

RADIO-TV MIRROR

SPECIAL
AWARDS ISSUE

MAY

Frank Parker
Marion Marlowe



JACKIE GLEASON



MARY STUART



PAUL DIXON

NEW!
Romance
of Helen Trent
oph Edwards
lle and Desi
radio,
listings



MARTHA RAYE



DON McNEILL



IAN MINER

25¢

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S
COLD CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



WONDERFUL WAY TO PAMPER YOUR COMPLEXION
... BRING NEW LUXURY TO YOUR BATH!

Beautiful women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—extra luxury at no extra cost. And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

WHETHER YOUR SKIN IS DRY OR OILY—new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. You'll enjoy, too, all the things you've always loved about Camay... that skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather and delicate Camay fragrance. There is no finer beauty soap made!



"Everything I'd ever
hoped for
in a beauty soap!"

Mrs. Norman C. Wilson, a lovely new Camay Bride says, "I tried Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it, and I'll never again use any other beauty soap. It's so luxurious! Mild and gentle, too!"

NOW MORE THAN EVER... THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Now...a tooth paste that protects your teeth from sweets

Enjoy sweets...then use new Ipana with WD-9 to inhibit tooth-decay acids*



Now you can eat the sweets you like—the sweets you need for a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against decay acids—formed when sweets and other carbohydrates team up with bacteria in your mouth.

For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of these tooth-decay acids.

*To get the best results from new Ipana, use it regularly after eating—particularly after sweets. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweets they wanted proved that brushing this way can prevent most tooth decay.

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you can protect teeth from sweets with new white Ipana containing WD-9.

Enjoy your sweets and protect your teeth with Ipana®



Your youngsters will love it, too. Ipana's wonderful new minty flavor actually encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste. But new Ipana with WD-9 makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even one brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

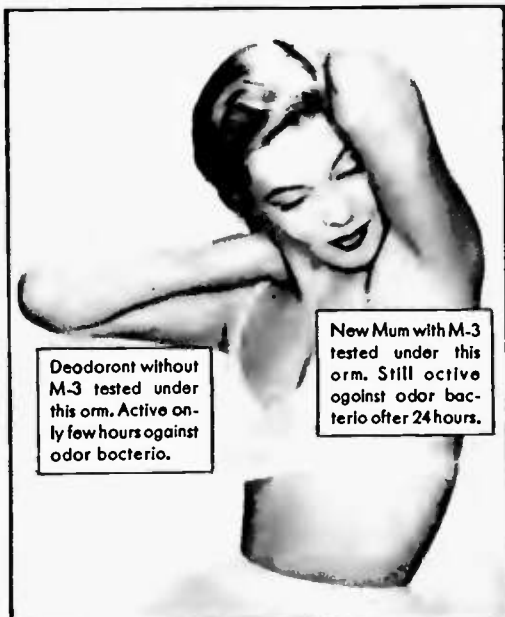
New white **IPANA**
with Acid-Inhibitor **WD-9**

NEW!

Doctor's deodorant discovery* safely

STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics



Deodorant without M-3 tested under this arm. Active only few hours against odor bacteria.

New Mum with M-3 tested under this arm. Still active against odor bacteria after 24 hours.

Actual underarm tests by doctors prove new Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause perspiration odor—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3.
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.
6. Gentle, safe, dependable—ideal for sanitary napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

RADIO-TV MIRROR

MAY, 1954

VOL. 41, NO. 6

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people on the air

What's New from Coast to Coast.....	by Jill Warren	6
Attorney at Sports (Mel Allen).....		10
He's Not Just Acting! (Roy Rogers).....		12
The News About John Cameron Swayze.....		14
Lux Radio Theater (pictures of top personalities in the drama series) ..		18
The Cowboy and His Lady (Gene Autry).....		20
Life Is So Worthwhile (Bill Stern).....		21
Search For Tomorrow (Mary Stuart as Joanne Barron)		
	by Alice Francis	22
Report from the Heart (Edward R. Murrow).....		24
Giving Is Living (Ralph Edwards).....	by Bud Goode	34
The Romance Of Helen Trent.....		42
Thanks for the Memory (Bob Hope).....	by Jack Hope	44
Have Faith in Yourself.....	by Loretta Young	45
Many Happy Returns (The Kate Smith Hour).....	by Frances Kish	46
"Grand Guy" (Jackie Gleason).....	by Eleanor Pollock	48
Hero of Dragnet (Jack Webb).....		50
Our Miss Brooks (Eve Arden).....		51
Young Dr. Malone (picture story, featuring Sandy Becker as Jerry Malone).....		52
Toast Of The Town (Ed Sullivan).....	by Ed Meyerson	56
Mr. And Mrs. North (Richard Denning and Barbara Britton)		
	by Betty Mills	58
Kukla and Ollie Go to Town (Kukla, Fran And Ollie).....		60
Break The Bank (Bud Collyer).....		61
Two Is for Luck (Bert Parks).....	by Jeanne Sakol	62
1,001 Nights—Plus (Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour)		
	by Jerri Sloan	63
Love That Girl! (Martha Raye).....	by Philip Chapman	64
Everybody's Neighbor (Paul Dixon).....	by Helen Bolstad	66
No Time for Tears (Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz)		
	by Peer J. Oppenheimer	68
Gay Troubadour (Frank Parker).....		70
Lovely—Lonely (Marion Marlowe).....		71
There's No One Like Him (Arthur Godfrey).....		72

features in full color

RADIO TV MIRROR Awards for 1953-54.....		29
Happy Is Their Day (Jan Miner and Terry O'Sullivan)		
	by Gladys Hall	32
The Guiding Light.....	by Dr. Dick Grant	36
Strike It Rich! (Warren Hull).....	by Mary Temple	38
Prince of a Fellow (Garry Moore).....	by Martin Cohen	40

your special services

What's Spinning (news and views on records).....	by Chuck Norman	4
New Designs for Living.....		8
Information Booth.....		26
Program Listings.....		78

Cover portrait of Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe by Ozzie Sweet

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No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

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Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against?



LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH **4 times better than any tooth paste**

LISTERINE . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world

WHAT'S SPINNING

By CHUCK NORMAN

TALK OF the record trade these days is the rapid rise of Frank Sinatra into the spotlight once more after an erratic few years in which many wags had said last rites over his popularity. Unquestionably, the Oscar hanging precariously over his head as a result of his solid role in "From Here to Eternity" has helped re-focus the spotlight, but other things have also entered into the comeback. Among these, of course, have been his frequent TV appearances—as a singer, emcee, and comedian—which have proved him to be versatile and serious about his bid for top stardom again.

The happiest indication, however, is his wax work, which is showing everyone that "The Voice" is everything it used to be, and more. I will be the first to admit that Frankie's is not the greatest voice in show business. He's got to have the right tune, such as a solid ballad or a bouncy blues. But, given that, he requires no more, and gives back the greatest. Samples of the ballads that he has done before are done again in his new album which has everybody spinning, "Songs for Young Lovers," (Capitol H-488, one 10"). Mixed in with a number of newer tunes are oldies like "They Can't Take That away from Me" and "I Get a Kick Out of You," and he handles them with the same loving care he would have tendered earlier in his career.

Bob Manning's latest recording of "You Made Me Love You" (Capitol 2695) proves to me the nice things I thought the first time I heard him. He sings straight and lets his voice sell the song—not a new technique but one that not everyone seems to be able to employ. I won't make any predictions; he makes his own with each new record.

Songwriter Dave Kapp wrote me to say that his new tune, "Man, Man, Is from the Woman Made," is his best (he admits prejudice) since "Dance with the Dolly." However, the Ames Brothers, whose Victor waxing of the tune (V-20-5644) is tops, said that they had figured the other side, a nostalgic novelty called "The Man with the Banjo," to be the hit. Happily, neither Dave nor the Ames Brothers are arguing about their concoction, and it looks to be a big year for calypso songs, of which "Man, Man" is very much a big one.

Eartha Kitt's latest album, "That Bad Eartha" (Victor LP 3187), is unfortunately titled, because it's definitely not an example of that good Eartha we all have come to enjoy in the last year. Probably she was pushed rather hard to get these out quickly in order to ride in the wake of her "Presenting Eartha Kitt" album. We haven't heard the last of her, I'm sure.

It's not generally known, but she's been turning down lots of big money in night clubs and personal appearances to stay with her musical review, "New Faces." The reason: she knows that her departure would break up the show, and there are too many kids in the cast depending on it
(Continued on page 28)



S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S
4 times its size

WATERPROOF
everywhere

CAN'T CUT CIRCULATION
anywhere

"FRIENDLY" EDGES
kind to baby's skin

CREAMY LATEX
—nothing smoother

KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE"* IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS

Give baby perfect protection with complete comfort. Non-allergenic, too. Last longer. Stitchless, seamless. Washes clean in seconds. No wonder more mothers buy Playtex than any other make. © International Latex Corp. Playtex Park, Dover Del. In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Amprior, Ontario. *T.M.



No other baby pants have this "Miracle Stretch". Let your own hand prove it.

Which of these Make-ups is the Most Flattering to You ?

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which type becomes you most excitingly? Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look. Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for

your complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—*experiment!* Wear each of these make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so *inexpensive* to see "for sure"—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

CAKE?

Yes, *cake*—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."



If you're looking for a *dramatic* make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely. With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each little imperfection is discreetly hidden. Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this *non-drying* cake never clogs pores (clinically proved) and never looks heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth . . . by night, alluring perfection—even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll *still* like Solitair . . . it's different from all others.

Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP

7 shades—33¢, 65¢, \$1.00



CREAM?

Yes, *cream*—if you crave the "natural look" or if dry skin is a special problem!



If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, Magic Touch is ideal for you! This tinted *cream* is quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness . . . covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away.

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with a youthful sheen. Powdered lightly, it gives a lovely mat finish. Rich in Lanolin, soft on your skin, richly protective.

Magic Touch
CREAM MAKE-UP

6 shades—43¢ and \$1.00



LIQUID?

Yes, *liquid*—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!



If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find your answer in Sheer Magic! Its dainty color blends your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually gives it the soft look of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, leaving your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet . . . *baby-soft* to the touch! Yet Sheer Magic is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents create this youthful effect. A completely new experience in make-up. Try it and *see!*

Sheer Magic
LIQUID MAKE-UP

6 shades—only 79¢



All 3 by Campana . . . *Creator of Fine Cosmetics*



Jack Barry's new TV program, *Winky Dink And You*, gives youngsters a chance to join in the fun by drawing on their own TV sets—and has proved its value as recreational therapy in many hospitals.

Rumors are flying that Irene Beasley may resume her popular radio show.



WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

By JILL WARREN

HOPING to give NBC further competition, CBS has launched a brand-new television offering called *The Early Morning Show*. It's a two-hour program, seen from 7:00 to 9:00 A.M. in the East—the same time slot occupied by NBC's *Today*. Walter Cronkite is the emcee, handling the interviews with interesting people in the daily news. Charles Collingwood delivers the up-to-the-minute news flashes, and Eric Sevareid is in charge of the Washington, D. C. items. The musical chores are under the reins of "Horace, The Houn'dog," a charming little character created by the talented puppeteers, Cora and Bil Baird. Horace, as a "disc doggy," presents the latest recordings. Fashion also has a place on the show, along with personalities and information from the theatrical, musical and literary worlds. And, of course, the weather—which is announced from a huge, specially constructed electronic map that shows temperatures and conditions in all parts of the country.

The television version of *One Man's Family* is finally back on NBC's network schedule as a daily fifteen-minute feature. Mary Adams is seen as Mother Barbour, Theodore von Eltz as Father Barbour, Russell Thorson again plays Paul, James Lee has returned as Clifford, Martin Dean portrays Jack, Anne Whitfield is the new Claudia (she plays Claudia's daughter on radio), Linda Leighton is Hazel, and Jack Edwards is Claudia's boy friend, John Roberts. The cast changes were necessary because many of the original members could not leave New York, and the TV series is being done on film in Hollywood. The story, although set in the present, will go back several (Continued on page 16)



Top men of *Today*, Frank Blair, Dave Garroway and Jack Lescoulie are preparing for J. Fred Muggs' trip to Africa.

Time Magazine reports on recent medical findings about
**SKIN OF WOMEN'S HANDS DAMAGED
 BY SOAPS, DETERGENTS!**

NOW! YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR HANDS FROM IRRITANTS!

USE PLAYTEX® LIVING GLOVES

LATEX, FABRIC LINED

HAVE LOVELIER HANDS IN ONLY 9 DAYS



- Made of Non-Allergenic "Living" Latex.
- Water-proof.
- Fabric-lined—for "bare hand" comfort.
- Non-slip surface—for "bare hand" grip.
- Extra-long turn-back cuffs to prevent drip, splatter.
- Easy on and off.
- Finger free, can pick up pin or dime.
- Never sticky, never clammy.

Hands protected by Playtex Living Gloves cannot possibly be harmed by soaps, detergents or cleansers.

Strong soaps, harsh detergents continually dry out the skin (see photos at left), may even create ugly eruptions. Household cleansers, bleaches, waxes, polishes may aggravate already sensitive skins. Lotions, creams may create fertile "soil" for germs.

Hot water, oven heat, refrigerator cold, irritating household chemicals, can complete the drying, roughening, cracking — and ruin of your skin and nails.

**Yet You Can Prevent It All! Yes, All!
 Proof In Only 9 Days**

Do all your housework — dishes, laundry, cleaning, scrubbing — with Playtex "Living" Gloves. The makers of these gloves, world's largest producers of dipped latex products, give you —

A Daring Promise Never Made Before:

In only 9 days PLAYTEX Gloves can help restore the natural smoothness of your hands.

Playtex "Living" Gloves give your skin's natural oils a chance to bring back the natural loveliness of your hands. Give your hands and manicures the protection they can never get out of any bottle or jar. **And: The very first manicure you save pays for your Gloves.**

Get them today! Have lovelier hands in only 9 days!

The attention of the medical profession is called to the article in Time Magazine, Nov. 9th, 1953, and recent article in Sept., 1953 Archives of Dermatology etc., dealing with the effects on women's hands of soaps and detergents.



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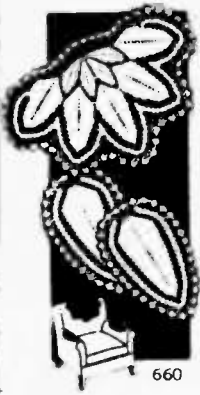
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eggs-actly
what your hair
needs!



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New Designs for Living



660



7218

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DESIGNS IN RED,
GREEN



7336

IRON-ON COLOR
DESIGNS IN GREEN,
ORANGE, BROWN

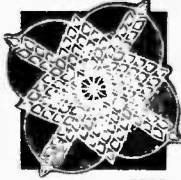
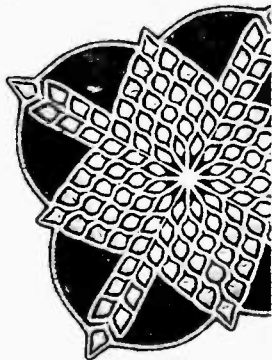


7360



574
SIZES 12-20

62 INCHES



7228

660—Protect a new chair or refresh a "tired" one with this fan-shaped set. Jiffy to crochet. Chair-back, 12 x 18 inches; arm rest, 7 x 12 inches. Crochet directions. 25¢

7218—Decorate your kitchen linens with iron-on vegetable designs in combination of red and green. No embroidery. Transfer of 6 washable motifs, 4½ x 3¾ inches. 25¢

7336—A stroke of an iron and water-lilies in combination of orange, brown and green decorate linens. No embroidery. Washable. Transfer of six iron-on motifs: four, 4½ x 3¾; two, 9 x 4½ inches. 25¢

7360—Rows of pineapples, baby-size at the waist grow bigger toward the hem. Crochet scooped blouse and skirt of straw or wool yarn. Skirt, Waist Sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30. Blouse 32-34; 36-38. All sizes included. 25¢

574—For the mother-to-be. Make these sew-easy tops in a variety of fabrics. Embroider flowers on dress-up jacket. Maternity Sizes 12-20. Pattern pieces, embroidery transfer. State size 25¢

7228—Pineapples in a striking design make a very pretty tablecloth. It's 62 inches across with scalloped edges, novel corners. Use heavy cotton for 62-inch cloth. No. 30 cotton for 42-inch centerpiece. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to:
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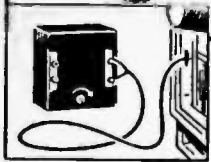
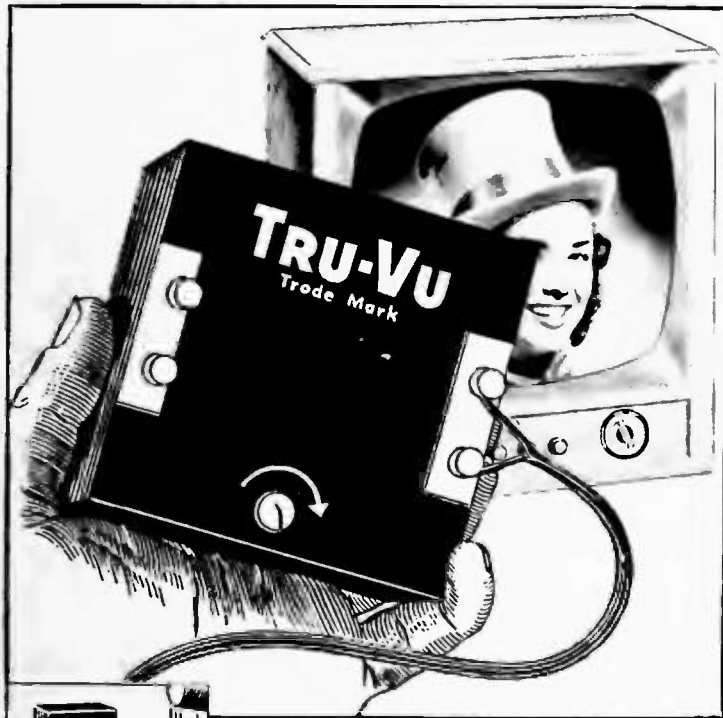
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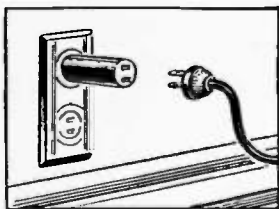
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At last! A revolutionary new electronic device that clears up any kind of television picture trouble—*instantly!* Think of it! Never again will you be forced to watch programs that are fuzzy, jumpy, blurred and distorted due to outside interference. Weak and faded pictures are made movie-clear—even in so-called "fringe areas"! Called the TRU-VU, this amaz-

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- TRU-VU is used with your present antenna—inside, outside or even with boosters! There's nothing else to buy!
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- TRU-VU eliminates sound interference from nearby radio stations!
- TRU-VU is simple to use! Just detach the antenna lead-in wire from the back of the TV set... connect TRU-VU in its place... then attach the antenna wire to TRU-VU. That's all you do!
- TRU-VU is specifically designed to adjust to your own particular television problems to give you the finest, clearest picture possible!
- TRU-VU stops your set from losing the picture! No more fussing with knobs every so often. You get the picture and sound clear... you keep the picture and sound clear.
- TRU-VU is safe... shockproof... fully insulated! No high voltage wires. And no danger to children!
- TRU-VU saves you up to \$100 a year! No more unnecessary television service calls. TRU-VU is your personal TV engineer!
- And new TRU-VU is **UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED** to assure perfect TV picture reception on any channel—even faraway stations—*immediately*... or your money back!

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Just fill out and mail coupon right away. Please print name and address clearly. On arrival, pay postman just \$4.95 for each TRU-VU and FREE Static Eliminator, plus regular C.O.D.

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Send C.O.D. plus postage.

Cash enclosed. Send postpaid.

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Zone _____

State _____

ATTORNEY AT SPORTS

Mel Allen was set to be a lawyer when an unexpected audition opened the door to fame for him



Mel and his "general assistant" brother Larry spend much of their spare time at sport research.

MEL ALLEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. That's what the future held in store for the young man who'd just received his law degree from the University of Alabama and had passed his bar exams with flying colors. Sports? Sure, he had always loved them, participated in them, but not with a career in mind. He'd even announced football games for the university, but just for the fun of it. If anyone had told him he'd be sitting atop the sportscasting world in a matter of years, he would have thought they were slightly deranged.

But life had its share of surprises for young Mr. Allen, and a wintry weekend in January, 1937, brought with it his most fateful hour. Mel and some friends had

driven up from Alabama for a visit in New Haven. And, since he'd be passing through New York, Mel thought he'd attend some radio broadcasts—just for the fun of it. Knowing that a little "pull" would help, he had brought along a letter of introduction to one of the big guns at CBS. But what Mel didn't know was that auditions for announcers were being held then and, before he knew what had hit (Continued on page 85)

Mel Allen stars on *Sport Spot*, CBS-TV, W, 10:45 P.M. EST. for White Owl Cigars, and *Sports Daily*, NBC Radio, M-W-Th, 6:15 P.M. EST, for Howard Clothes. As "Voice of the N.Y. Yankees," he covers their games over WPIX-TV, WINS, and other stations.



FAVORITE TV SPORTS ANNOUNCER



I dreamed I went to a masquerade



in my ^{}maidenform[®] bra*



The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chonsonette in fine white cotton broodcloth, acetate satin, or nylon toffeto... from \$2.00. There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.*

COSTUME BY JOE FULDERICS JEWELS BY TRIFARI
MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.

Roy tells a would-be buyer and his son how much Trigger means to him—and his fans.



HE'S NOT JUST ACTING!

Roy Rogers' real and radio lives are very much alike—and he loves them both

ROY ROGERS, cowboy star, and Roy Rogers, family man and rancher, make ideal saddle-mates. The personal and professional lives of your favorite radio Western star have much in common, and Roy loves them both.

Typical of his belief in the part he plays and of his loyalty to his fans was Roy's flat rejection of a Texas oilman's recent offer of \$200,000 to buy Trigger, Roy's famous palomino horse. Said Roy about the horse with whom he rode to success: "There's not enough money in the world to buy Trigger!"

