Louise's greeting as she came toward me. Her warm smile of welcome seemed to stiffen as the director's voice grew more and more strident. I held out my hand and she shook it absent-mindedly as she tried to ignore the tirade and say that she was glad to see me.

"He getting you down?" I said, indicating young Bill with my head. "I read where he's been just about as difficult to handle as a young mule with seven-year squatter's rights."

Slowly, Louise shook her head. "No, Bill's fine. He's taking a real beating. A beating, incidentally, that's pretty unfair. He's a fine actor and he's working against terrific odds. Cal," here she hesitated, "I know it's a lot to ask, but I'm wondering if you couldn't print an item that would help . . . well, would say that he's a good guy instead of following along with the horrible things being said in the rest of the columns."

"Say, listen," I protested, "you're not falling for this guy, are you? You're not trying to give me a biased point of view?"

"If you promise not to print it, (*Continued on page* 90)

Photoplay reporter Cal York narrates Hollywood Love Story, NBC, Sat., 11:30 A.M. EST; produced by Wilbur Stark. Marilyn Nowell and William Redfield are pictured above playing Louise and Bill.

Susan's bracelet (opposite page) carries a memento of her wedding (above)! From left—her mother, Susan, Rev. C. Pugh, bridegroom Jan, the Milton Mounds, Mona Mound.

Baby-sitting means a lot to Susan: Once, a source of support—now (as with little Alan Hirshfeld) a pleasant pastime while Jan's on tour—in future, a dream of the perfect home.

Reading the papers, Jan heads first for the sports section—Susan, for theatre news. But both love music, especially Czech folk songs.

Susan Douglas followed her

GUIDING LIGHT

Fate wrote many harsh lines—before those magic words, "happily ever after"

By ELIZABETH BALL

A BRIM with adventure, with experience—with tears, laughter, hard work, struggle, triumph—life has at last led Susan Douglas to happiness and to love. Susan of the taffy-colored hair, the changeable gray-green eyes, is Kathy Roberts on CBS Radio and TV's The Guiding Light and, in real life, has lived as fascinating a drama as Kathy ever dreamed on.

Born in Vienna, Susan moved to Czechoslovakia when she was three. She lived in this adopted land until 1939, when the Germans came into and Susan went out of that torn and troubled country. Of this adventure, Susan says very little. "I don't like to dwell on it. Let's just say that I came to America first, which I did. My mother, a year later. . . ." From little things, Susan indicates this was a dark adventure, a thing of loss and pain, (*Continued on page* 82)

The Guiding Light—on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M.—on CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M. Both M-F, EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

HE'S MY GOOD GUY!

Dennis Day is radio's most naive and helpless young man, but at home he's a most talented and engaging husband. I know—'cause he's mine!

By MRS. DENNIS DAY

It's my belief Dennis can handle anything—but I'll have to admit he has his own ways of doing it.

PEOPLE think that Mrs. Dennis Day has a job that takes twenty-five hours a day. Who do they think makes the job big? Dennis Day, Senior—that helpless, engaging, naive young man of radio and television fame—makes the job big.

Don't you believe it!

Dennis Day at home and Dennis Day on the radio are six different people. As Mrs. Day, I can tell you that Dennis is a very deceiving character. He's about as helpless as Leo Durocher in a circle of umpires! In reality, I'm the helpless one and it's Dennis who rises to any emergency.

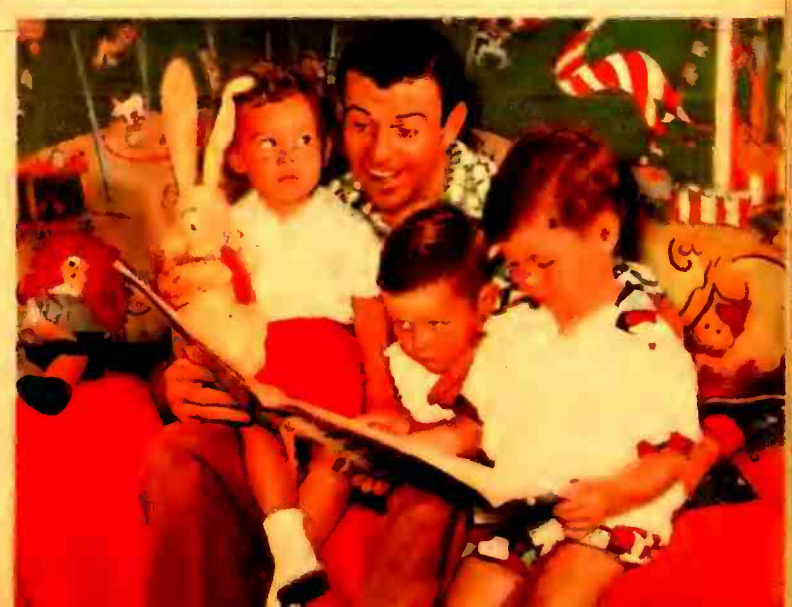
We have three little Days, all boys, and a fourth is on the way. I know I'd always heard that in a big family the youngsters look after one another. This is only partly true; they do look after one another—at dinner, they look after one another's dessert; at play, one another's ball; and, in the morning, first one up gets another one's shirt. I know I can send Paddy (Patrick James, our eldest) out in the yard to play with and look after Dennis, Jr. (our second in command). After five minutes, more or less, I can expect the conversation drifting in through the east windows to run something like this: "My ball." "No, *my* ball!" "I said *MY* ball."

This has all the earmarks of a minor emergency. But before I can do anything Dennis, Sr., arrives on the scene. He just whistles—the ear-splitting whistle heard on his air shows—and peace is immediately restored. Dennis, Sr., as anyone can see, is a wonderful man to have around the house, where he wields the master's hand—but gently. This is *not* a helpless or a naive Dennis.

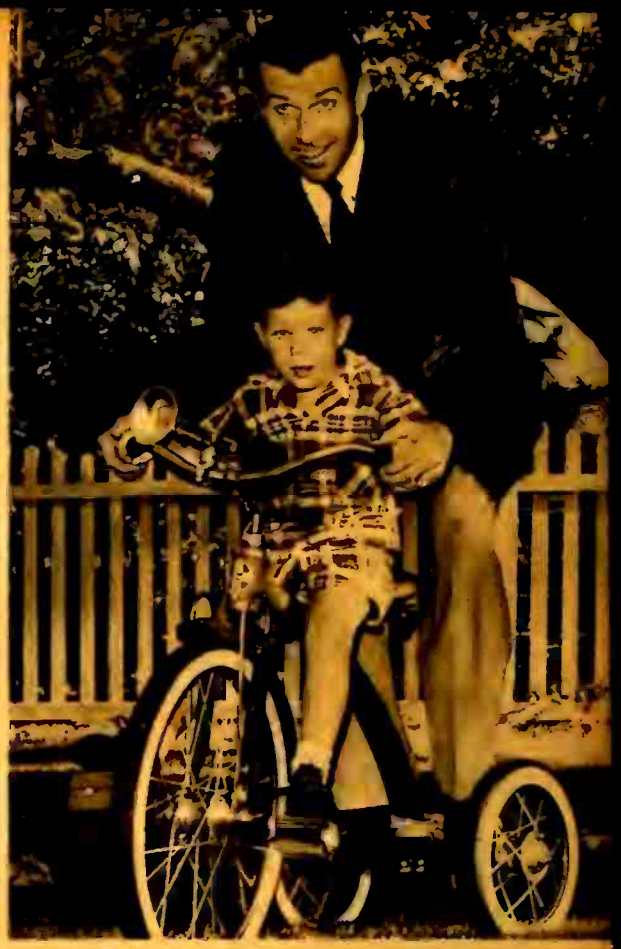
I used to say I wanted nine children! But that was before I had three miniature Dennis Days (plus the original) to look after. And, by the time you read this, the new baby should be added to our clan. That makes a *quartette* of little Days (with the "end man" turning out to be a girl, we hope!).

If we do have nine children, we're told we can start our own baseball team. But so far none of us is very interested in baseball. Yet, if the next five were guaranteed to be as cute and much fun as the first

I'd like to call this: "Peggy Day and her male quartet." But, any day now, it will be a quintet—and the new voice may be definitely soprano! That's Paddy at left, Michael in the middle, Dennis Senior and Junior at right. Dad's very good at bedtime stories—but who can tell Paddy whether to expect a little brother or a little sister?



HE'S MY GOOD GUY!



Whenever Dennis is with our boys, his eyes seem

That's Dennis, Jr., wrestling with dad. Paddy (left) is our eldest, Michael is our youngest—until the new baby arrives!

three—plus my big boy, Dennis, Sr.—I'd be for having the team. I don't know exactly *what* Dennis, Sr., thinks. I do know that Dennis adores the boys and when he looks at them his eyes seem to say, "This is what makes living worth while." I know what he means. I can't remember what life was like before I was married to Dennis and was surrounded by the love of my children. Yes, children's love is a wonderful thing. It seems so—untouched. And from the look in Dennis' eyes I think *nine* sounds like a good round number to him, although he's said an "even number" would be nice.

Frankly, numbers are a subject with which I've never been too familiar. Some people seem to think the odd numbers—like three, five, and seven—are "lucky" numbers. I can't say that I go along with this. Somehow, the number *four* is beginning to take on a new meaning. Though it is an even number, to me, at least, it has certain magic properties.

Now four of anything makes a quartet, and in a musical family like ours—the

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Barbecue time—Paddy plays at being chef, while Dennis takes his hassock.

It's a big moment for us all, when Dennis leaves for work. We're proud of his success . . . but happiest when he's home.

boys play a mean music box—the word "quartet" takes on a special meaning. In one of *my* gay and mad moments I sometimes think of a string quartet. I'm only dreaming, of course, and anything I say out loud (especially to myself) can't be taken seriously. Dennis, on the other hand, says that if there's going to be a quartet, it will probably be of the barber-shop variety. I really wouldn't know. I only want to say again that *four* is a good round number.

One day last week, Paddy (our eldest) saw me unlimbering the bassinet. After eyeing it suspiciously for a few seconds, he asked, "Who's *that* for?"

"We're going to have a new baby," I explained.

"Brother or sister?" he wanted to know.

"Mommy and Daddy haven't decided yet," I answered. (*Continued on page* 90)

Dennis Day—heard on Jack Benny Program, CBS, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, for Lucky Strike—and seen on RCA Victor Show, NBC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST.

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Barbecue time—Paddy plays at being chef, while Dennis takes his hassock.

It's a big moment for us all, when Dennis leaves for work. We're proud of his success . . . but happiest when he's home.

Happiness at HILLTOP HOUSE

Jan Miner found wisdom in the good earth—that helped her reap a harvest of dreams

By GLADYS HALL

YOU REMEMBER the story of the Three Little Pigs and the houses they built, don't you? The First Little Pig built his house of straw. The Second Little Pig built his house of wood. But the Third Little Pig, more industrious than the others, and with a sounder sense of values, built his house of brick. Then, according to the story, the Big Bad Wolf came along and he huffed and he puffed and he blew down the house of straw and the house of wood. Alone of the three, the house of the Third Little Pig stood firm against the huffing and the puffing, which could not prevail against it.

Well, Jan Miner did not build her house in Meredith, New Hampshire, of brick. The old farmhouse was built long before Jan bought it. But she is building her life—as the Third Little Pig his house—of brick. (*Continued on page* 62)

Jan Miner is heard as Julie Paterno in Hilltop House, M-F, at 3 P.M. EST, on CBS; sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., for Alka-Seltzer.

Jan's folks are strong and fine as the New Hampshire hills where she has her farm home. Heads of the family are Dr. and Mrs. Walter C. Miner (left, below); Jan's brother Sheldon and his wife Ruth are in front; at back—Jan, brother Lindsay, his wife Avis, and their small son, Chuckie.

At Autumn Hill Farm, Les and Gingr are almost literally living in the clouds—and they love it!

HEAVEN,

Parrakeet Joshua and boxer-dog McGinty are only two of many pets, including nearby chipmunks. Les built that lovely staircase and Gingr collected the rare antiques.

CITY-BORN LES DAMON FOUND HIS PARADISE—OUT IN THE COUNTRY

Les and his actress-wife, Gingr Jones, revel in rural affairs. She loves to cook, he loves to eat—and both enjoy planning theatrical productions for community projects.

right now!

By MARTIN COHEN

If you haven't heard Les Damon, you've just never turned on a radio—for he's done more than 12,000 dramatic broadcasts. Currently, he is psychiatrist Dr. Robert Sargent on This Is Nora Drake, urbane Inspector Saber of Mystery Theatre, and a "con" man in TV's Search for Tomorrow. He's one of the best actors in the business and has played such different roles as a meek little plumber and the Great McGinty. He's been the Thin Man, the Falcon, Christopher Welles and a few other fictional detectives, but none of these characters are a real clue to Les Damon, private citizen. Les Damon in conversation over a cup of coffee is a quiet, reserved man, (*Cont'd on page* 61)

Les Damon in This Is Nora Drake, CBS, M-F, 2:30 P.M., for the Toni Co.—Mystery Theatre, ABC, Wed., 8 P.M., Bayer Aspirin, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—Search for Tomorrow, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M., Procter & Gamble. All times EST.

Smilin' JACK SMITH

My wife can be a stern critic at times, but her notes and comments are my most trustworthy guide.

by Jack Smith

New production methods give us more time together, more days at home to watch for guests—particularly "the gang."

"HEY, JACK SMITH," some of my business associates say, "when are you going to change your style and get sophisticated? Why don't you get off that 'corny' kick?"

"Friends," always say I, "I don't want to be sophisticated. I sing the way I *feel* and, if what I have to offer in the singing department is 'corny,' then I'm *grateful* I'm corny." Then I look these hard-hearted guys in their many eyes and say, "What's more, old pals, I don't feel it's corny to be grateful."

That's kind of twisting the idea around, but it's not too far from what I'm trying to say. Now that the New Year is about to spin around again, I like to take time to count my blessings. That may sound pretty serious coming from a guy they've tagged "Smilin' Jack Smith"—but even Smilin' Jack's got to be serious sometimes. An honest appraisal now and then helps to keep the smile coming from the heart. And I *will* change my style if the smile ever becomes forced and the corn loses its flavor.

I'm a lucky guy because I have an honest critic—one who sees me as I really am. It would be hard to be anything that I'm *not*, when around her, because she'd see through faking in short order. Of course, I mean my wife, Vickii. If I had to number the things for which I'm most grateful (and I do), she'd head any list every time! (*Continued on page* 87)

Jack Smith—Dinah Shore Show, CBS Radio, M-F, 7:15 P.M. EST; sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

I'M A LUCKY GUY—I HAVE A WIFE WHO KEEPS A SMILE COMING FROM MY HEART

Two things I can count on: Inspiring love from Vickii — unquestioning devotion from old Buff.

Between Jane and John, I felt an intimacy—the curious bond of a man and woman who had almost died together. I was not surprised when they asked me to play for their wedding.

I'm proud to be

the mother of Jane Froman.

In overcoming pain and doubt,

she proved herself

worthy of every success

By MRS. ANNA FROMAN HETZLER

FIVE of Jane's aunts are musicians or singers, and I have sung and taught voice all my life. My father was a flutist and my mother a vocalist. With such a heritage, Jane couldn't avoid being musical.

We lived in St. Louis. I had settled there after my years of study and concerts in New York, Chicago, Paris, Dresden and Berlin. I had started very early in life as a pianist, and, when I was eighteen, the Chicago Symphony awarded me two diamond medals for my recitals.

Whether as a professional or an amateur musician, I wanted Jane to experience the great pleasure I had enjoyed in music. When she was three, I took her to a concert. Madame Schumann-Heink was singing the "Cry of Rachel." Jane sat entranced, but I didn't realize the profound impression made on her until the next day.

In the morning, I suddenly heard my daughter ranting and screaming in her (*Continued on page* 79)

Jane Froman stars in U.S.A. Canteen, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

Jane Froman—

THE COURAGE

BEYOND BELIEF

1. It was so obvious that Laurel's mother-in-law, Mrs. Grosvenor, was unaware of the plot in her own home. She even made phone calls for scheming Marla—whose brother Stanley did nothing to interfere.

STELLA DALLAS—

How much help can a mother give?

With daughter Laurel's marriage threatened by evil intrigues, Stella faces a grave decision

STELLA DALLAS gave herself a stern lecture as she turned from the gossip columns of the Boston papers—she must not let her imagination run away with her every time she picked up the newspaper. But the feeling of doom persisted . . . a feeling which had a very firm foundation these days in the rapidly mounting tension that was developing from the combination of the wealthy Darnells and their unsavory friends who were now living in Mrs. Grosvenor's beautiful mansion on Boston's Beacon Hill. Stella wondered, as she got up to pour herself her second cup of morning coffee, how it was that Mrs. Grosvenor could be so blind! . . . It had all started when Countess Sylvia Darnell and her two children, Marla and Stanley, had come to live with Mrs. Grosvenor. Immediately,

See Next Page——→

2. Marla—out to win Dick Grosvenor away from Laurel—spread a rumor that he gave her the new car she drove.

STELLA DALLAS

4. Stanley didn't seem so bad—and apparently had fallen in love with Edna, Laurel's friend.

3. Urging Laurel to return to Dick, Stella hid her fears about the strange guests inhabiting the Grosvenor home.

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5. Knowing Marla would love publicity about her "affair" with Dick, Stella watched the papers anxiously.

daughter Laurel was experiencing—knew that any day the whole situation might become the scandal on which the newspapers might feed for days. Especially with press agent Daniel willing to spread most any kind of information in return for a line or two of laudatory space on the Countess! Could it be that Mrs. Grosvenor was absolutely blind to the whole situation that was going on right under her very nose? It was as plain as could be that Marla Darnell was out to break up Laurel's marriage to Dick Grosvenor —Mrs. Grosvenor's son. . . . Out after wealth and prestige, brought up to be decorative and marry money, Marla was stopping at nothing to imply that Dick was in love with *her*, not Laurel. Why, she'd even publicly tried to establish that the large car she was driving was an outright gift from Dick! Stella sighed—these young people certainly weren't helping things, either. Why, Laurel was acting in the worst possible manner in going to work with Edna Randolph in her gift shop, leaving Dick to think things over, instead of pitching in and fighting for this husband she loved so much. After all, Laurel had so much to offer Dick in the way of love and affection, and there were the *two children* whom Dick loved very much. If Laurel could only make him see that his actions were leading to unhappiness, perhaps worse—a scandal or divorce from which none of them would ever recover any happiness. . . . Life certainly had its

See Next Page——→

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See Next Page⟶

STELLA DALLAS

6. Prince Paul was one of Stella's chief suspects. She was sure he was copying his "old masters," selling them as originals.

twists and turns, Stella reflected, almost with a smile as she remembered the bright, shining light that seemed to fairly shimmer on Edna's face the last time Stella had been in the bookshop. It was plain to see that Stanley Darnell, Marla's brother, was cut from different cloth than the rest of them. Stanley was in the gift shop day and evening, trying in his rather fumbling but rather charming way, to help Edna and Laurel. For a boy who'd never been allowed to soil his hands with toil because his mother, the Countess, had forbidden it, Stanley seemed to be able to cope pretty well in the business world. . . . Stella wondered if, by any chance, this charming young man was going to be able to erase Edna's former attitude of preferring a career to marriage. If she wasn't in love, Edna was giving a wonderful imitation of the way she'd act and look if it were the genuine article. As Stella cleared away the dishes from her breakfast her busy, active mind was wondering just what she could do to help without actually interfering. She hated seeing Laurel unhappy but, on the other hand, she wasn't at all sure that perhaps it wouldn't be better for

7. It took courage for Stella to go to Mrs. Grosvenor—and, as she faced her, she wondered if she could really tell her all.

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Stella Dallas	Anne Elstner
Laurel Grosvenor	Vivian Smolen
Mrs. Grosvenor	Jane Houston
Dick Grosvenor	Bert Cowlan
Edna	Julie Stevens
Stanley Darnell	Richard Holland
Marla Darnell	Sybil Trent
Prince Paul	Peter Capell

Stella Dallas is heard daily (M-F) over NBC, 4:15 P.M. EST; sponsored by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

8. With Marla ever-present, ever-menacing, will Stella Dallas be able to salvage happiness for the two she loves—Dick and Laurel? Can she save their marriage and avert doom from the Grosvenor home?

Laurel if she solved her own problems. And maybe, on second thought, Laurel might need a good talking to—it was certain that she was a babe in the woods when it came to dealing with Marla's sly insinuations, deliberate, malicious lies. . . . Stella's jaw set firmly as she made up her mind to at least talk things over with Laurel and urge her to return to Dick, if on no other grounds than that absence so often makes the heart grow fonder—of someone else. Then, the next step should be to see Mrs. Grosvenor, who couldn't refuse to believe what Stella really knew . . . and perhaps might even investigate, on her own, the things that Stella suspected. For instance, Stella had never mentioned to anyone her feelings about the Prince and the press agent. . . . There was a strong rumor to the effect that the Prince might be copying the "old masters" he'd brought with him—and keeping the originals while he palmed off the copies. He'd certainly done everything in his power to get back the original Stella had been given, when a friend of hers purchased it from the Prince for a present! But this last was just insinuation—not fact. However, Mrs. Grosvenor couldn't help but be concerned about the spread of misunderstandings—and actual evil—that seemed to hang over them all. Certainly she would not want to be part of a vicious racket which might be carried on right under her very roof. . . . Placing her hat firmly on her head, Stella started out the door. She'd made up her mind. First she'd tackle Laurel, next Mrs. Grosvenor. Her conscience wouldn't let her rest until she did all in her power to prevent scandal and possible ruin from descending on those she loved. This was all any mother could do to protect her own daughter, her own friends. . . . . With all that Stella can do, will it prevent Marla from carrying out her plans to wreck Laurel's marriage, marry Dick? Will it allow Edna and Stanley to give the love they obviously have for each other a fighting chance? And will it keep Prince Pascal and Daniel Powell, press agent, from creating a situation from which only heartbreak for all of them can stem? Only time will give Stella the answers to these problems.

Stepping along

June Valli proves any woman can create her own miracle—if she's willing to work for it

New waistline means pretty clothes—and a job that pays for a mink stole!

in YOUR HIT PARADE

By FRANCES KISH

JUNE VALLI, five-foot brunette sprite with the piquant face, is a featured singer on Your NBC-TV Hit Parade, with a three-year contract at a salary in four figures. She weighs a slim 102 pounds, is as poised and assured as if she had spent all of her twenty-two years in show business. Yet only two years ago she was a thirty-five-dollar-a-week bookkeeper in a lingerie company, weighed 140 pounds, and was too bashful to sing anywhere except at home, along with records. (Mostly Dinah Shore's records, because Dinah was—and is—her ideal, as a singer and as a person.)

On Christmas Day, 1950, there were perhaps only two people in the world who thought that June was something extra-special among girls. Those two were her mother and her father. They looked at their pretty only child with the eyes of love and understanding, not caring whether she was overweight, nor that she was too shy to use her really lovely singing voice even to entertain friends. (*Continued on page* 85)

June Valli in Your Hit Parade, NBC-TV, Sat., 10:30 P.M. EST; sponsored by American Tobacco Co. for Lucky Strike.

Two fortunate songbirds: June bought "Lucky" just two days before her present assignment.

With her mother's help, June now keeps to a healthy and non-fattening schedule, including plenty of sleep and a careful diet which permits only buttermilk as a between-meals snack.

the Grand

THERE is probably nothing in the land like Grand Ole Opry, on the air for the past twenty-seven years. The Opry is not merely an NBC radio program . . . it is an institution . . . a marathon . . . a way of life, almost. Although to many people—who only know the Opry as a half-hour radio show on Saturday nights—it's just a very enjoyable program, to folks who have actually *been* to the Opry, it's (to borrow a phrase from Barnum) "the greatest show on earth." For down in Nashville, at Ryman Auditorium, the Opry gives a whopping show four-and-a-half hours in length every

Red Foley

THE DEAN of the more than 125 entertainers who make up the permanent cast of the Grand Ole Opry is quiet, mild-mannered Clyde Foley. "Red," as he is known to Opry fans, began making music with a harmonica he "borrowed" from his father's country store back in Berea, Kentucky. At seventeen, Red won an Atwater Kent singing contest in his home town and went to Louisville to compete for state honors. The red-headed country boy got a real case of stage fright and forgot the words to the tune he was supposed to sing. But his bashful personality completely charmed the audience, and he went on to win first prize. He spent one semester at Georgetown University, but he left school to take a job playing bass fiddle on the Barn Dance in Chicago. One of the stars of the radio show, fifteen-year-old Eva Overstake, encouraged Red to try a solo part. He landed a singing job and one year later eloped with Miss Overstake. . . . Red's been featured on the Opry since he came back home from Chicago in 1939. In his twenty-year career, he has recorded more than 15,000,000 records, and is one of the most popular singers of folk ballads in the United States.