As a cowboy star, Roy rarely, if ever, gets to kiss his leading lady, Dale Evans. In real life, however, he is married to her. On a rambling, comfortable, five-acre ranch in Encino, California, Dale and Roy lead a happy, informal life centered around the family.

The tremendous appeal Roy has for the junior set stems from his actual, deep (Continued on page 107)

*The Roy Rogers Show, NBC Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, for Dodge.
Roy Rogers Show, NBC-TV, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, for Post Cereals.*



FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN STAR • FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN SHOW

NOW! 3 Great Exclusive Features in One Sensational Girdle!



1. Only Playtex gives you the fabulous fit and control of latex, without a seam, stitch, stay, or bone!

2. Only Playtex gives you adjustable latex garters that let you stand, sit, stoop, or stretch in complete freedom!

3. Only Playtex gives you a fabric lining like *this*—cloud-soft and cloud-comfortable!

Playtex[®] FABRIC LINED GIRDLES

with **4** durably reinforced adjustable garters

No other girdles like them! Smooth latex with cloud-soft fabric lining, these sensational Playtex girdles are invisible under the slimmest clothes, and they have the world's only adjustable latex garters that give custom fit with a touch!

Enjoy these great exclusives in Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles. Discover the fabulous fit, the fabulous freedom only Playtex can give you. The comfort of that fabric lining. The 4 adjustable garters so firm yet so flexible that stockings are held with just the right tension whether you stand, sit, stoop or stretch!

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles are all one smooth figure-slimming piece. They're second-skin comfortable, wash-dry in a flash!



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

Playtex Fabric Lined Garter Girdles and Panty Girdles with adjustable garters—*at a low, low* \$5.95. Extra-large size, \$6.95. Fabric Lined Panty Brief (without garters), \$4.95.

At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

the NEWS about

He's tops in the TV news world,
but he'd be the last to admit it



Family outing: Johns—Jr. and Sr.—"Tuffie" and Sue enjoy a sightseeing trip to Washington, D. C.

FOR THE past five years, millions of TV viewers across the nation have welcomed into their homes each week-day evening handsome, genial John Cameron Swayze and his expert presentation of the *Camel News Caravan*. Mr. Swayze's friendly, debonair manner, his smooth, warm voice, plus his genius for news gathering and casting, have consistently won him awards as the top TV news commentator and have led people to good-naturedly label him as "suave Swayze," the "walking encyclopedia," and the man with a "photographic mind." But, in spite of all the honors and acclaim that have come his way, John has remained a modest, sincere person who prefers not to be looked up to as a possessor of great talents, fortune or prestige, but merely

as a real person with his own share of attributes and faults.

In his Greenwich, Connecticut home—with his wife "Tuffie," son John Jr., and daughter Sue—you'd never find John playing the role of lord and master. More likely, you'd be apt to catch him helping Tuffie by giving some part of the house a new coat of paint . . . or rustling up a quick meal, if Tuffie is busy with another project . . . or, perhaps, admiring Tuffie's latest acquisition—which would undoubtedly be one of their "practical antiques."

But don't be misled and think John is a great handyman, experienced chef and expert on antiques—he'd never let you say that of him. When pressed, he'll admit he enjoys painting, but will quickly add that it's about the only

thing he can do in the house-fixing department. As for cooking, he'll claim it as a hobby, though mostly it consists of puttering around the kitchen and fixing himself a snack. By no means a chef, says he. And, as for the antiques, he lets Tuffie do most of the choosing. His enjoyment comes from using them—being at ease in them.

However, there is one antique that John is particularly proud of, because he picked it out himself. It's a three-hundred-year-old tavern table which has become the center of his office-away-from-the-office, where he spends many hours working on his programs and newspaper material. A happy gleam flashes in his eyes when he tells of the secret drawer he discovered in the table, especially because not even



FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR

SWAYZE

the antique dealer had known about it.

When it comes to his famous wardrobe, however—particularly his fabulous collection of ties—John makes no bones about being fussy and choosing all his own clothes. Even though he respects Tuffie's good taste, he prefers—and enjoys—getting all his own things himself. The only time Tuffie interferes is in John's selection of sport shirts. He likes them as loud as they come, and Tuffie continually has to restrain him. John also receives ties every week from fans all over the country, and he obliges by wearing the ones that are best suited for him. He's quite proud that he has never worn the same tie twice on a telecast.

In contrast to his genius for news gathering and casting, John paints a picture of himself in the sports field—golf in particular—as one of the world's un-greatest. He won't disclose his golf score, but admits he diligently practices putting in his yard, adding that the result of his endeavors—numerous holes in the ground—is the closest he comes to being a gardener.

When young Mr. Swayze had just graduated from the University of Kansas and his whole career lay ahead of him, he started to realize his dreams of becoming a dramatic actor. But fate—and the Depression—had other plans for him. Within a short time, he found himself serving as a newspaperman, the role which eventually, through radio and then TV, led him to his present-day position at the top of the newscasting world. And, though he has never lost his love for the theater, nor forgotten his dreams of being an actor, neither has he ever regretted that he made the change. In fact, says he, he is very happy about the way his life and career have evolved. Which should make everyone who has come to know and appreciate Mr. Swayze feel especially pleased when he says with all sincerity each night, "Glad we could get together."

Camel News Caravan, NBC-TV, M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST, is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Camel Cigarettes. John Cameron Swayze also broadcasts news over NBC Radio, Tu-Th-F, 9:30 P.M. EST, for Alemita CD-2.



Gives your hair that "cared for" look...

WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM

(Suddenly things begin to happen!)

No other hairdressing leaves hair so natural looking...

(You look prettier than you have in months!)

See! Beauty is catching! And no other hairdressing adds so much *sheer beauty* to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol* . . . relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. It's romantically *good* for your hair! Keeps it in place, lovely to behold all day long!

HELENE CURTIS
Suave^{*}
the HAIRDRESSING
women prefer 7 to 1



50¢-\$1 (plus tax)

Gives your hair healthy-looking glow . . . relieves dryness



What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

years when the five Barbour children were living with their parents in San Francisco.

The *Robert Q. Lewis Show*, heard Saturday mornings on CBS Radio, is expanding to an hour and a half on April 15. With his daily afternoon television show and his other appearances, Robert Q. is running Arthur Godfrey a close second in number of hours he is seen and heard on the network each week.

The baseball season is here and Mutual Network is right on the ball with its fifth successive year of *Game Of The Day*, play-by-play broadcasts of the major leagues. Every club in both the American and National Leagues will be covered by sportcasters for the seven-day-per-week schedule. *Game Of The Day* started March 28 with broadcasts of pre-season exhibition games and will continue through the final season game.

Mr. District Attorney, one of the most popular radio shows in the past, has gone TV. Ziv Television Programs, Inc. acquired all television and radio rights to the program and has filmed a complete series in Hollywood. The movies were shot largely on location around Los Angeles with the full cooperation of law enforcement agencies in the area. Movie actor David Brian is the new Mr. D.A. The first programs are being released this month and will be seen around the country on local TV stations.

Eric Sevareid has just started a new TV program from Washington, D. C., called *The American Week*. It's a Sunday half-hour show with Sevareid reviewing highlight events of the previous week.

Julius La Rosa's radio show on CBS has been cut to once a week and from now on will be heard only on Mondays. Julie will now be able to do a little more traveling in between tape-recording sessions for his programs.

Two more movie stars have signed on the dotted line to maké films for television. Joan Crawford is presently shooting a thirty-nine-week series entitled *The World And I*, in which she plays a roving correspondent. The first one will go on the air next October. Edward G. Robinson is also set for a telepix series to be called *For The Defense*, in which he will be seen as a legal defender of the poor. Shooting will start in a few weeks.

This 'n' That:

Charlie Applewhite, the new singing sensation who got his start on Milton Berle's show, is married, and why his managers have been trying so hard to keep it a secret no one can figure out—unless it's because they feel he'll be more popular if considered single. But in Applewhite's case, it seems a little ridiculous to "shh" about his marriage—especially since he is very happily wed, and has been for three years, to his childhood sweetheart from Ft. Worth, and they have a nine-month-old baby.

Now on the pink-and-blue expectant list are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sterling. He's the emcee of *Make Up Your Mind* on CBS Radio.

If and when *Fibber McGee And Molly* goes on television, Marion and Jim Jordan will not play themselves. The parts will go to other Hollywood actors, with Jack Carson already pencilled-in as Fibber.



Zenith Television Award for 1953 is presented by Ted Leitzell and Dr. Frances Horwich to Beulah Karney, Chicago's culinary queen, for her distinguished public service via radio and TV.

The only reason Don McNeill finally said okay to telecasting his popular *Breakfast Club* show is because his sponsors and the ABC network promised he could do it as a simulcast, with no tampering of his casual, ad-lib morning format. After his scripted nighttime TV flop a few seasons back, Don swore he'd never again venture into video. But so far he is happy with his present set-up.

Steve Allen, whose delightful late-hour show on NBC-TV is doing so well in the New York area, may soon be seen on the network. Incidentally, Steve and actress Jayne Meadows have announced they hope to get married this coming June.

Jane Nigh, who played Lorelei on TV's *Big Town* show, has left, and for a very good reason. She and her husband, John Baker, recently became parents of a baby son. Beverly Tyler, formerly in the movies, is the new Lorelei.

Mr. J. Fred Muggs, Dave Garroway's chimpanzee chum on *Today*, has announced that he may soon trek to Africa for a vacation, as he is anxious to re-visit his native land.

Mulling The Mail:

Answering queries of M.G., M.C., and H.K., New Orleans, La.: Tennessee Ernie is back on a network program, co-starring with Helen O'Connell in a fifteen-minute musical show heard over CBS Radio in the time formerly occupied by *Family Skeleton*. . . J.D.N., Philadelphia, Pa.: Dorothy Collins' marriage to Raymond Scott was her first, and to date they have no children. . . Mrs. D.L.E., Eden, Ala., and others who asked about Dave Garroway: Dave and his former wife, Adele Dwyer, were divorced in 1946. They had a little girl, Paris, who is nine years old and lives with her mother in St. Louis, Missouri. Dave and his ex-wife are good friends. He visits St. Louis whenever he can and she and their daughter often fly to New York to see him. . . Mrs. W.H.B., China Grove, N.C.: Sorry, I cannot give out home addresses of radio or television stars. The best place to write Jimmy Durante would be c/o NBC, Hollywood, California. . . Miss C.B., Ceresco, Mich.: Songstress Eileen Parker, of the *Breakfast Club Show*, and Frank Parker, of the Godfrey crew, are no relation whatsoever. . . Mrs. J.L., Taunton, Mass., and Mrs. G.N., Carlisle, O.: NBC-TV dropped *Follow Your Heart* from its network schedule about the first of the year, and, as far as I can find out at this time, it is not set to come back. . .

Miss H.D., Otsego, Mich. and Mrs. J.S., New Canaan, Conn.: The Fontane Sisters, who sing with Perry Como, are really sisters, and as you see them on your TV screen, from left to right, they are: red-haired Jerry, the youngest; blonde Marge, in the middle; and brunette Bea, the oldest. Jerry is married to Al Latchford, a school-teacher in New York; Marge's husband is Frank Hobbs, who works for Warner Brothers in the East; and Bea is not married but steady-dates Jack Spina, one of Como's best friends, and a music publisher.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Dean Miller, the young comedian who was signed by CBS-TV? Dean replaced Art Linkletter on the *House Party* show when Art vacationed and then was given a program of his own for a short while. However, CBS dropped both Dean and the show and since that time he has had no regular TV spot. Dean, who originally played in night clubs, has been appearing in them again and occasionally does a TV guest appearance.

Bob Hawk, the popular ex-emcee on the *Camel Caravan*? When the show went off the air, Bob and his sponsor parted company. At the moment he is living in Hollywood and is said to have several ideas in mind for his projected return to the air.

Irene Beasley, songstress and femcee of *Grand Slam*? Irene hasn't been on the air since this popular program left CBS. She owns the show, however, and there have been rumors that she may resume with it in a few months. Meanwhile, she is living in Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, New York.

Dr. Christian, the very popular show, which went off the air last January after a run of sixteen years? The program was taken off at that time because the sponsor is most anxious to make it into a television show. Production plans are in the works right now and by next month I should have all the details for you.

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



Casual, carefree—that's the "Turtle-dove" thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, care-free curls and waves right from the start.



Bobbi is perfect for this casual new "Beau Belle" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural looking curls. Easy! No help is needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this flattering "Heather" hairdo. Bobbi gives curls and waves exactly where you want them.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the smooth natural look of this "Honey Ripple" hair style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—*if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.*



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

LUX

*Always a favorite
drama series with listeners,
who also vote it the
best show heard on the air!*



Irving Cummings, the producer and host, presents Olivia de Havilland with a mike-award, honoring her twentieth starring role on the series—in "Rachel."



Judy Garland returned to radio, to co-star with John Lund in "Lady in the Dark"—and had as much fun as any of the stars on their own favorite show.

It's a seven-layer cake for *Lux Radio Theater* this year . . . a tall, proud cake, with delectable frosting . . . thanks to the voters in RADIO-TV MIRROR's seventh annual poll. Seven layers—because this is the seventh time in a row that *Lux* has won the listeners' Award as their favorite radio dramatic show . . . delectable frosting—because readers have also voted it the very best show on the air! . . . Honors and anniversaries are nothing new to *Lux Radio Theater*, which has been a pioneer and a pacemaker, ever since it began its full-hour broadcasts of great screen plays, starring great screen players. . . . That was more than twenty years ago—October 3, 1933—and the subsequent history of the series has been a history of Hollywood at its best . . . just as the biography of its present producer-host has been virtually a life story of American movies—for Irving Cummings was a popular leading man in silent pictures, who later became an outstanding film director. . . . Success has been a habit with Cummings—and with *Lux Radio Theater*—and no cake could be big enough to hold candles for all the good wishes which their millions of loyal listeners have for them both!

Lux Radio Theater is heard on CBS Radio, Monday, 9 P.M. EST—and *Lux Video Theater* is seen on CBS-TV, Thursday, 9 P.M.—both sponsored by Lever Brothers.



FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC SHOW • BEST RADIO SHOW

RADIO THEATER



Famous stars work hard on the top drama series—and Joan Fontaine catches a cat-nap during a rehearsal break for "Undercurrent."



Monday night is autograph heaven for lucky fans at the *Lux* broadcasts—this one netted Esther Williams ("Million Dollar Mermaid").



Director Earl Ebi goes over the script with Rock Hudson, just before the latter's appearance in "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?"



Starring in "Our Very Own," Terry Moore talks to sound technician Charlie Forsythe, who's been with *Lux Radio Theater* since '36.

the COWBOY and his LADY

Throughout his spectacular career, Gene Autry has always had the quiet, understanding support of his devoted wife, Ina



Gene and Champion get a grand welcome—rodeo style.

THE "little woman behind the throne" has become a rather wry joke among the sophisticates. But Gene Autry, whom you readers have crowned your favorite cowboy on television, never ceases to be grateful for the quiet help and understanding his wife Ina has given him throughout the twenty-two years of their marriage.

Ina has deliberately chosen to keep out of the public spotlight, but she has always worked closely with Gene in his various activities and taken an active interest in them. Few people are better informed about show business than Ina, who reads all the trade papers, listens carefully to the shop talk of friends and associates, and then forms her own clear, independent views. Because she alone, of all the many people about Gene who are all-too-ready with advice and opinions, has no ax but his own to grind, Ina's suggestions play a major role in many important decisions.

For instance, in the summer of 1949, Gene was asked to record a song brought to him by an executive of Columbia (*Continued on page 95*)

Gene Autry Show, CBS-TV, Tues., 8 P.M. EST—CBS Radio, Sun., 6 P.M. EST—for Wrigley's Doublemint Chewing Gum.



FAVORITE TV WESTERN STAR • FAVORITE TV WESTERN SHOW

LIFE IS SO WORTHWHILE

Out of the depths of tragedy and despair, Bill Stern brings renewed hope for many



TO MOST PEOPLE, weekends are for relaxing, for catching up on the little things neglected during the busy week gone by, for enjoying family and friends. But, to ace sportscaster Bill Stern, weekends mean something more than a welcome change from a hectic routine. Weekends for him are matters of the heart that tug unmercifully at his deepest emotions, and their roots were tragically planted nineteen years ago when Bill was an unknown young man fighting for a career—and his life.

It happened in Texas. After being fired by NBC in New York for trying too hard to impress his bosses, Bill landed in the Lone Star State, announcing local football games. On his way home after one game, he was in an auto accident that sent him to the hospital with a badly broken leg. Ten days later, he was in a New York (Continued on page 98)

Sports Today With Bill Stern, ABC Radio, 6:30 P.M. EST (on WABC, at 6:45 P.M.), is sponsored by Anheuser-Busch, Inc., for Budweiser Beer. Bill also telecasts the sports news over WABC-TV, M-F, 11:10 P.M., under participating sponsorship.

Bill is mighty proud of his three offspring: Mary, 10, Peter, 13, and baby Paddy, who is 2.

FAVORITE RADIO SPORTS ANNOUNCER





When Joanne Barron sings with her daughter Patti, on television, Mary Stuart is sharing her own musical heritage with the little girl she loves, Lynn Loring.

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS

Search for tomorrow

*Mary Stuart finds the songs
of the past a lovely
melody lane to the future*

By ALICE FRANCIS

SOMETIMES on the daytime TV drama, *Search For Tomorrow*, you find Joanne Barron and her daughter Patti singing together as they wash the dishes, or Joanne will be humming a folk tune to the little girl as she tucks her into bed. The song, of course, will be only incidental to the story. But, for Mary Stuart, who plays Joanne, and for Lynn Loring, who plays Patti, it may be the high point of the day.

Because of this chance to sing a little on the show, Mary is getting an added dividend of joy from this role she has loved since its beginning almost three years ago. Because of it, little Lynn has become interested in learning to sing, and in discovering the beautiful old ballads and folk songs and the Western music which are part of Mary's musical heritage from her Virginia-born parents and her Oklahoma childhood. Lately, some old Scottish folk tunes with lilting lyrics have been added to the list of songs Mary is teaching Lynn, along with dance steps to correspond.

So now the already close relationship between these two, on and off the program, is tied up even more firmly with these ribbons of rhythm, these songs and chants and bits of melody that have come down through generations of folks who never dreamed of such things as radio and television. What's more, they've got everybody around the set whistling such tunes as "Dance Like a Lady," when the mood is Scottish—or humming bits of "Down in the Valley," "The Blue-Tailed Fly," "Barbara Allen," or "Baby-O," when

the mood is sentimental or nostalgic (or it's just plain spring fever which has them in its clutch).

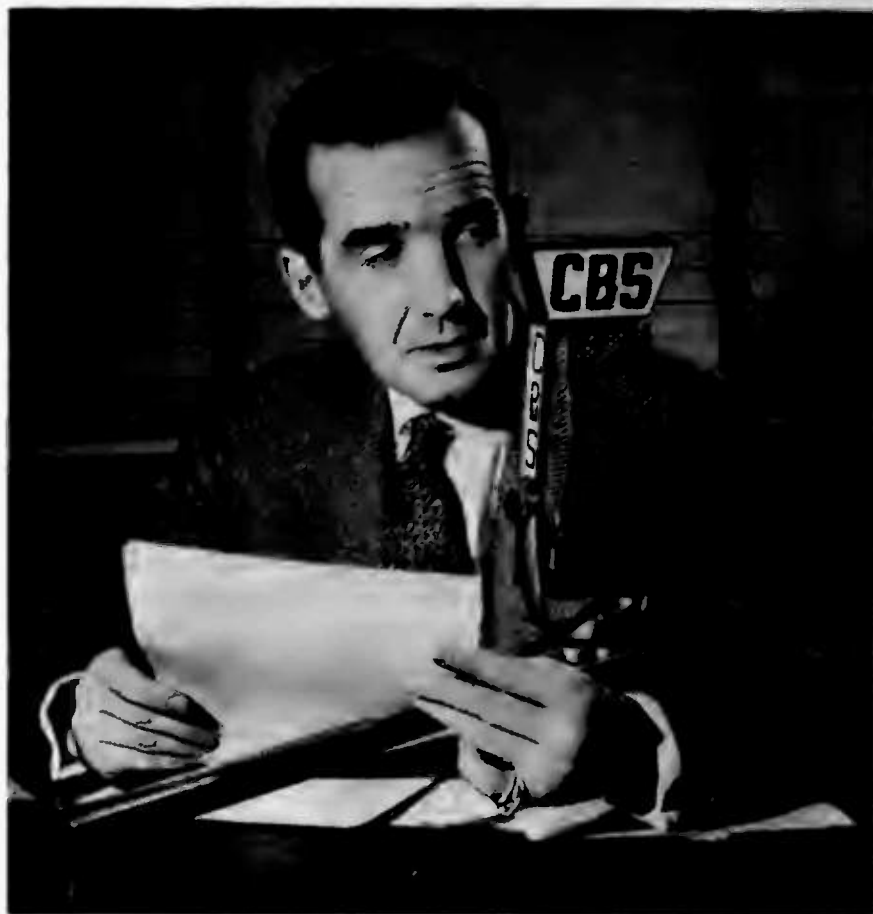
For Mary Stuart, all this singing began back in her very early childhood, when her father and mother and brother—and an uncle who played the banjo—would get together, evening after evening, and harmonize at the slightest provocation. "I could always harmonize with anyone, even if I had never heard the melody before," she says. "We sang at all kinds of community get-togethers, church affairs, around the family piano, or out on the porch or the yard. Most of our neighbors sang along with us, when they could. You might say, however, that we were, in particular, a family who liked to get out and bay at the moon at the first sign of its rising, and forget all our problems and chores. It was fun."

Mary's folks had come from the mountain regions around Virginia, where there are some wonderful old songs handed down from father to son. Her dad could remember tunes his father knew and that his grandparents had known before that. "Even now, when I want to sing something on the show and I can't remember how some part of it goes, I call Daddy long-distance from New York to Tulsa and ask him to sing it to me, and then I repeat it. In an (*Continued on page 100*)

Mary is Joanne Barron in *Search For Tomorrow*, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co. for Joy, Spic and Span, Shasta, Cheer.

REPORT FROM THE

*Behind the scenes,
Edward R. Murrow is every bit
the man you'd expect him to be*



Weekends at their farm in Pawling, New York, find Ed and Janet Murrow ever busy with home improvements.

WHAT MANNER of man is Edward R. Murrow? Because he is a vice-president and member of the Board of Directors of CBS, in addition to being an active news commentator, interviewer and editor-producer—does this mean he is a typical harried executive, a temperamental, impossible-to-see personality? Certainly not. Ed Murrow is an honest-to-goodness, down-to-earth person with his own share of likes and dislikes—a man whom everyone feels honored to know.

Ed, who is at ease with presidents and kings, with famous people the world over, will lean back in his swivel chair, put his feet up on his desk and say, "I'm not an executive. Budgets, in-baskets and out-baskets aren't for me. After a year and a half

(as an executive), I returned to broadcasting, where I belong." And, when he is eulogized as a news commentator, he replies, with typical modesty, "I try to be a reporter. A commentator is a kind of oracle, and I am never sure I'm right."

Recalling his pre-college days, when he was a crack logger and timber cruiser, Ed says, "Even now, I'm probably more proficient with an ax than I am with a typewriter." (Because he's still a two-finger typist, he prefers to dictate his stories.) But that's unimportant to the millions he reaches with his warm, persuasive voice and memorable phrases, to those who consider him the greatest news commentator of our time. And if this should ever give Ed cause for an inflated ego, he only has to remember

his father's attitude toward his job: "My father does not go so far as to say that there's something dishonest about a man making a living merely by talking. But he does think there's something doubtful about it."

There's no need for doubt when Ed is at the mike but, in private, his friends have learned to heed what he says with caution—especially when he indulges in one of his favorite pastimes: telling tall tales of unlikely happenings to famous people. But that is the human side of Ed Murrow. . . . Just as typical—though perhaps not as "human"—is his penchant for driving fast. During World War II, while Ed was in London, newsman Elmer Davis once commented on this love for speed. "I had heard of the horrors of war," said Mr. Davis, "but



FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR

HEART

I didn't know they included Ed Murrow's driving!"

As for his likes and dislikes, Ed finds that he hasn't much time to indulge in either these days. But if he gets a spare moment, he likes to vary his heavy reading schedule with an occasional detective story. Ed reads fast and, although he has a very retentive memory, he never remembers birthdays or anniversaries.

Weekends, Ed has a little more time to himself. Comes Friday night, he and his wife Janet, whom he calls "Kuchen" (German for "cock"), and son Casey ("My best friend," says Ed), take off for their farm in Pawling, New York, where Ed enjoys doing all the chores that befall a gentleman farmer. On occasion, Ed also manages to get in a round of golf, a good hand of poker, or a game of darts—all of which he plays in better-than-average style.

People constantly marvel at Ed's at-ease quality with the greatest figures of our time, but actually beneath his poker-faced calm he is always nervous and tense. But his outward serenity has come from years of self-discipline, from keeping in mind a bit of advice given to him by Judge John Bassett Moore of the World Court, who told Ed: "When you meet men of great reputation, your judgment of them will be greatly improved if you view them as though they were in their underwear."

In the field of achievement, Ed Murrow has had a front-row seat for some of the greatest news events in history. He has won more than fifty awards and has had honorary doctorates conferred on him by six universities. Typical of the endless words of praise that have come his way are those of William S. Paley, Chairman of the Board of CBS, who called Ed "a man fitted to his time and to his task, a student, a philosopher, at heart a poet of mankind and, therefore, a great reporter." And, as the immortal Carl Sandburg added: "an inquirer, actor, ponderer, seeker." This . . . is Edward R. Murrow.

Edward R. Murrow And The News, heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 7:45 P.M.; *Person To Person*, CBS-TV, Fri., 10:30 P.M.; multiple sponsorship. See *It Now*, on CBS-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M., sponsored by Aluminum Co. of America. (All EST)



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

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

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

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Jane Russell starring in "THE BIG RAINBOW"

An RKO Radio Picture. Color by Technicolor

INFORMATION

Irma's Old Friend

Dear Editor:

I would like to know what has happened to Cathy Lewis, who played Jane Stacy on the My Friend Irma show on television.
E. B., Maplesville, Ala.

Cathy has teamed up with her husband, Elliott Lewis, on their own show, *On Stage*, heard Wednesday nights over CBS.

Silent Screen To TV

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some data on Richard Stark, who announces The Perry Como Show on CBS-TV?

W. I. B., Willard, O.

Richard S. Stark started as a child actor in the silent movies, appearing in melodramas such as "Hearts of Humanity" with Erich von Stroheim. Then he joined the road company of Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream," followed by one-and-a-half performances on Broadway in a turkey called "Symphony." He switched to radio as an announcer and disc jockey, recalling: "No matter what role I played, I still sounded like Dick Stark." Dick was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1911, attended Santa Monica High School, and graduated from Cornell



Elliott & Cathy Lewis

University with a B.A. in International Law. As a captain in the Marines, he served in the Pacific theater during World War II and was decorated with the Bronze Star. He now lives in New York with his wife Jane Troxell, well-known fashion photographer, and their two children, John, 15 and Morgan, 14.

Joe Friday

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me where I can write to Jack Webb?

E. T., Chatham, Va.

You can write to *Dragnet's* star in care of NBC, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

James Kirkwood Jr.

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me something about James Kirkwood, who plays Mickey Emerson on Valiant Lady, the new television serial? I think he's charming. Could you please print a picture of him?

G. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Son of stage and screen stars Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, James Kirkwood Jr. carries on the family tradition as a frequent performer on radio and television. As half of the Kirkwood-Goodman comedy team, for which he writes all his own material, Jimmy has broken records at New York's Blue Angel, Ruban Bleu and Bon Soir. He has also appeared in stage productions of "Junior Miss," "Small Wonder" and "Dance Me A Song" and, this summer, sang the featured lead in "Call Me Madam." Incidentally, Jimmy's actress-mother, Lila Lee, was turned down for the role of Helen Emerson in *Valiant Lady* because she didn't look enough like him to play his TV "mother"!

Gunsmoke's Star

Dear Editor:

Here's my family's nomination for all the radio "Oscars" you intend to award for the next five or ten years. He's Bill Conrad, star of Gunsmoke. His wonderful voice and acting ability have made him outstanding on such other programs as Escape and Lux Summer Theater. I'm sure we're not alone in this admiration. Would you please delight all us Conrad fans with a picture and biographical write-up of him?

W. R., Bethlehem, Pa.

Born in Louisville, Kentucky, and reared in Los Angeles, Bill Conrad started in



James Kirkwood Jr.

radio as announcer-writer-director at KMPC, Los Angeles; took time out in 1942 to enlist in the Air Force; then returned to radio after the war to appear in almost all the top network series originating in Los Angeles. He has played in such films as "The Killers," "Arch of Triumph," "Four Faces West" and "Sorry, Wrong Number." Despite his wife June's nomination of him for one of the "ten most poorly dressed men," Bill is still strictly a blue jeans and T-shirt man. His hobbies include cooking, photography and collecting old guns.

La Rosa Queries

Dear Editor:

I have two questions I hope you will answer. Why isn't Julius La Rosa on Ed Sullivan's Toast Of The Town television show anymore? Is there a TV program on which we can see and hear Julius? I wish we could have more of him.

L. E., Pinckneyville, Ill.

Julius has arranged for only occasional guest appearances on *Toast Of The Town*, mainly because he is so often on tour. He has no television program as yet, but you can hear him on CBS Radio, Mondays, 7:30 P.M. EST.

Mother and Daughter

Dear Editor:

I would like to know who the girl is who plays Joan Davis's sister on I Married Joan. Is she Joan's sister in real life? Would you print some information about her?

J. M., Brockway, Pa.

Beverly Wills, who plays Joan Davis's

BOOTH



Bill Conrad

sister on *I Married Joan*, is the real-life daughter of Joan Davis. They first appeared together as a mother-daughter pair when Beverly and Joan included her in a vaudeville act. A while back, Beverly suffered a disappointment at being told she was too young to play Joan's daughter in "If You Knew Susie." Now too old to play daughter, she is delighted with the role of sister to her famous mom.

Double Identities

Dear Editor:

Are these sets of characters played by the same actor in each case: Perry Mason on Perry Mason and Tom Wells on *Ma Perkins*; Malcolm Overton on *Road of Life* and Reverend Dennis on *The Brighter Day*; Bill Bauer on *The Guiding Light* and Gordy Webber on *Perry Mason*?

E. R., Altoona, Pa.

You're right in two cases. John Larkin plays both Perry Mason and Tom Wells, and Lyle Sudrow plays Bill Bauer and Gordy Webber. But Craig McDonnell plays Malcolm Overton, while Bill Smith plays Reverend Dennis.

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.



Should a college candidate plan to make—

- Hay while the sun shines A summer conquest

Headed for the ivy halls next autumn? Better start hoarding some greenery now (unless your Dad has that Midas touch!). Get a summer job. Maybe toting trays at a resort. Or salesclerking. Or working in an office, or hospital. Helps you get those college "extras" without a whimper from Pop's wallet. On certain days, job-hopkin's no chore when you choose the napkin that holds its shape. Kotex gives chafe-free softness: made to stay soft while wearing!



If not asked to the Big Dance, try a—

- Trip to Grandma's Gay fray Crying towel

Let the lucky bid-winners have their day—there's always another dance just around the corner, mourner! Meantime, round up all the Uninviteds (you're not the only one); stage a gay fray that night. Have music, ample samples (refreshment-wise). How about a home permanent party? And to banish calendar blues... be confident with Kotex. You get extra absorbency, for extra protection; poise!

Are you in the know?



To remedy fuzzy forearms, use—

- A razor A lightener Sandpaper

Wait! You're in for stubble trouble if you mow down forearm fuzz with a razor. Instead, why not bleach it—with a good hair lightener? (Then, long time no see!) You can foil unsightly outlines, too, at "that" time—thanks to Kotex. The secret? It's those flat, pressed ends. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex to learn which size best suits you.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues. Each tissue tears evenly—no shredding, no waste. Delsey's double-ply for extra strength, too. And now Delsey is available in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue — as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.

WHAT'S SPINNING

(Continued from page 4)

for their bread and butter. People like that don't poof in the pan and fade out.

Decca's 10" LP record of the sound track from "The Glenn Miller Story" is wonderful stuff. The cuts that I've heard are so close to Glenn's original recordings, they send shivers up and down my spine. The instrumentalists have even copied most of the solos note for note. About a dozen of the musicians in the studio band which made the sound track are from his old band, and one of his arrangers, Bill Finegan, did the duties for these Hollywood versions. That is one movie you should be able to enjoy with eyes shut.

Actress Jennifer Jones seems to have talents as a songplugger. Each of her outstanding pictures has produced a musical success, and Columbia is recognizing this happy fact by saluting her in a special new album containing the theme music from her screen hits. These include "Ruby," "Since You Went Away," "Duel in the Sun," "Song of Bernadette," and her latest one, "The Indiscretion of an American Wife."

Further sewing up the market on the "Indiscretion" number, Columbia has issued recordings of it by Paul Weston, who composed it, and by a team made up of two newcomers named Jo Stafford and Liberace! Weston also has recorded on the Columbia label another tune from the picture, "Autumn in Rome."

Pianist Walter Gieseking is now recording on the new Angel classical label, and two recent records which deserve the attention of everyone are those containing the four most popular of Beethoven's sonatas. Anyone with even a passing interest in serious music is familiar with these selections: "Pathetique," "Moonlight," "Waldstein" and "Appassionata." Each sonata is complete on one side of the record (Angel 35024 and 35025). The great composer shows his warmth and feeling for beauty in these four sonatas, and they are an excellent introduction to his heavier concertos and symphonies.

Angel, by the way, has pulled a clever stunt in its packaging of long-playing classical records. For the standard price of the regular 12" LP's, Angel gives a record which is sealed in cellophane at the factory, where it was inspected previous to packaging.

At the same time, realizing that many music lovers are on a budget, they have also offered a thrift package containing the same record, but without notes, libretto, or fancy illustration, but in a sturdy envelope; all this for one dollar less than the price of the regular "perfectionist package." Reports are they've had good reactions to this move, especially from music students and couples of "modest means."

I just got a copy of an advance recording Louis "Play It Pretty For The People" Prima has made for the Equity label. One side is a new waxing of "Please No Squeeza Da Banana," a tune he made a big hit with during the war. It should be as big this time. The other side is a novelty arrangement of "Darktown Strutters' Ball," and the second and third choruses are in Italian and Yiddish. And, unlike some foreign language lyrics these days, these bear translation by anyone.

There, that should hold you for a month!



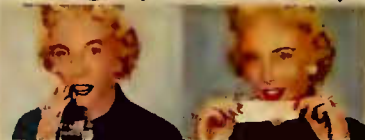
She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out **PINK PLUM**
And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢



Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet



"We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick. They apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!"

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

RADIO-TV MIRROR

AWARD WINNERS, 1953-54



You cast the votes, you elected your own favorites—and sprang some surprises!—in our seventh annual poll of listeners and viewers



FAVORITE TV COMEDY SHOW

Colgate Comedy Hour (NBC-TV) stars such ace comics as Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.



FAVORITE TV QUIZ SHOW

What's My Line? (CBS-TV) tests wits of Dorothy Kilgallen, Steve Allen, Arlene Francis, Bennett Cerf—and moderation of John Daly.



FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S SHOW

Queen For A Day (Mutual) and emcee Jack Bailey make Cinderella dreams come true.

A LISTENERS' poll was a revolutionary idea when, in September, 1947, this magazine announced its plan to act as a ballot-counting bureau to enable you reader-listeners to name your favorite stars and programs.

Introducing the annual Awards, we pointed out: "There have been many polls of radio editors, columnists and critics, but no regular way has existed for you listeners to express your views. . . . Now RADIO MIRROR takes a hand to give you a chance to make your opinion felt, your voice heard."

Today, broadcasters listen to and take heed of this expression of *your* views. By your ballots, you have often changed the status of shows and performers. On the strength of *your* Awards, sponsors have often renewed and improved contracts. Some of the featured players

see following pages for more AWARD WINNERS



RADIO-TV MIRROR

you have noticed have emerged as independent stars with new shows built around them.

Your chosen stars and the program staffs greatly appreciate what you have done. The editors and publisher of RADIO-TV MIRROR add their own "Thank you!"—for your ballots also have been important to us.

You have made the RADIO-TV MIRROR Award one to be treasured by winners, envied by losers, for it is backed by unique authority—the authority which you readers confer.

Just as it was at the outset, this still remains the *only* nation-wide poll by which you listeners and viewers elect your favorite stars and programs.

In your 1953-54 balloting, most of you voted what, in politics, would be termed a "split ticket." You appeared to make a conscious effort to spread the honors around to include more names, more programs.

For instance: While you gave Arthur Godfrey a vote of confidence by again naming *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* the best program in all television, you also indicated that this year he had stronger competition for your attention. In 1952, and again in (Continued on page 86)



FAVORITE RADIO MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Art Linkletter's *People Are Funny* (CBS Radio) and *House Party* (CBS-TV and Radio) prove his winning ways with 'most everyone.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME NON-SERIAL SHOW

Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* (ABC Radio and ABC-TV), with gay "Aunt Franny" Allison, brightens the morning for millions.



FAVORITE RADIO FEMALE SINGER

Dinah Shore (heard on both NBC Radio and NBC-TV) still weaves magic for America's ears—and heart.

AWARD WINNERS, 1953-54



FAVORITE TV TALENT-AUDITION SHOW

Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* (NBC-TV) spans an era of talent and opportunity. "Jerry's Capettes," New Jersey dancing trio, are teen-age students of Jerry Love—who got her own big chance on the *Hour* with the late Major Bowes years ago.



FAVORITE RADIO HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM

Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet (ABC Radio and TV) reflects the real-life happiness of the Nelsons.



FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC SHOW

Mama (CBS-TV), as played by Peggy Wood, has a family of viewers almost as large as the census!



"Projects" are an O'Sullivan hobby—as daughter Kathleen and wife Jan demonstrate at the farm.

Happy is their day

When work's fun—and shared
with one you love—
life couldn't be more exciting

By GLADYS HALL

THEY HAD their picture taken—blonde Jan Miner and her husband, dark Terry O'Sullivan—wearing matching leather jackets, holding an old wagon wheel, a sweep of sky, cloudless and blue behind them. . . .

"Suddenly," Jan said, "the old wagon wheel—late of the barn at Hilltop House—took on, in our eyes, a sort of symbolic significance, became . . . the wheel of fortune. Our fortune—Terry's and mine—which has taken such a turn in our favor, during this past year.

"Work-wise, for instance, we're happy. In addition to our 'regular' jobs—my Julie Nixon on CBS Radio's *Hilltop House* and Terry's Arthur Tate on CBS-TV's *Search For Tomorrow*—the CBS Radio nighttime show, *Casey, Crime Photographer*, is back on the air, and Annie is one of my favorite roles. Terry announces the new Du Mont TV show, *Dollar A Second*—emceed by Jan Murray—and it's a hit. And on ABC-TV he announces *Leave It To The Girls*, which has always been a favorite with fans. I've signed a wonderful new TV contract, too. Although this is still in the experimental stage of 'what-to-do' and 'how-to-do it,' it has a big and exciting potential. (Continued on page 101)

Jan Miner is Julie Nixon in *Hilltop House*, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer. Terry O'Sullivan is Arthur Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Cheer, Shasta.



"Time out": Supervisor Terry with all three of his daughters—left to right—Molly, Kathleen, Colleen.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS ★ FAVORITE TV DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR

© SULLIVAN



GIVING IS LIVING

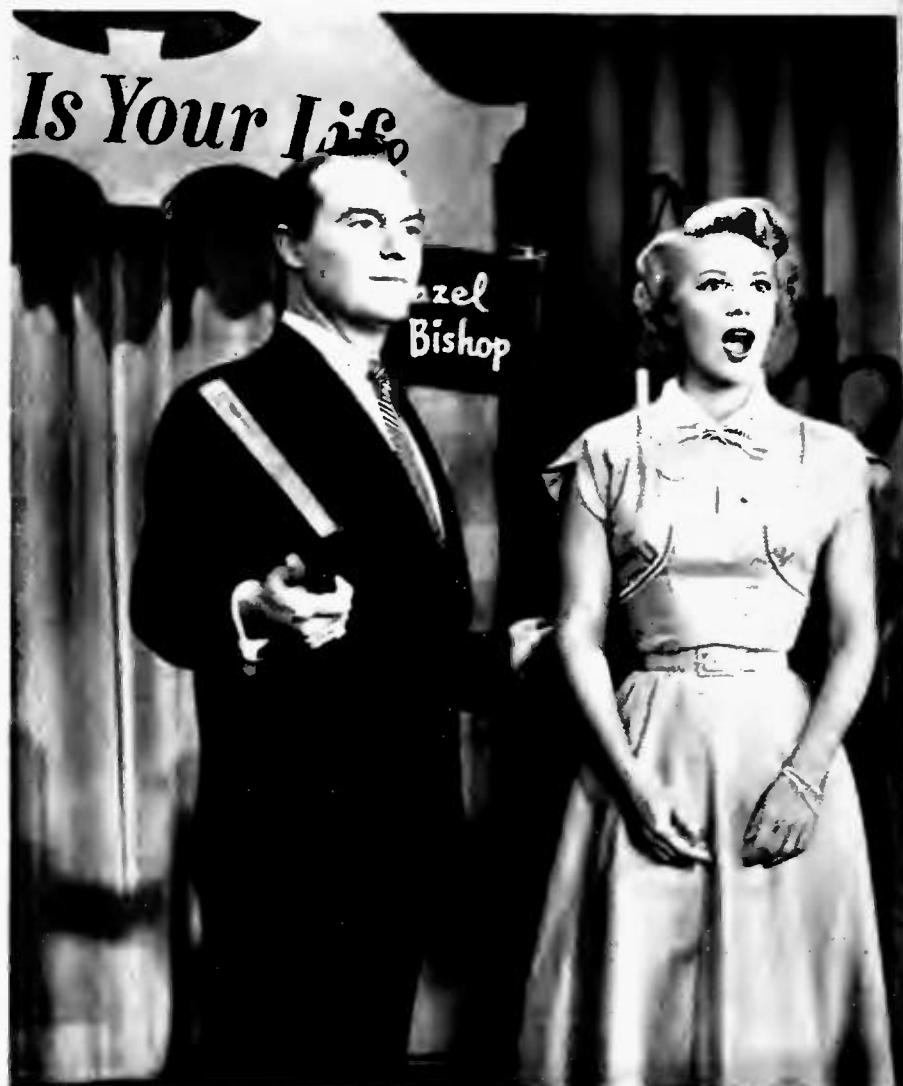


Whether on Truth Or Consequences or This Is Your Life, Ralph Edwards





Left—even live elephants aren't an unusual spectacle on Ralph's *Truth Or Consequences*. Below—Dinah Shore registers the typical surprise of all his subjects on *This Is Your Life*.



knows the thrill of helping others

By
BUD GOODE

RALPH EDWARDS looked up at the sun-flashed marble sign: "Carrie Tingley Memorial Children's Hospital." Every year, when Ralph brought his *Truth Or Consequences* gang to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, he visited the little hospital. The hospital was the reason for their visit . . . the proceeds from the show and the town's festival week went to its support.

Inside the ward, Ralph looked down at

a little Indian girl in the first bed. Confined to the bed because of club feet, her world seemed always to have been the white walls and the expanse of white sheet.

She was only three years old . . . and the prison of a bed had kept her small for her age. But, even with these few years, she had the stoic face of her Hopi ancestors. No matter how much pain and suffering pressured those onyx eyes, (Continued on page 81)

Truth Or Consequences is heard on NBC Radio, Thursday, 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Pet Milk Company. *This Is Your Life* is seen on NBC-TV, Wednesday, 10 P.M. EST, for Hazel Bishop's Long-Lasting Color Cosmetics.

Mayor J. G. Mims gives Ralph a well-deserved key to the New Mexico town named Truth or Consequences.