Minnie Pearl

MINNIE PEARL made her debut on the Opry in 1940—in an eighty-nine-cent dress. Her hands shook so badly she kept them behind her back to keep her stage fright from showing. Today, she is the foremost funny gal of the folk-music business. A comedienne is the last thing Sarah Ophelia Colley expected to be. That's Minnie's right name. She went to Ward Belmont College in Nashville, and the young society girls there were not supposed to end up as hillbillies. But you can't keep a good girl down—and Minnie Pearl was created because Sarah liked her. When she says, "Howdy, I'm mighty proud to be here," she really means it.

Ole Opry Gang

Saturday night. Ryman's seats 4,000, but more likely than not there'll be another thousand people waiting outside to catch a glimpse of Minnie Pearl, Red Foley and more than two hundred other performers who sing, dance, joke and strum. But the Opry isn't just a show. It's the biggest showcase for American music—country style. The men and women who entertain don't read sheet music (even though many of the tunes casually strummed at the Opry end up on the Hit Parade). They just give out with simple tunes and ballads straight from their hearts. And the strangest thing about it is that, despite the abundance of country folk (with babies and basket lunches) who come to spend an evening at the Opry, there are hundreds of "city slickers" who get just as much of a kick out of the proceedings. The Opry is truly the granddaddy of them all, when it comes to rural-music shows . . . and out of it have stepped some of the most popular singers and composers in the United States . . . especially since "that hillbilly music's come to town."

Grand Ole Opry is heard on NBC Radio every Saturday night, at 9:30 P.M. EST, for Prince Albert Tobacco.

Rod Brasfield

A VETERAN of show business, Rod Brasfield—Minnie's partner-in-laughs on the Opry—started his comedian career because his brother Boob got tired. Rod was Boob's straight man until one night brother walked out on the show, and Rod stepped in as the comic—red wig and all. Before that, Rod had been a "heavy" actor in high-class stock companies. Once a comic, Rod was spoiled for anything else. In 1944, he came to WSM and the Opry, and once in the Opry you couldn't move him from Nashville. His home town, Hohenwold, Tennessee, is getting to be as famous as Grinder's Switch, where Minnie was born and bred.

Eddy Arnold

SOME twelve years ago, Eddy Arnold left off plowing a west Tennessee farm field, slung a guitar over his shoulder and set out to seek his fortune as a singer. With no formal music training and only nine years of formal schooling behind him, Eddy has done right well for himself—his yearly income runs to six figures. A headliner for several years on radio's top rural programs, including frequent guest spots on Grand Ole Opry, Ed is one of radio's biggest money-makers. Ed's six feet tall, blond and husky. He lives in East Nashville with his wife and the apple of his eye—four-and-a-half-year-old Jo Ann, his daughter.

there's always LAUGHTER in Rosemary's Heaven

Growing family: The John Shidlers with their four daughters, baby "Lou Cheese"; Marcie, left; Nana, center; Pallie, right.

Rosemary De Camp leads a triple life as Nurse Judy Price, as Judge Shidler's wife and mother of four daughters. And still makes time for love and laughter!

By BETTY MILLS GOODE

HE WAS SUCH a little puppy, bearing such a big bone—almost twice his size. But his puppy instincts told him one thing: Bones were meant to be buried. So he tagged in after the invited guests, that Easter morning, and proceeded to "bury" his prize right in the corner of the living room. The fact that the living room belonged to a distinguished judge and his equally distinguished actress-wife didn't bother him. The fact that the guests shouted with laughter did frighten him for a few moments. But he crept to the feet of the pretty hostess, looked up at her with imploring spaniel eyes, and somehow he knew he was home . . . where laughter and love always abounded in full measure.

For that's the way it is with Rosemary De Camp, beloved Nurse Judy Price of CBS' Dr. Christian, and her husband, Judge John Shidler. To them and to their four stair-step daughters, there's always room for one more. Naturally, they adopted the small bone-bearer on the spot—and (*Continued on page* 78)

Rosemary and John love doing things together, whether in the kitchen—or just going fishin'.

Dr. Christian, CBS Radio, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST; sponsored by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., makers of Vaseline Products.

$40,000.00
ALL IN CASH
FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES
138 CASH AWARDS
FIRST PRIZE
$5,000.00

This is a contest that anyone may enter because it is not a "literary" contest but, rather, a *story* contest. It's the story that counts—not the way you write it. This big cash contest is conducted to get true stories of life itself. Your emotional problem, present or past, told from the heart, honestly and simply, is the story we want and the story that may win you up to $5,000.00 in this great $40,000.00 CASH CONTEST.

Read more of the emotionally-exciting true stories which won cash awards in the 1952 contest in the current (January) issue of TRUE STORY magazine.

FOR FULL DETAILS OF THIS GREAT CASH CONTEST . . . get the FEBRUARY issue of

True Story
MAGAZINE

At your newsstand January 9th

R M

Godfrey's Man Tony

(Continued from page 25)

"You just be yourself and everything's fine. Nobody on any Godfrey show sheds personalities for the audience."

Godfrey likes good humor, good citizens, people with intelligence and talent. He likes warmth and friendliness and forceful personalities. But everything has to be genuine. That accounts for Tony Marvin's permanent berth.

"It's a fine gang we have," Tony notes. "No prima donnas. Real affection for each other and real teamwork. We have our differences once in a while, like any family, but let any outsider interfere and it's just like stepping between a husband and wife. Look out!"

Tony well knows about domestic life for he has been married fifteen years. He lives on Long Island, an hour-and-fifteen-minute drive away from the radio and TV studios—a drive he makes five days a week and enjoys.

"I'm a happy commuter," he says. "Behind the wheel I'm relaxed, with both eyes on the road. I have the best incentives for getting home safe and sound."

Home is a medium-sized English Tudor house, surrounded by a 400-foot hedge, elms, dogwood and oaks, but it's the contents that Tony values so highly: Dorothea, his wife, and their eleven-year-old daughter, Lynda Ann.

Dotty and Tony met back in 1932, when both were counsellors at a summer camp. Dotty was seventeen, Tony nineteen, and the moon was full. It was full all summer and, at the end, Tony proposed. It was five years later, however, that they were married. Dot had to finish school and then along came a little thing called the depression.

The qualities Dotty had then, she possesses today.

"She is very attractive, dark, tall, extremely intelligent—for which I'm very thankful," says Tony. He takes a deep breath and continues, "She is tender, warmhearted, a spic-and-span housekeeper and an excellent cook. And one other thing that I forgot to include—she has the quality of loyalty." This latter quality was to come in mighty handy when, after their marriage, Tony was sometimes "between" radio jobs, carrying a wallet which was mighty thin and, at times, completely empty. Without fuss or bother, Dotty got a job to help them along.

She's an enthusiastic, energetic wife. She has help with housework a couple of days a week but no maid. She manages the work herself, does all the cooking and enjoys preparing dinner so much that they rarely eat out.

"Really it's no treat for Tony to eat out," she says. "Most of the time he is forced to eat in restaurants."

Tony's a meat-and-potato man and speaks ecstatically of Dot's roast beef, which gets about twenty-four hours of seasoning before it even enters the oven.

Tony's second favorite dish—second to Dot—is daughter Lynda Ann, his favorite topic. Lynda, in looks, is a combination of father and mother. Her personality, too, is a curious mixture. At play she is the perfect tomboy in patched-up dungarees weighted down by a brace of pistols. She also shares Tony's aptitude for mechanical things. Tony is adept at plumbing, carpentry and electrical matters. Lynda, too, is quick with a screwdriver or hammer when something needs repairing. She and Tony together constructed a table and layout for their permanent electric-train layout in the cellar. They will work by the hour with her Erector set.

"But, on the other hand," Tony says proudly, "she is just as neat and feminine as her mother, and very musical."

Their home, furnished with Colonial and knotty pine furniture, has much the standard layout of most houses, except for a small music room. Here, the Marvins boast a piano, a flute, three ukuleles, two slide whistles and a misplaced ocarina.

They all play the piano, Dot and Lynda much better than Tony. The flute is Lynda's and everything else common property. Many evenings they go into the room and make recordings of their family trio. Very good, too. Tony is star vocalist—he sang for a time with the New York Operatic Guild and in several musicals.

The tremendous built-in bookcases which line one entire wall of their living room is a clue to the encyclopedic knowledge Tony reveals on the Godfrey shows. All the Marvins consume books as most people consume sweets. Tony's mind is particularly inquisitive and retentive.

"Practically read ourselves to sleep every night," he says.

But the Marvins are not bookish people. Tony is much in demand at parties for, besides being a fine conversationalist, he is noted for his funny stories. Any time there is a benefit Tony is begged to emcee because he puts the crowd in such a good mood. And yet—when he gets serious, watch out.

"Lynda came home one evening a little put out," Dot recalls. "She said a friend told her she was as stubborn as her father. Tony said, 'When you're right, stick to your guns.'"

Tony and Dot do not believe in lecturing and "educating" their child. They believe a child is anxious to learn and follow. So, if parents present the right example, the children will grow up right. While Tony and Dot don't consider themselves perfect human beings, they go to great pains to set the right example for Lynda.

For one thing, Tony knows that occasionally Lynda will be introduced at school as Tony Marvin's daughter. Well, Lynda thinks there is no one in the world like her daddy, but this embarrasses her.

"There is a dignity in every man, regardless of his job," Dot says. "We don't want Lynda thinking she is set off from everyone else because her father is a radio and TV personality."

And she isn't. Although the Marvins number many show people among their best friends, their neighbors on Long Island—doctors, lawyers, business men—are a part of their social life. This, perhaps as much as anything else, has shown Lynda that there may be no business like show business but there are others just as good.

Lynda, like her parents, has chores around the house. She helps Tony care for the lawn in summer and helps shake snow out of the trees in winter. On weekends, Tony and Lynda take over breakfast duties. Dot sleeps on while father and daughter prepare something special. It may be French toast or pancakes with rich egg batter and vanilla flavoring. At the last minute, Dot is awakened.

After breakfast, beds are made and they go to work on repair jobs. Then Lynda practices piano while her parents catch up on the morning paper. In the afternoon, they go for a ride, visit relatives and, in the summer, go boating and swimming.

Dot and Tony love swimming and often swim tandem, developing their own miniature aquacade. They take their vacation each summer at a resort where they can swim, Tony can golf and Dot can hunt—for antique glass.

The family is very considerate of each other and Tony never forgets anniversaries or birthdays even if he is working. Lynda, because of her interest in science and mechanics, receives things she can work with her hands or, perhaps, a microscope. Dot gets perfume and jewelry.

"You know, Tony just doesn't wait for an occasion to bring us gifts," Dot relates. She goes on to tell of the day they stopped in a jewelry store to have a watch repaired. "I walked out with a brand-new watch."

She knew Tony hadn't planned it. The gift—and the spontaneity of giving—thrilled her

He sometimes brings things home that are good for nothing but a laugh. He hates hats, never wears them, but came in one evening with three French kepis, which are caps worn in the Foreign Legion. They wore them to dinner that night for some startled, but amused, guests.

Actually, Tony gets much less time with his family than the average working man. The weekend is his, but practically every evening he is in the city late, getting home between nine and eleven. He works on nine hours' worth of programs each week with Godfrey and, of course, behind the shows are many hours of conferences, rehearsals, and general preparations.

Tony gets up at 6:45 every morning, and some nights he rolls in feeling a little tired. But he and Dot always have a ritual.

"What happened today?" she asks.

"Didn't you listen?" he asks.

"Of course," comes the standard reply, "but where did you have lunch and whom did you see, and so on?"

She brings out some canapes or cheese and crackers, and they talk. Dot reports on Lynda and sometimes on her dual role as both mother and father. Tony, like most radio people, works on holidays and also when his child is in school recitals. Dot, however, gives Tony a full accounting of Lynda's day and her occasional performances. And then, it's to sleep and, almost before they know it, 6:45 A. M. again.

"I don't wake Dottie immediately," Tony says. "I get her up after I shower and shave, just in time to get breakfast ready. And she wakes up smiling."

At breakfast each of the Marvins starts off with orange juice and a vitamin tablet—this is another ritual, even shared with guests when they are on hand. After that, it's a big breakfast for a big day and then a serving for their three cats.

"I drive away with a very pretty picture of my family," Tony says. "Dot and Lynda each holding a cat in one arm and waving me down the driveway."

As Tony said, he relaxes while driving but he always has a lot to think about. Arthur is unpredictable, as everyone knows, and is just as likely to call on Tony to explain Einstein's theory or have him stand on his head. Once Tony did stand on his head and sing "Old Man River" because Arthur wanted to check a claim that it was good for blood circulation. In the end, both Tony and the audience collapsed.

"But I feel as relaxed going to work as I do returning," Tony said. "We're all like first cousins on Arthur's shows. You might say I live a double family life, and I'm lucky to enjoy both."

Yes, Tony, besides being an astonishingly versatile man, has a great appreciation for warmth and good friendship—which are also basic requisites for the Godfrey shows.

Heaven, Right Now!

(*Continued from page 43*)

as real as the family doctor.

Some sixty miles out of Manhattan, across New Jersey and just short of the Pennsylvania border, one thousand feet up, on the very summit of a mountain, are twenty-four acres containing a vast amount of trees and a handsome fieldstone house. This is Autumn Hill. This is Les Damon's home. Across the horizon is Schooley's mountain range, below in the valley is a village of five hundred homes, on the hillsides cows and sheep graze. Les Damon is proud of his home. He has worked hard for its ownership, he has spent much time and labor in converting the house to his needs, he commutes fifteen to twenty hours a week to enjoy this home, which he shares with his wife, Gingr, and two boxer dogs. Gingr is a vibrant, beautiful woman, blonde with gray-green eyes. She's a rare person, a cosmopolitan actress completely at ease in a rural setting. She is buoyant and zestful, yet sophisticated in a real sense.

"You can measure the years of our marriage by my anniversary flowers," Gingr says quietly. "Each year Les has given me a dozen red roses plus a yellow rose for each year we've been married. This year I got a dozen of each."

Gingr knows Les as a remarkable artist, sensitive and brilliant, as well as a remarkable husband, considerate, good and very, very sentimental. She points to an unusual ring he had made for her out of a tiny wristwatch she once treasured. In the center is a turquoise, her birthstone, circled with diamonds and in the case are several grains of their wedding rice.

Les and Gingr met in Chicago some fourteen years ago, but it took them about a year and a half to discover how much they had liked each other. During this time, Les discovered Gingr had been raised in a small town, Kinderhook, Illinois, in the heart of Mark Twain country—her grandfather was a friend of Twain's. She remembers her childhood with pleasure, and it was only her ambition to be an actress that took her into the big city and away from small-town life, which she loved. (It was bad handwriting, scribbling her name "Gingr," that resulted in the "e" being dropped when she had her first billing.)

Les, on the other hand, grew up in the city of Providence, Rhode Island. As a youngster, he worked hard. He was always fascinated by the theatre. "I always hung around the theatre, the Albee, one of the best stock companies in the country," he recalls. "But I had to get a job and I was very lucky."

He was employed as private secretary to a public utilities chief. His boss, impressed by Les's theatrical ambitions, made a deal. "I don't care how much time you spend at the Albee or what kind of hours you keep here," he told Les. "Just see that your office work gets done."

Les would show up at seven in the morning and pound the typewriter until ten-thirty, then take off for the theatre. He stayed on, if there was a matinee, but was back at the office in the early evening. He rushed back to the theatre for the night performance and afterwards returned to the office to work until one or two in the morning. Les did this for eight long years, and the hard-earned apprenticeship paid off. He was sponsored to further training at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and then spent a year at the famous Old Vic Theatre in London.

He came back to a couple more seasons of stock in the U.S., then broke into the big time. Among his Broadway successes was the role of Baby Face Martin in "Dead End" and the part of Curly in "Of Mice and Men," touring the country.

In 1938, when the daytime serial center was in Chicago, Les happened to be there in a play and took on a couple of mike assignments. Then calls began to snowball and he found himself a busy radio actor. And that was when he and Gingr met. Both were working on Lone Journey.

"We didn't really pay much attention to each other for a long time," Les recalls. "Not until we were notified the show was moving to New York." Gingr was doubtful about making the move and asked Les for advice. Out of this one serious session grew a succession of dates. Gingr decided against New York but Les went.

"But we kept on dating between Chicago and New York," she says. "Both of us were flying back and forth constantly and finally had to decide between getting married or buying up the airline. We couldn't afford the airline."

Gingr came to New York with her Great Dane in tow. It was a case of marry-me, marry-my-dog. Les was short of being enthusiastic about dogs, and his attitude didn't improve much in the first years of their marriage. The apartment he had was adequate for two, but not three, and they finally wound up in a penthouse, mostly for the sake of the Dane.

"But that will give you the wrong impression," Gingr says quickly. "Les is easy to live with. He actually surprises me with his lack of annoyance when he has a right to be upset. For example, if I spend money on something we don't really need, or if I'm late as a hostess when guests are arriving. He shows not a trace of annoyance."

In twelve years of marriage, he has never failed to notice something new she is wearing and he always comments favorably. He understands, too, that Gingr, like many women, enjoys little surprises.

"How about a dinner and theatre date next Friday evening?" he asks and Gingr never knows where they will dine or what show it will be until she arrives on Les's arm.

Often when she sits down to dinner, Gingr finds a package by her plate, and it may be a bracelet or perfume or a piece of costume jewelry.

Their only differences are over the furnishing of their home. "It's unusual, too," Gingr admits, "for Les never infringes on my personal privacy, never tries to influence my ideas on other matters."

But once they maintained a three-day silence over whether or not a table should be moved a few feet to the left or right. As insignificant as this sounds, it's based on the intense interest they've taken in the conversion and furnishing of their home. And their home is a masterpiece in the art of good living.

The living room, pine panelled, has a roof-high, peaked ceiling. An enormous fireplace takes up a third of one wall and runs up to the arch. The windows on one wall overlook the valley. The furnishings are mostly Early American and represent much hunting and shopping by Gingr. Shelves against two windows are filled with beautiful pieces of glass and porcelain. Above the staircase is an old Amish hanging. A nearly complete set of Copenhagen date dishes flanks the front of the staircase. The lamps are converted beer-steins and a very old oil lamp.

"In order to maintain peace," Gingr confesses, "we finally decided to specify our responsibilities. I was given charge of decorating, and Les took over structural changes."

All bedrooms were on the ground floor until Les began to get ideas, good ones. He had a stairway built to the attic and then put in two bedrooms. The master bedroom he built himself, from dormer windows to papering, and it took him a year.

He converted a rear open stone porch into a dining room. This he did as a surprise for Gingr, who was in the West Indies for a month. (Nearly any time she is absent more than a week she comes home to find something new in the house.)

To do the home justice would require a detailed description of every room: The handsome pine chests and dry sinks finished down to a beautiful grain, the distinctive but cheerful wallpaper, the warmth of the lighting.

This handsome home, which seems about as far removed from New York as you could get, short of the moon, came about in a rather unusual way. Gingr, of course, had been raised in a small town and didn't have to be sold on country living. But Les had always lived in a city and had never entertained the thought of living anywhere else. And then came the war.

Les spent part of his service in Burma and it was very quiet there. "No noise, no frenzy," he remembers. "No subways, no taxi horns, no one jamming you in an elevator. And I liked it."

He got home on the eve of his wedding anniversary. He met Gingr with a load of roses, an Indian ring set with a ruby, and an idea about living in the country. Claudia Morgan, who stars on Right to Happiness, was a close friend and talked about the wonders of the New Jersey countryside. So the Damons began investigating.

"I remember the first time we saw the house," Les recalls. "The agent drove us through the town and pointed at the top of the mountain. It looked too good to be true. When we got on the property and walked through the house, we felt as if a million wouldn't be too much to ask for it. Luckily, it turned out to be something we could afford!"

Living in the country has had a noticeable effect on their lives. For one thing, they've had the opportunity to really enter into community life. The community is the little town of Califon at the foot of their mountain. Last winter, with the assistance of Gingr, Les staged a play which was so successful that local business men are considering the idea of building a permanent theatre.

During the Yuletide season, Les told the Christmas story at the Methodist church. It was so warmly received that, the following Easter, he and Gingr did the story of the Resurrection in the candlelight service. For weeks after, townspeople would approach Gingr and ask, "Can't we make your husband into a minister?"

"You know Les works five or six days a week in the city and seldom gets home before eight in the evening," Gingr notes. "It is hard on him to take on community jobs, but in spite of this, he manages."

The summer of 1952 was a full one for both Gingr and Les. In the beginning, Jackie Gleason moved into their farmhouse for a month. (The 110-year-old farmhouse is better than a football-field length from the Damon home, and Les renovated it himself.) Then Les worked in a summer theatre production of "Come Back, Little Sheba," and did such a terrific job that the Broadway producer regretted Les wasn't in the original production.

In July, Gingr got a wire from Gleason asking her to fly out to Chicago to play the part of Alice in The Honeymooners. The actress, who had been playing the part on TV and the road, was ill.

"I almost didn't take that part," Gingr

remembers. "We had arranged for two children to stay with us as part of the Fresh Air Fund's activities. I didn't want to disappoint them."

"Why can't I take care of them?" Les demanded. So Les had two little children all to himself their first week in the country.

"They were having a delightful time," Gingr remembers. "Les had taken them all over the countryside. There were picture puzzles, toys and white shoe polish all over the place."

To the Damons, it is a real sense of loss that they have had no children. Gingr, in particular, believes Les would have made such a wonderful father.

She points to his devotion to their two boxers. "In spite of the lack of enthusiasm for our Great Dane," she says, "I knew Les would love dogs, given the opportunity."

The boxers, brother and sister, are called McGinty and Ruffie. McGinty is the clown of the house and Les tells dozens of stories about his escapades. Their one other pet, a parakeet, is titled Joshua and he is quite a voluble bird, inclined to upstage either one of his owners.

Les and Gingr have to be early risers. There's that two-hour haul into Manhattan for both of them. Even Gingr is in town a few days each week. She was on the Beulah TV show a year ago. She played the lead on Cavalcade of America recently and generally free-lances. She's a very active woman and, a couple of summers ago, actually found herself in the jelly business. She and her housekeeper, Vi, put up 1700 jars of jams and jellies that season.

"It all started when Eddie and Cathy Byron were out," she tells you. (Eddie produced Mr. D.A.) "They had some of our preserves and the next day Cathy called and said she'd like to buy a case."

After that, orders began piling up and, when they approached the two-thousand mark, Les made her call it quits. It was just too much with her professional work.

"There are always plenty of projects going on around here," he says, "and we do like to relax once in a while."

They seldom finish dinner before eight-thirty. And cooking for Les is a real pleasure. He likes food, particularly cheese souffles, Welsh rarebit, southern fried chicken, and is always ready for a good steak. After dinner, they may play some backgammon or read quietly.

Weekends usually find four or more house guests on Autumn Hill. Informality is the note, but not by accident. No business is ever conducted on weekends and the Damons invite only people who like freedom of action. Everyone does just as he pleases. Guests get up at their own choosing and often make their own breakfasts. They can play ping pong or go sledding or just sit around and talk.

"Les is a wonderful host," Gingr says. "Everyone feels at ease here."

Gingr admits there are men who are probably easier to describe than Les. Complex and reserved he may be, but definitely not lacking in the virtues that make him a credit to his profession and the human race.

"No, you can't tell much about Les by the parts he plays. He's much too good an actor," she says. "On the other hand, he's too much a man to be anything but modest."

Of course, as it turns out, a man who is respected and admired by his wife and friends doesn't have to toot his own horn. Everyone else does it for Les Damon.

Happiness at Hilltop House

(*Continued from page* 41)

Jan is building her life, that is to say, of the things that are sturdy and strong and enduring . . . of the fields of corn and beans and peas and pumpkins . . . the potato patch, the chickens and turkeys . . . and apple and pine trees and grape arbors and blueberry bushes . . . that grow and live on Morrow Farm. Of the work it takes, and the love it takes, and the health and happiness and peace it gives, to make them live and grow.

You must feel, most of you, that you know Jan as well as a member of your own family. You hear her, five days a week, as Julie Paterno on Hilltop House, over CBS Radio. And many of you will remember her, before Hilltop House, as the lead in Linda Dale, and as Lora on Lora Lawton and Anne in Casey, Crime Photographer. She's also been spotlighted on many evening dramatic shows—such as Mystery Theatre, Official Detective, Counter-Spy, Radio City Playhouse, Cavalcade, Gangbusters—and has taken part in a great many commercials, including six years of selling the sponsors' products on Break The Bank. Those of you who have television sets have seen Jan, as well as heard her, in starring roles on TV—The Cameo Theatre, for instance, Lights Out, and Robert Montgomery's super Lucky Strike Theatre.

To the thousands who now listen to—and love—Hilltop House, Jan Miner *is* Julie Paterno, the capable, great-hearted head of the orphanage whose sensitive understanding of young people always helps the "problem" children out of their scrapes, resolves their conflicts, heals their hurts of heart and spirit as well as of body.

Jan Miner has no children of her own, but she is a fond stepmother and a doting aunt. In terms of kindliness and wholesomeness and sympathy and competence, she *is* the Julie Paterno she makes so real to you.

At the same time, Jan is an actress—and a very fine one, or she wouldn't have the ability to make Julie so real—from the top of her ash-blonde head to the tips of her ten toes. And actresses in private life, as you may know (or have heard and read), tend to be exotic and extravagant creatures who live for today—and never mind tomorrow—in a perfumed whirl of gay parties, fabulous furs and jewels and gowns and the lavish like.

But not Jan. Not any more, that is. Not now. Not since her Uncle Charlie gave her the values by which she lives today . . . Uncle Charlie Morrow, for whom Jan's farm is named, and of whom she speaks with her heart. . . .

As she spoke to me the other morning, over cups of black coffee (Jan is a marathon coffee-drinker—she says she gets that from brother Shel) in the green-walled living room of the charming apartment which is home to Jan during the working week.

"Before I tell you about Uncle Charlie's little talk with me—the talk that is responsible for the way I live today—I'd better explain that I, Boston born and bred, the daughter of a family without so much as a diluted drop of theatre blood in their veins (my Dad is a dentist, an orthodontist), never had any idea of becoming an actress. As a Boston teenager, I worked as a salesgirl in one of the local dress shops and used my lunch hours to write copy for women's fashion shows. Then I attended Boston's Vesper George Art School, where I took set designing. For, although I didn't dream of becoming an actress—I never once thought I was pretty enough for on-stage performances—I did love the theatre and had my heart set on becoming a stage designer."

A stage designer, Jan believes, is what she would have been—but for a summer holiday during which the directors of the Cambridge, Massachusetts, Strawhat Theatre gave her a part in their adaptation of "The Short Story." The directors of the Strawhat Theatre did more than give Jan a part in a play—they introduced her to—whether she knew it or not—her natural element. Must have, for from there Jan went on, in stock, until she'd completed some fifty-two weeks of performances, which included leads in such standbys as "Death Takes a Holiday," "The Devil's Disciple," "Pygmalion," "Street Scene" and "Clutterbuck."

It was then that radio first beckoned to her—with an offer from NBC's Boston outlet, Station WNAC, of a spot on Marriage Clinic, a show which dramatized marital problems. She was also given spots on other dramatic shows, as well as being assigned commercials. Later, she worked for a spell in Hartford, Connecticut, had three half-hour shows on Hartford stations handling commercials and interviewing people, during the war, from all over the world, which made her quite a student of dialects. To this day Jan can lapse at will into a Cockney, German, French, New Hampshire, Russian, or what-have-you accent. And often, just for the heck of it, does!

After two years of New England radio, Jan was given the lead in Linda Dale, and Jan was on the big (CBS network) time! Today, the girl who never once thought she was pretty enough for on-stage performances is one of radio and TV's established, most loved and popular actresses!

"It was when I landed my job on Linda Dale, and set off for New York," Jan said, "that Uncle Charlie had his talk with me—motivated, I am sure, by his realization that I was sure-enough going to be one of those spendthrift characters, an *actress*.

"At any rate he told me, did Uncle Charlie, that I should put away fifty cents of every dollar I earned. He said that I should 'lay it aside' to buy a farm. He said that people in our business, the business of acting, 'sometimes work, sometimes don't,' so that all they may have in their later years is their bit of land and their little home.

" 'Don't you think it would be fun to buy a farm,' he said, 'stock it with animals, build up the land so you can have your little vegetables,' he winked, 'instead of spending everything you earn on fancy dresses and mink shawls?'

"He knew me better than I knew myself. If I have a dollar, it is characteristic of me to think, Wouldn't it be fun to buy that? Or rather, it *was* characteristic of me, for I am much better, I think, much thriftier than I was. It has taken me seven years in New York to get wise about a dollar. Perhaps to use the word 'wise' is giving myself too much, but nowadays I often find myself fingering a dollar bill reflectively, while the word 'taxes' dances before my eyes and I think, *Fifty cents of this is mine, if that.* . . .

"I've closed out my charge accounts, too, so that I won't be tempted beyond my strength. I run weekly bills at the butcher and grocer but no charge accounts anywhere for clothes or the luxury items.

It's a matter of saying, every day, 'I am not going to spend more than I earn.' It is also a matter of putting at least half of what you earn into something that will, eventually, earn for you. A farm, for instance! The sixty-eight-acre farm on Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire, for exact instance, of which I am the proud and happy owner!

"The house is a little old house, white with barn-red shutters," the proud owner went happily on, "and an old-fashioned porch, half of which we used to enlarge the living room. There is a big, red barn—yes, shadowy and sweet-smelling of hay, as old barns are—with white doors and trim. There is another house near the property, too, a little hundred-year-old New England house, set in its own twelve acres, which is named Hilltop House. My brother, Lindsay, and his wife, Avis—and my little nephew Chuckie and niece Susan Ethel—live there.

"Avis, who is a divine cook (which I unfortunately am not!), makes and keeps us supplied in town with heavenly wild grape, currant and blackberry jelly from our bushes on the farm. And keeps us 'filled,' when we're at the farm, with wonderful apple and blueberry pies from our own trees and bushes. If nothing ever tastes half so good as home-cooked food, nothing even begins to taste as good as home-cooked *and home-grown* food!

"Mother and Dad are in Meredith most of the time, and my brother Shel and his wife Ruthie are now living in Meredith, too—which makes it truly home, of course, to me. My middle brother, Don, lives in Hingham, Massachusetts, with his wife and three adorable children, so they are also country folk, although not up-country in Meredith, New Hampshire, with us. We wish they were!

"I've had the farm five years. Uncle Charlie had his 'little talk' with me almost ten years ago, but it took me five years to save enough money to buy the farm. For the first three or four years after I bought it—or until Uncle Charlie died—he and I ran it together as a commercial enterprise. We sold our produce (we had chickens, eggs and vegetables) to the neighbors and to summer camps. Now that Uncle Charlie is gone and I have so little time to be there, it's not being run commercially any more but we continue to make improvements which will, in time, make it self-supporting and eventually, I hope, profitable.

"Even now, it's making small strides in the self-supporting department. Uncle Charlie got me interested in animals, and kid brother Lin and I now have five registered Hampshire sheep with which to start a stock herd. Last spring, we sold the wool! Lin works at the Meredith Asbestos Mill—and still finds time to care for the animals.

"By selling 200,000 feet of pine on the farm, I also made enough money this year to replace the old dirt cellar with a new cement one, which I felt we needed, and an artesian well. Ten years from now, that same lumber will be grown up again—and ten years from now may be the time when it will come in very handy for taxes or something. . . . We call on our neighbors Mr. Boothby and Mr. Colby for advice about the forest timber and how to sell it, because a tree to me is a tree and I never thought of it as lumber, but these men know.

"And, in addition to our blue-blooded sheep, we also have some turkeys—a special breed the name of which escapes me at the moment. But they are fancy birds liable, with luck, to bring in fancy prices! And we have beautiful pigs, soon to be butchered—Lin and I hate to do it, but—

"One of these days, I hope to have some Aberdeen Angus cattle like our good friend and neighbor, Dr. Hale. Dr. Hale, who is the veterinarian in Meredith, and a wise and wonderful man in more ways than his knowledge of animals, went with Lin and me when we bought the sheep. He also picked out the turkeys for us. And you should see his beautiful well-kept farm, where he and his two sons have made the fields look just like velvet carpets.

"Country people help each other, which is one of the warm and wonderful things," Jan said, "about being a country woman! And there are so many organizations with specialized knowledge which stand ready to help, too. Meredith has a Forestry Department, for instance, and they come over and test the soil for us, decide what it needs, what crops should be rotated, what kind of trees and vegetation we should have. . . .

"Right now, we're putting in the kind of things which do not require too constant care and attention. Apple trees, for instance. We're starting to build up an orchard—which we go up and spray when necessary and which, if there's a storm, Lin or Shel runs down and sees to. We're putting in potatoes. And there is still work to be done on the house, which we're trying to make authentic Early American.

"Some of the work to be done—as much of it as I have time for—I do myself. Last summer, I spent my four weeks' vacation at the farm, during which time I learned to run the tractor and did the mowing and the plowing. At the same time, we had men at work enlarging the living room and putting rock into the foundation of the house, pointing it. Being the impatient type, I always want everything to be beautiful all at once. So, after a day or two of going about saying wistfully, 'Oh, I wish that loam and those

rocks could be removed,' I took a shovel and leveled off the loam; put a board-sled on the tractor, piled on the rocks and carted them around, one load after another, from the front yard to the back yard.

"It does something for you, that kind of work," Jan said, "it gives you a great deal more vitality than work you do in the city, and it's awfully good for your values and for your sense of contentment. . . . I know that, when I was riding around on the tractor, I felt perfectly happy and relaxed and at peace with the world—and with, more importantly, myself. You read what Emerson and Thoreau and Walt Whitman wrote about nature, you look at nature, you admire it. But, until you live with it, and work with it, and are one with it, you never really know it, or what it can do for you. . . .

"The land, the good earth, fields and trees and animals, teach you the old, basic wisdoms," Jan smiled, "of what is, and what is not, very important. They soothe you, if you'll let them, and relax you. . . .

"At the farm, I get a whole new outlook on my work, get inspiration, get ready to tackle a new job, get rid of any burrs I may have about jobs done. . . .

"You can't always do a good job," Jan said, "all of the time. But if you're a performer, as I am, it's very important that you do a good job all of the time. It is literally a 'must.' For, if you fluff on radio or TV, you fluff with thousands of people listening to you and watching you.

"Say, for instance, that you're doing a commercial which you've rehearsed until you're letter-perfect. Then you're on the air, the camera is turning . . . but the camera is not five feet away as it was during rehearsals, it's staring you in the face, and little men are going by carrying couches on their shoulders (your TV audience can't see them, but you can!) . . . and suddenly the line you've worked on—until you can say it in your sleep—eludes you, your face becomes distorted, you clutch the product and cry hysterically, 'Buy it! Buy it!'

"Acting is not as difficult," Jan explained, "as doing commercials. When you're acting, you are not *you*, you are a character whose lines are never changed. But, when you are selling a product, you *are* you—and *must* be you as well as you possibly can—and writers often change commercials any time from two hours to two minutes before you go on.

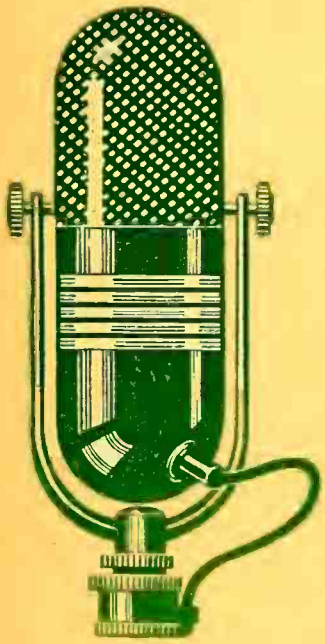
"As an actress, I love TV. But doing commercials on TV still hits me in the pit of my stomach, frazzles my nerves. . . .

"These are the things, the burrs, the fears and frazzles, you take with you to the country . . . and suddenly, while you're hauling rock, or plowing the lower field, or gathering eggs still warm in the nest, you find yourself thinking, peacefully: *Next time, I'll be better—even if little men do go by carrying couches on their shoulders.* Or, *Well, never mind, next time I won't look as if I had two heads—both on upside down!*

"I'm speaking partly in fun," Jan laughed, "but wholly in earnest, because it's completely true that in the country you do take a healthy do-better-next-time attitude about mistakes you may have made, instead of brewing in them.

"At the risk of being criticized, I think what we all need today is more guts and less psychiatry.

"At the moment, what the farm represents to me is a recreation and a sense of security for the future, the feeling that if I leave my work, or have to leave it, I have a home to go to. The kind of a home that can pay for itself, the kind of a life that is fruitful—and fun—as long as ever you live it."



Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time

Sunday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Jack Arthur		Light and Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
9:45	Faith in Action			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Art of Living		College Choir	
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Music of Worship	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Viewpoint, U.S.A.			
11:30	UN Is My Beat	Reviewing Stand	Christian in Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:45	The Living Word			11:25 Invitation to Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Sammy Kaye	U.S. Military Band	News	News Story
12:15			Brunch Time	
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith
12:45		Merry Mailman		Bill Costello, News
1:00	Youth Wants to Know	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	String Serenade
1:15		William Hillman		
1:30	Univ. of Chicago	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	Galen Drake
1:45	Roundtable			
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Pan American Union	The Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	American Forum		Lone Pine and His Mountaineers	New York Philharmonic Orchestra
2:45		Dixie Quartet		
3:00	News Desk	Top Tunes with Trendler	Marines in Review	
3:15				
3:30	Bob Considine	Crime Fighters	Billy Graham	
3:45	Elmo Roper			
4:00	The Chase	Under Arrest	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	America Calling
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lee Tracy	Private Files of Matthew Bell		Quiz Kids
4:45		Ed Pettit, News		
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	This Week Around the World	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15				
5:30	Counterspy	True Detective Mysteries	Greatest Story Ever Told	World News Robert Trout
5:45				5:55 News, Larry LeSueur

Evening Programs

6:00	Scarlet Pimpernel	Nick Carter	Drew Pearson	December Bride
6:15		6:25 Cecil Brown	Don Gardner	
6:30	Juvenile Jury	Official Detective	George Sokolsky	Our Miss Brooks
6:45			Field and Stream	
7:00	Meet Your Match	Affairs of Peter Salem	P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Jack Benny
7:15			Three Suns	
7:30	Henry Aldrich	Concert Bands	Time Capsule	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45		Little Symphonies		
8:00	Phil Harris and Alice Faye	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall	Bergen & McCarthy
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild of the Air	Enchanted Hour	Cafe Istanbul—Marlene Dietrich	Philip Morris Playhouse
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Hallmark Playhouse
9:15			News, Taylor Grant	
9:30	Dragnet	John J. Anthony		Escape
9:45			Alistair Cook	
10:00	Barrie Craig	Oklahoma City Symphony Orchestra	Paul Harvey	Robert Trout, News
10:15			Gloria Parker	10:05 Choraliers
10:30	Meet the Press		Bill Tusher in Hollywood	UN Report

Monday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bop Hope Brighter Day	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Mac McGuire Show	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Paula Stone Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike it Rich Bob and Ray Dave Garroway	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage Faith in Our Time	Don Gardner 12:10 Jack Berch Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez	Paul Harvey, News	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Pickens Party Ev'ry Day Meredith Willson Kukla, Fran & Ollie 2:55 Hollywood News	Say It With Music Frank Singiser, News Paula Stone Music by Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	John Gambling		Hilltop House House Party Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Home Folks
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman in My House	Local Program Mert's Record Adventures	Jack Kirkwood Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Lucky U	It Happens Every Day The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Bobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparkie Fun Factory 5:45 World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger 7:55 Police Blotter	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Woman of the Year —Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flash Chicago Signature	Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	News, Bill Henry Reporters' Roundup Off & On the Record	Paul Whiteman Teen Club	Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Music by Mantovani News, John Cameron Swayze Al Goodman Music	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Frank and Jackson	Bob Hawk Show Robert Trout, News

Tuesday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Brighter Day	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Mac McGuire Show	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
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2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Pickens Party Ev'ry Day Meredith Willson Kukla, Fran & Ollie 2:55 Hollywood News	Say It With Music News, Frank Singiser Paula Stone Music by Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	John Gambling		Hilltop House House Party Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Home Folks
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Local Program Mert's Record Adventures	Jack Kirkwood Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Lucky U	It Happens Every Day The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Sgt. Preston of the Yukon Sky King 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparkie Tom Corbett, Space Cadet World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Police Blotter	Beulah Peggy Lee Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Red Skelton	Black Museum—Orson Welles Dr. Kildare	Defense Attorney Paul Whitman Teen Club	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Martin & Lewis Fibber McGee and Molly	News, Bill Henry The Search That Never Ends Off & On the Record	Town Meeting Erwin D. Canham, News	Luigi My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	What's My Line? News, John Cameron Swayze First Nighter	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys I Love A Mystery	John Daly, News Edwin C. Hill United or Not	Louella Parsons 10:05 Doris Day Show Dream Harbor Dance Music

Wednesday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Brighter Day	Robert Hurleigh Mac McGuire Show	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Paula Stone Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Bob and Ray Dave Garroway	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 Holland Engle Faith In Our Time	Don Gardner 12:10 Jack Berch Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez	Paul Harvey, News	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Pickens Party Ev'ry Day Meredith Willson Kukla, Fran & Ollie 2:55 Hollywood News	Say It With Music News, Frank Singiser Paula Stone Music by Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	John Gambling		Hilltop House House Party Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Home Folks
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Local Program 4:25 News Mert's Record Adventures	Jack Kirkwood Show 4:25 Betty Crocker Lucky U	It Happens Every Day The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Green Hornet Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparkie Fun Factory World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, Jr. Elmer Davis Lone Ranger 7:55 Police Blotter	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk a Mile Great Gildersleeve	MGM Musical Comedy Theatre Great Day Show	Mystery Theatre Life Begins at 8:30	FBI in Peace and War Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Best of Groucho Big Story	News, Bill Henry Family Theatre Off & On the Record	Mr. President Crossfire	The Lineup 9:25 News What's My Line?
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Jason and the Golden Fleece News, John Cameron Swayze Dangerous Assignment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery	John Daly, News Dream Harbor The Latin Quarter Orchestra	Robert Trout, News 10:05 Boxing Bouts Edwin C. Hill

Thursday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Programs 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	8:40 Betty Crocker Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Brighter Day	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Mac McGuire Show	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Paula Stone Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Bob and Ray Dave Garroway	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Live Like A Millionaire Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45		Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 Holland Engle Faith in Our Time	Don Gardner 12:10 Jack Berch Bill Ring Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Harvey Harding Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez	Paul Harvey, News	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Pickens Party Ev'ry Day Meredith Willson Kukla, Fran & Ollie 2:55 Hollywood News	Say It With Music News, Frank Singiser Paula Stone Music by Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker 2:35 Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
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5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Sgt. Preston of the Yukon Sky King 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparkie Tom Corbett, Space Cadet World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Allan Stuart	Jackson & the News You and the World Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeyser Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle 7:55 Police Blotter	Beulah Jack Smith Show Peggy Lee Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Modern Casanova—Errol Flynn Hardy Family—Mickey Rooney	Top Guy Newsstand Theatre	Meet Millie Junior Miss
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Truth or Consequences Eddie Cantor	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Off & On the Record	Escape With Me Michael Shayne	Hollywood Playhouse Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Judy Canova News, John Cameron Swayze Jane Pickens	Frank Edwards The Valley Boys I Love A Mystery	John Daly, News Heart Strings Edwin C. Hill	Robert Trout, News 10:05 Doris Day Show Music

Friday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	World News	Local Programs	8:40 Betty Crocker	Jack Hunt
8:45	Roundup	8:55 Gabriel Heatter	Pauline Frederick 8:55 John Conte	
9:00		Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Bob Hope	Mac McGuire Show		Joan Edwards Show
9:45	Brighter Day			In Town Today
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:15		Paula Stone		
10:25			Whispering Streets	
10:30	Double or Nothing	Take A Number		
10:45			When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair	Live Like A	
11:15		11:25 News, Holland Engle	Millionaire	
11:30	Bob and Ray	Queen For A Day	Break the Bank	Grand Slam
11:45	Dave Garroway			Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00		Curt Massey Time	Don Gardner	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capital Commentary with Baukhage	12:10 Jack Berch	Aunt Jenny
12:30		12:25 News, Holland Engle	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent
12:45		Faith in Our Time		Our Gal Sunday
1:00		Cedric Foster	Paul Harvey, News	Big Sister
1:15				Ma Perkins
1:30	Merrill Mueller	Luncheon with Lopez		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Dr. Paul			The Guiding Light
2:00	Pickens Party	Say It With Music	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Ev'ry Day	2:25 News, Frank Singiser		Perry Mason
2:30	Meredith Willson	Paula Stone	Betty Crocker	This is Nora Drake
2:45	Kukla, Fran & Ollie 2:55 Hollywood News	Music by Willard	2:35 Tennessee Ernie	The Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	John Gambling		Hilltop House
3:15	Road of Life	3:25 News		House Party
3:30	Pepper Young	Poole's Paradise		
3:45	Right to Happiness			Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Home Folks
4:00	Backstage Wife		Jack Kirkwood Show	It Happens Every Day
4:15	Stella Dallas		4:25 Betty Crocker	The Chicagoans
4:30	Young Widder Brown	Mert's Record Adventures	Lucky U	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
4:45	Woman In My House			
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Green Hornet	Big Jon and Sparkie	
5:15	Front Page Farrell			
5:30	Lorenzo Jones	Wild Bill Hickok	Fun Factory	
5:45	The Doctor's Wife	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	World Flight Reporter 5:55 Bob Finnegan	Curt Massey Time

Evening Programs

6:00	Lionel Ricau	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News
6:15	Bill Stern			Dwight Cooke
6:30				
6:45	Three Star Extra			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Taylor Grant, News	Beulah
7:15		Mr. Mystery	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	News of the World	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	One Man's Family	Mutual Newsreel 7:55 Titus Moody	7:55 Police Blotter	Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Your Hit Parade	Maisie—Ann Sothern	Letter from Dan Dodge	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons
8:15				
8:30	Name that Tune	Gracie Fields	This Is Your FBI	Gunsmoke
8:45				
9:00	Best Plays	News, Billy Henry	Ozzie and Harriet	Mr. Chameleon
9:05		Great Day		
9:30		Off & On the Record	Corliss Archer	Horatio Hornblower
9:45			9:55 News	
10:00	Hy Gardner Calling	Frank Edwards	Fights	News, Robert Trout
10:15	Critic at Large	The Valley Boys		10:05 Capitol Cloakroom
10:30	News, John Cameron Swayze	I Love A Mystery	10:40 John Daly 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	

Saturday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Programs	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00	Farming Business			News of America
9:15				
9:30	Mind Your Manners			
9:45				Robert Q. Lewis
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		Galen Drake
10:15				Space Adventures of Super Noodle
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Bruce MacFarlane, News	Space Patrol	Smilin' Ed McConnell
10:45		Helen Hall		
11:00	My Secret Story	Coast Guard	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle, News		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	Farm News Conference	At Ease With P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	Coffee in Washington	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Music	Navy Hour	Fun For All
1:15				1:25 It Happens Every Day
1:30	Down Homers	Sports Parade	Shake the Maracas	City Hospitals
1:45				
2:00		Metropolitan Opera	Music	Music with the Girls
2:15				
2:30	Big City Serenade			
2:45				
3:00				Music
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00				
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Musicana	Dancing	Roseland	P.F.C. Eddie Fisher
5:15				
5:30	Author Speaks		At Home with Music	At the Chase
5:45	Key to Health	5:55 Cecil Brown	Club Time	

Evening Programs

6:00	George Hicks	Smiley Whitley	Una Mae Carlisle	News, Ed Morgan
6:15	News, H. V. Kaltenborn		Faith of Future	UN On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony	Country Editor	Harry Wismer	Sports Roundup
6:45	Arturo Toscanini, Conducting		Speaking for Business	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	As We See It	Broadway's My Beat
7:15		Pentagon Report	Women in Uniform	
7:30	Public Affairs	Down You Go	Dinner at the Green Room	Vaughn Monroe
7:45	Who Goes There?	7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Bob & Ray	Twenty Questions	Saturday Night Dancing Party	Gene Autry
8:15				
8:30	Dude Ranch Jamboree	MGM Theatre of the Air		Gunsmoke
8:45				
9:00	Pee Wee King Show			Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grande Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Steve Allen Show
9:45				
10:00	Reuben, Reuben	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At The Shamrock	Robert Trout, News
10:15				10:05 Steve Allen
10:30	Duke of Paducah		Politics on Trial	Country Style

Bernardine Flynn

(*Continued from page* 31)

basic womanly characteristics which remain unchanged by time and which transcend social and economic classifications, Bernardine is both Lona's interpreter and the inspiration for much that happens in Hawkins Falls.