FAVORITE RADIO QUIZMASTER



GIVING IS LIVING



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FAVORITE RADIO QUIZMASTER





Out of my awareness of life's problems—knowing that my estranged wife, Kathy, could overhear each word—I tried to find the answer that would help Dan Peters.



FAVORITE TV DAYTIME SERIAL SHOW

The Guiding Light

Somewhere, within each of us, there is a source of inner strength and spiritual rebirth

By DR. DICK GRANT

WE ALL see other people's problems in relation to our own, and I presume this was why—on this particular day—I hesitated as I went to meet Dan Peters in the hospital reception room. It's peculiar how things can go all wrong with living! For instance, when I married Kathy, I couldn't have been more certain of my love for her . . . today, we were determined to seek an annulment, because of the peculiar circumstances surrounding our marriage. I didn't have the excuse Dan Peters had—only the excuse of events which had become unbearable. . . . As I approached Dan Peters, however, I knew what I must do—for, in this instance, Dan had every chance to fight through to happiness. He had the love of Peggy Ryan, his operation had been a success, and now, if he could just get started on the right road, he could be one of our better citizens. The smile on my face was not for Dan alone. Rather, it was for the days when I had observed the growing love which Peggy had for Dan . . . the days before Dan's operation—the days when his ugly scar had made him feel that he was unwanted, unloved. *If I could just bring this point home* was the thought that crossed my mind. . . . "Dan, I want to talk to you—talk seriously about the future," I said to him. He turned his head slightly away from me, toward the wall, as he waited for me to go on. At that moment, I became aware that Kathy had come into

the room behind me. She paused there in the doorway, and I faltered—then decided to continue as though I hadn't noticed her presence. *Perhaps*, I thought, *what would be good for Dan might also be good for Kathy . . . for Dan and Peggy, for Kathy—and myself.* A little hesitant, a little embarrassed, I proceeded to speak the thoughts that had been gnawing at my mind: "Your operation has been a success, Dan. Never again need you worry that anyone will notice your *scar* first and *you* next. . . . But there are some things that surgery cannot remove—or, rather, that only a surgeon of the soul could amputate. Those are the scars that you still carry within you, Dan. Only you yourself can remove those forever. There is no ultimate good in outward rehabilitation alone . . . there must be inward rehabilitation. Fortunately for all of us, within each of us there is an inner Light, a Guiding Light which can accomplish this regeneration. Let it shine from you. Live with it, grow with it, and then you and Peggy will have a fighting chance for happiness."

The Guiding Light is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, at 12:45 P.M., and heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 1:45 P.M.; both EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company. Pictured at the left are Paul Ballantine in the role of Dan Peters, Jim Lipton as Dr. Dick Grant, Susan Douglas as Kathy Grant.





Warren Hull (opposite page and above, right) and contestants listen to the Heartline which brings words of cheer from across the nation.



Announcer Ralph Paul and emcee Warren Hull give celebrity-guest Wendy Barrie the sign that she's won \$500 for a worthy cause, as a "helping hand."

STRIKE IT RICH!

*The program where a
second chance is the rule
instead of the exception*

By MARY TEMPLE

THE MOST amazing thing about *Strike It Rich* is that those who work on it never cease to be amazed by the miracles that happen every day. Not even Warren Hull, who helps make them happen by his patient and sympathetic listening to the stories of the contestants and by his way of putting them at ease during the questions. Miracles also never cease to amaze producer Walt Framer, associate producer Joe Gottlieb, director Paul Alter, the cameramen and the crew, and all the rest of the staff.

Everybody has a hand in the show and an enormous interest (*Continued on page 96*)

Strike It Rich is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, at 11:30 A.M.—also Wed., at 9 P.M.—and heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 11 A.M. All EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Co.

Mrs. Mary West, "flower lady" of Atlanta, had to support her grandchildren during the flower-less winter—and so *Strike It Rich* came to her rescue.



FAVORITE TV AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SHOW



Ken Carson, Durward Kirby, Garry Moore and Denise Lor, with tiny "Lee Lion"—whose bite is much bigger than his monkey-bark (hence the stout gloves on Garry's hands)!



FAVORITE TV DAYTIME NON-SERIAL SHOW

PRINCE OF A FELLOW

*Garry Moore's friendship is
as warm as a cherished memory,
as sure as tomorrow's dawn*

By MARTIN COHEN

GARRY MOORE is no star, absolutely not—although there is evidence to the contrary. This is the fourth year in a row he has won a RADIO-TV MIRROR Award, based solely on votes by TV viewers—and where could one find a better authority for stardom? On the other hand, the authority who tells you that Garry's bright light is Mazda, and not celestial, is Mr. Moore himself.

"I don't know (Continued on page 99)

The Garry Moore Show, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, for Masland Rugs, Pacific Mills, Swift & Co., Ballard's Biscuits, Bristol-Myers, Hoover Vacuum, Best Foods, Seaman Bros., Kellogg Co., Norge, Soilax, Mystik Tape, Uncle Ben's Rice. Garry also emcees *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Cavalier Cigarettes.

Zoologist Ivan Sanderson's "Lee Lion" is one of many scene-stealers with whom Garry shares his program.



Garry doesn't consider himself a star, prefers "real people" like Ken and Denise.



Co-workers like Shirley Reeser and Howard Smith can testify that Garry's truly "real people," too.

THE ROMANCE



OF HELEN TRENT

*Helen's interest in Brett continues to grow daily,
despite the danger posed by her new assistant*

HELEN TRENT frowned as she sat at her desk in the Jeff Brady Studio. She was still disturbed by her meeting the night before with Gil Whitney. Still deeply in love with Helen, Gil had been excited as he'd told her of his wife Cynthia's sudden interest in another man. Now, after Gil's many years of pleading for a divorce, Cynthia was showing signs of reasonableness. Gil had searched Helen's face for reflections of the happiness he hoped she would share with him. Then, bitterly aware of the important role Brett Chapman now played in Helen's life, the frantic Gil had pleaded with Helen to wait until he was able to work out his problem with Cynthia. Before Brett Chapman had arrived on the scene, Helen would have responded readily. Now, she found it strangely difficult to give Gil the answer he sought. . . . Helen's troubled thoughts were interrupted as her new assistant, Loretta Cole, brought some sketches for her approval. Helen was pleased with Loretta's work and with Loretta herself. After reconciling Brett to his son Richie's theatrical ambitions, Helen had gone one step further and introduced Richie to Loretta. Helen had thought the two young people would enjoy each other's company and, indeed, they now spent much time together. . . . For a brief instant, Helen remembered her friend Lydia's suspicions that Loretta was even more anxious to share Brett's company than Richie's. But Helen dismissed her friend's fears that Loretta might have plans of her own that included the father rather than the son. Helen's own sense of loyalty and good faith made her shrug off the warning that Loretta was dangerous. . . . The morning passed quickly in working over the sketches and Helen, once again absorbed in her work, was surprised to glance up and see Brett grinning at her from the office doorway. But their date had been far from forgotten by Helen. She returned the grin, then heard Loretta call a greeting to Brett. Helen urged him to look at her assistant's sketches and was untroubled at the invitation to Brett in Loretta's smile. . . . Helen regarded herself in the mirror, pleased with the effect of her costume. But once again she found herself wondering at the deep pleasure she found in Brett's company and the glow with which she looked forward to their frequent meetings. Could it be that the long years of waiting have dimmed Helen's interest in Gil Whitney and are now preparing her to think seriously about a future with another man?

As Loretta showed her designs to Brett Chapman, Helen was certain that the girl's warm smile held no danger to her own interest in Brett.

The Romance of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc. Seen here, as heard on the air, are Julie Stevens as Helen Trent, Karl Weber as Brett Chapman, Treva Frazee as Loretta Cole.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL SHOW



Our boyhood "sings" were simple, but Bob now leads a whole family orchestra! (Bob at the sax; his wife Dolores, the piano; Tony, tuba; Kelly and Nora, ukuleles; Linda at the harp.)

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

*My brother Bob proved
Mother knew best—no matter
what the neighbors said*

By JACK HOPE

THESE WERE seven of us boys in the Hope family, Ivor, Jim, Fred, me (Jack), Les (Bob), Sid, and George. We were a wild bunch of brats, and some of our neighbors in Cleveland, Ohio, said the future of "those Hope boys" looked hopeless. But our mother, the greatest woman who ever lived, didn't agree. She believed in us. Our future, if anything, she said looked hopeful.

Our mother's faith in us is one of our fondest memories. She raised seven good boys, a tough job, but she did it with a gentle hand, a gentle tongue and (Continued on page 106)

Bob Hope stars in three shows: Nighttime radio, NBC, Fri., 8:30 P.M., for the American Dairy Association. Daytime radio, NBC, M-F, 10:30 A.M., and every-fourth-week television, NBC-TV, Tues. (April 13), 8 P.M., for Jell-O and other General Foods products. (ALL EST.)



Still pals—in spite of all—Bob and myself (left).



FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIAN

*My heartfelt thanks go
out to you—with the greatest
lesson I ever learned:*

HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF

By LORETTA YOUNG

YOU HAVE to believe in yourself if you want to be a success in life. It doesn't make any difference if you want to be a successful actress, engineer, or housewife. Believing in yourself is the keystone in any field of endeavor.

By believing in yourself, I mean you have to have the courage of your convictions. If you think something is right for you, then you must stick to it like chewing gum—even though well-wishers would deter you. If you fail to stick by your belief, then you will find yourself bobbing like a cork in the flood.

There was a time during my teens when I *didn't* have faith in myself. Teenagers are sometimes dissatisfied with their own appearance or lack confidence in their own abilities. In short, they lack faith in themselves.

When I was a teenager, Corinne Griffith was the biggest star of the day. She was my idol, too. Not having faith in my own personality, I copied Corinne's. I dressed like her, wore my hair like hers, mimicked her mannerisms.

One day the head of the studio visited my set. I felt his eyes on me. (My Corinne Griffith act, I thought, is making a real impression.) When the executive called me over, I walked up just as Corinne Griffith would, expecting to hear warm words of praise. I couldn't have been less right. "Loretta," he said kindly, "you should believe in *yourself*. Don't you think it would be better to be a 'real' Loretta Young—not an (Continued on page 94)



Television was an uncharted pattern for me—a challenge.

The Loretta Young Show, on NBC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co. for Tide and Lilt.

FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTRESS





Great talent and showmanship have brought rich rewards to Ted and Kate—and to their audiences.

Many Happy

Kate Smith, Ted Collins and their wonderful show

By FRANCES KISH

THE FIRST of May is an anniversary date on *The Kate Smith Hour*. A double anniversary. For one thing, it's Kate's birthday. For another, this year it marks the beginning of her twenty-fourth year of broadcasting and her show-business partnership with Ted Collins . . . a business agreement that has almost become a legend, so steadfastly has it stood for twenty-four years—although it began with only a handshake to confirm it, and that has been its basis ever since.

"We agreed that I was to do the singing, and that Ted would do the rest," Kate says. That's the way it has been.

It may be on this anniversary program that Kate will once again sing the first four songs she did on the air that May first of the year 1931—"By the River St. Marie," "Please Don't Talk about Me when I'm Gone," "Dream a Little Dream of Me," and "I Surrender, Dear." Perhaps she will sing "God Bless America," the stirring Irving Berlin song which she launched and started on its way to fame. Anyhow, it will be

The Kate Smith Hour, with Ted Collins' famous "Cracker Barrel," is seen





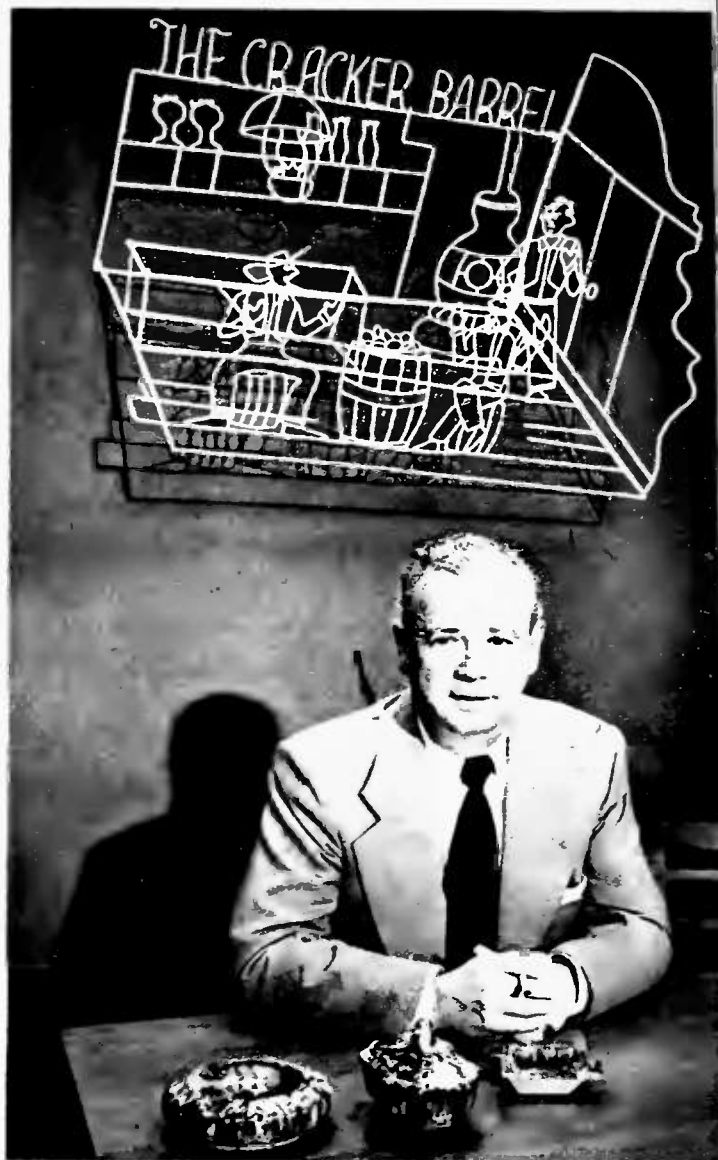
Everybody listens as Kate sings with her gifted company—the Showtimers (left), the Kateds (center) and the Katydids (right).

Returns

win a heartier welcome with each anniversary

a happy and sentimental day and many a television viewer will remember the days when Kate Smith was a warm, strong voice coming through the radio and bringing with it the picture of a warm, strong personality . . . friendly, vivacious—and exactly like the Kate they have come to know on TV. For times have changed, but not Kate Smith. Not in the essential things.

They say about some show-business performers that, even if their success doesn't go to their heads, it often goes to the heads of the folks who surround them—the people who work with and for them. In Kate's case, and in Ted's, not even this is true. You never saw a cast and crew and staff who work harder and put on less airs. Kate herself, although the years have made her a famous and fabulous performer, is still a sort of plain, wholesome, housewife type at heart. She chooses a cotton apron-dress to slip into after the show, rather than a frou-frou negligee, and she wears (Continued on page 88)



Only a showman like Ted could have realized that people were ready for "The Cracker Barrel."





Everybody listens as Kate sings with her gifted company—the Showtimers (left), the Kateds (center) and the Katyids (right).

Many Happy Returns

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Only a showman like Ted could have realized that people were ready for "The Cracker Barrel."

The Kate Smith Hour, with Ted Collins' famous "Cracker Barrel," is seen

on NBC-TV, Mon. through Fri., 3 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S SHOW



Great talent and showmanship have brought rich rewards to Ted and Kate—and to their audiences.





His interest in music is serious—and creative. He composed the theme for his show, among other hits.



Zamah Cunningham enjoys acting with Gleason—who "enables you to get the most out of your own lines."



Gleason also rates ace-high with Art Carney and Audrey Meadows—who know he's much more than a clown.

"GRAND GUY"

That's what they all say about the real Jackie Gleason, that beloved man of many talents

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

AS MR. AND MRS. AMERICA hold their sides and roar with laughter during that magical hour on Saturday night between eight and nine o'clock, when their favorite comedian is on CBS-TV, they see the end result of hours and days of planning. Every little detail in the show, from the opening number of the June Taylor dancers to the closing gag, has been carefully worked out and planned. By whom? By Jackie Gleason himself—and that's no joke! *(Continued on page 91)*

The Jackie Gleason Show, CBS-TV, Sat., 8 P.M. EST, for Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, Sheaffer Snorkel Pens.



Liveliest of all the week's rehearsals are those of the June Taylor dancers. (June herself in background, right.)



FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN



To Jack Webb and his Sergeant Joe Friday, the whole police department is the real



HERO OF DRAGNET



Ben Alexander and Jack Webb are true to life, as Detective Sgt. Friday and partner Frank Smith.

JACK WEBB's performance as Sergeant Joe Friday, on *Dragnet*, not only wins Jack our readers' votes as their favorite TV dramatic actor—it's so convincing that many people think Jack is actually a member of the Los Angeles Police Force!

For example, there was a letter from a woman in the Mid-West whose sister was missing. The woman had reason to believe her sister had run away to Los Angeles, so in her letter she said: ". . . *The Los Angeles Police Department should please put Sgt. Joe Friday on the matter and get it cleared up once and for all.*"

In another case, there were two little old ladies whose purses had been snatched in a Los Angeles bus depot. Presenting themselves at the near-by police station, they asked for Sergeant Friday. When the desk sergeant inquired about the nature of their call, they told him their story, insisting that Joe Friday handle their case.

The sergeant sent them down to the robbery division. It took the lieutenant in. (Continued on page 74)

Jack Webb stars in *Dragnet*, as seen on NBC-TV, Thurs., 9 P.M. EST—heard on NBC Radio, Tues., 9 P.M. EST—both sponsored by Liggett & Meyers Tobacco Company for Chesterfield Cigarettes.



FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTOR • FAVORITE TV MYSTERY SHOW



OUR MISS BROOKS

Eve Arden—Mrs. Brooks West,
that is—has her hands
full of children at home, too

EVE ARDEN may be a "spinster" schoolteacher on CBS Radio and TV's *Our Miss Brooks*, but her favorite story about her two daughters—Liza, 9, and Connie, 7—shows a real mother's understanding: "My husband Brooks West and I have stressed cooperation between the girls. All sisters go through a not-so-cooperative age. That's where ours are now.

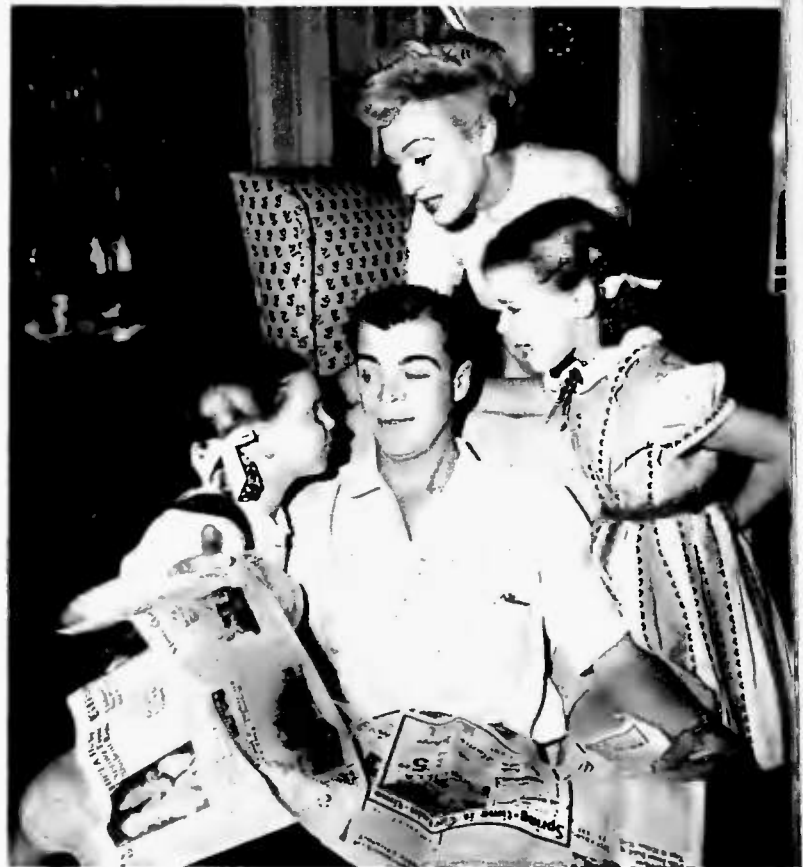
"One way this *lack* of cooperation shows up is in their *tattling*. At the end of the day, we all get together for a report on the girls' activities. They know out-and-out tattling doesn't go. But the children have found oblique ways of getting around this

"For instance, Liza says, 'Oh, Mother, I was *very* good in ballet today. That is, until Connie tripped me . . .' Then she explains, all innocent-eyed, 'She was just too close, you know . . .'

"We get the point.

"Connie, with her lisp, has her retaliatory measures. 'Mother,' she says, 'I wath very good, too! But Litha, *well!*' And here, with a hopeless look for her sister, she breaks into the (Continued on page 74)

Eve Arden stars in *Our Miss Brooks*, heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive Co.—and seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods Corp.



Brooks and Eve often find themselves "in the middle," between lively daughters Connie and Liza!

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE • FAVORITE RADIO COMEDY SHOW





Sandy Becker as
Dr. Jerry Malone.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

AS JERRY MALONE savored the hot, strong coffee his mother had poured him, he recalled the words of advice Mother Malone had given him when he had first started his career as a doctor. She had told him then that, if he were to be a good doctor, his healing must go beyond the clinical level—it must reach the emotions as well. Now, her wise words echoed Jerry's strong concern for both Tracey Adams and Crystal Williams. . . . All Jerry's efforts at finding the missing Tracey had proved futile. The volatile young girl had disappeared from Three Oaks as abruptly as she had entered it three months before, when she had smashed the little car that was taking her across the United States to a destination not even known to herself. Until the accident that had severely injured her hand, Tracey had simply been traveling—searching for new places and new people, fleeing from lasting attachments. But, during the time that Jerry



1. Unable to locate Tracey Adams, Dr. Jerry Malone shares with Mother Malone his sense of loss over Tracey's disappearance.