"No actress, however skilled, could merely pretend Lona's admirable qualities," says Ben Park, the producer. "These qualities must first be present in the woman herself before she can communicate them to the audience." And Bill Barrett, the show's writer, adds, "Lona's happiness stems as much from Bernardine's heart as from my pen."

In one respect, Lona and Bernardine are identical. Each is that rare creature, a truly happy woman, and it was from Bernardine the happy wife and mother that the letter writer received her answer. Behind the answers in living which Bernardine gave, was a complete understanding of Lona, a complete understanding of problems which any woman could encounter. When Doug Johnson created Hawkins Falls, he felt that Lona's way of life should stem from two sources: Her failure to have a child, which gave her a more kindly perspective toward other human failings; her marriage to Knap, which contributed for the first time in her life a feeling of belonging and being wanted.

Lona's childhood had been drab. Youngest of five children born on a Missouri hillside farm, she had been forced at thirteen to live with and keep house for an ailing aunt, and at the same time attend high school. Being youngest, she had to remain until the aunt died.

The aunt left all her wealth to the state historical society. Penniless and untrained in any other work, Lona became a practical nurse. She met and married Knap Drewer, a machinist who had long believed the best jobs were always in the next plant, the next state. They drifted around until, at Hawkins Falls, Knap suffered a heart attack and was forced to settle down.

Her adversities led Lona to develop her resources of spirit.

Johnson wrote, "She's slow to judge, withholds criticism, suspects gossip. Ten years with the ailing, testy aunt gave Lona her own sense of humor. She had little to laugh about, but found gentle amusement in small things such as watching a baby robin strain to dislodge a worm . . . she has her own jokes which she seldom shares with anyone but Knap, who understands."

That understanding between husband and wife has grown, and finally it led to Knap's new career as an editor and to Lona's greater influence in the community. They have rounded out their family circle by adopting a troubled boy who had run away from an orphanage.

In real life, fate was somewhat more kindly toward Lona's portrayer, Bernardine Flynn. Born in Madison, Wisconsin, she first found the thrill of pleasing an audience when appearing in high-school plays. Her parents encouraged her stage ambitions.

She earned her passport to Broadway, and then later the stage yielded to radio. A friend advised her to audition for a new type of program, the "serial story," which was starting up in Chicago. It was a happy choice. Instantly successful, she played roles in many daytime dramas.

Chicago also brought romance. She married Chester Doherty, a physician who, for all his professional dignity, has, in Bernardine's words, "never lost his boyishness." During the First World War he was an instructor in acrobatic flying and returned to service in World War II as a flight surgeon.

(*Continued on page* 70)

They have two sons, fourteen-year-old Tony and eleven-year-old Ruffin, who prefers being called Bill. Their home is a spacious Chicago apartment.

Out of this background Bernardine (and hence Lona) has found a key to happiness. Both before cameras and in real life, that key is a marriage to which husband and wife bring a refreshing amount of confidence as well as affection. "Lona and Knap are unashamedly in love. They don't go in for phony smooching things," Barrett explains, "but they love each other and never try to hide it."

Bernardine, in her appraisal, goes further and in so doing also reveals her own basic philosophy. "Lona has found out what she wants in life," she says, "and she also knows she experiences it with Knap. Besides loving him, she deeply admires him."

Then, with an attitude too seldom encountered in this age, when amateur psychoanalysis has become a substitute for small talk, she says, "I'm always astounded to hear a woman try to analyze her husband or her children. No wife can do that. She's too close to them to see them objectively. Her own emotions get all tangled up in it. What's more, if a husband knows his every small action is subject to scrutiny, he's going to be too embarrassed ever to try to bring out a new idea."

Bernardine took Knap's change from machinist to editor as an example. "He would never have tried it if Lona had doubted his ability. Of course, she realized that he didn't have the formal education usually required. But, from the very moment he started showing her little things he had written, womanlike, she *knew* he'd be good at it."

Knap shows the same respect for Lona's abilities. "You remember how she started working for Dr. Corey?" Bernardine asks. It was right after Knap's illness and she went to apologize because they didn't have the money to pay his bill.

"That's when Dr. Corey offered her the receptionist's job, and although she wasn't trained for office work, Knap believed she could learn. It was the same way when Lona wanted to try painting. . . ."

The interest in painting carried farther than Hawkins Falls. Stimulated by the on-set art classes, Bernardine went on to finish the portrait of the venerable Butler Manville which she had started there. Her own husband, on seeing it, said, "That's pretty good. I'd like it if you'd do portraits of our boys, just for me."

Thus encouraged, she turned her formal dining room into an impromptu studio. Her portrait of young Bill is almost finished. The matching one of Tony will soon be started.

The same magic touch of mutual confidence has also served to develop one of Bernardine's husband's latent talents. Nearly fifteen years ago, Chet grew interested in his family's history. Interest increased when he discovered an ancestor with a record of high adventure. Bernardine, on hearing his excited account said, "Sounds to me as though that's the material for a novel. Why don't you write it?"

Although his professional duties are heavy, Chet worked at it during those chance moments a busy man can spare, and it is finally completed. A critic has enthusiastically recommended it to an editor. Chet and Bernardine hope it will soon be published.

The clearest parallel between fact and fiction comes in that often-controversial question of work after marriage.

In Hawkins Falls, Knap approves of Lona's working because she is happy in her greater usefulness—happy enough to find ways to do her job and still enjoy her home and family.

Bernardine has mastered the same art in real life. During the first years of marriage, she was so in demand for daytime serials she took only two weeks off when each of her sons were born. Her role as Sade, in Vic and Sade, was the high point of her radio career.

When that show went off the air, Bernardine announced her retirement. Her sons needed her. The family moved to the suburbs.

Bernardine says, "I was restless, and Chet knew it. Unless I have outside activities to fit into my household schedule, it doesn't seem as though I can accomplish a thing."

Her idleness was brief. Her friend, the late, great Walter Huston, then had a play in Chicago and, when a role opened up, he offered it to her. Bernardine, certain she couldn't leave the house, regretfully refused. Chet changed her mind. He said, "I've never seen you on stage and I'd like to."

Applause from that successful run had scarcely died out when a more critical situation arose. Don Ameche who, during campus days, had often played hero to Bernardine's heroine, flew in from Hollywood to talk about a radio role which he termed "made to order."

Prospect of a weekly program on the Coast presented problems. In a conference with both husband and wife, Ameche acknowledged it. "Darn it, Chet, I'm not trying to break up your family life, but Bern got me my first big radio part and now I feel I should reciprocate."

Instead of objecting, Chet defined his personal atittude. "I respect my wife's talent and I want her to accomplish as much in her field as I expect to accomplish in mine."

Although Bernardine finally rejected the opportunity, she appreciated her husband's view. "You just can't imagine what that meant to me. It was almost as important as when Chet first made me understand I could do anything I truly wanted to do."

That particular milestone was reached early in their marriage. From childhood, Bernardine had suffered such a phobia against anyone walking up behind her unexpectedly that her mother was in the habit of cautioning other children, "Now don't go scaring Bernardine."

She went into her customary screaming tizzy the first time Chet, crossing a carpeted floor, loomed over her shoulder.

She says, "I'll never forget the look on his face. All he said was, 'Don't be like that,' but he looked as though I had turned out to be a lesser person than he expected me to be. It stopped me cold, until I realized he was right. I didn't have to be like that. It was simply a matter of control."

Were any woman to draw from Bernardine's example, she would learn such control, learning carefully at the beginning until it becomes second nature. This control has been important to Bernardine's career, as well as to her personal happiness.

Confident that, through work, she can accomplish anything she chooses, Bernardine is also free to acknowledge that all human beings make mistakes. Instead of criticizing errors of others, she endeavors to prevent her own. On set, she'll endlessly rehearse even so familiar a thing as setting a table or peeling a potato. She matches action to speech and knows exactly what she will do at every word.

Says Frank Dane, who plays Knap, "She's a dream to work with because you know you can always depend on her."

Says Ros Twohey (Millie Flagle), "Because she's such a perfectionist, she sets the tone for the whole production. I just hope I'll sometime be able to accomplish as many things as she can."

Bernardine's schedule leaves others open-mouthed with wonder. Without ever seeming to hurry, she moves with incredible pace. In addition to home and studio duties, she takes vocal lessons, exercises at a gymnasium, and still finds time for such considerate feminine things as personally choosing exactly the right Christmas presents for cast and crew.

What's more, she thoroughly relishes it, and therein, Bill Barrett believes, is found the final revelation of the secret of her happiness—which could be the foundation for happiness for any woman.

He says, "She has what everyone possesses but many of us have not yet discovered how to utilize. She's rich in that often-neglected quality called courage, and she also knows how to appreciate every step toward attainment of a goal rather than pinning all hopes on a single distant objective. She's a fine ideal for anyone to choose to follow in 1953, for I know that a woman could then serenely enjoy every moment of the new year. Actually, if women could be like Bernardine, they would only be their own wonderful selves."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) Of RADIO-TV MIRROR, published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1952.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1952.
(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI
Notary Public, State of New York,
Qualified in Bronx County No.03-8045500.
Certificates filed in Bronx and New York County Clerks and Registers Offices.
(My commission expires March 30, 1954)

She keeps you in stitches

Marcella Huston

THE MOST unsung, but definitely one of the greatest recommendations for TV, is the gal who does the commercials. On TV she has come into her own. From the glamorous woman who washes frying pans with skill and grace to the young lady who gallantly opens the sofa bed with ease—fem-announcers have arrived.

Among the prettiest and the most effective gals in this new enterprise is lovely Marcella Huston, who certainly does not look like the mother of three (she is). And Mrs. Huston brings charm to that most conventional but useful item—the Singer Sewing Machine. She is featured on Singer's Four Star Playhouse. The history of Marcella's rise to fame as the Singer Sewing Machine girl starts in Lexington, Kentucky. It was at Sayre College there that she was voted Queen of the May. The young reporter who interviewed her for the Lexington *Leader*, Bill Huston, married her several months later. When Bill went to New York, Marcella decided to try to get a modeling job for a toothpaste ad. Just as the job came through, Bill moved to Syracuse, and naturally Marcella went along. But when the Hustons returned to New York—she got the toothpaste assignment—the beginning of a long list of such assignments.

Since Marcella is an expert seamstress, and still makes most of her own clothing and slipcovers—she was a natural for the Singer stint. When they mentioned that she might not be mature enough (they were looking for a slightly older woman) she snapped back with pictures of her three children. That did it. The Hustons live on Park Avenue right near the Bert Lahrs. Mrs. Lahr and Marcella take turns taking care of each other's daughters.

The Singer people are very happy with the choice they made for the program, because although Marcella's no comedian she keeps the audience in stitches.

Four Star Playhouse is seen alternate Thursdays on CBS-TV, at 8:30 P.M. EST, for Singer Sewing Machine Co.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

• by Julie Palmer

IN A WAY, Dan and I actually saw Mrs. Irwin getting the idea that was to cause so much trouble. At least Dan saw it, and told me when he came home. She had been in his office for a routine check-up—she could afford to take excellent care of herself—when she had accidentally learned about poor Mr. Coley, who'd been such a problem to the hospital because he couldn't afford anything but a ward bed and the wards were all filled up. She had been appalled.

"But Mr *Coley*—why, he's descended from one of Stanton's most distinguished familes," she'd exclaimed. "It's incredible there shouldn't be room for him in Stanton's hospital."

"Incredible but true," Dan had told her wryly. "This town's growing so fast, Mrs. Irwin, that I'm afraid both the distinguished and the undistinguished are going to be waiting their turn if something isn't done about it."

"You're quite right; something should be done," she had replied thoughtfully. And, almost before we knew it, something was being done. Something so incredible that Dan couldn't believe it when the hospital's chief of staff, Dr. Sanders, gave him the news Mrs. Irwin was planning to give the hospital $250,000 to build an Irwin Memorial Pavilion in memory of her late husband. Her lawyers had already investigated, and laid the groundwork. She planned to make only two conditions. One of them was Dan. She wanted him to head the new wing. The other was something Dr. Sanders couldn't seem to find the exact words for. Not until the night of her dinner party did we come away with the clear, definite knowledge that she wanted her pavilion to be used exclusively for the benefit of what she called "Stanton's *old* families."

Dan had promised me he wouldn't lose his temper. Mrs. Irwin was far too important in Stanton—and far too dignified an older woman—for him to turn on her as fiercely as I knew he'd want to. "The thing is to try to make her see your point, don't attack her for her own," I'd pleaded before we started out, and Dan had reassured me that he had no intention of mounting a soapbox. It was hardly the kind of thing you'd bring to dinner at Mrs. Irwin's stately, white-columned mansion.

But it was awfully difficult not to get excited. She and Dan seemed to speak such different languages. She kept harping on the distress she'd felt at learning that some of the descendants of the earliest settlers . . . "People who fought Indians here, my dear," she said to me. "People who ought to be the very ones who benefit (*Continued on page* 74)

The Doctor's Wife is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 5:45 P.M. EST, sponsored by Ex-Lax, Inc. Donald Curtis and Patricia Wheel are pictured, at the right, in their original starring roles as Dr. Dan Palmer and his devoted young wife, Julie.

"People are so entwined," I told Dan. "Who can tell where their

effect on each other begins, where it ends?" Only time would give us the answer. . . .

most from this community because they gave the most to it—"

"Howard Coley can't be put into that class, Mrs. Irwin." Dan's voice was level, but his mouth was firm in a way I recognized. "He hasn't contributed to his own support for some time."

"There are so many like him! I had no idea until I started looking into it. So many farmers and artisans who bear names that ought to entitle them to every consideration. And they can't even find room for them in the hospital!"

"We couldn't find room for Mrs. Wenceslas when she broke her leg, either. What I'm trying to say, Mrs. Irwin, is that a hospital has no business with discrimination of any kind. Surely, that can't be argued."

I knew by Mrs. Irwin's slight frown that she had at last grasped Dan's criticism. "My last wish is to argue, Dr. Palmer. All I want is to use my money for a worthwhile cause, and to add thirty-six beds to your hospital seems eminently worthwhile to me."

It was a merciful release when just then a call came for Dan—a call which made it possible for us to leave without going into the next question. The question of how Dan felt about the honor Mrs. Irwin was bestowing on him in selecting him to head the new project. I don't think Dan could have answered her then. It was an honor, for a doctor who'd only been settled in Stanton for two years. It would mean tremendous things for his career, his reputation.

And yet the decision was inevitable. He came to it after calling on his patients that night. We were rolling to a stop in our driveway. "It would have been great it she'd just stopped at giving us the money," he said rather wistfully. "Or even if she'd picked on some other staff doctor to head the thing up. Then I could have kept my mouth shut. As it is, I've got to turn it down, Julie. I can't stand by and see discrimination and intolerance and snobbism— Of all places on earth where a human being ought to be nothing but purely, simply, a human being who needs care, a hospital is it!"

I said irrelevantly, "Maybe I can go to work on her son. She doesn't seem to be able to deny him a thing."

Dan laughed mirthlessly. "Herbert? Don't waste your very considerable charm on him, Julie. I don't think he'd notice."

"No," I agreed. "I don't think he would. All he talked about all night was his new Italian car. Do you know how fast it can go?"

"No, and I don't care." Dan snapped off the car light and pulled out his keys. "All I care about is what I'm going to say to Sanders tomorrow to soften the blow. He's going to have a hard time figuring out which of the other men on the staff to sell Mrs. Irwin, and he isn't going to like me for it."

That turned out to be quite an understatement. Dr. Sanders at first refused to believe Dan was serious, and afterwards turned literally purple when he couldn't get him to change his mind.

Finally Dan had called up support in the person of Dr. Edwards, his immediate superior. He had taken the precaution of talking it over with Dr. Edwards, who was a good friend as well as a colleague, before he saw Dr. Sanders, and he knew that Dr. Edwards was completely on his side.

"Sanders has so much regard for Edwards that I thought maybe he'd be convinced by him, if not by me, that I meant what I was saying." Giving me his report of the interview at lunchtime, Dan was too tense to eat. Betty, the "help," took away his untouched salad and quietly substituted a glass of milk for his coffee, and I sent her a grateful look. "What Sanders can't stomach is the idea that I'm refusing the offer because I don't approve of the conditions. It's an implied criticism of him. He's so eager to get the money he'd take it under any *conditions*."

"Well, he's the hospital's administrator, Dan. He's got to keep things rolling somehow. Dr. Sanders is a good salesman. He'll find a way to slip one of the other doctors into the spot. He can talk anyone into anything. You told me that yourself."

"He can't talk himself out of knowing that fundamentally he really agrees with me. That's what gets me, Julie—he doesn't like it any more than I do, that even a small part of the Stanton Hospital should be guilty of discriminatory practice. Why won't he come out and say so, stand on his principles?"

Personally, at this point I didn't care what Dr. Sanders stood on as long as it wasn't Dan. Dan was working far too hard these days to carry any extra worries. Mrs. Irwin would undoubtedly transfer her ailments to another doctor's care, but we'd just have to put up with that loss. She had been a valued patient and a pleasant acquaintance, until now, and her gesture toward Dan had been so very kind that I found it hard to be very angry in my thoughts about her. Oddly, it was Herbert Irwin rather than his mother who stirred me to anger. He was young, after all. He ought to be more in touch than his mother with the world as it was today. Why couldn't he be some use to her, show her that her distinction between this kind of person and that kind of person was as out-of-date as the dodo? He was her only contact with real life. He was all she had to love. I recalled her fond sigh over Herbert's cars. "He goes much too fast in them," she'd confided. "But he gets such pleasure out of it. I can't bear to say no when he falls in love with a new one. He gets excited about so few things as it is . . ."

From what I had seen, he got excited about nothing but cars. Was he bored, lazy, spoiled—or just plain stupid? Whatever it was, there was no help to be looked for from Herbert. Or anybody else. There would be no changing of Mrs. Irwin's mind. The best thing we could do was remove Dan from the situation and let her find somebody whose ideas jibed with her own.

Dan may have suspected it wasn't going to be that simple, but I certainly didn't. The day he told me he was going to see Mrs. Irwin and decline her offer with thanks, I was in such a celebrating mood that I persuaded Betty to let me try my hand at a chocolate cake, in spite of her familiar mutterings that there were those who could cook and those who were best off not trying. We were in the middle of it when the phone shrilled.

It was Mrs. Irwin. Her chiseled tones couldn't be anything but gracious, but it was clear enough that something had ruffled her. "Forgive me for disturbing you, my dear. I felt you were the person to ask for clarifications. Your husband has been to see me."

"Yes, I know." I took a firm grip on the phone and wondered frantically how much or how little to say.

"And naturally you know what we discussed. I'm afraid I don't understand Dr. Palmer's position. Can you explain why he should be concerned as to how I wish my money spent?"

"I'm sure Dan did his best to explain, Mrs. Irwin. He is not in sympathy with— he doesn't feel—" I was furious at the way I was sputtering. How could I put it without just telling her, straight out?

"He suggests that I am a bigoted, intolerant old woman. I'm afraid I find *his* attitude intolerant. Is it not intolerance to deny another person the right to act according to her beliefs?"

"Dan isn't trying to control your actions, Mrs. Irwin. He simply wishes not to be associated with them. He feels a hospital should be open to anyone and everyone who needs hospital care, that's all." That's straight enough, I thought. Surely she must see the justice of it! I went on, emboldened. "Dan must act according to his beliefs, too. He couldn't be the doctor he is if he didn't. And after all—it doesn't matter who's head of the new pavilion, does it? What's vital is that the hospital will have some of the new space and facilities it needs so desperately. Stanton General's doctors are all very fine, Mrs. Irwin. Any one of them. . . ."

Silence came heavily over the wire. Heavily and all of a sudden ominously. Why didn't she speak? What was she thinking?

"I've had great regard for Dr. Palmer's ability." She sounded muffled, as though she'd turned from the phone, thinking. "Only for that reason would I dream of asking you to talk to him. You seem to be a young person of unusual good sense. Perhaps you can help him to—to reconsider his stand. It's rather unpleasant to hold out a gift and have it thrust aside as though it were unworthy." Her voice sharpened again. She had made up her mind about whatever it was. "Perhaps the Stanton General Hospital can get along quite well without an Irwin Memorial Pavilion. Goodbye, my dear."

"Mrs. Irwin—" But she was gone. I sat there for a moment, my heart beating hard. Darn it, anyway, the whole thing. It wasn't over. Something was going to happen. I'm not given to premonitions, but I had one then, shivering in the chill that had suddenly invaded our gay little hall. It wasn't over by a long shot. But oh, *dear*, what was coming now?

Dan was pale and jumpy when he got home. Dr. Sanders had made another try at getting him to change his mind. He smiled grimly when I told him of Mrs. Irwin's call.

"You'd think I mattered," he said wearily. "The two of them, working away with their own particular axes. You should have heard Sanders, Julie. He was magnificent. All the subtle, artful arguments, putting me in the wrong. What did it matter how the hospital got help as long as it got it, as long as it meant thirty-six more patients could be taken care of? He even said he had no doubt that in the long run it wouldn't matter what Mrs. Irwin said about who could be sick in her beds and who wasn't good enough. Get the new wing first, and, little by little, I'd see that these things could be managed. Little by little, there would be no difference between the wing and the rest of the hospital."

"Then he really does agree with you."

"Sure he does. That's why he's working on me, Julie, his conscience is probably working on him. If he were as callous as he tries to sound he wouldn't spare me a minute. He'd write me off as an idealistic jackass, who hadn't grown up yet, and sell Mrs. Irwin on one of the other staff doctors."

"Dan—" I went over and sat on the arm of his chair, so I could look down into his eyes. I put my hands on either side of his face to hold it steady. "It doesn't make you change your mind, does it? Any of it?"

Dan pulled one of my hands down to his lips and kissed it. "Not a chance. The more worried he gets the more sure I am that what I'm doing is right. It would be such a smacking blow for the right side, Julie, if Sanders persuaded the hospital board to turn the money down because of what it stands for. If the whole hospital went on record as taking a stand against intolerance and snobbism even if it meant losing a quarter of a million dollars. . . ."

He sighed. "They won't, of course."

I had told Dan everything about Mrs. Irwin's call except the most important thing—the way it had made me feel. I couldn't shake off the growing feeling of bad things ahead, but there was no sense adding to Dan's strain. Still, I had to do something, and after a couple of days of increasing uneasiness I did it. I went to see Mrs. Irwin.

She was charming, polite, gracious—and frightening. For I knew after the first five minutes that I was talking to a woman who had made up her mind. Perhaps if I hadn't come—perhaps if I hadn't tried again to explain why Dan couldn't accept the honor she'd offered him—she might have gone on discussing it with Dr. Sanders, might in the end have let herself be talked into choosing another doctor for the job. But no—now that I think of it—she must have had her plans already made, for she told me her lawyer was already up in Boston making the new arrangements she'd decided on. Stunned and unbelieving, I heard her say she was withdrawing her offer from the hospital. She was going to give the money instead to a New England genealogical society.

I stared at her. "Mrs. Irwin, you can't be serious!"

Her eyebrows went up. "My dear child, why not? They were quite delighted, I assure you. It's really a most worthwhile organization. So many people—really fine, well-connected people, you know, even though they may be farmers or workmen—have no means of ascertaining their family background except through this group."