2. Meanwhile, in another town, Tracey's new job brings her additional problems.



See Next Page ►



3. As his search for Tracey goes on in vain, Jerry continues to lend his strength and wisdom to help the mentally upset Gene Williams resolve his problems and establish a secure life for his wife Crystal and their child.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Jerry Malone.....Sandy Becker
 Crystal Williams.....Eileen Palmer
 Gene Williams.....Hal Studer
 Mother Malone.....Vera Allen
 Tracey Adams.....Margaret Draper
 Dr. Paul Browne.....Wendell Holmes
 Sam Williams.....Martin Blaine

Young Dr. Malone, on CBS Radio, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST,
 sponsored by Procter & Gamble Co. for Crisco and Joy.

had cared for her, he had seen beneath her bright, laughing, brave surface to Tracey's inner restlessness and fears. Her intelligence and charm had attracted Jerry, and he had sensed her deep feeling for him underneath her gay manner. . . . Now, Jerry puzzled over Tracey's compulsion to remain rootless—a compulsion that had made her change to Dr. Paul Browne for treatment and then to disappear completely from Three Oaks. Jerry sighed, conscious of the acute sense of loss over Tracey's disappearance—while Tracey, unknown to her friends in Three Oaks, had alighted in another town and had found work as a secretary-companion to Mrs. Eugenia Morgan. A ruthless dowager with strong contradictions in her personality, Mrs. Morgan had pounced on Tracey as a new person to dominate and control. . . . Meanwhile, Jerry—renewed in spirit by his quiet daily interlude with Mother Malone—left to call on Crystal Williams. Five months ago, when Jerry had helped Crystal through

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE

(Continued)



4. Although her love for Gene remains strong, Crystal fears that his weakness will cloud their baby's future.



5. Hoping to find some helpful clues, Jerry visits Dr. Paul Browne, who had last attended Tracey Adams.

the difficult birth of her child, the young mother had whispered a prayer for her husband Gene's return. Gene was back now, but the mental upsets, the nervousness and tensions that had driven him to desert Crystal, were still with him. It was a long, slow, difficult road ahead for Gene if he were ever to make a mature adjustment to his physical breakdown and problems. As always, Crystal's love was there for him to lean on—but even Crystal, dreaming of the bright future she had planned for their baby, worried whether Gene's mental turmoil would stand in the way of family happiness. . . . As he drove to the Williams home, Jerry thought of the new complications facing his friends. Throughout this difficult time, Crystal and Gene had been dependent on Sam, Gene's father, for financial support. Now, Gene felt he was ready to resume his job as Sam's assistant at the Springfield plant. But Jerry, remembering the bitter clashes between father and son, was convinced that the inevitable haggling and continuous dissension would weaken Gene's chances for a healthy adjustment. . . . Jerry felt within himself a growing maturity and understanding—both of himself and the people around him. But, as he paused at the Williams' door, he wondered if he had yet achieved the strength and wisdom needed to see Gene and Crystal—as well as Tracey—through the conflicts and crises confronting them.



6. But even more pressing to Jerry is finding a way to erase the bitterness between Gene and his father.



FAVORITE TV MASTER OF CEREMONIES • FAVORITE TV VARIETY SHOW

Crack columnist Ed Sullivan believes in being first with the best—that's why his show is

TOAST OF THE TOWN

By ED MEYERSON

ED SULLIVAN's favorite talent scout—his daughter, Betty—was excited. "Dad," she said, "I've just seen the best comedy pair since Crosby and Hope."

Dad was interested. He had only \$1500 to spend on his first TV show, and couldn't quite afford Crosby and Hope.

It seemed Betty had seen her candidates in a stage show. She had written down their names. No, Ed had never heard of them before.

"Great act for the kids," she said. Being seventeen herself, Betty could remember when she had once been a kid herself.

That did it! If Ed's Sunday-night variety show were to have something for everyone, it would have to have something for (Continued on page 90)

Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town* is seen over CBS-TV, every Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.

The day's work: Ed makes plans with Mary Ponterio of CBS-TV and Jack Babb from the sponsor's agency.



The day's play: Ed relaxes with wife Sylvia and their miniature French Poodle, Boje.



Off to the studio: Brendan, the door man, wishes Mr. Sullivan the luck o' the Irish.

Mr. and Mrs. North



Richard's real wife is Evelyn Ankers. Daughter DeeDee would rather watch Mom cook than see Pop kiss Mrs. North!



Barbara's husband is Dr. Eugene Czukur. Daughter Chris and son Teddy are more concerned with toys than play-acting.

Richard Denning and Barbara Britton find their "double marriages" confusing—but fun!

By BETTY MILLS

BARBARA BRITTON and Richard Denning (*Mr. and Mrs. North*—Pam and Jerry—of CBS Radio and NBC-TV) hurried from their radio rehearsal to the Brown Derby for lunch. They had no sooner sat down than they were approached by a teenager.

The teenager mouthed the words as Dick wrote out, "Best wishes from Richard Denning." Then she watched Barbara sign, "Good luck always, Barbara Britton."

"Richard Denning? Barbara Britton?" the girl queried in surprise. "Aren't you two married?"

"Why, no," laughed Dick. "I have a wife at home and Barbara has a husband. We're just married on the show."

"Well!" said the teenager indignantly. "You certainly act like it!" Whereupon she marched off as if she had been hookwinked.

Barbara and Dick laughed. This was not the first time that the fans had thought they were real-life husband and wife. When they settled down to ordering lunch a moment later, you'd have had every reason to believe the teenager had been right.

"What are you going to have, Barbara?" asked Dick.

"I'd like a Cobb salad. How about you?"

"The shrimp looks good," said Dick, eyeing a passing tray.

"Oh, you don't want shrimp," said Barbara. "Why don't you (*Continued on page 84*)

Mr. And Mrs. North, starring Richard Denning and Barbara Britton, is heard on CBS Radio, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Co. It is seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Revlon and Congoleum-Nairn.

Happily wed — but not to each other:
Barbara and Richard as Pam and Jerry.



FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTRESS
FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTOR



Burr Tillstrom is
Kukla's and Ollie's
friend and confidant.



Kukla and Ollie go to town



Kukla and Fran Allison are opera stars now, too!

*Kukla, Fran and Ollie
knew in their hearts that
people really loved them*

THERE'S a backstage story behind *Kukla, Fran And Ollie's* RADIO-TV MIRROR Award this year. A story with a wonderful happy ending which viewers and readers helped write.

Among those who work in television, it's no secret that Burr Tillstrom, his fascinating little people, and lovely Fran Allison have known more pleasant situations than that which they faced at the beginning of this season.

They had only one sponsor, and since that was their ever-loving RCA, parent company for NBC, it was regarded as sort of a courtesy family affair. Worse yet, there were even a few ugly rumors that network time might not be available. If their time period was bought right out from under them, they might not even go back on the air.

To make the matter even more confused, no one seemed able to point out a reasonable cause for their plight. The best clue came in the oft-repeated question, "But what kind of show is *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*, anyway?"

Advertisers, people pointed out, like specific labels before they buy. They want to know what audience to aim at.

When such sophisticates as Tallulah Bankhead, Fred Allen and radio-TV critic John Crosby are among the Kuklapolitans' most ardent fans, can it continue to be classed as a children's show? When puppets, traditionally, are a child's entertainment, can it be regarded as an attraction for adults?

The for-real quandary was as puzzling as any of the predicaments which Ollie, in his make-believe, ever constructed on the air. (Continued on page 83)

Kukla, Fran And Ollie is seen over NBC-TV, Sundays, at 3:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Swift & Company for Pard Dog Food.



FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S SHOW

BREAK THE BANK



Bud Collyer knows the value of faith—and finds his own answers “Upstairs”



He loves children (above, little Sheryl Davis, Mary Kay and Maureen Cady), rejoices in the good fortune of adult contestants on *Break The Bank* (below, Lt. and Mrs. John M. Wells of Georgia).

LISTENERS and viewers know tall, blond, friendly Bud Collyer as master of ceremonies on NBC Radio's *Break The Bank* and on CBS-TV's *Beat The Clock*.

Neighbors in Greenwich, Connecticut, know him as superintendent of the Presbyterian Church Sunday School and teacher of its senior class of teenagers.

When asked what induces him to undertake this additional assignment, Bud grins happily. "I'm selfish. I get more out of it than I put in."

Talking about the satisfaction it brings him, Collyer grows eloquent in his enthusiasm. "I like people, but I love kids." (He has three of his own.) "It's a real experience to see a youngster discover for himself that God does not wear long, forbidding robes, but is, instead, a source of constant guidance and strength."

In teaching religion, Collyer (Continued on page 97)



Break The Bank is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer. Bud Collyer is also master of ceremonies for *Beat The Clock*, CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Sylvania Electric Products.

FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ SHOW



Two is for LUCK

*Award time proves the power
of Bert Parks' own magic number
for "breaking the bank"*



Double Or Nothing winner proves it takes two to celebrate!

By JEANNE SAKOL

It's the second time Bert's won this same TV Award.



Two is probably the most symbolic number of all to most people. It stirs up visions of romance, of young couples strolling down a moonlit country lane. It conveys a feeling of companionship between two friends who have built their friendship on a sound base of loyalty and sincerity. On the lighter side, you need two for tea, and two is also what it takes to tango. . . .

But, for Bert Parks, two has been the most important number in his life and, he feels, the luckiest. Starting with right now, and going back to his boyhood in Atlanta, Georgia, the significance of this number is as constant as it is heartwarming.

To begin with: This year, this month, *now*, Bert has been named winner of RADIO-TV MIRROR's Award as the favorite quizmaster on television for the *second* year running. He is master of ceremonies of *two* important shows reaching millions of Americans each week, *Double Or Nothing* and *Break The Bank*—and *Double Or Nothing* is in its *second* year (Continued on page 108)

Bert Parks is quizmaster of two top TV shows: *Double Or Nothing*, CBS-TV, M-W-F, at 2 P.M. EST, sponsored by Campbell's Soups and Franco-American Products, and *Break The Bank*, ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Dodge Division of the Chrysler Corporation.



FAVORITE TV QUIZMASTER

1,001 Nights — Plus



Ted has an eye for talent, a heart for encouragement.

UP TO THIS writing, Queen Scheherazade of "The Arabian Nights" has held the all-time record for providing good entertainment for a thousand and one nights. On April 10th, Ted Mack and *The Original Amateur Hour* tie that record when they celebrate their 1,001st "amateur night" at New York's glamorous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. After that, the sky's the limit.

Instead of introducing the usual array of talented hopefuls, the big anniversary show will feature a star-studded program of once totally obscure amateurs who got their first break on *The Original Amateur Hour* and have since become big-name stars.

Among the celebrities Ted Mack expects to welcome are Frank Sinatra, Robert Merrill, Vera-Ellen, Frank Fontaine, Larry Storch, Paul Winchell (and Jerry Mahoney) and many others who today bring pleasure to millions. (Continued on page 108)

Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour*, NBC-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Pet Milk Brand Evaporated Milk and Nonfat Dry Milk.

FAVORITE TV TALENT-AUDITION SHOW

Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour carries on a great tradition of opportunity for "stars to be"

By JERRI SLOAN



Frank Sinatra (above, right) was only an amateur when he sang with the Hoboken Four, for the late Major Bowes (center). Today's hopeful auditioners (below) are "only amateurs," too—but just wait!



At work, Martha can take it with the best in the field of higher acrobatics—and she can dish it out in the glamour department, too.



Love that Girl!

A good woman may be down but she's never out, if she has Martha Raye's gift of laughter



FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE



At home with her best friends: Frank Still, her pianist; Mimi Marlo (left) and Ann Russell; Nick Condos, Martha's manager and ex-husband.

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

THERE IS a gal named Martha Raye who roams around a big, very old, very charming house near Westport, Connecticut, these days. It's a lot of house, and often Martha is alone in it. Much of the old furniture gleams from the polishing of many hands, over many decades. Walking through a room, Martha touches the shining furniture with the tips of her fingers, and smiles.

She is in love with the house. This has been her dream for more years than she cares to remember, and now it's come true. When her daughter Melodye finishes her semester in her Miami school and can come here, go to the local public school and live at home, Martha will have had it.

This happiness, this home, is what television—and her *Martha Raye Show*—have bought for her . . .

after a lifetime of ups and downs, of disappointment and frantic hard work and near despair.

Today, the critics are calling her the finest clown of all, the "funniest woman in the world." She can write her own ticket, name her own salary. You readers of this magazine have voted Martha your favorite comedienne of the year on TV.

The fact that she is a great comic genius and one of the funniest of living human beings may be 1954 news, but it's old hat to those who have been Raye worshippers since she first (*Continued on page 104*)

The Martha Raye Show is seen on NBC-TV every fourth Saturday at 9 P.M. EST, under participating sponsorship. (*Your Show Of Shows* is seen at this time three weeks out of four.)

The exuberant comedienne loved by millions has her own deep loves, off-stage: Her daughter Melodye (below, left, imitating her famous mom)—her perky boxer dogs—and such good companions as Mimi Marlo (at right).



At work, Martho con-
toke it with the best in
the field of higher
ocrobotics—and she con-
dish it out in the
glomour department, too.



At home with her best
friends: Frank Still, her
pianist; Mimi Marlo
(left) and Ann Russell;
Nick Condos, Martho's
manager and ex-husband.



Love That Girl!

**A good woman may be
down but she's never out,
if she has Martha Raye's
gift of laughter**



FAVORITE TV COMEDienne

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

THERE is a gal named Martha Raye who roams around a big, very old, very charming house near Westport, Connecticut, these days. It's a lot of house, and often Martha is alone in it. Much of the old furniture gleams from the polishing of many hands, over many decades. Walking through a room, Martha touches the shining furniture with the tips of her fingers, and smiles.

She is in love with the house. This has been her dream for more years than she cares to remember, and now it's come true. When her daughter Melody finishes her semester in her Miami school and can come here, go to the local public school and live at home, Martha will have had it.

This happiness, this home, is what television—and her *Martha Raye Show*—have bought for her . . .

after a lifetime of ups and downs, of disappointment and frantic hard work and near despair.

Today, the critics are calling her the finest clown of all, the "funniest woman in the world." She can write her own ticket, name her own salary. You readers of this magazine have voted Martha your favorite comedienne of the year on TV.

The fact that she is a great comic genius and one of the funniest of living human beings may be 1954 news, but it's old hat to those who have been Raye worshippers since she first (Continued on page 104)

The Martha Raye Show is seen on NBCTV every fourth Saturday at 9 P.M. EST, under participating sponsorship. (Your Show Of Shows is seen at this time three weeks out of four.)

The exuberant comedienne loved by millions has her own deep loves, off-stage: Her daughter Melody (below, left, imitating her famous mom)—her perky boxer dogs—and such good companions as Mimi Marlo (at right).





Above, left to right—producer Len Goorian, "Boom-Boom" Rippey, Sis Camp, Paul Dixon, Wanda Lewis, and director Al Sternberg. Below—hearty congratulations for a most un-bossy "boss," from Wanda and Sis.



Paul Dixon is a home-town boy
 who brings mirth and music
 to the home towns of the nation

By HELEN BOLSTAD

PAUL DIXON will be the first to tell you that he's living, breathing, broadcasting proof of the old saying, "You can take a boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy."

It's not a matter of assuming a hayseed exterior. Country bumpkins have vanished from most rural areas these days—and, in their Cincinnati suburb, Paul and his pretty wife Marge are no different from the other young couples in their crowd.

They have good taste in clothes, they belong to a country club, they have a pleasant, comfortable home, and they're putting away a few dollars for the education of their youngsters, Pam, who is now five, and Greg, who is three.

Rather, with Paul, it's a point of view.

With the pride of one (Continued on page 98)



FAVORITE TV MUSICAL SHOW

The Paul Dixon Show is seen on Du Mont TV, M-F, 3-4 P.M. EST (on WCPO-TV, 1-4 P.M.), under multiple sponsorship.

EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBOR



Daughter Pamela and son Greg are just about old enough now to appreciate the RADIO-TV MIRROR medal Paul won last year—and now there'll be one for each of them! Marge Dixon, of course, has been proud of hubby all along.

Lucille and Desi may take

NO TIME FOR TEARS

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

The Arnazes got holiday ideas—along with a de-luxe mobile home like the one in M-G-M's "The Long, Long Trailer."

It was half-past seven, on a Thursday evening in the spring. The sun was setting in the west when Lucy and Desi left their studio near the heart of Hollywood. Another chapter of their TV series completed, they looked forward to a weekend of rest and relaxation.

They walked across the street and into the lot where their cars were parked, side by side. In gentlemanly style, Desi opened the door of Lucy's Cadillac, closed it again after she'd settled behind the steering wheel, kissed her on the cheek and wished her a happy weekend. "I'll see you Monday morning," he shouted as she pulled out of the lot, heading north for their Chatsworth ranch.

A few seconds later, Desi climbed into his car and headed south, for Balboa and three days of yachting, swimming, and fishing.

Had they quarreled? Were they on the verge of a split-up? On the contrary. They were very happy. It was just the start of one of those "vacations from marriage"—as they call them— (Continued on page 103)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are starred in *I Love Lucy*, seen over CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.

It was truly a picnic—until they settled down for the night, in that trailer park near the oh-so-calm Pacific.



a vacation from marriage, but there is no vacation from love



FAVORITE TV HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM



Gay Troubadour



*Frank Parker's, grateful
for his good luck—
and a guy named Godfrey*

THE FAMOUS Frank Parker gleam—he's got two of them, actually, a 24-carat glow for each eye—is not a special effect created by lighting. Frank's been toting those twin twinkles around for just about as long as anyone can remember, and their effect is rather devastating when he's romancing a ballad. Lots of gals would like to think that optical fire comes directly from the furnace of love. It doesn't. The gleam is the stamp of a slightly impish, very happy-go-lucky guy.

"Frank Parker has never been so much of an ambitious guy as a lucky one," says Frank Parker, and adds, "I don't know whether he's lucky because he's happy—or happy because he's lucky. It's confusing, right?"

When Frank approached the door of fame, he didn't have a key of introduction in his pocket or a load of do-or-die TNT for blasting. All he had were those twin twinkles, a devil-may-care attitude, and a fine voice which was so highly classified that it was even a secret to Frank.

"I had lunch with a friend," Frank says, "and went around with him to kill time while he visited his agent."

The agent thought Frank was someone else and Frank wound up as a chorus boy singing in a George M. Cohan musical. Frank had never thought of being a singer. His experience was limited to a compulsory school choir.

"It was luck," Frank says, "pure chance, that I even got started in show business."

The Revelers Quartet was the sensation in the Thirties, and Frank sang with the Cavaliers—a quartet that wasn't a sensation.

"Sure, I wanted to sing with the Revelers—who didn't?" Frank recalls. "But it was only luck that saved the opening for me when it came along."

One of Frank's friends played a practical joke, phoned him and said he was Louis James of the Revelers and wanted Frank to replace tenor James Melton in the quartet. Frank (Continued on page 94)



FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER

Lovely - Lonely

Marion Marlowe made a dream come true—and almost broke her heart

RECENTLY, Marion Marlowe sang the blues on Arthur Godfrey's Wednesday-night show, and she was a sensation. Letters of praise surged in, and fifty different columnists commented on her performance of George Gershwin's "My Man's Gone." As the title indicates, it's a song of a lonely woman. And, although Marion is an experienced actress as well as a great singer, the song truly came from her heart. She's lonely.

"And it's all my fault," she says. "I thought I was doing something wonderful that would make everyone concerned happier, and then—pfft."

The *pfft* came about this way. Marion's father passed away when she was three, just twenty years ago, so she was raised by her mother and maternal grandparents in St. Louis, Missouri. They loved Marion and weren't chary in showing it. They were happy people and made Marion happy. And they sacrificed to see that she had dancing and dramatic and music lessons. To do this, they gave up movies and an occasional dinner out, and put off buying new clothes until it was necessary. Once, they withdrew all of their money from a savings account to get her to Hollywood for an audition.

"You can understand how much I love them and how anxious I've been to do something wonderful for them," Marion says. "And, for years, I knew exactly what I wanted to give them."

So she saved her money and, last October, took the folks back to (Continued on page 82)

Frank Parker and Marion Marlowe sing on *Arthur Godfrey Time*—heard on CBS Radio, M-F—seen on CBS-TV, M-Th—at 10 A.M. EST, for Snow Crop, Star-Kist, Esquire Boot Polish, Kellogg, Toni, Kleenex, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Nabisco, Pillsbury, Scotch Brand Tape, and *The Arthur Godfrey Digest*, heard on CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M. EST, for Fiberglas, Vitalis and Bufferin. Also, *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, as seen on CBS-TV, Wed., at 8 P.M. EST (see following page for credits).

FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER



THERE'S NO ONE LIKE HIM



ARTHUR GODFREY

FOR MILLIONS, there is magic in the name . . . just as there is magic in the man whose superb sense of showmanship—so casual, but so sure in its understanding of the public's entertainment needs—has won RADIO-TV MIRROR readers' votes for *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* as their favorite talent-audition show on radio . . . and their Award for *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* as the very best show on television. He's the man who never had to imitate anyone else—and whose own success cannot be imitated . . . the man who never let lack of money stand in the way of getting an education—U.S. Navy style—and who has never stopped learning. He's the man who never allowed accident and months of agony to wipe the grin off his little-boy face—or keep him from sharing his chuckles and impish humor with others who might be shut in with their own heartbreak and pain . . . the man who never backed away from a controversy—nor lacked the courage of his own convictions. If they were giving medals this season for gameness and grit . . . for inspiring cheer and the sense of close companionship which only Godfrey seems able to carry right out of the set and into the nation's homes . . . the indestructible redhead would get them all. For that's the kind of man that Arthur Godfrey is, and America has taken him to its heart.

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts is simulcast over CBS Radio and CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lipton Tea and Lipton Soups. *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, seen on CBS-TV, Wed., at 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored alternately by Toni and CBS-Columbia, Pillsbury and Frigidaire.



BEST TV SHOW • FAVORITE RADIO TALENT AUDITION SHOW



Dry skin: "Before I used Noxzema, my dry skin actually peeled in spots," says Cathy Hild of Woodridge, N. J. "Now Noxzema helps it look smoother, fresher."



Blemishes*: "Noxzema quickly helped heal my blemishes*," says Jackie Spalding of Whitefield, N. H. "Now everybody tells me how much brighter, fresher, more attractive my skin looks."



Look lovelier in 10 days with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL *or your money back!*

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier —helps keep it that way, too!

● Here's wonderful beauty news! A noted skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you **KEEP** it that way!

This new beauty care owes its remarkable effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. It's a combination of softening, soothing, refreshing and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. *And it's medicated — aids healing — helps keep skin looking fresh and clear!*

Feel the exhilarating tingle!

The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. It tells

you Noxzema's beauty action is starting to work on your skin problem—helping your skin look fresher, prettier.

Results are thrilling

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema care for dry, rough, flaky skin; for externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to see a fresher, prettier complexion in your mirror 10 days from now? Then, start this Doctor's Home Facial tonight!



1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear when you 'cream-wash'!

2. Night Cream: Greaseless Noxzema helps soften, smooth and freshen your skin! (Pat a bit extra over any blemishes*—it's medicated to help heal them fast!)



3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash'; then use Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base.

Works or money back! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems to have lovelier-looking skin! If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema—Baltimore—money back! **externally-caused*

Look Lovelier Offer! 40¢ trial size only 29¢ plus tax. See how it helps your skin; then get 10 oz. economy jar only 98¢ plus tax—drug, cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA *skin cream*

Hero of Dragnet

(Continued from page 50)

robbery the rest of the afternoon to convince the two little old ladies that Sgt. Joe Friday was Jack Webb, and not a member of the police force.

To further show how convincing Jack's performance is, there was an officer with the State of California Juvenile Authority, who—at a recent convention—seriously wanted to know why Joe Friday never attended those functions. He thought Friday was a member of the L.A. Police Force who acted on television.

Jack Webb takes all these incidents in good humor. "The fact is," he says, "that I am not—repeat not—a member of the Los Angeles Police Force. However, there is a real Joe Friday. He's with the traffic division. But we didn't know this at the time we created the character."

Although he takes all the "Friday" episodes in good humor, Jack is serious about his relationship with the Los Angeles Police Department. In putting his shows together, he has taken the position that the welfare of the police department is paramount.

One thing the department has been trying to get across to the public is a feeling of rapport between the citizen and the officer on the beat. The officer is every decent citizen's friend. But there have been times in the past when, due to lack of cooperation of the citizenry, cases have been lost or taken a longer time to close.

Jack has dealt with this problem in his shows. A recent *Dragnet* episode was cracked by information donated by an alert citizen. The citizen was not afraid

to walk up to the officer, for he knew him to be his friend. Nor was he embarrassed to describe the situation which seemed to him a little bit out of line.

It's this sort of cooperation the police force is trying to encourage. They know that the force is only as good as its sources of information. It's a healthy sign that, more and more, the citizens are getting behind their local forces and, in the process, learning that the policeman is their friend.

The police are eager to make this known to the people. Here's an example of how willing they are to begin their training with youngsters. Recently, two little boys came into the Highland Park precinct sub-station.

"We wanna see Sgt. Friday," they said. "Oh, you do?" said the desk sergeant, thinking fast. "Well, he isn't here now."

But he didn't think fast enough for the kids. "We'll wait then," they said, plunking themselves down on a bench in the waiting room. They stared straight ahead at the clock on the wall as the hour hand swept around toward noon. Two hours later, they were still there.

The desk sergeant saw that the boys weren't leaving, so he called Marty Wynn, one of the police advisers on the *Dragnet* program and head of the juvenile division at Highland Park, and explained the situation to him.

Marty came out. "Hi, fellows," he said. "What are you doing?"

"We just came down to see Joe Friday. We thought maybe if he wasn't busy he'd show us his guns."

"In a way," said Marty, "I'm one of his

partners. How'd you like a trip through the whole department instead?"

"Really?" said the first.

"Gee, that'd be great!" said the other.

That afternoon, Marty Wynn showed the two eager junior citizens from one end of the police department to the other. They were photographed, finger-printed, taken through "robbery" and "traffic." They peered through microscopes, and met countless members of the force—gentlemen all.

At the end of the tour, Marty Wynn showed two happy little boys to the door. "So long, fellas," he said. "Thanks for coming over."

"Gee, thank you. It was swell!" They scurried off, eager to share their afternoon's adventure with their friends.

The next day a call came to the station for "the officer who is Joe Friday's partner." The desk sergeant knew the caller meant Marty Wynn. After identifying themselves, the boys' parents thanked Marty and said, "It has been a wonderful experience for the kids. It has taught them, in a day's time, what it might have taken us years to get across: that police officers are warm, understanding human beings. Thanks for your time and consideration."

Marty said, "Thank you for calling. We're glad to help, any time."

This is the feeling of rapport that police departments throughout the country are trying to convey to the citizenry. And it is a feeling that Jack Webb (although he is not a member of any police department) is trying to encourage with *Dragnet*.

Our Miss Brooks

(Continued from page 51)

strains of the *Dragnet* theme—"Dum-da-da-dum!"

In spite of their busy TV and radio schedules, Eve and Brooks always have time for the problems of their children. "Now this problem of cooperation," says Eve, "is an ever-present one. Just when we think we've got one phase licked, a new one pops up."

"Liza is going through the age when she feels very grown-up. She's suddenly too old for 'kid stuff'—such as pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey games. At her last birthday party she asked for a 'sit-down' dinner! To her, Connie is a baby sister, too young for such grown-up affairs. But Connie doesn't go for this at all! So we're back again to no cooperation."

Last Christmas, though, Brooks and Eve hit upon a plan which they hoped, over a period of time, would teach mutual cooperation. At least, they hoped it would help solve Liza and Connie's problem.

"Let's build them a playhouse," said Brooks. "Then give one a doll—"

"And one a doll's bed," said Eve, "which they can share—"

"Together," said Brooks.

So Brooks invaded the public library for books on building. "He came home the next night loaded down with enough information to build the Empire State Building," laughs Eve. "He was brave. Book in one hand, hammer in the other, he headed for the back yard like he knew what he was doing."

"I admit," says Eve, "at first it didn't look like anything. But then, little by little, it began to take shape. The girls didn't pay much attention until the walls went up."

"What's Daddy doing?" they asked.

"Oh, he's just building a chicken coop," I answered.

"It looks mighty fine for a chicken coop," said Liza. They lost interest again, until the roof went on.

"What did you say Daddy was doing?" they asked.

"It was too fine for chickens," I answered. "He's going to make a tool shed."

"Oh . . . ?" they said, looking sharply at the tool shed. I held my breath," says Eve.

"Gee, it would make a nice playhouse," said Liza.

"It thur would," lisped Connie.

"I stopped breathing entirely," says Eve.

"But it's going to be an ole tool shed," muttered Liza, despondently.

"Yeth, an old tool shed," seconded Connie, and," says Eve, "I breathed again."

As Christmas approached, Brooks finished the playhouse. It was six by nine feet and stood seven feet high in the middle. Brooks and Eve painted it a bright yellow with white trim.

Just before Christmas, they added front steps and a welcome sign over the door. "The girls had completely lost interest in the building venture and hardly came near it," says Eve. "We knew they had no idea of the surprise in store for them."

"The night before Christmas, when we opened up our packages, Liza and Connie were delighted with all sorts of child-size furniture under the tree. A kitchen table, chairs, cabinets, and even a real electric stove in miniature size. All the equipment for the house," says Eve, "but, bless 'em, they didn't catch on."

On Christmas morning, Eve set the scene: "I have a special surprise present for Daddy in his tool shed. Let's all go."

Full of curiosity, Liza and Connie fol-

lowed Eve and Brooks down the back steps across the yard to the "shed." There, a card tied with festive ribbon, waited on the door. It read, "For Liza and Connie."

"Then," recalls Eve, "we had a squealing contest on our hands. When the door opened and the girls saw what it was—their playhouse—they were like two little kittens with a new ball of string!"

"Oh, look, Connie, at the pretty curtains!" squealed Liza.

"Yeth," said Connie, "and the doll—"

"In the four-poster bed!" finished Liza. "Oh, see! Oh, see it all!"

"It was wonderful," Eve says. "One had the doll, the other had the bed. They were forced to cooperate. The girls were suddenly overcome with joy and affection for each other! The last we saw of them, as we quietly closed the door, were two little heads bent close together examining the four-poster. Brooks and I shook hands. 'Looks like we've done it,' he said."

"It looked that way for a while," says Eve. "They would disappear for three days at a time. Cooperation was a household byword. Then the novelty began to wear off. Today they still spend hours in the playhouse, but there are times when they disagree."

"Brooks and I feel it was a good first step—but we realize the job is not done. Last week he came home with a new batch of books."

"What are those?" I asked.

"Brooks read one of the titles aloud—'How a Little Garden Grows'—then added, 'If we plant a garden to go with the girls' playhouse, it will give them something else to do together. Besides, they may grow something we can use.'

"Yes," I said, "they may."

"Well, here we go again!"

I love
to wear
a sweater



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"Added Attraction"

Padded Bra with the "Natural" Look

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Then I tried "Perma·lift's Added Attraction" and my troubles vanished. Here's a bra that gives me such a natural figure, my sweaters and blouses look perfect—fit beautifully—just what I want.

The secret is in the concealed, pure white, precision cut, foam rubber pads. The natural shaping is there forever and the pads stay white as long as the long life of this wonderful bra.

So why don't you go to your favorite store today and try a "Perma·lift Added Attraction" Bra. Priced so reasonably—just \$4 in fine cotton—\$5 in miracle nylon. Strapless style—\$5.00.

Enjoy the luxury of this new "Perma·lift"* Pantie with the patented Magic Oval crotch. It can't ride up—chafe or irritate—the most comfortable pantie you've ever worn—just \$5.95.

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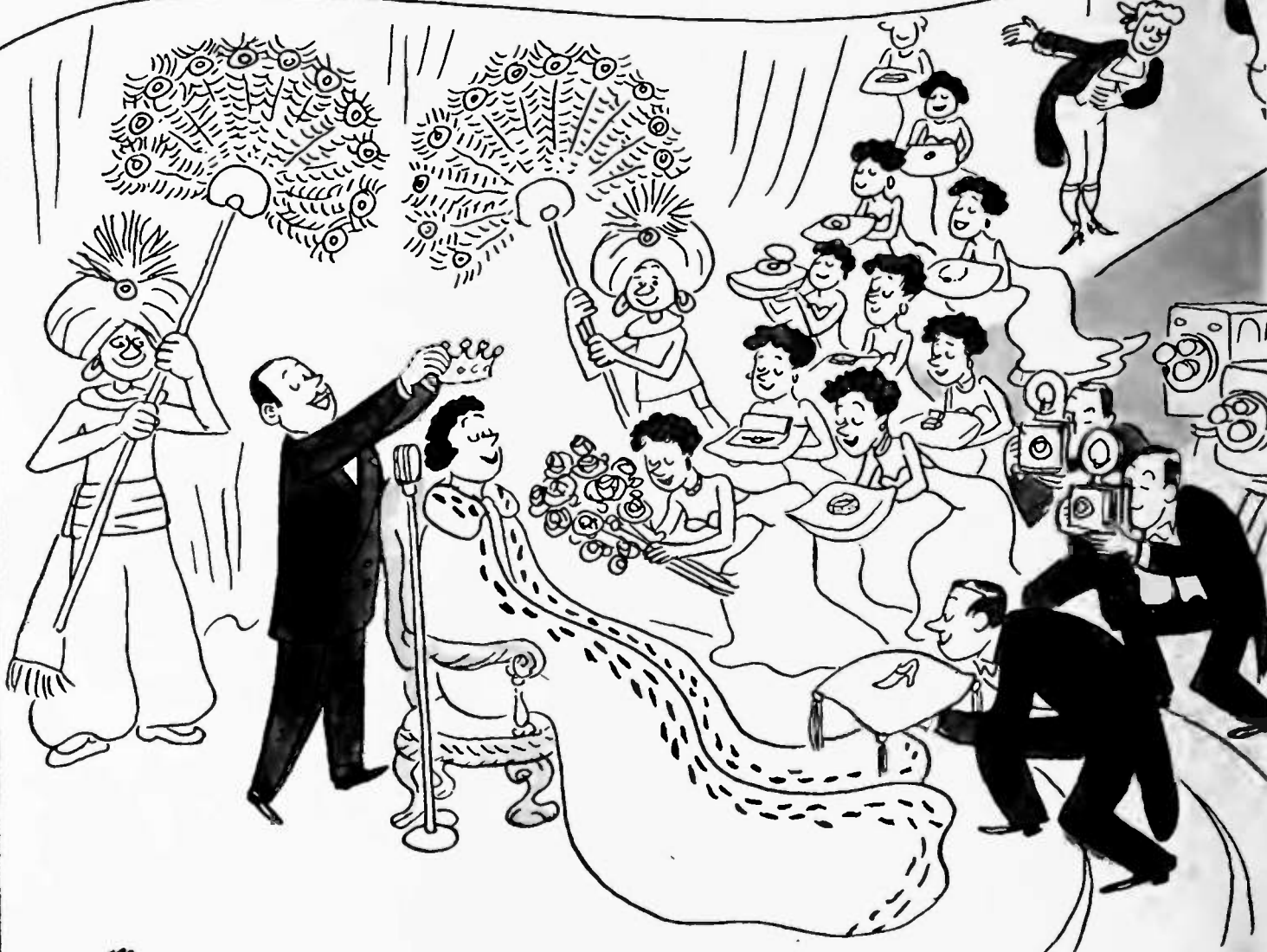
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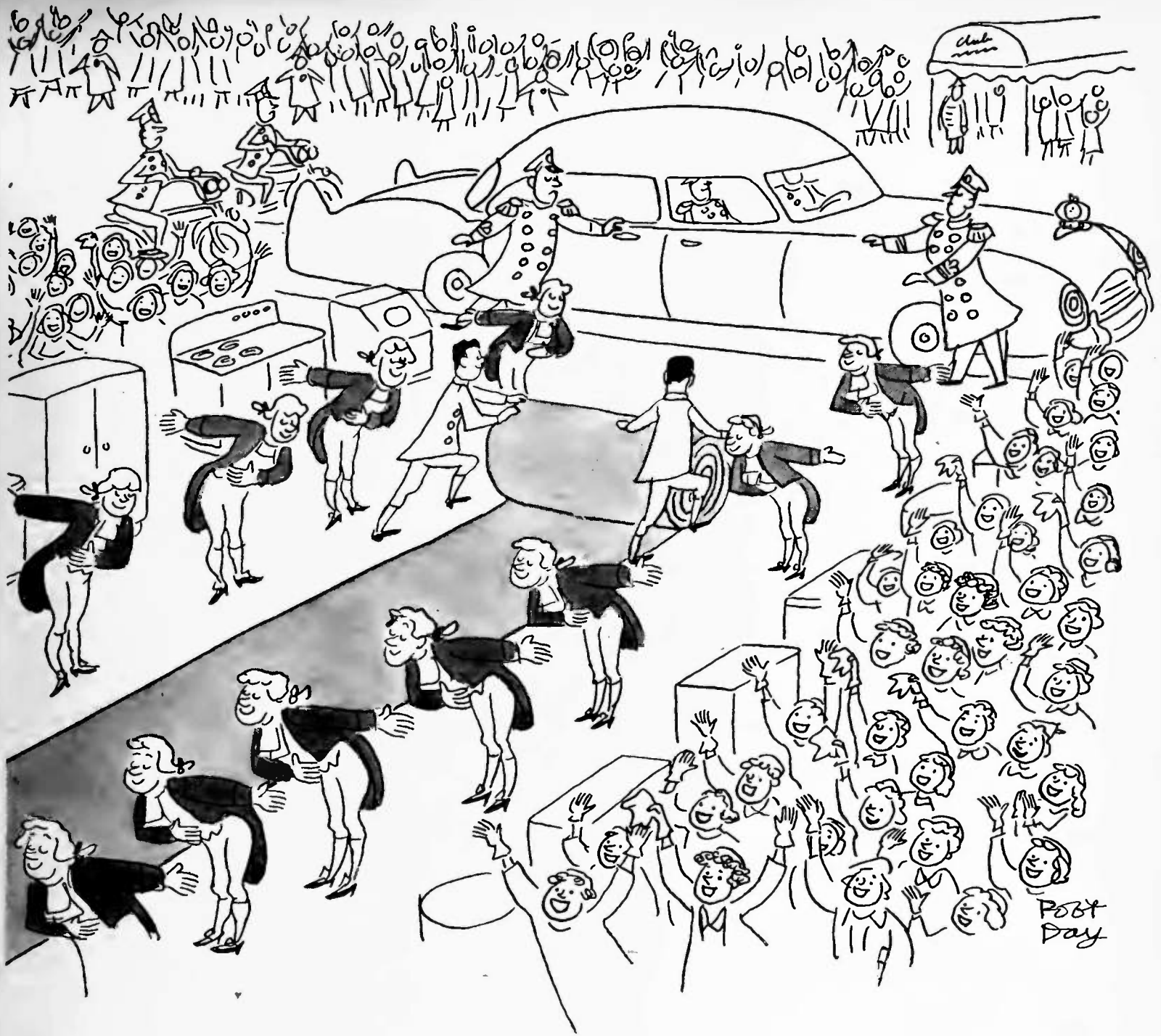
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Cinderella Show with
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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Local Program Gabriel Heatter 8:55 Titus Moody ³	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Gene & Glenn Sloan Simpson Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America Joan Edwards Show
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope Break The Bank— Bud Collyer	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time News	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Wonderful City 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Grand Central Paging The Judge Double Or Nothing 11:40 Ever Since Eve	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Curt Massey Time	News, Oon Gardner	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capitol Commentary with Les Higgle 12:20 Women's News	Oklahoma Wranglers 12:25 Jack Berch Show Bill Ring Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		Cedric Foster 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez Game Of The Day*	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light.
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Ladies' Fair	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45	Jane Pickens 2:55 News, Banghart		Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Orake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Arl Linkletter's House Party Wizard Of Odds
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	News Music	Jack Owens Show 4:25 Betty Crocker†	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 Emily Kim- brough Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Welcome Ranch, Vic Bellamy	Valentino Music In The After- noon	
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson ¹	News, Austin Kip- linger Arl & Dotty Todd Lum 'n' Abner Musical Express	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	Wild Bill Hickok ² 5:55 Cecil Brown		Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe

†T, Th—Sgt. Preston
‡T, Th—Sky King
1M-W-F
*Approx. starting
time. Heard only
in central states.

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News Owight Cooke Curt Massey George Hicks, News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Tennessee Ernie Beulah Les Paul & Mary Ford 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Under Arrest	Suspense Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Reporter's Roundup	Lux Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Youth Wants To Know	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Oeems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Vaughn Monroe News, Robert Trout 10:35 Melody In The Night

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Owight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Starr Of Space 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Beulah Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Oinah Shore Frank Sinatra Sings Barrie Craig	Mickey Spillane, Mystery High Adventure, George Sanders	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Starway Mike Malloy	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Oragnet News, Swayze	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ends	America's Town Meeting Of The Air E. O. Canham, News	Johnny Oollar My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Stars From Paris	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat State Of The Nation 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Three Suns	Louella Parsons Galen Orake Robert Trout, News 10:35 Music

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Owight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Beulah Les Paul & Mary Ford Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile Quiz Great Gildersleeve	Squad Room Deadline	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Starway Mike Malloy	FBI In Peace And War 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Family Theater	Hollywood Airport Mystery Theater	Crime Photographer Crime Classics
9:30	Big Story			
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Report From Wash- ington	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Sounding Board 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Front & Center	Onstage—Cathy & Elliott Lewis Robert Trout, News 10:35 Music

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Owight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Starr Of Space 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Beulah Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best	Official Detective Crime Fighters	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Starway Mike Malloy	Meet Millie Junior Miss
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:35	Truth Or Conse- quences News, Swayze Eddie Cantor Show	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel My Little Margie	Paul Whiteman Varieties	Meet Mr. McNutley Time for Love, with Marlene Dietrich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Deems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	Mr. Chameleon Robert Trout, News 10:35 Music

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Owight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Beulah Les Paul & Mary Ford Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Oinah Shore Frank Sinatra Sings Bob Hope Show	Starlight Theater, Madeleine Carroll Take A Number	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Starway Mike Malloy	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Godfrey Oigest
9:00 9:15	Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Have A Hearl	Ozzie & Harriet	Godfrey Oigest (con.)
9:30 9:45	News, Swayze 9:35 Steve Allen		Horatio Hornblower 9:55 Sport Report	News Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Listen To Wash- ington	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Deems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Cavalcade Of Stars 10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Capitol Cloakroom Robert Trout, News 10:35 Music

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Howdy Doody	Local Program	News Summary	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Howdy Doody (con.) Egbert & Ummy		No School Today	News Of America Robert Q. Lewis Galen Drake Variety
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Breakfast In Hollywood Mary Lee Taylor Show	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	No School Today (con.) Space Patrol	Galen Drake (con.) 10:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Secret Story Woman in Love	Helen Hall, Femme Fair Tiny Fairbanks Farm Quiz	Platterbrains Little League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Marine Band Army Band	Man On The Farm Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Theater of Today Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour All Star Parade Of Bands	Symphonies For Youth Game Of The Day*	Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital Music With The Girls 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Road Show	Symphonies For Youth (con.) 2:25 Headline News Ruby Mercer	Metropolitan Opera	Les Paul & Mary Ford 2:05 Let's Pretend Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Road Show (con.)	Ruby Mercer 3:25 News Sport Parade	Metropolitan Opera (con.)	Report From Overseas Adventures In Science Farm News World Assignment
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Road Show (con.)	Mac McGuire	Metropolitan Opera (con.)	UN News Soldier Serenade
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Road Show (con.)	News 5:05 Teenagers Unlimited 5:55 H. B. Baukhage *Approx. starting time. Heard only in central states.	Fascinating Rhythm	Washington, U.S.A. Sport Roundup News, Shorr