"So many fine people here in Stanton will have to go on the hospital waiting list, because there aren't beds enough for them, and put off the care that might save them suffering, might even save their lives—"

Mrs. Irwin shrugged. "It's evident that my whole contact with the hospital was ill-advised. I meant well. I meant it for the best. But in view of the reception—Mr. Forsythe will inform Dr. Sanders tomorrow. I trust he won't be too upset." She smiled and nodded toward an embroidered bell-pull beside my chair. "If you'll ring that, my dear, Jasper will bring us some tea. Or would you prefer coffee?"

I couldn't wait for Dan to get home so I could tell him. I think we both knew then that the thing we'd been calling a "situation," and had been hoping would be closed without any more trouble for anyone, was rapidly approaching a climax far more shattering than we'd foreseen.

It was coming fast, too. The next day I was on my way out of the hairdresser's when Dan suddenly materialized before me on the street. At eleven in the morning! My heart tripped violently, and I almost threw myself at him.

"Dan! What's wrong?"

"Let's get out and I'll tell you." He hurried me across the sidewalk to his car. "Everything's busted wide open, Julie, Mrs. Irwin apparently meant what she told you. Sanders got the news this morning from her lawyer, and he went right through the roof. Asked me to resign."

I turned cold all over. "Oh, Dan, no!"

"That's not the worst. I told him I wouldn't do it. I'm sick and tired of helping him sit on the fence. He wants me to resign so he can get the news to Mrs. Irwin that I'm out, and there are no longer any critics at the hospital. Maybe he really thinks she'll do an about-face and put up the money again. I think he's crazy—she'll never change her mind."

"Never mind her," I said impatiently. "What about you? How can you not resign?"

Dan's jaw tightened. "It'll be a mess, Julie, but I can't see doing it any other way. He suspended me, and he'll have to prepare a whole case to present at the next hospital board meeting—a case for my dismissal. And then I'm going to speak my piece, believe me. For all he knows, half the men on the board will agree with me. He'd give anything to avoid it. He practically pleaded for my resignation. Said he'd recommend me to any hospital in the country, explain it had nothing to do with my work—"

"I should think so!" Frightened visions tumbled about me. Dan's career toppling, his practice wrecked, all the devoted hard work of years shattered . . . I took hold of myself. Dan wasn't scared. I wouldn't be!

We slept so little, and so fitfully, for the next couple of days that time seemed to run together. There was a waiting feeling all through the house, a sense of something impending. One thing I do remember sharply enough was Dr. Edwards' kindness, the trouble he took to come around and talk things over. I don't know that he would have counseled Dan to act as he had, but the fact that Dan had done it was enough, and Dr. Ewards' support would be no small factor in the fight. He was important at Stanton General Hospital—perhaps only Dr. Sanders himself knew just how important. He told us merrily that Sanders was almost beside himself because it turned out nobody had told Mrs. Irwin about Dan!

I jumped up impatiently. All talk of Mrs. Irwin right now got under my skin. It was so maddeningly unfair that a woman we hardly knew could be having such a violent effect on our lives, perhaps a permanently damaging one. I didn't want to hate her—I knew that wasn't really justified. But if we kept talking about her this way I wasn't going to have any choice. I brought out a pitcher of iced coffee and a complete change of conversation, and I was grateful when both men seemed to understand and follow my lead.

That passed one night. Another day and another night . . . I was counting them off as the night set for the board meeting came nearer. I made myself stick to routine. The only giveaway that things weren't normal was the extreme irritation I had to fight down whenever some small snag occurred in the routine. I came home almost in tears the day Mr. Pulaski's shop was unaccountably closed and I had to go to the supermarket three blocks further down for the week's meat.

Betty thought it was queer when I told her. "He's got no family," she said. "Never goes anywhere. Say, could he be sick?"

"He could be. That stomach trouble he complained about got better after Dan told me what to tell him to eat—" I opened the refrigerator door so that I could put it between Betty and me. I didn't want her to see the nervous flush I could feel rushing over me. Anything was enough to unnerve me these days. If only that meeting would come, and be over!

The feeling passed, and a twinge of shame took its place. Couldn't I think of anything but my own troubles? Suppose Mr. Pulaski *was* sick, alone up there in his flat over the store. I tried to telephone him and when I didn't get any answer my vague oppression deepened. I was about to try it again, just for luck, when the phone rang under my hand. I snatched it up.

"Julie?" It was Dan, speaking with just that extra measure of quiet control that told me instantly something was up. "Something rather grim has happened. Not to me," he added, hearing my swift intake of breath. "Mr. Pulaski—the butcher— is in the hospital. Had an accident. Pretty bad, but he'll be all right."

"Oh, Dan. I was just wondering why his shop wasn't open."

"It won't be for some time, I'm afraid. But that's not all of it. Julie, did Mrs.

Irwin tell you where she'd be staying in Boston?"

"Tell me! Of course not. I could find out from Jasper, probably. Dan—*why?*"

"Because I'm afraid Herbert Irwin wasn't as lucky as Mr. Pulaski. It looks as though Mrs. Irwin ought to be told to get back here as fast as she can. I've got to go now. I'll tell you the details when I get home. See what you can find out, will you?"

He didn't hear me say, "I'll try," because my throat was suddenly so dry. It took a lot of effort to sound natural when I talked to Jasper. With a shaking pencil I noted the hotel he named. What had happened? The question hammered away at my skull like a woodpecker. Mr. Pulaski and Herbert Irwin . . . what *happened*?

Dan came in almost on the heels of my call, stopping on his way from the hospital to his office. There had been a big dance at the country club the night before. Maybe that was why Herbert Irwin was driving along the highway somewhere around four in the morning—maybe he'd just taken his date home and was racing back to his own house. Had something gone wrong with the beloved Italian car? Or had he closed his eyes for a second dozed off before he knew it—it only needed a second to lose control, swerve, crash into a stone wall. And then with Herbert unconscious, pinned behind the wheel, the car had burst into soaring, devouring flame. That they knew for certain, for when Mr. Pulaski came along in his one-half-ton panel truck on his way to the wholesale meat market all he saw at first was a mass of flame. It was a second or so before he even realized there was a car in the center of the horror, and a man in the car. He'd rushed in, thoughtless of anything except that he must do something, *something*. Nobody could imagine how he'd twisted and heaved that charred figure out of the flames. Or how, burnt as he himself was, he'd managed to speed to the hospital, and stay conscious long enough to make them understand there was somebody out in his car.

Somebody Nobody knew who. There was only just life in him, but no identifying mark of any kind remained. They did what they could, even as they did for Mr. Pulaski, and put them both in the same room. When Mr. Pulaski regained consciousness he told the nurse Dan was his doctor, and that was how Dan came into it. He'd taken charge of Mr. Pulaski, and at the butcher's pleading he'd agreed to have a look at the motionless, nightmare figure that lay so quietly on the other bed. He'd had to lift swathing bandages to see the face. Only then had Dan recognized Herbert Irwin. Blinded and maimed and so terribly destroyed that recovering would be no mercy for him.

You couldn't even cry or be torn with pity. It was too dreadful for that. All you could do was any small thing that might be of some use. We never even thought it was odd that we, of all people, should be calling Mrs. Irwin. This was the quickest way, that was all, and better than having her learn of the tragedy from a servant. She was amazing. I can't remember what was said, exactly, or what words I used. But I do remember, very well, the hard control that came down over her like an iron mold, shaping her actions, steadying her words. I remember that when her plane got in she didn't seem surprised that I had come to meet her, to go with her to the hospital.

It was almost frightening, the way she didn't break down. I would have been terrified if she had, but at least it would have seemed normal. She was like a stone figure, but her mind wasn't frozen. With at least one small part of it she was aware of the rest of the world, as the taxi crept through traffic toward the hospital. She talked to me, asked about Dan. She even recalled that the board meeting was to be held the next night. Dr. Sanders, she said, had kept her well informed, though she didn't understand why he bothered.

Her poise was so perfect that when I took her hand in the hospital lobby I could feel it steadier than my own. She did look at me then, though. "Don't be upset for me, my dear," she said. "I'm—quite old." Then her hand twisted suddenly in mine. "But Herbert was so young." A nurse came up and touched her arm, and I left them. There was no more I could do for anyone, no way I could change anything that might happen. All I could do was go home and pray for all of us . . . and wait. And try to be everything Dan needed, so that in some way I'd keep him strong when he so badly needed to be.

Everything I know about what happened at the hospital I got in brief snatches of talk with Dan, on the phone or when he came tiredly home to eat or sleep. It wasn't until everything was over, the next night, that we sat down together long enough for him to tell me the whole thing. Even then, of course, there were important parts he didn't know because he'd spent most all his time with Herbert Irwin.

It must have been quite a shock for Mrs. Irwin to discover that Herbert had insisted that Dan take care of him. The poor fellow's conscious moments were few, but they'd been enough for him to find out that Dan was Mr. Pulaski's doctor. Herbert seemed to attach a mystical importance to that. Mr. Pulaski had saved his life. He kept calling him his "brother," and Herbert seemed to want to get as close to the butcher, spiritually and emotionally, as he could in the time that was left to him. For Herbert knew that he was dying. "It was a strange thing to watch," Dan told me thoughtfully. "Almost as if the fire had burned away a useless shell and suddenly freed the real person in Herbert. The way he lashed out at his mother when she started giving orders to have Pulaski moved!"

Mrs. Irwin had been grateful to Mr. Pulaski, of course. She had stood by his bed and told him, with the closest approach to tears anyone had ever seen in her, that there were no words she knew to convey her gratitude. "I owe you the life of my only child," she told him. "If you were a mother you would understand that there are no words, nothing I can do or say, that would begin to thank you enough. You're a fine man, Mr. Pulaski, a good and wonderful man. You risked your own life, I understand. One thing I can and will do is to see that you have every comfort." And she started giving orders about a private room for Mr. Pulaski, day and night nurses, a fund to make up what he'd lose while his business was closed. She was dumfounded when Herbert refused to let Mr. Pulaski be moved.

Mr. Pulaski didn't want to go, either. He had tried in his quiet, deprecating way, to say that she needed to do nothing for him, but she had simply disregarded that and gone ahead. It was Herbert who got through to her. "Can't you understand anything, anything about people?" He hadn't had the strength to shout, but Dan said you could feel him wanting to. "Human beings, Mother, with feelings and hearts. I want him here, beside me. He's my brother. There's nobody closer than a man who's done what he did for me, without knowing or caring who I was, only that another human being was in trouble and needed help."

"Darling, don't waste your strength." Mrs. Irwin held the bandaged hand lightly in both of hers. "I'll do anything you say, anything."

"Then stop paying with money for what he did. Unless you can pay him with love, with understanding, you can't pay at all and you'd better not try it." Dan had gone quietly out then and sent the nurse in with Herbert's medication. He was so shaken and startled at those words, those thoughts, coming from Herbert Irwin that he'd been afraid for a minute he was going to cry himself. The tragedy of Herbert's accident was suddenly intensified beyond bearing. It had been sad, because he was so young—because it was so terrible. But for Herbert to find on the thin edge of the end of his life that he might have lived a very different one, that he might have been a really worthwhile, thinking, feeling person . . . that was tragedy to twist even a doctor's carefully protected emotions. Doctors see many births and deaths in the course of a lifetime, many wonderful, terrible things—but it isn't often even a doctor sees the birth of a soul.

Preoccupied with Herbert and his office practice, to say nothing of his other hospital patients, Dan didn't have the time or inclination to brood about the board meeting that was now only hours away. He was too tired to think about fighting. Dr. Sanders intended to press for his dismissal on the grounds that he had been reckless, irresponsible of the hospital's welfare, had shown poor judgment. In short, Dr. Sanders was going to say, "Gentlemen, if Dr. Daniel Palmer weren't such an idealistic, bull-headed, opinionated man, this hospital would now be drawing up plans for the new wing we've all been crying for. I do not criticize him as a doctor; we all know that his devotion and talent have added greatly to the stature of our hospital. I say that in view of the difficult situation his stubbornness has created, he would be a more useful doctor in some other institution than ours."

All Dan wanted was a few minutes before the board, to clarify his position. He just wanted to explain, and get out. But the evening of the board meeting he saw that he might not even be able to do that, and he didn't even care much. For Herbert Irwin was sinking. Dan judged he might not last through the night. And he couldn't seem to bear having Dan out of his hearing. He wasn't conscious much, and sometimes he wandered. At one point Dan thought he heard him say, "I wonder if it's an illusion. Maybe at the end everyone thinks he might have been something different. Stay around, Dr. Palmer. You help."

Dan bent to him. "I'll stay, Herbert. As long as you want me."

In the corner, Mrs. Irwin stirred in her chair. When Dan left the bedside, she murmured, "The board meets tonight, Dr. Palmer, does it not? I imagine you'll want to be there."

"It's not that important. If Herbert wants me here, that's that."

She gave him a strangely piercing look. "Of course," she said. "It would be that way, with you. " They had spoken little after that, and Herbert's fitful mutterings had been the only sound for a while.

At about nine a nurse motioned Dan into the corridor. Dr. Edwards was out there, worried. "Dan—the meeting's held up waiting for you. When can you get loose here?"

"I can't at all. Irwin wants me with him. He's going, and he knows it. They can get along without me better than this kid can."

Dr. Edwards hesitated, searching Dan's pale, drawn face. "Sanders will make capital of it. He'll hint you're afraid to defend yourself."

Dan smiled. It must have carried so much meaning—so much scorn of what Dr. Sanders or anyone could do to influence him in the face of what was going on in the

room behind him, that Dr. Edwards simply nodded.

"All right, Dan. I'll leave it to you. And don't be afraid there'll be nobody to state your position. I'll be there."

Dan put his hand briefly on the older man's shoulder, and went back into Herbert's room. Mrs. Irwin was gathering up her purse and gloves. She whispered that Herbert was asleep again, and she was going to run out for a few moments while she could. Dan scarcely noted her going. The night was taking on a dreamlike quality because he was so very tired. Herbert stirred and called him weakly. Dan was alarmed into alertness. He found the pulse, and his heart tightened. Almost over now. Where was that woman? She'd better get back . . . but Herbert seemed to be laughing behind his bandages. Dan bent over.

"Told Mother . . . about Dad. He'd have been ashamed. What she wanted with her money for the hospital." The voice trailed off, strengthened. "Told her another . . . know what I said? If she'd had her way, John couldn't have come here. John Pulaski. Had to die in the street, not good enough for mother's hospital. I told her. Should've done it long. . . ."

That was the last time he spoke.

It was almost eleven when Dan got home. He wasn't like Dan at all—so fearfully drained and still that I was really frightened. He told me about Herbert.

We were just about to go upstairs—I had my hand on the wall switch to turn off the downstairs lights—when I thought I heard steps on the porch. I glanced at my watch. Almost twelve. "Who on earth?" Dan said, and came from behind me to open the front door. "Edwards?" he said into the darkness out there. My heart began to hammer. Dr. Edwards, coming here from the meeting? Like Paul Revere, I thought rather wildly. Bringing the news, to sound the alarm.

"Fine hours you keep." Dr Edwards stepped into the hallway, and gave us both one of those dry, unreadable looks he was so good at. Poker-faced, Dan had once called him. I'd never minded it before.

"Fine hours you pick to go walking," Dan said in a tight voice that wasn't his at all.

"Well, I thought I'd get the smoke and talk out of my hair. And it's a nice night—pleasure to see a street absolutely empty of people. Sometimes I think people are the most—" He sighed. "But that's not what I came over for. I was thinking, Doctor, that I'd like to start rounds at the hospital a bit earlier than we've been doing. Gives us a longer day. Think you could make it, say, at eight-thirty? Starting tomorrow?"

I gasped and sat down suddenly on the bottom step. Dan made a strangled sound. Dr. Edwards said briskly, "Well, of course, if you don't want the details—"

"I can't believe it," Dan said. He pushed his hand through his rumpled hair. "You mean I'm—not out? They didn't—"

"No, they didn't. They had sense enough for that. A rousing vote of confidence, Dan, that's what you got. By majority decision, you were right to take a stand against intolerance and bigotry coming into the hospital, and Sanders—by implication, of course—was wrong to consider allowing it."

"It's your doing, Dr. Edwards," Dan said slowly. "If they understood my position well enough to see it, it's because of what you told them."

"That's where you're wrong. Not me, Dan. Mrs. Irwin, not me. She told them."

"Mrs. Irwin!" The tears I'd been choking on were surprised right out of me. "What—how? What did she do?"

I guess Dr. Edwards in his own way was working off a little of the strain he'd been under. He seemed to take a sly pleasure in drawing it out . . . but when he was finished we had a clear and meaningful enough picture of what had taken place.

Mrs. Irwin had been down at the meeting all right. With all her formidable guns. Dr. Edwards said she was magnificent. They all knew her son was upstairs, dying, and so did she. She said they would understand by the fact that she could leave her son at such a time just how important she thought it was for her to speak to them. And she had made a clear statement of apology for the way in which she had made her original offer. She hadn't said her own opinions were changed. But she had come to realize, through the implacable stand Dan had taken, that her opinions had no place in the hospital.

"Dr. Palmer's integrity and character are such that I can no longer doubt the justice of his stand," she said. "I make no stipulations, no regulations, no rules. I am merely coming here to tell you that I intend to reopen my offer to Stanton General Hospital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be used in any way best judged by all of you to do the most good for the hospital and the community." She had spoken standing, and she picked up her purse and started to leave. "There is just one word I might add," she said. "You all know where Dr. Palmer is at this moment, and why he has refused to desert his post even if it means the loss of his chance to defend himself here. I leave it to you gentlemen whether this is the action of a man who could be called irresponsible in any sense of the word."

"She was sweeping," Dr. Edwards said with admiration. "Bernhardt couldn't have improved on it. And of course she wasn't acting. So—that's that. After she left there was nothing to do but collect the votes, shake hands and go home. You're back in, Dan'l my boy."

Stunned, lost in a picture of the scene he'd drawn so vividly, Dan and I had to shake ourselves back into the present to remember to thank him as warmly as he deserved for bringing the news right over. After he left we weren't sleepy any more. We stood on the porch, hand in hand, watching him stride off down the quiet street, his footsteps fading away into silence. Dan spoke quietly.

"It's heartbreaking, Julie. She didn't do it for me. She did it for Herbert—to coax back his love. To make herself fit into the new standard he suddenly found for himself. And she did it too late. He never knew."

"Don't be too sure of that, Dan." I tightened my fingers in his. "Why ever she did it, it's done. The good it will do goes on." I took a deep, relaxing breath in the night. "It will make it easier for her," I said, out of a knowledge that had come to me from I didn't know where. "She wanted a memorial—an Irwin Memorial to her husband. That one was all wrong; she would have been ashamed of it in the end. But this one is real. Don't you see? A memorial to Herbert, Dan, the way he would want it now. The way the man he could have been would have wanted it to be."

Dan put his arm around me. "I'd be glad if I thought there was any way of making it easier for her," he said, troubled. "She's made everything easier for us—to say the least."

"She has . . . or Herbert has . . . or maybe you have to go back and say it was Mr. Pulaski. People are so entwined, Dan. How can you tell where their effect on each other begins, where it ends?"

"I can tell when it's too late in the night for philosophy, Julie," Dan said. But I knew by the way he kissed me, before we went upstairs, that he'd listened to what I was trying to say. And that, as always with Dan and me, he understood.

Laughter in Rosemary's Heaven

(*Continued from page 58*)

just as promptly named him "Easter."

The Shidlers' (and Easter's) home is a big hilltop house overlooking a sweeping ocean view at Redondo Beach. A colorful winding street leads to the top of the hill. The impressive two-story Spanish house immediately commands attention and beyond it lies the beautiful blue Pacific, stretching for miles like a great smooth bowl.

But it isn't the big, solid, comfortable house, sitting among newer houses of all shapes and sizes, that sets this family apart. It's the family itself.

Perhaps it begins with Rosemary, who leads a dual—if not triple—life. Once a week she travels to nearby Hollywood, where she enacts her radio role for Dr. Christian. At other times, the neighbors aren't at all startled to see her auto heading out of the family driveway as early as five A.M. She's on her way to a motion picture studio where she takes part in three or four movies a year.

But the rest of the time, on all those days in between acting, Rosemary is Mrs. John Shidler, wife of the judge from Torrence, a neighboring community of Redondo, and mother to four healthy daughters. No small job in itself.

"I don't have a schedule," confesses Rosemary, "it's just luck that gets things done. I'm a very disorganized person, but my husband is wonderfully sane and well-balanced. And my children all pitch in and help run the house. Even if, when I do get home, they immediately fall upon the couch and look completely helpless."

In spite of her modesty, Rosemary is a strong guiding force in the household. Everybody adores her, from the nurse and housekeeper to the family pet, Easter.

Rosemary's always been a person of divergent interests. She likes to try everything and, with her easy, charming manner, she's a success—after a fashion. Just last January she took up ceramics at night school to while away the hours during pregnancy. She turned out a complete set of dishes for four, plus individual pieces for the girls. "But John would greet each new effort with a raised eyebrow and ask me when was I going to bring home something we could *really* eat out of!" she laughs.

"The dishes for the girls came out all right. But poor John would sit down to a cup of coffee and as he reached for the cup it would slowly slide toward the edge of the saucer. He thought maybe they were haunted. I can see it would be *rather* disconcerting to reach for a slowly sliding cup of coffee, especially if it's the first cup in the morning.

"In the baking and firing, the dishes shrank to odd sizes and shapes," she explains, "so that not all of them came out perfectly. John's cups were bigger and of course suffered more. I must admit some of them *were* warped a *bit!* John said the cups looked drunk, even if they weren't haunted—and, at any rate, they weren't the sort of thing into which you put a man's morning coffee."

It's easy to see that Rosemary and John were meant for each other. John is just as vitally interested in as many things as Rosemary. Two careers in one family in this case blend and complement one another. As Rosemary, the actress's husband, John is understanding and a part of all she undertakes.

Rosemary, on the other hand, is equally at home as a judge's wife. She enjoys entertaining political groups and even has made speeches on her husband's behalf during compaigns. "But being the mother of four young children puts a limit on this," she laughs.

The four children are individuals, themselves. "Characters, we think," adds Rosemary. "Even the youngest, born just March twenty-first, already has a personality."

There's Margaret, called Nana, who is nine. Martha, who is known as Marcie, age five and a half. Valerie Dorothy, answering to the nickname of Pallie, who is four and a half. Finally, Nita Louise, who's been tagged "Lou Cheese" by her sisters.

"They're very average," Rosemary chuckles. "They love to fight!"

The two older girls go to a nearby public school of whose school board their father is president. "This has absolutely no influence on their behavior," says Rosemary, "there are still times when they are demons!"

Rosemary believes in free expression—up to a point—for her children, and encourages their taking part in whatever interests them. Nana, at nine, is a whale of a bridge player and plans to enter tournaments. Nana is also interested in politics and can tell you about her father's campaign platform as well as his opponents'. Her analytical mind has never failed to amaze the family. Not even when Rosemary took her to her first movie several years ago.

Nana at a tender age was familiar with the workings and jargon of radio, but she had never seen a movie. Not even one with her mother. So Rosemary took her to a picture, timing their entrance into the theatre with the beginning of the feature. When the feature began over again, Nana turned to her mother and asked, "Are they getting ready to transcribe it now?"

Marcie, the five-year-old, whom Rosemary dubbed "old prune eyes," has one peculiar trait. She adores money! "Which we can't understand," marvels Rosemary, "because she's never been deprived of anything. Yet she hoards money in her fat piggy bank. We're not sure where this thrift will lead, but it's obvious she'll be the banker of the family, from whom we might have to make a touch!"

Four-year-old Pallie is an avid devotee of television. Not content just to watch, Pallie plans to be a TV entertainer. Rosemary's delighted, for one reason. "It helps me to help her to reduce." Pallie is inclined to be a little chubby and, because she wants to dance on video, her mother assures her she's much too stout now to do so. "Now Pallie thinks twice before she stuffs that second cookie down her throat."

The family has many pleasures they share together, but none more eagerly awaited than their annual fishing trip to the mountains. Rosemary and John rent a cabin at the city recreational camp grounds and the whole gang settles down to the serious business of fishing. "We go where the water is so filled with fish you just can't help but catch one," she smiles. "We even expect that Lou Cheese will have a pole in her hand by next summer."

During their eleven years of marriage, Rosemary and John have never stopped having laughs. "We even got together because of a laugh." says Rosemary. "We had known each other in our college days, but drifted apart after we left school. Then one spring the robins took to nesting in my family's rooftop and the newspaper ran a picture of us captioned, 'Strictly for the Birds.' John saw it and thought it so funny that he called up."

After a year's courtship they were married. During the war years, when John was in service, Rosemary and Nana—their only child then—lived in Beverly Hills. But, with John's discharge, the trio wanted to move to the beach where John was a judge.

"We bought the house, in spite of its huge size, in fifteen minutes. Now, with four daughters, we're awfully glad we did."

Rosemary doesn't mind being kidded by her friends about having four daughters! "It's very practical," she explains, "after all, they can bunk in with one another and share clothes."

Rosemary's and John's sense of humor is made obvious in the big, department-store-sized clock they have on their bedroom wall. "Because we are two near-sighted people, we bought the clock with the idea in mind of having it right over the bed. Mighty handy at night for feedings, you know, because we attached a cord to light up the clock's face by merely pressing a hand switch."

As their family grows, so does their resourcefulness and understanding, their love of life and of each other. Easter sensed it, in his lost-puppy way, and knew warmth and cordiality when he found it. There's always laughter in Rosemary's heaven.

The Courage Beyond Belief

(Continued from page 46)

bedroom. I ran upstairs. There she was, clubbing one of her dolls against the wall and repeating the tragic line from the opera.

"Death let me in," her little voice raged in imitation of the great singer.

During Jane's early years, I began to teach her to play the piano. There were other lessons to be taught, lessons in living. Jane was growing into a beautiful girl. She toe-danced gracefully and loved sports but, like most children, she didn't like to practice her music lessons. As soon as she could toddle, Jane had more beaux than I could count, and little wonder. She was so pretty and full of fun. Jane loved to dance and swim and I encouraged her to go to parties from the time she was ten.

When we went to Christian College, where I was to be on the faculty, Jane was twelve years old. I had been giving her occasional guidance with her voice, and, by accident, she was about to make her first professional appearance as a singer.

It happened this way. Besides teaching at the college, I sang in church choirs of many faiths. A choir leader called me on a Sunday morning to say that one of the sopranos was ill, and asked if I could bring along someone to fill in temporarily. I took Jane. It was the first time she had sung in public, and she was uneasy and anxious to do well. After the services, she watched as the choirmaster approached us. He practically ignored her as he spoke to me, but what he said was:

"Mrs. Froman, I intend to let the other soprano go and use your daughter permanently."

I didn't like the idea of Jane's getting the work because of the other woman's misfortune, and I told him so.

"Someone else will get Jane if I don't," he insisted. "You can't hide your daughter's voice."

That was the beginning of Jane's career and, no matter what other interests she had, people always called on her to sing. She completed her secondary schooling on the Christian College campus while I was teaching there. Having me around didn't interfere with her fun. Jane's grades were never better than average, but I didn't complain so long as she enjoyed herself.

The only run-in she had there seems very amusing in retrospect. Christian College forbade smoking. So when I found Jane with a cigarette, I was profoundly shocked.

"You'll have to report yourself to the student council," I told her.

"But, Mother, I had only two puffs," she said.

We talked further about it, though, and the upshot was that—very unhappily—she reported herself. She was even more upset with their decision.

"It's lucky I didn't take three puffs," she said woefully. "I've been restricted to the campus for two months."

When Jane was graduated, she stayed in Columbia to study journalism at the University of Missouri. She had no concrete idea of making music her career, but it's doubtful that she could avoid it. As a child, as a girl in her teens, and as a student at the University, her teachers and companions and choral groups always invited her to sing. So it was that she starred in her Senior Class operetta, and the Cincinnati Conservatory awarded her a two-year scholarship to study voice. She was very excited. From her reaction, I knew that music was her real choice and that she had been merely filling in her education as she studied journalism. However, neither of us anticipated that the scholarship would be instrumental in my being married again.

The day after a Columbia newspaper reported Jane's good fortune, my telephone rang constantly with congratulations from our friends and one near-stranger.

"I want to tell you that the city is very proud of your daughter," a man said.

"Who is this?" I asked.

"This is Mayor Hetzler."

I thanked the Mayor for calling and forgot about it, but he didn't. The next day he sent flowers for me and Jane. He phoned several times again and it didn't take long to realize that, while he admired Jane, his real interest was in me.

"Mother eloped on me," Jane still tells her friends, because the Mayor and I were married while she was in her first year at the Conservatory. Although we were miles apart, Jane and I were always in touch. In the spring of her first year, I journeyed to Cincinnati to hear her sing the lovely aria from "The Queen of Sheba" at commencement exercises. She was the only one outside the graduating class invited to sing.

At the same time, she worked for Radio Station WLW. It was the beginning of a radio career which was to make her famous.

"Working for peanuts" is a joke I've heard people make about a job which doesn't pay well, but that's exactly what her first program was. Jane earned ten dollars for a broadcast sponsored by a maker of toasted peanuts. In a short time, she had twenty-two commercial programs a week and—even at ten dollars a broadcast—that was a lot of money for a girl going to school.

It was at WLW that she got her big opportunity, shortly after being graduated from the Conservatory. Her one A.M. broadcast was piped into New York. There Paul Whiteman heard her and wired, asking if she would meet him in Chicago for an audition.

When Jane phoned me about this big chance, her voice was filled with excitement. I was sorry that I couldn't join her on the trip to Chicago, especially in view of what actually happened. Jane was hardly off the train in Chicago when she fell and broke her ankle! This happened fifteen minutes before her appointment with Paul Whiteman.

How she did it, I don't know, but Jane hobbled to a cab and arrived at the studio in time to make her date. Mr. Whiteman, noticing her dead-white face, must have thought she was merely frightened.

"How many songs shall I sing?" Jane asked.

"Just keep going till I tell you to stop," he said.

Jane began to sing in spite of the pain shooting through her leg. She got through twelve songs before she lost consciousness and collapsed. When she came to, she found Paul Whiteman more concerned with getting a doctor than with criticizing her voice. Later, he told Jane that he'd liked what he heard and offered her a contract.

That was how Jane got her first network show; her successes since then are public knowledge. She has been starred in four Broadway musicals, heard on her own radio programs, in night clubs, concerts and operettas. And now, of course, she's starring in U.S.A. Canteen, CBS-TV's big Saturday-night show.

Although I was making a home for a husband then, Jane and I saw much of each other. I visited her in New York or Chicago or Hollywood. Jane often got home to Columbia. Then I had her favorite dishes ready—chicken and dumplings, or country ham and potato salad. Whenever we got

together, we continued our lifelong practice of trading clothes. Since Jane has been a grown girl, we've worn the same size shoes, dress, coat and hat.

Jane likes to tell the history of one dress in particular. She had stopped off in Columbia and, as usual, was going through my closet.

"Mind if I take this blue dress, Mother?"

It was a dress I'd never been sure I liked.

"Of course," I told her. "You take it."

About a year later, when visiting Jane, I looked at her clothes and then saw a dress that appealed to me.

"Could you give this up?" I asked.

She glanced at the dress, and nodded.

I didn't think any more of it, except that I was charmed by the dress. When I got home, I found a letter from Jane to discover she had been laughing at me all the time. The dress I'd taken was the same one I'd given Jane a year before!

It makes me happy that Jane seems as proud of me as I am of her. She's always maintained that my voice would be a perfect substitute for hers. Once, while I was visiting New York, she tried to prove it. I sat in the studio while she rehearsed a show. Suddenly she gestured for me to join her at the microphone.

"You know this piece, Mother," she said. "Sing it while I go out for some water."

Jane told me the rest of the story. While I sang, she walked back to the control room where the producer and his assistants were chatting. As she opened the door, the men were stunned. They heard the orchestra and what they thought was Jane's voice—but there she stood, quietly smiling at them. Their mouths hung open for a moment.

"That's my mom," Jane said.

That was typical of her, always full of a mild kind of fun that never hurt anyone. Her charm and infectious smile always made many friends. During the war, soldiers loved Jane. But it was on a trip for the USO that she met with that tragic accident, the accident which was to affect her life profoundly.

I was in Columbia at the time. I knew Jane was going into the European war front to entertain our soldiers. Like any mother with a child going overseas, I was terribly worried. And I was under another strain. My husband was very ill.

It was on February 22, 1943, that the shock of her accident came to me. I read in the morning paper that her plane had crashed at Lisbon. That was all I heard, and I didn't know whether or not she was still alive. Until late afternoon, I sat in a daze, numb with fear. Then a wire arrived from the then Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, and for the first time I was conscious of breathing. The telegram said briefly that Jane was injured but would live.

Before Jane got back to the States, the other details of the accident were filled in by the papers and friends in Lisbon. The Clipper was approaching Portugal in a bad storm when it smashed into the river. Twenty-six passengers were killed. Fifteen survived, Jane among them. Her body was badly mangled and one leg had been crushed. In the darkness of night, rain and wind, another survivor, co-pilot John Burn, swam to her rescue and supported her in the water for an hour. Later she was to learn how heroic his act had been, for his back was broken in two places and his skull fractured.

Two months later she was returned to the States and I saw her for the first time in the Doctors Hospital in New York. I wasn't prepared to see her looking so bad. She seemed almost emaciated, her face drawn and pale. Characteristically, she smiled at me.

"Better than going on a diet," she joked.

But it was no joke. She had lost forty-two pounds in eight weeks. The one leg was in fearful shape. She told me then that, after being rescued, she had been on the operating table for three hours without ether or novocain. She was afraid that, if she lost consciousness, the Portuguese doctors would amputate the bad leg.

"I'm going to keep both my legs," she said determinedly. "No matter how hard it is."

And it was very hard and very painful. Through the next five years and twenty operations, Jane was never assured that the chances of saving her leg were good.

Until the fall of that first year, I commuted between Columbia and New York to see Jane and to care for my husband. But when the Mayor died in October, I spent all my time with her. For Jane, the long days in bed were tedious because she had always been a gregarious person. Together we talked and occasionally played cards. Friends visited, but she got much of her pleasure in reading letters from fans. And—although she was in the hospital for two and a half years—eight months after the accident she went back to work.

She was carried from the hospital bed to the studio or theatre where she was working. For the Broadway musical, "Artists and Models," stagehands carried her on and off stage twenty-two times at each performance. But she had to work. Good doctors, hospitals and nurses were expensive. She had received nothing from the airline company.

Two years later, still on crutches, with several more operations to undergo, she made a decision that again demonstrated her courage.

She suddenly announced, "Mother, I'm going overseas again for the USO."

It seemed unnecessary, when there were other entertainers available, in better physical condition. I asked why.

"I'll sing in the military hospitals," she explained. "It'll be better for the injured soldiers than speeches on fortitude and patience. When they see that a girl has been able to make up for a crippled leg, it will give them hope."

I went back to Columbia and my teaching at Stephens College. Jane flew overseas. She traveled thirty thousand miles and gave ninety-five shows in France, Germany, England, Luxembourg, Austria and Czechoslovakia. The proof of the good she had done was in the letters that arrived for months after her return. Her courage had helped all who had seen and heard her.

The year of 1947 saw Jane at the most critical point in her life. She had endured twenty operations on her leg, yet most of the doctors were doubtful that she would ever be able to use it again. They still recommended an amputation. That year Jane met one surgeon who did not say "amputate."

So she went into the hospital for the last operation. If this were not successful, she knew her six years of patience and grueling pain would be for nothing. As she went into the operating room, I realized how important it is that a sick person must never give up hope, even though doctor after doctor offers no encouragement.

"I think it was satisfactory," the doctor said afterwards, but added cautiously that they wouldn't know for five months, when the cast would be removed.

So through the hot summer Jane lay absolutely still in St. Luke's Hospital, allowing for the slow healing and knitting of bones. It was during this most anxious period that John Curtis Burn turned up. He was the pilot who had saved Jane after the crash.

He arrived at the hospital on a hot day. When the nurse announced there was a visitor, Jane was feeling very tired.

"I don't believe I can see anyone today," she said.

The nurse showed Jane his card and Jane changed her mind.

They were almost strangers as they confronted each other. But from the beginning I could feel an intimacy between them. It was difficult to classify, for it was the curious bond of a man and woman who had almost died together.

John was still flying commercial planes, but through June, July and August he came to the hospital every day he was in New York. It didn't take me long to realize they were falling in love. I heard it in their voices and saw it in their eyes.

He was by her side in late August, when they removed the cast and X-rayed. I think everyone's eyes filled with tears when the doctor finally knew the result.

"Jane, you're going to be all right," he said quietly.

We were speechless with our joy. The six months of tense expectancy suddenly evaporated. It was the end of a horrible episode for Jane. Another year of crutches and braces, then she would be able to use her leg.

And it was the beginning of a new life. She and John soon announced they would be married the following March.

I was very happy for her, because I think John is marvelous. He is sweet, gentle and strong.

In the spring, I joined Jane at her Coral Gables home for the wedding. An organ was installed and I played as she walked down the aisle. She was a beautiful bride, even on crutches. It was wonderful seeing the happiness that shone from her eyes. Especially wonderful because I knew that Jane had earned everything she had.

It was like this: In the beginning and early years, success had come easily to her. Her natural talent and beauty had taken her farther than most singers who had put as much, if not more, time into training and schooling. But, when fate had made her suffer and fight to overcome a great handicap, she had come through with valor. It showed that, beneath her seemingly effortless advance, she had always had a strong core of courage. In overcoming pain and doubt, she proved herself worthy of every success she achieved. That's why I'm proud to be the mother of Jane Froman.

Kate Smith—Star in His Hands

(*Continued from page 23*)

mistaken. First, they couldn't sing like Kate. She is an artist in her field.

"Second, they judged Kate by the scales, rather than by her figure and the way she moves. Her bones are big, her shoulders are heavy, but her hips are slim . . . and she doesn't carry herself like a stout girl or act like one. She doesn't think like one, either. Her height may top five feet, ten inches, and her weight run close to 235 pounds . . . but her size has never interfered with her work, her good humor, or her happiness. She just doesn't let it count as anything but an asset.

"Third, to succeed as Kate Smith has, these women would have to have her vitality. Kate can scrub a floor until it gleams, faster than most men could. . . . The funny part of this is that she's apt to do it, too . . . half an hour before she's due at rehearsals, if it needs it . . . although normally she reserves such housekeeping activities for her Lake Placid house during summer vacations. I think that women see in her the homemaker she really is, the woman who may at ten o'clock at night decide a refrigerator shelf needs rearranging or a closet needs cleaning. She represents the tireless housekeeper, the woman who loves order and cleanliness, as well as the artist who works for perfection in her performances. Such combinations are rare."

Kate Smith would have a hard time changing herself now, even if she wanted to. She has to stay the way she is. If anyone thought it would be a shock to her admirers to see her on television, her mail after the first broadcast two years ago completely belied it. So much had been said about her size that viewers were surprised to see how trim she was, how gracefully and lightly she moved about, how little conscious they were of her weight after the first few moments of watching. If Kate herself had had any moments of doubt (and both she and Ted did, naturally enough), they were now proved unnecessary.

Many had failed to realize how pretty she is, how her light brown hair ripples around her face, how expressively she uses her hands, how feminine she is in her dress. (She has very definite ideas about how big women should dress . . . doesn't think they have to wear black and navy all the time, by any means, chooses many of the jewel tones herself—wines, strong blues, deep greens . . . doesn't think they have to wear untrimmed things if trimmings are well chosen . . . doesn't like to see too much fussy stuff or too much jewelry . . . has some lovely pieces herself, but never uses too much at a time.)

Kate couldn't cut her hair too short, even if she were tempted to, because her audience doesn't expect anything so different from her. Letters and telephone calls would pour in, protesting. Such popularity is limiting, as well as gratifying . . . but it proves a personal interest in the real Kate Smith, just as she is.

It is hard to be completely impersonal about Kate . . . especially if you know her well or work with her. "Her theme song ought to be 'You Belong to Me,'" Ted Collins says. "She takes on everybody's problems. If a stagehand has a cold, and begins to cough and sputter, she will stop rehearsing and run up the stairs to her dressing room to get her favorite cold remedy . . . and stand over him while he takes it. On the way down, she will scold one of the NBC press staff for racing up the same stairs she just did, even though it's months since he had an appendectomy and it long since healed.

"When one of the musicians got sick recently, Kate took over . . . worried whether he had the right doctor, the right care, everything he needed to get well. If someone in the crew becomes a father, Kate can hardly wait to mention it on the program. Some listener always sends a little present . . . and she knows the parents will glow with pleasure at a pair of booties specially knitted for their child, or some other small gift which was unexpected. It is Kate herself who puts everything on a personal basis by her interest in everyone and everything around her."

This personal interest almost makes her forget she's a performer when it comes to the part of her TV program called Kate's General Store. Kate asks her questions of contestants as if she were conducting an informal conversation with one of the neighbors she ran into at the corner drugstore or the beauty parlor. If something strikes her funny in the conversation, she is apt to laugh so heartily that she all but breaks up . . . and makes her guests do likewise . . . as if she were completely unaware that they are all under the scrutiny of thousands of eyes every minute. "A lot of Kate Smith's charm lies in her infectious laughter," one of her co-workers says. "We feel it flowing from her to us and to the audience. Her sense of fun is contagious because it is so natural, so unforced. You never think of it as part of her act, because it isn't."

In spite of the fact that Kate is interested in people of all kinds, she has never had the reputation for being easy to know . . . because she insists on a private life that remains just that. Most people know that she and her mother live together in a New York City apartment . . . a Park Avenue penthouse which is not as swank as that sounds . . . because it is small and homelike, even though filled with some of Kate's loveliest antique pieces. They know she has a delightful summer home at Lake Placid. They probably know, too, that she doesn't care about night clubs . . . doesn't make "entrances" at first nights of plays and pictures, has never had a personal press agent.

Yet when she walks Freckles, her cocker spaniel, every other dog-lover in the neighborhood becomes her friend. One poodle "writes" to Freckles during the summer on poodle-monogrammed stationery . . . with reports on what's happening on the local scene.

At Lake Placid, Kate "goes native" two hours after she arrives. That means getting into a housedress, not worrying whether the curl is in her hair, being up to her elbows in cooking something special, getting ready to put up preserves, working in the garden, going over the linens . . . everything she has been longing to get at. There she swims . . . drives a speedboat like a streak . . . runs her car from place to place looking for the special antique pieces she collects—glassware, certain china, rare furniture pieces . . . plays golf, and canasta in the evenings . . . goes to the local movie . . . rests her voice (her own idea of a precautionary measure, although her vocal cords appear to be tireless).

She comes back to New York and television to start a new season each fall, aware that she remains the top money-maker of all the female singers after twenty-two years, aware that she has never had an off-season when she didn't work—or an unsponsored program—grateful for this success, for the gift of her voice, and for the vitality that has allowed her to do so many things so well.

Her Guiding Light

(*Continued from page 34*)

as when she says, "I don't care about possessions too much. Never think of running around, buying those bits of glass! This comes from my feeling about possessions, from losing everything, so that I think now—collecting? For *what?*"

Susan's name, her real name, is Zuzka Zenta. She stands a doll-sized five feet and three-quarters of an inch in her nylons. She weighs ninety-nine pounds. "But my weight should be ninety-five pounds," sighs this animated Dresden figurine

"My husband always went out, he tells me, with very tall, lusciously-built girls—and here he gets stuck," Susan says, making fun of her diminutive height, "with a midget like me!"

And, tit for tat, Susan always went out with American boys, none but American boys (tall ones, too). She didn't want to marry a European because she'd heard, she says, that American men make better husbands. "Then, boom!" laughed Susan, "I met Jan in Canada—Jan, who is a Czech, both of us half a world away from our native homes—and we fall in love, and marry, and make a home together here in New York City, U.S.A."

But this part of the story is part of the love story and comes later on. . . .

Susan changed her name because, when she was trying to break into radio and gave her name, Zuzka Zenta, agents and producers cried out, in pain, "Oh, please, *no*, not another foreigner!"

Susan did her pavement-pounding, she explained, during the war, when refugees were a dime a dozen and the hue-and-cry was on to give our American girls the breaks.

"So finally, out of desperation," she said, "I chose Susan—which is, by the way, a translation of Zuzka." She picked the Douglas out of a telephone directory as, many years ago, the late great David Belasco rechristened another little girl, name of Gladys Smith; the name he picked for Gladys Smith was Mary Pickford.

"I had to have something that didn't sound foreign," Susan said. "I wanted something that was pretty usual and all-American. I wanted a plain name and, next to Smith and Jones, which seemed to be going too far, there were more Douglases than any other name in the phone book."

As a teenager in Prague, Susan went through the Conservatory. "I had seven years of ballet," she said. "I had music, drama, languages. After the Conservatory, I was in the National Theatre in Prague for a year before the Germans came. Then they closed the theatre.

"When I arrived in New York, the people who gave me my affidavit to come here—the affidavit which declared I would not become a public charge—met me. I stayed with them for a little bit. When my mother came, I lived with my mother.

"Because I didn't know English, and also because I was told you must have a high-school diploma if you hope for any work in the theatre, I went for one half-year (the last half of the senior year) to George Washington High School. I took courses in English, which was a good way of learning English and of getting, at the same time, a diploma. During this time, Mother went to work as a beauty consultant for Lord & Taylor, so that the bills might be paid.

"After I was graduated, I went and worked at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's New York offices. I was an assistant to one of the publicity directors in the publicity department. I liked it, too. I like publicity

It was fun to be a part, even an assistant part, of telling people about Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell, Gene Kelly, Clark Gable and all the glamorous others.

But, whether I liked it or not, I needed a job, I had to work. By this time, I had caught on to the fact that there is no National Theatre in America, where you can go and work for the rest of your life, but that it is a matter of a job here, a job there, for the one who has the time to seek jobs. This made me realize that I had to save enough money to take time for auditions.

"I stayed at MGM a year. During that year, I'd use my lunch hours to see agents. One agent, who was really wonderful to me, was Jane Broder. She took me to see Katharine Cornell in 'Three Sisters.' The two people I most wanted to see in America were Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes, so this gave me a big, big thrill. I also learned from Jane Broder how difficult the theatre is. Not as it is in Europe, she made plain to me—no security. Why didn't I, she asked, try radio?

"This was fine with me. I'll act in anything, just so long as I can *act*. I've done all four mediums now—theatre, movies, radio and television—and in these I've done everything but sing. I can't sing," Susan added ruefully. "Imagine that—and me married to a basso profundo!

"But, for radio, as for any other medium, I had to have time to get around and meet people and try for auditions. So during that year, to save enough money, I lived with a family, helping them take care of their kids, which was mostly a matter of getting them up in the morning and helping them with their homework in the evenings. Since I didn't have to pay any room rent, I saved enough from my salary to live for six months without working, which was the whole purpose. . . .

"Once this purpose was accomplished, and the money in the bank, I went to live at the Rehearsal Club on Fifty-third Street—a non-profit organization where you can live (I did) for thirteen dollars a week for room and two meals.

"So that's when I started the radio rounds, applying for auditions. I must have taken about sixty auditions, over a period of three or four months, before I got my first job, which was a part in a dramatic educational program called School of the Air. Dick Sandville was the director and out of that first job—and thanks to Dick—came my first running part in the serial, Wilderness Road. I played the daughter, who was one of the leads. I was in that for a year—which was really terrific!

"But I must tell you a funny story," Susan laughed, "about the first job. When Mr. Sandville interviewed me for the part in School of the Air, he asked the key question: 'What experience have you had?' I'd answered that one many times before with the honest, one-syllable word, 'None.' And 'Nothing right now, I'm sorry,' was the answer *I* got in return. So, this time, what with the passing months eating away at my savings, I told a real whopper: 'Well, I worked for two years in Scranton, Pennsylvania,' I said. (Why Scranton, I will never know—I had never, so help me, heard anything about the place!)

"But Mr. Sandville appeared to accept the story and I got the job.

"The first day in the studio, he told me during a scene, 'Now you fade.' I hadn't an idea what he meant. '*Fade.*' What was that? In another scene, a short while later 'This time,' said Mr. Sandville, 'you cross-fade.' I didn't know what that meant. either.

"When the rehearsal was over, Mr. Sandville said, looking me straight in the eye: 'Even in Scranton, they know what a fade and a cross-fade is.' And I knew that Mr. Sandville knew I had never before seen the inside of a radio studio, either in Scranton or any other place!