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15	News H. V. Kaltenborn	Dance Orch.	It's Your Business James Crowley Reports Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy
6:30 6:45	People, with W. W. Chaplin, Frank Blair	Dinner Date 6:55 Cecil Brown		
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Theater Royal The Big Preview	Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 News	Bob Mills, Show Tunes Three Suns Dinner At The Green Room	Johnny Mercer Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Big Preview (con.)	20 Questions	News 8:05 ABC Dancing Party	Gunsmoke 8:25 Win Elliot Gangbusters
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	The Big Preview (con.) Grand Ole Opry	New England Barnyard Jamboree Lombardo and	ABC Dancing Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Country Tune Parade Oude Ranch Jamboree Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theater Of The Air	Anonymous Orchestra	Country Style (con.) News

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 9:00 9:15	World News Roundup Never Walk Alone	Wings Of Healing	Light And Life Hour	Garden Gate
9:30 9:45		Back To God	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	The Music Room World News Roundup Organ Music
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Never Walk Alone (con.) Collector's Item	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	Message Of Israel College Choir	Church Of Today
11:00 11:15	Collector's Item (con.)	Frank And Ernest English Cathedral Music Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Pan-American Union Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News 11:35 Invitation To Learning
11:30 11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Collector's Item (con.) The Eternal Light	College Choirs News, Bill Cunningham John T. Flynn	News Gloria Parker The World Tomorrow	The Leading Question Howard K. Smith, World Affairs News Report
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Heritage Over The Land Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Game Of The Day* Keep Healthy Merry Mailman Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth National Vespers	Let's Find Out
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour American Forum	Bandstand, U.S.A. Sammy Kaye	Healing Waters Wings Of Healing	Symphonette N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Golden Voices, with Lawrence Tibbett Show Tunes	Top Tunes With Trendler Author Meets The Critics	Marines In Review Hour Of Decision	N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Counter-Spy, Oon MacLaughlin Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Twentieth Century Concert Hall The World Today
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries *Approx. starting time. Heard only in central states.	News 5:05 Evening Comes Greatest Story Ever Told	Stage Struck

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:45	College Quiz Bowl NBC Symphony, Toscanini	Bulldog Drummond, Sir Cedric Hardwicke 6:25 Cecil Brown Bob Considine	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News George Sokolsky Don Cornell	Gene Autry Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Symphony (con.) The Marriage 7:55 News	Rod And Gun Club 7:25 Titus Moody Chamber Music	This Week Around The World What's The Name Of That Song?	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Six Shooter 8:25 News Sunday At Home 8:55 News	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour 8:55 News	American Music Hall	Bing Crosby My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	NBC Star Playhouse 9:55 News	Oklahoma City Symphony	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant Answers For Americans	Hall Of Fame Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Last Man Out Meet The Press	Pentagon Report News, Hazel Markel Men's Corner	Paul Harvey Elmer Davis Revival Time	Man Of The Week News

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 APRIL 11—MAY 10

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Tues., Apr. 13	1:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Wed., Apr. 14	8:15 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Thurs., Apr. 15	1:30 P.M.	Pgh. vs. Dodgers	9
Thurs., Apr. 15	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yanks	11
Sat., Apr. 17	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
Sat., Apr. 17	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yanks	11 & 8
Sun., Apr. 18	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
Sun., Apr. 18	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yanks-D	11 & 8
Mon.-Tues., Apr. 19, 20	1:30 P.M.	Pgh. vs. Giants	11
Wed., Apr. 21	8:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9
Fri., Apr. 23	8:15 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Sat., Apr. 24	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11 & 8
Sun., Apr. 25	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11 & 8
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Apr. 27, 28, 29	2:00 P.M.	Chi. vs. Yanks	11
Fri., Apr. 30	2:00 P.M.	Cleve. vs. Yanks	11
Sat., May 1	2:00 P.M.	Cleve. vs. Yanks	11 & 8
Sun., May 2	2:00 P.M.	Detroit vs. Yanks-D	11 & 8
Tues., Wed., Thurs., May 4, 5, 6	2:00 P.M.	Balt. vs. Yanks	11
Fri., May 7	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yanks	11
Sat., May 8	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yanks	11 & 8
Sun., May 9	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yanks-D	11 & 8
Tues., Wed., May 11, 12	1:30 P.M.	Cinc. vs. Giants	11

D—Doubleheader

Line-up of the mike:

For the Dodgers: Vince Scully and Connie Desmond. For the Yankees: Mel Allen and Jim Woods. For the Giants: Russ Hodges.

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 **2** **Morning Shaw**—Walter Cronkite
Two hours of news, music, entertainment.
4 & **8** **Today**—Make way for Garroway
- 9:00 **7** **Breakfast Club**—Dan McNeill Variety
- 10:00 **2** **Gadfly Time**—Variety Simulcast
4 & **8** **Ding Dang Schaal**—TV Nursery
- 10:30 **4** **One Man's Family**—Serial Drama
- 10:45 **4** & **8** **Three Steps To Heaven**—Serial
Diane Douglas stars as li'l gal in big city.
- 11:00 **4** **Home**—Hour-long Fem Fair
Arlene Francis, Editor-in-Chief of events.
- 11:30 **2** & **8** **Strike It Rich**—Quiz For Needy
- 11:45 **4** **Fallow Yaur Heart**—Serial Drama
- 12:00 **2** **Valiant Lady**—Serial Drama
4 **Bride And Graam**—The Last Mile
- 12:15 **2** & **8** **Lave Of Life**—Serial Drama
4 **Hawkins Falls**—Rural Serial Drama
- 12:30 **2** & **8** **Search Far Tamarraw**—Serial
- 12:45 **2** **The Guiding Light**—Serial Drama
- 1:00 **2** **The Brighter Day**—Serial Drama
- 1:15 **2** **Partia Faces Life**—Serial
- 1:30 **2** & **8** **Garry Maare**—Fun & Frolics
Garry runs a full hour Tues. & Thurs.
- 2:00 **2** & **8** **Dauble Or Nothing**—\$\$\$ Quiz
Bert Parks pays off Mon., Wed., Fri.
- 2:30 **2** **Linkletter's Party**—Artful Antics
- 3:00 **2** & **8** **The Big Payoff**—Mink-lined Quiz
4 (& **8** at 3:30) **Kate Smith Hour**
- 4:00 **2** **Woman With A Past**—Serial
4 & **8** **Welcame Travelers**—Trip Talk
- 4:15 **2** **The Secret Starm**—Serial Drama
- 4:30 **2** **Robert Q. Lewis**—Comedy Variety
4 & **8** **On Your Account**—\$\$\$ Quiz
- 7:30 **4** & **8** **Katie-Dinah-Eddie**—Music Var.
Mon., Mrs. Murray's capsule variety; Tues., Thurs., Shore sings; Wed., Fri., Fisher croons.
- 7:45 **2** **Perry-Ja-Jane**—Song Swinging
Como comes on Mon., Wed., Fri.; Stafford stars Tues.; Froman frolics Thurs.
4 & **8** **News Caravan**—Swayze Reports

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 **7** **Jamie**—Drama, Brandon de Wilde
- 8:00 **2** **Burns & Allen**—Zany Laugh Duo
4 & **8** **Name That Tune**—\$\$\$ Quiz
5 **20 Questions**—TV Parlor Game
- 8:30 **2** **Talent Scouts**—Godfrey Tests Talent
4 & **8** **Voice Of Firestone**—Concert
7 **Dr. I.Q.**—Audience Silver \$\$\$ Quiz
- 9:00 **2** & **8** **I Love Lucy**—The Desi Comedy
4 **Dennis Day**—Comedy Series
- 9:30 **2** & **8** **Red Buttans**—Zipper-bustin' Laffs
4 **Robert Mantgamery Presents**
- 10:00 **2** & **8** **Studia One**—Hour Teleplays
7 **Racket Squad**—Police Adventures

Tuesday

- 7:30 **7** **Cavalcade Of America**—Dramos
- 8:00 **4** & **8** **Milton Berle-Bab Hape**
Howlarious hour. Hope, Apr. 13 only.
- 8:30 **2** **Red Skeltan**—Comedy Sketches
- 9:00 **4** **Fireside Theater**
7 **Make Raam For Daddy**—Comedy
Starring fine and Danny Thomas.
- 9:30 **2** & **8** **Suspense**—Melodramas
4 **Circle Theater**—Family Fare
7 **U.S. Steel Theater**—alternating with **Matarala TV Hour**
Outstanding, hour-long teleplays.
- 10:00 **2** **Danger**—High-tension Story-telling
4 & **8** **Judge Far Yourself**
- 10:30 **2** **See It Naw**—Ed Murraw's TV Mag
4 **Mr. And Mrs. Narth**—Whodunits

Wednesday

- 7:30 **7** **Mark Saber**—Mystery Adventures
- 8:00 **2** & **8** **Godfrey And His Friends**
4 **I Married Jan**
- 8:30 **4** (& **8** at 9:30) **My Little Margie**
- 9:00 **2** & **8** **Strike It Rich**—Help For Needy

- 4** **Kraft Theater**—Fine Hour Dramos
- 9:30 **2** **I've Gat A Secret**—Panel Quiz
- 10:00 **2** & **8** **Blue Ribbon Baxing**
4 **This Is Yaur Life**—Ralph Edwards
- 10:30 **4** **Doug Fairbanks Presents**—Stories

Thursday

- 8:00 **2** **Meet Mr. McNutley**—Comedy
4 & **8** **Graucha Marx**—Comedy Quiz
- 8:30 **2** **Four Star Playhouse**—Dramas
5 **Broadway Ta Hallywood**—Variety
7 **Where's Raymond?**—Comedy Series
Twinkle-toes Bolger in lighthearted fun.
- 9:00 **2** & **8** **Lux Videa Theater**
4 **Dragnet**—Jack Webb's Police Dramas
- 9:30 **4** **Fard Theater**—Half Hour Drama
7 **Kraft Theater**—Hour-long Dramas
- 10:00 **2** **Public Defender**—Police Dramas
Reed Hadley heads up crime offensive.
4 & **8** **Martin Kane, Private Eye**
- 10:30 **2** **Place The Face**—Bill Cullen, Emcee
4 (& **8** at 11:00) **Foreign Intrigue**

Friday

- 7:30 **7** **Stu Erwin**—Domestic Comedy
- 8:00 **2** & **8** **Mama**—Paignant Family Series
4 **Garroway Shaw**—Musical Variety
7 **Ozzie & Harriet**—Domestic Comedy
- 8:30 **2** **Tapper**—Hocus-pocus Comedy Series
4 & **8** **Life Of Riley**—Domestic Comedy
- 9:00 **2** **Playhouse Of Stars**—Dramas
4 & **8** **Big Story**—Newsmen in Action
7 **Pride Of The Family**—Comedy Series
- 9:30 **2** **Our Miss Braaks**—Comedy Series
4 & **8** **TV Saundstage**—Dramas
7 **Who's The Bass**—Panel Quiz
- 10:00 **2** **My Friend Irma**—Comedy Series
4 & **8** **Sparts Cavalcade**—Boxing
- 10:30 **2** **Persan Ta Persan**—Ed Murrow
5 **Dawn You Ga**—Panel Game
11 **Liberace**—Valentino of the Piano

Saturday

- 7:30 **2** **Beat The Clock**—Stunts for \$\$\$
4 **Ethel & Albert**—Domestic Comedy
7 **Leave It Ta The Girls**—Fem Mayhem
- 8:00 **2** **Jackie Gleasan Shaw**—Variety
4 & **8** **Spike Janes**—Crazy, Crazy
- 8:30 **4** & **8** **Original Amateur Hour**
- 9:00 **2** **Two Far The Maney**—\$\$\$ Quiz
4 & **8** **Yaur Shaw Of Shaws**
- 9:30 **2** **My Favarite Husband**—Comedy
- 10:30 **2** **Orient Express**—Mystery Adventure
4 & **8** **Hit Parade**—Song & Dance

Sunday

- 5:00 **2** **Omnibus**—Alistair Cooke, Host
90 minutes of high-class entertainment.
4 & **8** **Hall Of Fame**—Dramas
- 6:00 **4** **Meet The Press**—Newsmaking Panel
- 7:00 **2** **Life With Father**—Domestic Comedy
4 & **8** **Paul Winchell**—Comedy Variety
- 7:30 **2** & **8** **Jack Benny-Private Secretary**
Jack jokes Apr. 18; Otherwise, Ann Sothern.
4 **Mister Peepers**—Comedy Series
- 8:00 **2** & **8** **Taast Of The Tawn**—Variety
4 **Camedy Hour**—Lavish Laugh Revue
7 **The Mask**—Hour-long Melodramas
- 9:00 **2** **Fred Waring**—G-E Theater
Apr. 18, drama. Otherwise, music variety.
4 & **8** **TV Playhouse**—Hour Dramas
- 9:30 **2** **Man Behind The Badge**—Dramas
- 10:00 **2** **The Web**—Spine-chilling Melodramas
4 & **8** **Loretta Yang Show**—Dramas
- 10:30 **2** & **8** **What's My Line?**—Panel Quiz
5 **Man Against Crime**—Ralph Bellamy
7 **Break The Bank**—Quiz, Bert Parks

Giving Is Living

(Continued from page 35)

they had never shed a tear.

That was a heartbreak. The thought of the loneliness behind those dry eyes brought a lump to Ralph's throat. When pain and anguish wring the brow, tears are a welcome relief. But tears were no part of this little Hopi girl's heritage. She had never been able to escape from herself . . . to get lost in a good cry.

A year passed. Once again Ralph stood at the foot of the hospital bed. This time, the little girl's pillow was damp with tears. But they were tears of happiness . . . for she was smiling. In the past year, under a gentle, mothering anesthetic, her little legs had been doctor-broken and then reset. Today she had taken her first free steps. And she knew there would be many tomorrows when she could run and play as other children do. That's why the tears of happiness . . . for that, and for Ralph Edwards, the man who had helped to make it happen.

But Ralph would be the first to disclaim this praise. "It's not *me*," he says. "It's the great American public. They've given from their pockets and their hearts. My shows have only been an agency of their generosity. I've found that—if you give the people a chance to help—everyone is eager to share.

"It doesn't make any difference what the cause is: a crippled children's hospital; the national polio March of Dimes; a religious need, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish; or the Heart Fund; or arthritis, or cancer—or a home for unwed mothers. The hearts of the American people always find a way to share with those in need."

How does Ralph choose the causes or charities his shows sponsor? First, the charity must be in need of funds. Second, it must have a good solid organization with a national program (that is, funds raised on a national basis will be distributed on a national basis). And, third, Ralph wants to be sure that the organization has directors who know how to use the money wisely.

The March of Dimes and the American Heart Association are good examples, meeting all of Ralph's requirements. With the famous "Mr. and Mrs. Hush" contests, Ralph raised close to \$2,500,000.00 for the March of Dimes. The Hush contest began as a satire on give-aways. Ralph saw that he could turn the contest into a show that would benefit everyone in the country—and not just the winner. He arranged to have the contestants send in contributions to the March of Dimes with their entries. Two-million-five-hundred thousand dollars were raised . . . and, as a result of this and other contributions, today it is believed that, with the new vaccine, polio is being whipped!

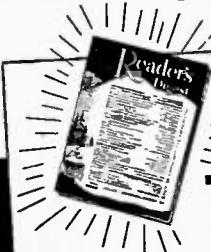
On his shows, Ralph doesn't start out to be a do-gooder. He feels that entertainment comes first. It does. The Walking Man contest for the American Heart Association was heard by 39,000,000 Americans, the largest commercial radio audience ever reached! Yet there were only one million entries . . . the 38,000,000 other people were listening because they were getting great entertainment.

How much good did the Walking Man contest do for American Heart? The Association had been established twenty-two years. But they couldn't afford to put on campaigns. There was no one to help them. They lived from hand to mouth, mostly on contributions from other charities which gave a little money so Heart could continue its research. The Association was made up of a handful of devoted men who single-handedly were trying to whip heart

Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM **with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL*** **HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!**

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

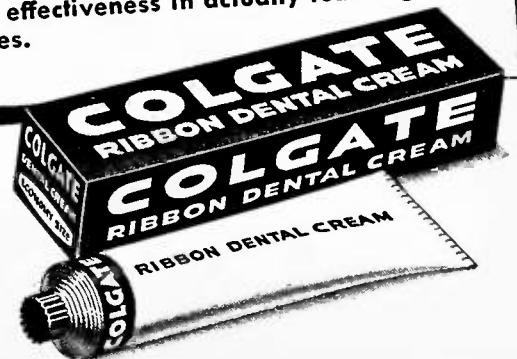


5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. **Reader's Digest** says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.
(It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)
2. **Reader's Digest** says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.
(Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night!)
3. **Reader's Digest** says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.
(Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay—causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)
4. **Reader's Digest** says—In full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate's with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!
(Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)
5. **Reader's Digest** says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
CONTAINS GARDOL
(*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)



For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

disease, the country's biggest killer.

How much good did the contest do for American Heart?

The Walking Man, Ralph Edwards, and a million Americans donated \$1,629,000. This money put the American Heart Association in business. The devoted researchers were able to hire additional help. They expanded their facilities . . . now they can track down the killer in earnest. They are no longer a drag on other charities. They are self-sustaining . . . they have enough money for a yearly campaign.

It's sad that Florence Hubbard, herself . . . the woman who won the Walking Man heart contest . . . had such a close personal connection with the campaign's purpose. Shortly before the contest was over, her husband, a doctor, died . . . of heart disease. But she's not bitter that a Heart Fund had not been established years before. Rather, she is grateful for the sake of others who have a Heart Fund now. And she's grateful to Ralph, too. She's built a duplex in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, with her contest winnings. She rents one half and lives in the other . . . with a sign over her door: "The House that Ralph Built."

How do the needy causes come to Ralph's attention? They come from every source . . . by letter, wire, phone, in conversation—and sometimes through the newspaper.

For example, Ralph read an editorial written by a San Diego columnist, Forrest Warren. He wrote, "I have cancer and I know it. Though my days are numbered, I want to do all I can to combat this disease . . ."

When Ralph read this, he said to his staff: "Here's a great man. Let's see what we can do to help him."

The *Truth Or Consequences* gang went to San Diego, where they did a *This Is Your Life* type of show—on *T Or C*—with Forrest Warren as the subject. They broadcast from his living room because cancer had so weakened him he could not be moved.

Forrest died a few weeks later . . . but not before he saw the results of their show. Even as the show was on the air, contri-

butions to Cancer's City of Hope began pouring in . . . for a total of \$30,000. Forrest died a happy man.

In his conversations, Ralph sometimes comes across a worthy cause. For example, after he and his staff decided to do the life of Hannah Kohner on *This Is Your Life*, Ralph suggested that they tie it to the United Jewish Appeal.

Hannah Kohner's experience tells the story of this appeal, a story every American understands—a plea for freedom.

Hannah's life began in then-free Czechoslovakia. She and Walter Kohner were childhood sweethearts. They were in love from the time they were seven. When Walter was fourteen, he came to America. His last words to Hannah were, "I will come back and get you."

But Hitler and the purge came first. Czechoslovakia fell, and Hannah and her family were taken to a concentration camp. The camp was a nightmare, every second filled with the threat of torture or death. Having given up her dream of Walter and a future in America, she married while still in the camp.

But there was no happiness. One of the Nazis' favorite games was to give their victims a bar of soap and send them off to the showers. One never knew if the "showers" were to be water—or liquid gas. Hannah's husband got the gas . . . as did her father and mother.

At the end of seven years in the camp, the war was ended. Hannah went to Holland to work for the family of a girl she'd known in the camp. One day, Hannah was called to the door by an American Army sergeant.

"Hannah . . . ?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes . . ." she said. The sergeant looked familiar. Hannah wondered why. She knew no one in the American Army.

"I've been stationed in Germany," said the sergeant, "and on my leave I've searched for you in all of Czechoslovakia. I traced you to the concentration camp—and now to Holland . . ."

Then Hannah knew who the sergeant was. It was Walter Kohner come to fulfill

his promise . . . to take her to America.

"This Is Your Life, Hannah Kohner" was seen twice. The first time in the spring of 1953, when it raised more than \$30,000 for the United Jewish Appeal. The show was seen a second time in the summer and raised a much greater sum . . . \$30,000 in San Diego alone.

Not only does Ralph work for established funds, he sometimes helps to establish a fund. The "Jimmy Fund" is an example.

Ralph received a telegram one day from George Schwartz, a Boston insurance man. He had a stunt in mind to help one little boy in the polio ward of the Boston Crippled Children's Hospital. Ralph investigated and found that the hospital desperately needed a new leukemia wing. He suggested they do the stunt with the little boy, but use the funds for this bigger cause.

Ralph's idea was accepted. The little boy with polio—called "Jimmy" (his real name was never mentioned)—sang "Over the Rainbow" from his hospital bed. The hospital hoped for \$5,000 to begin their new wing. But people heard the little boy's song: ". . . high above the chimney tops, where troubles melt like lemon drops . . . if blue birds fly, why, oh, why, can't I . . . ?" And they sent not \$5,000—but \$75,000 to the newly established "Jimmy Fund"!

That was ten years ago. Today, the Jimmy Fund is still growing and is one of the biggest things in Boston. Recently, columnist Ed Sullivan was the chief speaker at a Variety Club luncheon, in behalf of the Jimmy Fund. His closing line was: "And we ought to give thanks to a guy named Ralph Edwards who started it all, years ago, with a little boy singing, 'Over the Rainbow.'"

But Ralph says, "I'm not the one to take the thanks. It belongs to the great American people who have given so generously from their pockets and their hearts. I just happen to have the show. . . ."

But "Jimmys" everywhere will disagree. They all want to thank Ralph . . . the guy who made giving so much fun.

Lovely—Lonely

(Continued from page 71)

St. Louis, and completely surprised them with a spanking new house: a dream home with eight rooms, landscaped with weeping willow and blue spruce trees.

"I felt very good about it," she recalls. "The feeling lasted only until I returned alone to New York. Now, for the past half-dozen months, all four of us have been miserable about being so far apart."

To set things straight, Marion is not a little girl who is separated from her family for the first time. In her late teens, she was in Hollywood for a couple of years. She spent better than a year in a London musical revue. But, for two and a half years prior to this past October, her mother and grandparents lived with her in New York.

"It was wonderful to have them with me," she says, "but I worried about them."