"But from then on, I worked pretty steadily . . a new thing, a new job, always seemed to come out of the job before. Out of the three or four shows I did for Theatre Guild on the Air came my first Broadway play, 'Prologue to Glory,' in which I played Ann Rutledge. And out of 'Prologue to Glory' came an offer from the Theatre Guild to play the part of Consuelo, the girl lead, in 'He Who Gets Slapped.' I then did a couple more plays and a couple of movies in Hollywood, 'The Private Affairs of Bel Ami,' 'Lost Boundaries.' And then I did a movie in Canada called 'Forbidden Journey.'" As she spoke of the movie in Canada called "Forbidden Journey," the color of Susan's eyes changed, deepened, for it was during the making of "Forbidden Journey" Susan met her love.

"We were doing the picture in Montreal," Susan said, "and were looking for someone to play the part of a Czech stowaway. Jan, whose full name is Jan Rubes (pronounced Rubesh), had just got over from Czechoslovakia—he left soon after the Communists came in. And someone who knew about the film, and had met Jan, suggested to him that he try for the part. He did. He was given a test and he got the part. So there we were, playing the leads, and Jan—a Czech, who spoke almost no English—practically playing himself!

"The first scene we played together, having barely and briefly been introduced, was—the love scene! With which we had so much difficulty that we had to do it *thirty-eight* times! It was a jinx—sort of a *lovely* jinx," Susan smiled and sighed, "for, halfway through each take, something happened, either to the camera, or the birds made too much noise, or a plane zoomed overhead, or we forgot our lines, for which the 'penalty' was—Jan and I going into the clinch time after time after time up to the count of, as I've said, *thirty-eight!*

"Yes, it was 'at first sight' with both of us, I guess. But speaking for myself, no guesswork about it—and why not? He's six-foot-one," Susan said, eyes blue now, and shining, "he weighs 195 pounds. He has light brown hair and gray-green eyes and, as a singer, he's a basso profundo, the rich volume of which shatters your heart—and mine!

"Originally, Jan wanted to be a doctor—as I, originally, wanted and hoped to be a ballet dancer—but when the Germans came to Prague they closed the Univer-

sity, so he couldn't continue with his studies. Music was his next love, so he went to audition at the Conservatory of Music in Prague and won the scholarship over 280 applicants. After he finished at the Conservatory, he was engaged as bass baritone at the Prague Opera House. He was the youngest bass baritone at the Opera House, the youngest that had been there for twenty years.

"The only thing Jan likes better than singing is his sports. He is a big sportsman. In Czechoslovakia, he was cross-country ski champion and on the Junior National tennis team. We ski together now, every winter, Jan and I. The only dance we like to dance is the waltz—to the strains of 'Tales from the Vienna Woods'—and the polka, to a Czech polka we both remember from back home. . . . We can't play tennis together—it would be too ridiculous of me—but now we've started a new hobby, playing golf, which we can do together.

"All this, and more, I learned about him, as he learned my life from me, between takes on the picture and at dinner in our hotel after work at night. It was one morning, toward the end of the picture, while we were waiting for the down elevator, that he proposed to me. In English, as a matter of fact! I said 'Yes' right away.

"After the picture was finished, we saw each other every weekend in Montreal—for I flew up there to see him until such time as he could be admitted to the States. Practically a year from the day we met, we married.

"The Czech custom is, when you get married, you break a plate and keep the pieces, which are lucky pieces. For my marriage present, Jan gave me a bracelet of gold and pearls. And, after the marriage, he had a bit of the broken plate put in a gold link as a charm for the bracelet. For my first wedding anniversary gift, he gave me the Roman numeral I, made out of pearls and gold. For my second, which came up last September twenty-second, he gave me the Roman numeral II, also made of gold and pearls—which are my favorites of all jewels. I am not crazy about jewelry," Susan said, "except for the gold and the pearls—and Jan's imagination which has gone into them."

Thanks to CBS Radio and TV's Guiding Light, and Susan's lead role thereon, no honeymoon was possible for Susan and Jan, at the proper time for a honeymoon. But last year they flew to Havana, which was a honeymoon (even though a belated honeymoon) heaven.

"My husband went there," Susan said, "to sing 'Il Trovatore' and 'The Marriage of Figaro.' As, at another time, he went to Washington, D. C., to sing 'Faust' and to New Orleans for 'Don Giovanni.' In addition to opera, Jan does concert and has made some TV appearances. He is now on a cross-country concert tour all through Canada. I flew to Canada—on a four-day leave of absence from Guiding Light—to be with him at the start. But back to Havana, beautiful Havana . . . in Havana, apart from the work Jan did, we danced in the moonlight, swam in the moonlight, did everything romantic honeymooners are supposed to do."

Now in New York, these two—who met, as if by inscrutable design, half a world away from their native home—make their home. In an apartment which Susan describes as "very small and not too interesting . . . except for the furniture, most of which Jan built."

As a housewife, Susan doesn't, she said modestly, think too much of herself.

"I'm not neat around the house," she sighed, "only in the kitchen. You could eat off the floor in my kitchen. And I can't stand an unmade bed or unwashed dishes. Always have to have the bed made five minutes after I step out of it, and always have to do the dishes right quick! But otherwise . . . I don't care about possessions or taking care of them too much. . . .

"I do enjoy cooking, love to cook, love to experiment with things. One of my favorite recipes is a graham-cracker-crust pie filled with a layer of lemon chiffon, then sliced bananas, then a layer of strawberry chiffon, another layer of sliced bananas, the whole topped with whipped cream and sliced strawberries."

When young Susan and Jan are not cooking, painting, performing in radio, on TV, on the concert stage, in movies or in opera, they have any number of hobbies to keep them happy. They take a lot of eight-millimeter pictures of each other and the places they go, Susan says, then cut their own film, edit it and caption it.

They play games. Charades, for instance. "And a wonderful new word game," Susan said, a glint in her eye, "called Scrabble. And we love cards—bridge, poker, canasta and gin. Jan loves to play chess, but I haven't the patience.

"I can't sew, but I used to love to sculpt. And I fool around some, even now, with pottery.

"We hate parties, big parties. If we have more than eight people for dinner at one time, my husband doesn't have a good time. We go to the theatre a lot, and to the ballet, and we go dancing, as I've said, usually to the St. Regis Roof.

"I'm not much of a one for clothes. I can't, just can't *stand* shopping. I just *loathe* it. When girl friends call up and say, provocatively, 'Let's have lunch and go shopping,' nothing could excite me less or bore me more. I never go. About once a year, propelled by necessity, I hurl myself into a shop, say 'I'll take this, and this, and that—*goodbye!*'

"Except for evening clothes," Susan said. (With Susan, who is as feminine as filigree, there is usually an "except.") "I love evening clothes because of the big, voluminous skirts—it's the romantic in me, I guess—and also because, with evening clothes, I can wear platform shoes!

"But if I had my way—my ideal way of life—I'd live in the country in sweaters, slacks and skirts.

"The minute we have enough money, I'd like to have a farm in the country—especially because I'm mad for fireplaces . . . we listen to music so much, to sit by a fireplace and listen would be lovely . . . and mad for dogs. And horses. In Czechoslovakia, we had a town house in Prague and a farm outside of Prague where my dad used to breed horses. I rode side-saddle.

"At home, we had dogs, too, lots of them. We had five police dogs, one Irish setter and one cocker spaniel. When I have a dog again, I'd like to have a collie, or a police dog, or a St. Bernard—only they eat so much. . . .

"Our immediate plan is to stay in New York and work for another five years, during which time we hope to have two children, one right after another, as fast as we can. Then to the country, where—instead of working every day—we'll do a TV show once a week, a movie, a play, a concert once or twice a year.

"How we make out financially will determine, of course, whether this dream comes true, or not. . . . If it doesn't," Susan shrugged, "life with Jan and with the two one-right-after-another children we hope to have will still be, for me—in town or in country, with or without a fireplace and a dog—the ideal way of life."

The years have been good to Susan, for indeed she has found love's guiding light.

Twenty Years of Deeds Well Done

(*Continued from page* 21)

career, brilliantly begun when, upon graduation from Marquette University, he became both radio editor of the Milwaukee *Journal* and an early favorite at its station WTMJ, had recently run completely out of steam.

His original WTMJ popularity brought him an offer from Louisville, and from there he went to the Coast. They loved him in San Francisco and, on the strength of it, he married his home-town sweetheart, the beautiful Katherine Bennett. Just about that time, however, the nation's big depression tailspin started and the young couple tried their luck in New York.

Luck was non-existent, so the two stitched up their pride and returned to Milwaukee. WTMJ took him back, but the manager, after watching a Saturday-night show where Don teamed with his bride, fired McNeill with the statement that he felt Kay had a future in entertainment business—but Don, to radio, was a total loss.

The young McNeills elected to play it the other way. While Kay starred in the kitchen, Don besieged Chicago stations with a do-or-die determination.

The long-houred schedule which NBC imposed upon him turned into a fortunate break. With no time for either writing or research, he soon found himself talking about things closest to him—Kay, their home, and, after a time, their sons.

The audience loved it, for here was an intimacy seldom found during those early days of radio. It was forecast in one of his earliest published statements. Writing in a Wisconsin trade publication in 1929, he described radio as: "In 1927, a luxury; 1928, a necessity; in 1929, a companion."

He was later to amplify this person-to-person concept by describing what he feels is happening at the other end of the line while he's addressing the Breakfast Club microphone.

"I see a guy," he says, "who has waked up not feeling too good. Maybe one of his kids is sick. Maybe the mortgage payment is due. Maybe it's the day he must tell the boss he needs a raise. If we can make him smile just once before he gets out of the house, we've done a good show."

With that first smile as his objective, the other segments of the well-known Breakfast Club program began fitting in and, by the time the Federal Communications Commission split NBC's Red Network from its Blue and ABC was born, the show had virtually reached its present plan of operation and several members of the present cast had also made their appearance. In Sam Cowling, Don found a comedian to whom he himself could play the always trusting straight man; in Fran Allison, a quick-witted actress who could use her Aunt Fanny stories as a commentary on current affairs. In Eddie Ballantine, who had been with him since Pepper Pot days, he found an orchestra conductor who could match his own mood in music.

In addition, there was his always-present but seldom-heard family cast. Son Tommy, now a freshman at Notre Dame, first gurgled into the microphone when he was fourteen months old. And, by the time Donny and Bobby arrived, the audience was following McNeill family happenings with the feeling they were neighbors.

They shared both his chuckle and his chagrin when, after a birthday party, he reported he had checked up and discovered his son had gotten three books, four guns—and the measles.

As his personal fortunes flourished, McNeill was adding to his concept of radio as a companion the belief that a star, as well as a station, has an obligation to fulfill the requirement the FCC makes in granting a license and should use the public's air to serve the public's "interest, convenience and necessity."

It began on an individual basis when the increasing number of letters from his audience gave testimony that he was meeting personal needs. One of the most devoted of these distant friends has been Canadian Jimmie Darou, a former jockey who had been thrown from a horse and developed tuberculosis of the bone.

His first letter to McNeill, written in 1934, stated, "The Breakfast Club, you Don, and Memory Time, have become a religion to me . . . I'd never have had the courage to get along without you. Don McNeill comes on smiling and the gags are terrific. Some day I'll surprise you and be back on my feet."

Jimmie Darou has never achieved that particular ambition, but through the years Don has reported his other achievements. With the aid of McNeill and a Montreal newspaper, he went into business operating a gasoline station. Then, in 1946, his best dream came true. He married his nurse; McNeill brought the couple to Chicago on their honeymoon and Breakfast Clubbers heard him announce, "This is the biggest moment of my life." Recently, Don has been able to report another happy development. The Darous are adopting a baby.

Thus the Breakfast Club audience grew and, as listeners responded to his confidences with letters telling of their own lives, a time came when there was sense as well as sentiment behind Don's frequent references to "the Breakfast Club family."

Although he made no profound public announcements about it, there is evidence, too, that he was becoming increasingly aware of his personal responsibilities as head of that family.

War showed him what the family would do when he asked its cooperation. The Breakfast Club cast, on a series of bond tours, raised fabulous funds. A Chicago rally brought purchases amounting to twenty-five million dollars; in the small city of Sheboygan, Don's childhood home, the contribution was nearly seven hundred thousand dollars. The record was matched or bettered every place Breakfast Club appeared.

At war's end, McNeill's desire to make at least a gesture in appreciation of the men who had defended their country was couched in typical Breakfast Club terms. Christmas, he concluded, was a state of mind and not necessarily tied to a date on the calendar. Consequently, for a large group of veterans reunited with their families in midsummer, he staged a Christmas in July, complete with tree, tinsel and all the trimmings.

The interest which listeners took in the event gave Don, the next year, his answer to the huge giveaway shows which were then establishing a new pattern of audience participation. When a fan wrote chiding him for not joining the trend, he saw in it an opportunity for a little public service. He challenged his friends to reverse the process and send loot to him instead. The resulting collection, which included washing machines, refrigerators, a year's supply of coal and enough food to stock a grocery, brought cheer to a large number of needy families.

Having found a way to combine gags and gifts, McNeill dated his next drive for the show's sixteenth anniversary on June 23, 1949. It was also, he stated, his half-year birthday and a much more satisfactory one to celebrate than his own natal day. A bit wistfully he remarked that he and Kay, both born in late December, had all their lives experienced the frustration of having relatives and friends acknowledge both birthday and Christmas with a single gift. He was therefore taking steps and organizing The Society to Prevent One from Forgetting to Give Birthday Presents to Christmas Week Babies.

His invitation to listeners to correct the oversight brought in another load of loot for the needy. Don and Kay, making a personal contribution to the drive, furnished a room at a Salvation Army hospital.

The lighthearted stunt with a benevolent objective was not, however, sufficient to satisfy McNeill. Listeners glimpsed indication of his personal concern with social problems when, during the Senate Crime Investigating Committee hearings, he challenged his audience to grill themselves Kefauver-style, then set an example by airing his own "Q-and-A." A transcript of that broadcast reads:

Q. "McNeill, are you doing everything you can for the good of your community?"

A. "I try as much as the next fellow."

Q. "Suppose the next fellow isn't doing much?"

A. "Well, I always donate to worthy causes."

Q. "McNeill, if you know there are unhealthy conditions existing in your community, do you demand that something be

done about it?"

A. "I'm always glad to go along with whatever is suggested."

Q. "But you wait for someone else to start the ball rolling. That's all. Next witness."

Shortly thereafter, Don McNeill found his personal answer to what he himself wanted to do about the aforementioned unhealthy conditions and, when he did, he didn't wait for anyone else to roll the ball.

Fred Montiegel, the public relations man who has also been the closest of personal friends to Don, ever since the two were students at Marquette University, was first to hear the idea. Montiegel reports that already it bore evidence of the kind of family discussion and planning which Don and Kay have always done.

They'd been talking it over, Don confided, and he and Kay agreed that, with work taking so much of Don's time, it would be nice if they could find a summer place close to Chicago where Don could be outdoors hunting and fishing with his sons every weekend instead of waiting for the all-too-short summer trips.

Montiegel well knew what was back of the idea. Being close to nature not only was a passion with Don, it had once literally been a lifesaver. When, as a youth who grew too fast, he developed rickets and was able to do little more than lie in the sun, his father and grandfather—notable sportsmen both—had taken him out to the Wisconsin woods and taught him to hunt and fish. Gradually he regained his health.

How to find such wholesome outdoor activity, fulfilling a demanding schedule, had been a problem Don had long tried to solve. But now at last, he told his friend, he believed he had the exact right place. There was a little six-and-a-half-acre private lake for sale just forty miles outside the city. Trees and hills surround it. There he could build the kind of house and live the kind of life he had always wanted.

Then his eyes lighted up and his voice took on an edge of excitement. "And, Fred, you know it wouldn't take much more to put up a bunkhouse of some sort on the other side of the lake. Maybe we could use it for some of these city kids who never have had a chance to find out what it's like to catch a fish."

This year, McNeill's dream became a reality. Throughout the summer season, members of Boys Clubs who were far more familiar with the neon-studded corners near their crowded homes than they were with the sight of a full moon shimmering over quiet water got their first taste of the kind of camping which develops self-reliance and a healthy perspective.

Each group of ten came out and spent a week with McNeill footing the bill for transportation and all other expenses. Some who arrived asking such questions as "Do the leaves come with the trees?" returned, like the proud young man with the very dead fish, boasting their prowess as outdoor experts.

For in such lore they had eager instructors. Both Don and Sam Cowling spent every available moment with the kids. There were times when Joe Love, official manager for the project, insisted, after listening to their conversation, that Sam and Don baited their hooks with corn and talked the fish out of the water, but both kids and adults loved every moment of it.

Don McNeill, one of the earliest stars to see radio as intimate, individual communication, has with his camp for boys put public service and citizenship, too, on a person-to-person basis. To Don and Kay—and to thousands of devoted Breakfast Club listeners through the years—their private world has become an ever-expanding family of families.

Stepping Along in Your Hit Parade

(*Continued from page 55*)

How lovely that voice was they didn't even guess then. Her father—himself a singer, although not a professional—had given up trying to get her to sing for company, because it made her too self-conscious to have all eyes upon her. On that holiday morning, no one dreamed that before the day had ended something new and wonderful would be happening to June, as a result of one song. No one dreamed it would make her a star on radio and television, and an RCA-Victor recording artist with many platters already to her credit—"Always, Always," "The Three Bells," "Cry," "It's Raining," "Strange Sensation" (her first big record success), "Mighty Lonesome Feeling," and "Tabu."

One song, with June a reluctant performer combined with the party at a friend's wedding, started the whole thing. This performance was to set up a combination of events which were to bring June out of the obscurity of a bookkeeping job, remold her whole personality to make her into one of the really successful performers on television today. Someone had said during the party, "Let's have a song." Someone else had nudged June, knowing she had a sweet voice, knowing also that she was shy and wanting her to join more in the fun. "Just sing a little chorus," she was urged.

"I thought they would think me a poor sport if I refused," June explains now. "I was scared, thinking about how I would look up there in front of all those people, afraid I would flat or forget the words. But I made myself do it. I went through a whole number, not just a chorus, choosing 'Stormy Weather' because it was the only song I knew from beginning to end. Everybody seemed to like it. Saul Gilbert, who is Abe Burrows' uncle, was there and he told me I would be 'terrific' in show business. I didn't know what to make of that. I come from a plain background, from people who didn't know anything at all about the theatrical world—and I didn't, either."

Mr. Gilbert, who does know about show business, got June an audition for the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts show. The judges were equally impressed by the professional quality of her voice—a voice she had been training by singing with fine artists and studying their records—but they hesitated to take a chance on her unprofessional nervousness as a performer. "Do you really think you could go through with it if we put you on the Monday night Talent Scouts program?" they asked. June nodded, and managed to gulp yes, she could. There was no doubt she was ready for it in every other way.

Luckily enough, only two weeks later a female singer was needed to round out the show, and there didn't happen to be any other girl waiting a turn—a most unusual occurrence. So on January 15, 1951, three weeks after her singing debut at a wedding, June made her professional debut. Audience applause awarded her first prize for the evening. The fact that she sang with her eyes half-closed was considered an appropriate gesture for the type of song she was delivering ("Stormy Weather," again, one of her favorites then and now). No one guessed she was too frightened to

keep her eyes open and look out at the audience and the television cameras!

Here it was that fate stepped in once more. Musical director Harry Salter had tuned in his TV set to the last few bars of her winning number. He invited her to audition as a replacement for Kay Armen, who was vacationing from Stop the Music for two weeks. She still knew only a few of the currently popular songs well enough to take the audition. She was still bewildered by the way things were happening to her so fast. (Her company was planning to raise her salary five dollars a week, and her mother was wondering why she would even consider the insecurities of show business in the face of this stamp of approval on her good work as a bookkeeper!) She still weighed that extra thirty-eight pounds, which looked even more on a television screen, although she had a good figure for a stout girl. June's weight made her feel terribly self-conscious. Fearfully she forced each new opportunity, to overcome her feeling of inadequacy.

Groomed musically by Mr. Salter, as he began his successful guidance of June's work and her career, she made an instant hit on her first appearance. Within the next few months, engagement after engagement came her way—a famous night club in which she appeared on the same bill with Celeste Holm, feature billing as vocalist on the Broadway to Hollywood TV show, guest appearances on radio and television broadcasts. When her name first went up in lights on the theatre marquee from which Your Hit Parade originates, her mother and father came down from their home in the Bronx to stare at it.

Meanwhile, while others were helping her take firm but hesitant steps along the road to success, June, in one agonizing moment of revelation, realized that if she were to continue on this road there were things she had to accomplish herself. It wasn't enough to be coached, it wasn't enough to have opportunity, if these were to be fleeting moments, ending inevitably back at the bookkeeping desk. With a suddenness that was cruel to her sensitive nature, she realized from a chance remark that her appearance, her personality, had to undergo a change if she was to maintain a place in the star firmament.

During those early months of her career, before her Hit Parade success, June chanced to hear a conversation in which her name was mentioned for a role. To this day she doesn't know what the role was, but she does know why she lost it. "She's fine," she heard a man say, "but she's much too heavy for the part."

"I wouldn't have felt so bad about it if he had said I didn't have enough voice—but to lose out because of something I could control seemed just terrible. Harry Salter was doing everything to help me—coaching me musically, teaching me phrasing and style and showmanship. Mrs. Salter was a wonderful friend to me, helping me in every way she could.

"Now I knew there was something I had to do. Something no one else could do for me, and in which they could give me very little help. I had to develop my own will power. I resolved that never again would anyone say I was too heavy for a part. I didn't want to be heavy, anyhow, and I had never wanted to be. I had just let it happen, and I wonder now why I didn't do something about it long before."

It suddenly dawned on June that every girl has some incentive for wanting to look her best—her parents' approval, a boy friend she wants to look her prettiest for, a teacher who is interested in helping her, a job or career she is planning. Using this incentive wisely a person sets herself a definite goal.

"I began to analyze the things overweight was doing to me," June said. "Most of these things apply to all girls, whether they are in school, in offices or factories or shops, or starting their own homes as wives and mothers.

"Overweight was making me so self-conscious that I couldn't accept even the most sincere compliment gracefully, because I thought I couldn't possibly deserve it. It was making me feel uncomfortable whenever I was out among people. I always felt like apologizing for my looks. It was a vicious circle because I began to think, 'Oh, what's the use anyhow, I'm already so fat!'

"When I tried to make myself look nicer, I found it hard to get clothes that would help, especially on a small salary. I couldn't wear the cute clothes other girls wore, because they were out of my size range. Now I can wear an inexpensive dress and have it look as though it cost a great deal more.

"I loved light colors but had to stick to dark ones. In show business you have to wear light colors, so this became a big problem for me. I could never wear anything figured, either.

"I had to be careful of the way I wore my hair. I couldn't change it around the way my slim friends did. I was always trying to make my face and neck seem slimmer. Now I can wear a short curled cut, or can let it grow long, and either way will be all right.

"Worst of all, I felt unpopular, and I blamed my overweight for it because I knew it held me back from participating in many things the kids I knew liked to do. In school I had sometimes held back from sports, which I loved, because I felt I looked so awkward in shorts.

"Now that success was within my grasp, my weight was getting in the way of my becoming a top-rated performer. That chance remark made me realize I was creating more difficulty for the good people who were trying to help me make something of myself.

"The first few weeks of dieting were just terrible," June says of them. "The first few pounds off, after about ten days, gave me the courage to go on. But, when my neck and hip bones began to show (as they should a little), I almost got scared. I had never seen them before and I wasn't sure they shouldn't stay covered with fat! I don't want to prescribe a diet for other girls, because their doctors should do that, but I can tell you a little about mine—although you have to remember that I lost more quickly than I should have, because I was so eager to make myself ready for any new opportunities. It had hurt deeply to lose out on a role, an opportunity, and I felt it must not happen again."

Here is June's diet breakfast: Coffee, black and without sugar; large glass of grapefruit juice; scrambled eggs with bacon; one hard-boiled egg. (She used to have orange juice, scrambled eggs with bacon, or an omelet, two or three slices of buttered toast—sometimes with marmalade—sugar and cream in her coffee. Sometimes she had coffee cake instead of toast. "I got so accustomed to overeating that I didn't feel comfortable unless I did," she says, which is a thing that happens to most people who gain weight.)

Lunch: Usually a fresh fruit salad with cottage cheese. No dressing. Buttermilk in mid-afternoon if she wanted it. (She used to eat sandwiches for lunch, well-buttered, well-filled, sometimes with mayonnaise dressing; often with a malted milk and dessert, with some candy for an afternoon snack.)

Dinner: Mostly steak, plain sliced tomatoes and lettuce. "I could have had cottage cheese again with the salad, but I got so tired of eating it that once a day was enough. Most of my salary went for lean meat in the beginning, and that was hard, but I needed it for strength and nourishment and low-calorie intake, and I had to eat most of my dinners out, unlike girls who are not doing my kind of work. (June used to eat plenty of Italian antipasto, spaghetti and macaroni.)

"Now I break away from my diet and eat some of everything, but the minute I find myself gaining a couple of pounds I go right back to it. I am very careful about sugar and all sweets and I don't even want to overeat any more. I guess I shrank my stomach to normal size. I think, too, that you don't ever put weight on as fast, once it's off. I went down to 100 pounds, a forty-pound loss, then gained two pounds and have decided that 102 is about right for me."

Now, June has had just about everything lucky career-wise happen to her, including a Your Hit Parade contract. She has at last fulfilled her dream of buying a mink stole (from her earnings on Your Hit Parade), and of doing nice things for her parents. June has become a fine recording artist, and now has faith in her ability to measure up to all her fine opportunities. June has proven she can build will power and discipline into her life, as shown by the way she stuck to her determination to lose weight. "If it all were to end tomorrow—all this good that has come to me—I can truly say that I have had some wonderful experiences in living," she sums up.

At twenty-two, June has proven to herself that a girl can be anything she wants to be—as long as she's willing to work for her own miracle. Truly, June is stepping along in her own Hit Parade.

Smilin' Jack Smith

(*Continued from page 44*)

Vickii's the kind of wife who takes an interest without interfering. She's my severest critic—and my most avid fan! After eight years with the Jack Smith-Dinah Shore Show, Vickii's still as interested in my last show as she was my first. And, after eight years with five shows a week, that's a lot of shows! But Vickii has never missed one.

I'll come home after a program and say, "Well, honey, everybody thought it was fine. Did you?"

I get three kinds of answers to this question.

The first kind is dead silence. My face falls like an elevator, for I know the show was terrible. My first thought is of the millions of people who suffered through it. (Thank you all!) My second thought is about the well-intentioned people at work who told me the show was great. Well, I can't blame them for being nice. And, besides, maybe they thought it *was* good. Anyhow, Vickii only gives the "dead silence" kind of answer once a year.

The second kind of answer is "Okay" . . . and she keeps right on knitting. Well, my eyebrows go up and I get kind of a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach. Either I sang flat, or the engineer didn't send us out on the air, or maybe last night I forgot to put out the dog. Some small thing was wrong and, since I'm a naturally curious guy, I wonder what it was. So I stand there and scuff the rug with my foot, and wring my hat in hands waiting for the decision. Finally, Vickii says, "You were too eager on one of the songs, and I think you were too far off-mike on another." She smiles and I know she still loves me.

The third kind of answer is "Swell, honey!" and a big kiss. Now, that's what I call honesty, and it's the kind I like.

I've often heard (I wouldn't know, since I'm no astrologer) that couples born under the same sign aren't suited for each other. Opposites attract, they say. But I don't believe it. Not only were Vickii and I born on the same day and year, but almost at the same hour. And we were married on our combined birthdays. "So you won't forget our wedding anniversary," Vickii teased.

I've never needed any prompting, for I've never forgotten either occasion, birthday or wedding anniversary. And I'm more convinced, as the years roll by, that our being born under the same sign has something to do with our sharing the same interests. We like the same things (one another). And, most important, we understand each other's moods. It's a wonderful kind of companionship.

And Vickii brought someone into my life to whom I'll never cease to be grateful—my mother-in-law.

Whenever I hear mother-in-law jokes, I only wish the comedian could know mine. My mother-in-law shares our home and at our request, too. At the time I met Vickii, she was going with a laundry man (although he owned the laundry I still refer to him as the laundry man) and I was trying to get her to go with me. I'm sure it was Vickii's mother who succeeded in talking her into trying it. (Reason enough to be eternally grateful.) But more than that, sharing Vickii's mother's humor and wisdom has enriched us both.

Vickii—she's grateful, too. Up until this year, she says, she has been thought of as the wife of a short, fat old man. Vickii's mad for the man who invented tape recordings. He has changed all this. Now that I tape my show ahead, I have time to get out and make personal appearances. Of course, we see thousands of people we've never laid eyes on before. When we meet a person for the first time and our hands go out in greeting, his jaw drops. He says, "Why, I thought you were short, fat, and fifty-five! I'm so glad you're not!"

So am I. So's Vickii.

Not long ago, Vickii visited a department store. When she gave her name to the clerk for the charge account, the girl asked, "Are you Mrs. *Smilin'* Jack Smith?"

"Yes," replied Vickii. She knew what was coming.

"Oh," blurted the clerk, "I thought he'd be married to a much *older* woman."

When Vickii first learned of our plans to tape ahead, she just looked at me in bewilderment. "What will you do with your spare time?" I knew what she meant. I have to be busy. And I have been.

I've learned to play golf. My father and brothers are golfers, but I always said it was an "old man's game." Now I wonder if I started too late. Maybe I'll never catch up with the old men—or with young women.

Not long ago, Frank De Vol, Dinah Shore and I played golf together on a course in the Valley near Dinah's home. It was what I call a *goat* golf course—up and down hills. After nine holes, Frank and I could hardly walk. Dinah? She was singing like a lark. And the game ended with her tripping off to fix luncheon for us all. Who says women are the weaker sex?

My association with Dinah, Frank De Vol, producer Bill Brennan, and the whole gang on our show is something for which I'm ever grateful, too. Not just once a year, but every day. You couldn't ask for a more wonderful bunch. I'm sure we are *very exceptional people.* We're just like a family. We even depend on one another.

Recently, we taped the show ahead for a two-week stretch. I was playing a night-club date in Las Vegas, and the rest of the gang were busy with chores of their own. For the whole two weeks, our sound man, Harry Esmond, wandered around the halls of CBS with a lost look on his face. In spite of the fact that he works on five or six other shows, Harry told everyone sadly, "My show is gone. I don't know what to do with myself." But Harry wasn't alone. We have all felt the same way.

Even the boys in the band feel the attachment. Some musicians are like rolling stones, never staying too long with one outfit. There used to be a time when I sang a Scotch ballad and some of the boys (who had just joined us from a "hot" band) would shudder to themselves and murmur, "Oh, no." Now they tell everybody, "Why, I'm with the Smith-Shore show . . . and I love it!"

Just the other day, I walked into a music store to buy some sheet music and, while I was there at the counter, in came our drummer. He's really a great drummer and a "hep" musician. Well, the drum salesman greeted him like a long-lost brother. "Where ya been, haven't seen ya in weeks?"

"Man," said the drummer, "I joined the Smith-Shore show. And let me tell you, man, they're terrif!"

That convinced me. Bar none, we're one big happy family!

As I've said, some folks think it's corny to be grateful or to show sentiment. I'm just not one of those. I'm grateful to all of the show's listeners who are my friends. I'm grateful to all the gang who make the show a hit. And most of all I'm grateful to my wife, Vickii, who keeps my smile coming from the heart.

Two Women Am I

(*Continued from page 26*)

were mine—whether, for instance, it was Peggy who had the crush on the older man, and I on the handsome young architect, or the other way around. It was, come to think of it," Betty laughed again, "the other way around!

"Grownups now, the pair of us. Peggy is Mrs. Carter Trent and I am Mrs. Walter Brooke. Peggy still lives in her home town, Elmwood, and I still live in my home town, New York City. Peggy's husband is a big business man from a suburb of Chicago, who lives in Elmwood because he, like Peggy, prefers the simple, small-town life. My husband is an actor from New York (and Hollywood) who would also like to live in the country if our schedules would permit because he—and I, too—like country life. Although Walter and I will have our country home, when we have it, not in a small town but in the real country and on a lake or near the ocean.

"Peggy lives, as her next-door and her network neighbors know so well, in a darling little house in Elmwood and does her own work. I live in a sort of country-house, old-world apartment (large rooms, very high ceilings, parquet floors, fireplaces, old-fashioned shuttered windows) in New York and do my own work. Well, my own cooking, anyway," Betty added with painstaking honesty. "I *love* to cook. Walter loves my cooking.

"Peggy and Carter have two children, a boy and a girl. Walter and I have none (as yet) but we hope, like the Trents, to have at least two. . . .

"Peggy and I are alikes, I think, in many of the small, and perhaps coincidental ways, such as each of us having one brother. There is, however, no similarity between Peggy's brother, Pepper, and my brother, Eddie, except they're both real good guys.

"Peggy is not in the least clothes-conscious, or even chic. I think she's a very simple dresser, with her mind on more important matters than her back and what she puts on it. I, of course, have to have a lot of clothes for my work, which makes me more clothes-conscious than I would otherwise be. I'm very fond of separates (Betty was wearing, this late winter morning, a full quilted skirt patterned in black and white, a black chiffon blouse) and of suits. And of sports coats. I also like antique earrings and because my ears are pierced I'm always on the lookout for unusual but lovely old designs. I'm as fond as Peggy of surprises, and fortunately my husband shares my enthusiasm—for my last birthday he gave me a most beautiful full-length suede coat, pale rust in color, which he picked out all by himself. I hope, for Peggy's sake, Carter has the good taste to follow Walter's example on *her* next birthday!

"Peggy has done no traveling at all—hasn't gone anywhere except to their little cabin up in Lake Beauregard. I'm not exactly a globetrotter, either. I've been abroad only once and that was when, as a child, I visited my grandparents in Holland, where my parents were born. I've been to Canada on vacations, skiing, and once, too, I went to California as a delegate to the American Federation of Radio Artists.

"Peggy has been frightened and unhappy and emotionally upset but never, until the kidnapping, in any bodily danger or trouble. Nor have I. And only emotionally upset in the sense that most actresses are emotional. . . .

"We're alikes, too, Peggy and I, in some of the more basic ways, such as love of our husbands and our homes and not caring too much about the things that money can buy. But we are unalike in one very important respect: Peggy is strictly a homebody, a housewife, and I am a career girl.

"This difference (it's a big one) made a difference in our school-girl problems and teen-age romances and what we did about them.

"Peggy's problem in high school was mostly a financial problem. She comes from a family which has had its ups and downs and one of the downs occurred while Peggy was in high school so that she was obliged to make do with very little in the way of pretty clothes, parties and spending money. She also faced the problem so many girls must face of whether she should finish her education or take a job to help tide things over at home. Before this problem reached a crisis the Youngs hit an up again—and Peggy graduated!

"My problem, at the same age, was different. After I graduated from the Professional Children's School in New York my parents wanted me to go to Dean Academy, a girls' finishing school in Massachusetts. But I'd been on radio ever since I was ten years old and it was during high-school days that I got real busy on radio so I wanted to study at the David Mannes School of Music in New York; in short, stay *in* New York and *on* radio. Which is what I did.

"There is *no* similarity at all, really, between Peggy's background and mine. She has a *good* background, a good education, but nothing that would fit her for a professional life, or even make her think career-wise, in either one of them. On the other hand, my mother had been an opera singer in her native Holland and it was she who taught me, beginning when *I* began to toddle, the rudiments of drama, singing and stage presence. Why, I even made my debut in show business—by appearing in a movie—at the age of three!

"Both Peggy and I ran around with a lot of kids in high school and had our full share of school-girl crushes and 'serious' romances. Peggy was 'in love,' I remember, with an engineer, a newspaper reporter, and with Frank, the handsome young architect, with whom she eloped—a mistake from which she was saved when they got caught in a flood and were forced to turn back. After this Peggy was cured of her infatuation.

"I, at the same time, was going around with a lot of child actors I met on radio, some personality boys and, later, with one 'older' man; one five years older than I. Unlike Peggy, the idea of eloping never, I must say, entered my head but I did have a big crush on each of these men. Thanks to my career, however, and my interest in it, I took my time making up my mind whom I was going to marry and so, as Peggy was 'saved' for Carter, I," Betty grinned, "was 'saved' for Walter!

"When you live your own life and, almost daily, the life of another girl, too, you learn some good lessons in living.

"Peggy's near-elopement taught me, for instance, the value of thinking twice before going against parental advice, as Peggy started to do. Certainly anyone who reaches maturity looks back on the confused and sometimes agonizing moments of decision during teen years and is grateful that a parent's guiding hand stayed some of their more impulsive actions.

"When Peggy fell in love with Carter she faced a problem which I, thank goodness, did not have to face: The problem of whether she should or should not

marry Carter before he went overseas. She didn't marry him. Instead, she stayed at home and waited for him. And while she waited she used the little house, which he had deeded to her before he sailed, as a recreation center for service men. This took up her time and helped heal the hurt, and allay the fear, of Carter's absence.

"The problem of whether or not to marry the man you love before he puts on a uniform and goes into combat is as applicable today, alas, as it was when Peggy faced it. Unlike Peggy, however, I believe that if I were in love with a man in the service I would marry him even if it meant saying goodbye within the hour. I may be wrong—I've known several girls who did just that, with unfortunate consequences.

"As grownups Peggy's problems and mine differ, happily for me, quite a lot. Peggy's problem with her mother-in-law is not, not by any means, mine. My mother-in-law and I get along just fine. She lives in a wonderful house on a lake in South Salem, New York, and whenever Walter and I can, we go up and visit her. She likes to sew and embroider and garden and cook—all the things I like to do. We like the same things, my mother-in-law and I. We also dearly love the same person—Walter.

"My mother-in-law wouldn't dream, even in a *nightmare*, of trying to break up Walter's marriage to me as Ivy Trent is trying to break up her son's marriage to Peggy, which is giving poor Peg a rough time of it! It would never occur to her to interfere with our way of life as Ivy Trent interferes in her persistent insistence that Peggy have servants to care for the children instead of taking care of them herself as Peggy, all wife and all mother, wants to do. *If* Ivy Trent were my mother-in-law, however, which a kind heaven has forebade, I'm positive I would react exactly as Peggy does . . . as, for instance, when Mrs. Trent, exasperated by Peggy's small-town ways, threatens to cut her off without a penny I'm sure I would cry out, as Peggy does, 'Oh, please, I don't want your money—even if I got it, I'd give it all to charity!'

"Peggy's interest in charity, her social consciousness, is one of the finest of her traits. As you know, she wanted to use her inheritance from her father-in-law to rehabilitate, to have some sort of a home for, delinquent teenagers.

"Peggy's interest in those in the community in which she lives is one we have in common, too. Manhattan is a big place and my work, because of this, is with a rather large agency, called the Special Social Services. It is a case-work agency which provides scholarships, free summer camp placements, medical and psychiatric services, Christmas baskets and material assistance to children and family members of men and women in prison or on probation and parole. This interest in social service, this caring about and doing something about the needy and the unfortunate, is something I have learned from living along with Peggy.

"Most of Walter's and my activities, however, are different from those of Peggy and Carter. This, too, stems from the fact that Peggy and Carter live a small-town life, a private life whereas Walter and I are professionals. Being professionals we have, in addition to our 'steady' work on radio and various appearances on TV, a number of other activities. I work at my singing (I've done some singing on TV) but even if I didn't do it professionally I'd keep on working at it because singing, I think, helps the speaking voice. We both study dancing. I'm taking modern jazz. Walter is studying the primitive dances—Afro-Cuban—with Katherine Dunham.

"Socially our lives are very different, too, from that of the Trents. We go to the theatre a lot, to the ballet, entertain at home a lot, do *everything*, whereas the only time Peggy ever does anything socially is when she visits her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Young. Or her brother, Pepper and his wife, Linda. Or when she and Carter go up to their cabin on Lake Beauregard where recently (and also tragically) Peggy went alone to try to work out, quietly, her mother-in-law problem and came sickeningly close to meeting her death at the hands of the escaped mental patient, Doug Manson.

"This, too, is an experience I shared with Peggy only, I am happy to say, on NBC Radio! But if ever I should meet with anything like it, I can only hope that I'd react as Peggy reacted — gamely, courageously.

"She's quite a girl, this Peggy Young Trent. I like her. I'm proud that she's my 'other self.' For Peggy Young Trent has some traits that are like those anyone can find in friends of whom they are fond —kindness, consideration, and an ability to meet day in, day out problems and learn from them. Certainly, an actress couldn't ask for more from her alter ego than she would from a good friend? We hope, Peggy and I, that we grow and mature together."

He's My Good Guy

(*Continued from page* 39)

"But I want a sister. Can't we *vote* on it?"

Let me explain here that, when there are decisions to be made which affect all of us, we generally take a vote on it. One voice, one vote—a simple way to teach the beginnings of democracy. Since a new baby will certainly have an effect on all of us, Paddy was of the opinion that it should come to a vote to decide whether the new one would be "little brother" or "little sister." I've tried to point out to Paddy that votes, democracy, and babies don't have much in common. But so far I haven't been able to get the concept across.

Now that the boys are a little older, we've tackled the problem of taking the brood with us to church. Naturally they love the music, but sometimes the other parts of the service find them restless. Usually big Dennis takes charge of young Dennis at early mass and I look after Paddy at a later mass. Not long ago, however, we included Michael and took the whole family to the same mass. Of course, we were late and the church was packed, so we had to find seats in the very front, practically under the priest's nose. The boys were in fine shape that day and I had my hands full trying to control them. They squirmed, talked, fought, and giggled. Desperately I looked for Dennis to give forth with a little fatherly discipline, but he had moved as far away from us as he could. "I don't even know you," his blank face seemed to say—and I had to laugh to myself. As I told you, Dennis knows how to handle anything.

Sundays have become an important day in our life now for the first time since our marriage. Not because of such church incidents—but because Dennis up to now has had to be in Hollywood on Sunday for the Jack Benny broadcast. This season Jack intends to tape his programs earlier in the week, leaving *us* this one day free. This makes Sunday Dennis' day with the boys, and it usually begins at a very early hour. Early hours can be a little hard on parents if they've gone to bed late the night before, as we all do sometimes. By seven A.M., the older boys are jumping up and down on our bed (Michael is too small to get out of his bed yet) and demanding to go swimming. Dutifully Dennis arises and sleepwalks toward the pool with the gang. Paddy is the first one in because he can't stand to have a big or little Dennis do anything he hasn't done first. All the boys swim like fish, even Michael, so we've never had any worries about their safety.

As for Dennis, he says you haven't lived until you've been in that pool at seven A.M. At breakfast he puts his arm around the boys and looks across at me, "Only we *men* can do it *every* Sunday," he says accusingly.

At the end of a rough, tough Sunday with the boys, we all adjourn (with tongues out expectantly) to the built-in barbecue in the den. There Chef Dennis prepares the specialty of the day—barbecued steaks with sauce, a la Dennis.

What a sauce! The measuring cup and the measuring spoons make sad forgotten noises as Dennis wades into the spice chest with both hands. He soon sings out, "Red pepper—black pepper—mustard—oregano—and oh, sweet basil—" and each little spice tin flashes bright in the firelight, caught up in the spirit of the occasion.

I think the den is Dennis' favorite room—he spends most of his free time there (with radio and TV shows, motion pictures and recording dates, there's not much free time). But he gets to other parts of the house, too. In fact, he's responsible for a lot of decorating suggestions. For instance, I'd been looking for a chandelier for weeks to complete the motif of our Early American den. No success. I told Dennis about my unsuccessful search, but I thought he had promptly forgotten it. Two days later, there was a great rapping at the front door. Two moving men stood there, supporting a giant pink-and-white chandelier between them. I couldn't believe my eyes. The chandelier was perfect. It couldn't have been better if it had been made specially. Dennis had remembered my chance remark and had found the chandelier, and bought it immediately.

So you see, Dennis has all sorts of hidden talents that don't come to light on his radio show. You know him only as a helpless, naive, but engaging young man. Don't you believe it. He's an all-around husband, a good guy to his small children. He's a humorist (especially when he can play jokes on me), and a decorator with a memory like an elephant. He's another Escoffier when it comes to sauces and barbecued meats. There's just one other thing. I believe he's harboring a secret desire to make "nine" an *even* number. Well, we'll see!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *After Peggy wrote the foregoing story, the Dennis Days were granted their wish—the newest arrival is a girl! Name: Margaret. Weight: Six pounds, eleven ounces. Voice: Soprano.*)

Hollywood Love Story

(*Continued from page* 33)

Cal, I'll tell you truthfully—I've never been so deeply, wonderfully in love in my life. You see, I know Bill—probably the only one who does, because there isn't another living soul in this town who will give him a chance to be anything but bitter, fighting angry most of the time."

I went away with my own emotions torn. How could a really good kid like Louise fall in love with a louse? Bill would make her unhappy, I argued to myself. I should print the story and let everyone in town warn her, let the studio jump on her, control her if she didn't have sense enough to take care of herself. Somehow, however, the days slipped into weeks. I ground out my column without mentioning Louise.

Then the inevitable happened. The day the picture wound up, Louise called me, breathless, as excited as a kid at her first birthday party. She was eloping. She was marrying Bill. She was divinely happy. No, Bill wasn't under contract to the studio any more. They'd fired him. But I'd see. He was a great actor and it didn't matter. He'd get a job when the picture was released and, anyway, they'd have her salary to live on if no one wanted him. And the "thank you's" poured forth because I'd been the one columnist in town who hadn't said anything bad about Bill.

For a few moments after I hung up the phone, the world seemed to stand still. I held my breath at the thought of Louise's getting involved in such a marriage. Then I let it out, in half a sigh and half a snort. I hadn't said anything bad about Bill because I was afraid of hurting Louise—I just had refrained from ever mentioning his name. Wearily, I turned to the typewriter and wrote down the story of Louise's romance, Louise's elopement, complete with quotes of her glowing happiness.

I'm still not the most cynical man in the world, but I'm also (after years of having Hollywood as my beat) not the most naive man, either. However, the events that followed surprised even me. Bill and Louise honeymooned to the tune of some mighty snide comments from the local armchair predicters of the well-known "doom" type. The two bought a home up in the Hollywood hills and, the first day in the new place, Louise telephoned me. Would I like to have dinner with them the following Friday and attend the opening of their picture? No, I couldn't. Then could I come for dinner on Saturday evening, or better still spend Sunday afternoon with them? Thinking I was really a glutton for punishment, I had to pick Sunday afternoon.

When I reached for the paper on Saturday morning and read of the gala premiere, I was surprised—cracks were replaced by praise for one William Franklin, Jr. Seems critics had discovered he was an actor—a superlative, magnificent, sensational one.

But it wasn't until Sunday afternoon that the full impact of what had happened struck me. Louise was on the phone when I arrived but Bill extended a warm, welcoming hand and made me comfortable with a drink. He grinned a little ruefully when I mentioned that I'd read the fine praise for his work in the columns. Then Louise joined us with a radiance that took my breath away. She sat on the arm of Bill's chair and every time he'd look up at her you could almost see happiness light up his face.

Finally, Louise interrupted her chatter and said seriously, "Cal, you'll never know what your friendship for us has meant." I raised my eyebrows, waiting. "You see, Bill and I knew this whole town was against him—he tried to be nice, he tried to be friendly, but the reputation which he'd carelessly built before then just wouldn't let him be human, wouldn't let others judge him for himself." I saw Bill's hand press into her arm, tenderly, understandingly. "We knew that, once the film was finished and people had a chance to judge his acting, at least they'd accept that part of him. *Accept* it? They've tried to gobble him up—three major studios bidding for his services at once!

"But, 'way before that, your story about our marriage—and the understanding you put into it—gave us the courage to stay."

I started to protest and then I looked at Bill, whose face was solemn, and I stopped. Slowly, gently taking Louise's hand in his, Bill rose to his feet. "You see, Cal, I *was* a spoiled brat—I deserved everything anyone cared to say about me. But there is one thing Louise taught me: If you act decently, humanly, toward people, they'll change toward you—just as you are changing toward them. When you've proven yourself, they'll give you a break—and that's just what they've done."

Touched? Sure, my heart hasn't hardened because I live in Hollywood. As I left their house that afternoon, I couldn't help but think that a woman's love is a strange and a wonderful thing. Perhaps Louise didn't actually change Bill, because basically he was a good guy all the time—but love did work a miracle in giving him the courage to prove his goodness. Yes, even in Hollywood love is a wonderful thing.

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