They were accustomed to living in a house, a house surrounded by rose bushes and old friends. In Manhattan, they were surrounded by strangers and concrete. From Marion's apartment, they had a clear view of a thirty-floor building, a perennial but monotonous hunk of vegetation. They got a daily quota of two hours of sunshine, but only through the kitchen window.

"Honestly, it was a nice apartment," Marion says, "but it was city."

And her family didn't see as much of

Marion as they wished. She was off to work early and got home just a shade late for dinner. For parents, it's kind of heart-breaking not to be able to make at least one meal a day for a child.

"But they did such cute things, such endearing things," Marion says.

Marion was up at five in the morning and had to forbid them to rise with her. However, they would have breakfast all laid out for her. There was a good-morning note on the table. Vitamin capsules were placed strategically in front of the orange juice. Just before Marion took off for the studio, she would stop in their bedrooms to kiss them goodbye.

"When I got down to the street, they would be waiting at the window to wave to me," she says. "There, on the fifth floor, would be Grandma and Mother in night-gowns and Grandpa in his long underwear, leaning on his cane."

And they would wait up for her at night, whether she was working late or on a date.

"We'd go into the kitchen and have cookies and milk," she says, "and my date would join us. I wouldn't think of dating a man twice if he didn't enjoy cookies and Grandpa's jokes."

When Marion came down with the flu or played hostess to one of New York's many viruses, the family hovered over her.

"Juices, magazines, special dishes—it was wonderful," she says. "There's nothing so comforting as having your folks around when you're ill."

But Marion felt she was being unfair to keep them in New York when their friends and many interests were back in St. Louis. And hadn't she, ever since childhood, dreamed of giving them a nice home? So she did. And suddenly she was living alone.

"It's not that I think New York is cold and hard," she says. "I have very good friends here."

She is not engaged, but has several male friends who rate as pals. Her voice teacher, Señor Enrico Rosati, takes a personal interest in her morale. For sadness, he has a special brew of tea or a tiny glass of wine, served up with an infectious smile. His secretary, Rossina Luce, lifts Marion's spirits by sending her a package of real Italian spaghetti sauce and hand-grated Parmesan cheese.

Marion isn't exactly neglected. She has dates. She is surrounded by the cheerful Godfreys. But it's not like coming home to the folks. She misses them—but no more than they miss her. So Marion has worked out a solution.

"Do you know anyone interested in buying a nice house in St. Louis?" she asks. "Come June, the folks will be coming back to live with me in New York."

Kukla and Ollie Go to Town

(Continued from page 60)

Ollie met the challenge in typical fashion. He simply applied the old adage: "Go hire a hall!" In fact, he hired New York's famed Town Hall—where all great artists hope to give their recitals and rate loud bravos from the critics.

No one except the Kuklapolitans could have imagined themselves giving a successful concert in that august auditorium. But they did. By the time the curtain went up, their many loyal friends had filled the place to capacity—including all available "standing room only."

Friends and critics alike were charmed when baritone Oliver J. Dragon made his debut, when Kukla, Fran and Ollie gave their interpretation of Jack Fascinato's wistful "Dragon Retreat," when Madame Ooglepuss stated frankly that she could sing whatever she chose—because she had paid part of the expenses.

Long before the rave reviews were printed, everyone knew that that genius, Burr Tillstrom, and that charmer, Fran Allison, had done it again. Their biggest gamble had turned into their biggest triumph. *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* had added a new chapter to Town Hall history.

But it wasn't only in New York that friends were indicating how much they loved the Kuklapolitans. At about the same time, RADIO-TV MIRROR readers all over the nation were marking their ballots for *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* as their favorite children's show—their favorite TV show for all the young in heart, everywhere, who have the faith of their own dreams, the courage for an adventure into make-believe.

And so the story ends as all good stories should. Today, *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* has a new sponsor and bright plans for a new season. As Ollie might say: "It looks like we're going to live happily ever after!"

What Are Dreams Made Of?

Talent? Good looks? A happy home? A successful career? You name it—

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have it! They're living the lovely dream they earned for themselves—and the whole story is in our next feature-packed issue . . . complete with a full-color portrait of this charming couple on the cover of the

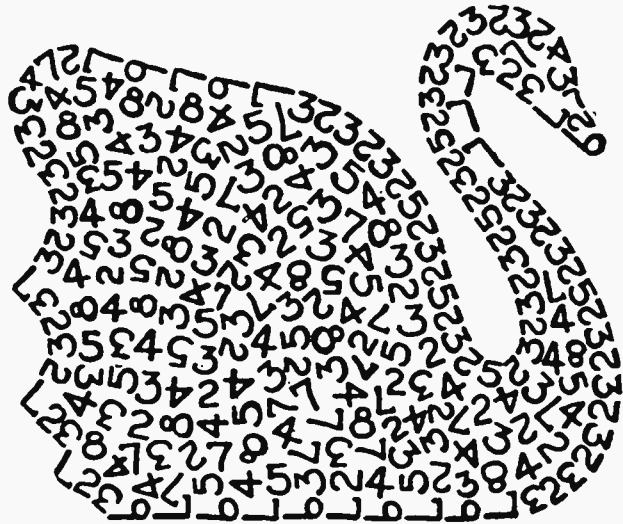
June

RADIO-TV MIRROR

at your favorite newsstand May 7

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON A SWAN

Add up the figures and find out. Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your own home, and CASH REWARDS for the WINNERS. Try it yourself.



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Fourth Prize	\$350.00	19th to 44th Prize, each. . .	\$25.00
5th to 8th Prize, each. . . .	\$200.00	45th to 75th Prize, each. . .	\$10.00

— HERE ARE THE RULES —

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Swan and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single numbers: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23," etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the correct TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a \$5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to "SCHOLARSHIPS, INC." Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.

2. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the \$500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize \$2000.00. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the First Prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required \$5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly. Read the rules carefully. Please do not write for additional information concerning this contest since information that is not available to all other contestants cannot be given.

4. This contest is confined to persons within the continental limits of the United States. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc. and members of their immediate families are ineligible. Due to the uncertainty of mail address entries cannot be accepted from persons in the Armed Forces. Entries will not be accepted from persons in Alaska, Canada, Hawaiian Islands and other locations outside of the United States proper.

5. Entries will be accepted from February 1 to October 10, 1954. Entries postmarked October 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Swan Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

C. L. KITTLE, Contest Mgr.



Miss Dorothy Witte is one of eight nurses in training at Cincinnati Hospitals under our scholarships and writes, "I am in my second year of training and wish to express my thanks for the chance to do the work I thoroughly enjoy. I consider myself very lucky to be one of the nurses you are putting through training."

Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. No weekly or monthly entry to fill out. Winners determined solely by their mathematical accuracy. Not based on your writing skill, memory, or general information. No books to buy, no facts to look up, no advertisements to watch for, no box tops to save. Operated by a non-for-profit corporation required by its charter to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising, and legitimate expenses to charitable purposes.

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There are _____ feathers on the Swan.
Type your name and address if possible, if not print by hand.

Name _____

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Donations mailed before "May 7, 1954," qualify for Promptness bonus.

R
M

Mr. And Mrs. North

(Continued from page 58)

have something like corned beef and cabbage?"

"Corned beef and cabbage? Yes, of course," said Dick, thinking what's the use of arguing, "that's what I wanted anyhow."

Like Jerry North, Dick is always the gentleman. He would never contradict a lady. "But between my two 'wives,'" he says, "I never get to eat anything I want."

"Yet how fortunate can one man be, to have two such terrific 'wives'? I'm grateful to Pam North for introducing me to Barbara Britton."

Barbara, in turn, says, "Dick Denning is wonderful to work with over a long period of time. He wears well—like an old shoe."

The crew of *Mr. And Mrs. North* is certainly happy with both Barbara and Dick. The reason is that there is no stuffiness about the stars. Recently, a new assistant director was added to the program. At the end of the first show, Dick and Barbara were the first to walk into the booth. "I'm Dick Denning," volunteered Dick, "and this is Barbara Britton. Hope you'll feel at home—and, if there is anything we can do for you, just let us know."

Barbara's and Dick's cooperative attitude is shown in such little things as the weekly coffee klatch. They take turns supplying two pots of hot coffee for the cast.

Last Christmas, Barbara came in with enough gingerbread cupcakes to go around twice. Each cupcake had a candle to match the spirit of the season. "Every season I make them a few weeks early and put them in the freezer. Then during the scurry-time, I don't have to worry about baking. When I need them, I bring them out, pop them in the oven, no fuss, no muss. They're my own special recipe."

As an added time-saver, Dick frequently takes some of the cast home to lunch. Recently, they almost didn't get back to the rehearsal of the show. Dick ran out of gas just as they rode into the driveway. He didn't realize this until he came out to start the car. The three of them were a little panicky when the motor coughed but didn't say anything.

"I'll call the studio," Dick said, "and ask them to send someone for us. In the meantime, you start walking."

Dick caught up with the other members in a moment. As they rounded the first corner, along came Barbara Britton's husband, Dr. Eugene Czukor. They waved, the doctor stopped, and they hopped in.

"That was fast work," said Dick. "Let's go."

"Go? Where?" queried the doctor.

"Back to the rehearsal, of course. Didn't the studio ask you to pick us up?"

"No," said the doctor. "I haven't been to the studio. But I'll be happy to drive you there."

It was just a coincidence that the doctor was passing by. The studio had sent an assistant to pick up Dick and the cast. The whole show was on tape when he came in three hours later. "I couldn't find them," he said. "I got lost in the hills!"

It's not too unusual for a Denning to meet a Czukor on that Hollywood hilltop. The Czukors are in the process of moving into a home that commands the same view as the Dennings'. Barbara says, "I screamed that our next house must have a yard for the kids. This one is just big enough to put in the slide and swings. But the size of the house and the view make up for the lack of the yard."

"Besides, we're doing what we like best. We are remodeling, knocking out walls, repapering, painting, and putting

in new floors in six rooms: the kitchen, the playroom, Teddy's room, and three baths. Congoleum-Nairn, our co-sponsors on TV, offered to supply us with all the asphalt tile we needed!"

This is the sixth house the Czukors have remodelled. Richard Denning, having recently contracted for his own house, recommended his building crew. Dr. Czukor oversees the work, keeps the workmen happy by supplying them with coffee.

When Barbara and her seven-year-old son, Teddy, went up one afternoon to observe the progress of the house, Teddy watched his dad, who stood with plans in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other. He said, "Daddy's doing *very* well."

One of the workmen asked Teddy if he ever played cops-and-robbers like *Mr. And Mrs. North*. "Nah," said Teddy, "that's corny. I'd rather be a cowboy."

Barbara explains that Teddy has never seen *Mr. And Mrs. North* and only infrequently hears it on radio. "He would never play cops-and-robbers, or a detective like Jerry North. He'd rather be Roy Rogers because he's got a horse."

Teddy did visit the set one day last month. He was taken up by the excitement of television picture-making. "Can I be in one of your pictures?" he asked, after the shooting was over. "Well, yes," said Barbara, "but you'll have to wait until this summer."

Barbara's now looking around for a suitable script that she and Teddy can play in together. "It'll be fun," she said, "but I don't feature my son as a child star. He doesn't have the freckles."

Barbara Britton and her husband, Dr. Czukor, have not had much chance to socialize with Richard Denning and his wife, Evelyn Ankers. The Czukors have been too busy remodeling houses, while the Dennings have been busy building.

While the building of *their* new home was in progress, the Dennings worked together as a family. Dick did the contracting, Evelyn supplied the coffee and sandwiches in this case, and nine-year-old DeeDee stood by for moral support.

Time is a precious element with Dick. He has to sandwich in contracting between his radio, TV, and motion-picture schedule. Early this past winter, with the house finished and the TV show not yet back on the air, he was using the time to put in a new lawn. He had the seed and manure down and was in the process of rolling it when the first storm of the year came up.

Dick pushed the heavy steel roller like a baker working on strudel dough. But with the first damp drops, his "dough" began to stick to the roller. No matter how he pushed and pulled, he saw he wasn't going to be able to get it smoothed out before the rains hit in all their fury. He sat despondently by, as the water washed the seed onto the lot next door.

"It's going to be a lovely lawn," he said. "Fortunately it's *my* lot."

Though Barbara's children—Chris, 2½, and Teddy, 7—are too young to watch the show, Dick and Evelyn's nine-year-old daughter, DeeDee, loves to *get up* for it. On the night of the show, DeeDee doesn't object to being put to bed at 7:15 P.M. At 10:15 P.M., she's aroused, puts on her robe and joins her parents before the TV set.

When Dick is involved in a scrap on the screen, DeeDee shows concern. "Were you hurt, Daddy?" she asks.

"No," says Dick, "that was just acting."

DeeDee knows the difference between acting and real life. She sometimes visits the sets when Dick and Barbara are performing before the TV cameras. But one afternoon they were posing on a couch for



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a still photographer. Dick had his arm around Barbara. Then, although they were no longer acting "by the script," there was an added kiss—for the still camera.

DeeDee, having never seen a still photographer before, couldn't tell now where real life left off and acting began. "Oh, Daddy," she said, ready to burst into tears. "You know you shouldn't be doing that!"

Dick immediately realized DeeDee's concern and explained about the still photographer. "We're still acting, honey. This is still business."

"Well, all right," she said, "as long as you're sure it's business."

"It's a funny business, all right, this business of being Pam and Jerry North," laugh Barbara and Dick. "It's like having two husbands, two wives and three families."

Attorney at Sports

(Continued from page 10)

him, he was in the midst of auditions, along with sixty other and much more eager candidates. Still, he really wasn't interested in a radio career and, after the audition was over, he thought nothing more about it. A few days later, CBS contacted him. "When can you go to work?" they said—and, says Mel today, "I nearly fell through the floor!"

Well, Mel decided, he might as well have a try at it—for a while, at least. Besides, he could go back to law anytime.

During the months just previous, Mel had been teaching public speaking at the University of Alabama, so he returned to the school long enough to finish the term and submit his resignation. Then, on January 17, 1937, he reported for work at CBS.

At first he was just a general announcer. He handled station breaks, news programs, quiz shows, daytime dramas—anything and everything, except sportscasting. But he continually made it known that his greatest interest lay in the sports direction and finally, he got his first big chance. He was sent out to cover the Vanderbilt Cup Auto Race—from the air. It was bad enough that Mel had never flown before and was more than a little nervous about it. But that was only the beginning. A rainstorm delayed the race and sportscaster Allen had to spend fifty-two long minutes circling over the track, ad-libbing, until finally the race was postponed. But, although his initiation was a rugged one, it brought a very favorable comment from a CBS vice-president and successfully broke the ground for Mel's spectacular career.

Today, the amazing Mr. Allen can look back on the events of his own life and justifiably say, "How about that!" As for his intended law career, it never could have matched his dazzling achievement in the world of sports. But Mel has continually found his law background a great boon in his work for, as he says, "Law teaches you to analyze a situation, quickly weed out the extraneous matter, and get right to the basic point." And, he adds, "Law is a science of rules. Similarly, a sport is a game of rules. With both, you have to know all the rules—which ones apply in a given situation—and stick by them."

There is something else that has proved even more gratifying to Mel in his career. He feels that most people have an interest in—and love for—sports and thus, in reaching out to so many millions of them with his voice, he comes close to the heart of America itself. And year in and year out, sports lovers across the land can thank their lucky stars for a man like Mel who, in himself, is a living tribute to the great world of sports.

TV-Radio ANNUAL

1954

NEW!



This Gorgeous Yearbook Contains Your Favorite TV-Radio Stars

Here's the yearbook that TV and radio set owners await with glee! It covers all the events and all the history-making moments of all the great shows and programs of 1953. This exciting new edition is better than ever! The editors of RADIO-TV MIRROR have outdone even themselves! This is the big TV-radio book-of-the-year. It contains hundreds of il-

lustrations . . . stories about the lives of all your favorites! Just feast your eyes over the contents of this gorgeous yearbook. Remember—this is not just another magazine—it's a book that you will cherish and refer to for years to come. It's a real collector's item. And it costs only 50c at all newsstands. Or, if your newsdealer is sold out, mail coupon below—TODAY!

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R
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RADIO-TV MIRROR

(Continued from page 30)

1953, you gave the Godfrey shows and cast a total of eight awards. This year, they take four: best TV program; best TV male singer—Frank Parker; best TV female singer—Marion Marlowe; best radio talent-audition show—Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts.

In television, the only major contradiction to this divide-up-the-Awards trend occurred in the daytime drama classification. Here, the hottest of contests developed between the CBS-TV neighbors, *The Guiding Light* and *Search For Tomorrow*. Two of the off-camera staff, *Search's* producer, Myron Golden, and co-producer, Charles Irving, deserve special congratulations, for—in a year of split tickets—their show came within a few votes of sweeping the field.

Right up to the final tally for daytime dramas, it ran neck-and-neck with *The Guiding Light*. By only a few votes, the latter emerged as the final victor. But *Search For Tomorrow's* stars, Mary Stuart and Terry O'Sullivan, won the titles of favorite TV daytime actor and actress! (This is the first time that both acting Awards have gone to the same program.)

Of the non-dramatic daytime TV programs, the always light-hearted CBS-TV *Garry Moore Show* again won your favor. Among the women's shows, you indicated you still liked best that effervescent combination which Kate Smith and Ted Collins offer on NBC-TV: songs, stories, aspiring variety artists, and that Collins specialty—the "Cracker Barrel" interview. Both programs have many previous RADIO-TV MIRROR Awards to their credit.

You chose another daytime show as your favorite musical program. Despite the big-budget competition of some of the famed evening spectacles, your vote went to Du Mont's relatively modest *Paul Dixon Show*, which originates in Cincinnati. A majority of you found amusement in his pantomimes to recorded music and liked his warm and intimate way of turning the coaxial cable into a cross-country "party line."

As the best television children's show, you selected *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*. You'll find on another page the backstage story of the part this played in turning a critical year into a triumphant one.

Among the Westerns, you chose CBS-TV's Gene Autry for both your favorite actor and favorite show.

Your best-liked television news commentator was NBC's John Cameron Swayze, backed up by a world-wide staff of cameramen who will risk their lives for a picture and a crew of reporters so alert they have a hunch about news even before it happens. In the sports field, Mel Allen won your TV award for his announcing.

In nighttime television, the only multiple winners to come close to rivaling the Godfrey score were NBC's Jack Webb (favorite dramatic actor), with *Dragnet* (favorite mystery show)—and CBS-TV's Ed Sullivan (favorite master of ceremonies) with *Toast Of The Town* (favorite variety show).

The TV drama and quiz categories emphasized your trend to split your ballots. You named *Mama*, which stars Peggy

(Continued on page 88)



FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY SHOW

Suspense (CBS Radio) wins with top melodramas enacted by such expert performers as James Mason and his wife, Pamela Kellino.



FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER

Julius La Rosa (CBS Radio) draws maximum attention from fans, whether in person, on the air—or in RADIO-TV MIRROR's poll.

AWARD WINNERS, 1953-54



FAVORITE RADIO AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SHOW

Two For The Money (simulcast over CBS Radio and CBS-TV) thrills both audiences and participants with the amusing give-and-take between Herb Shriner (left) and contestants—who take home big rewards when they give quick answers!



FAVORITE RADIO CHILDREN'S SHOW

No School Today (ABC Radio) means fun for small fry, with "Big Jon" Arthur and beloved "Sparkie."



FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL SHOW

The Railroad Hour (NBC Radio) stars Gordon MacRae; Dorothy Warenskjold is a frequent guest.

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Wood on CBS-TV, as the best dramatic program—but your award for the best actress went to Loretta Young on NBC-TV's *Loretta Young Show*. You liked Bert Parks (ABC-TV's *Break The Bank*, CBS-TV's *Double Or Nothing*) as your quizmaster—but picked CBS-TV's *What's My Line?* as your favorite quiz.

There was more of this split-balloting in the comedy classification. You gave the program Award to NBC-TV's Sunday night extravaganza, *Colgate Comedy Hour*—but you named energetic Martha Raye (*Martha Raye Show*, NBC-TV) as your favorite comedienne and Jackie Gleason (*Jackie Gleason Show*, CBS-TV) as top comedian.

TV audience-participation honors went to the Walt Framer production, *Strike It Rich*, starring Warren Hull of CBS-TV (and NBC Radio). As your best talent audition show, you chose Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* (NBC-TV).

The best husband-wife team, you decided, was Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz with their CBS-TV hit, *I Love Lucy*.

Turning to the radio department, we found that there was somewhat less ballot-splitting. Double awards for both program and personality went to a number of shows.

CBS Radio's Eve Arden and her *Our Miss Brooks* (also seen on CBS-TV, of course) took comedienne and comedy-show honors. NBC Radio's (and TV's) Roy Rogers was king of the Western stars and shows. You chose Art Linkletter as your favorite master of ceremonies and his *House Party* on CBS Radio (and TV) as your best variety show.

But beyond that, dividing the honors was again the rule. *Lux Radio Theater* (CBS), directed by Irving Cummings, won the top Award as the best of all radio programs and was also named your favorite drama. The individual dramatic actor and actress Awards, however, went to Barbara Britton

and Richard Denning, who play the sleuths, *Mr. And Mrs. North*, on NBC Radio. For your mystery show, you liked CBS Radio's *Suspense*.

A similar division turned up in radio daytime dramas. Your favorite program, you decided, was CBS Radio's *The Romance Of Helen Trent*. But acting honors went to Sandy Becker, star of CBS Radio's *Young Doctor Malone*—and to four-time Award winner, Jan Miner, star of *Hilltop House* (also on CBS Radio).

The splitting of votes was repeated again in the musical and quiz fields. Julius La Rosa, on CBS Radio, and Dinah Shore, on NBC Radio (and TV), won your votes for favorite singers—but the program Award went to NBC Radio's *The Railroad Hour*, starring Gordon MacRae. You chose Bud Collyer's *Break The Bank* (NBC Radio) as the best quiz show—then gave Ralph Edwards, star of *Truth Or Consequences* (NBC Radio), the quizmaster title.

You awarded the title of best audience-participation show to Herb Shriner's *Two For The Money* on CBS Radio (simulcast on CBS-TV). *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* (also a CBS simulcast) is the best radio talent-audition show. Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* (ABC simulcast) is the best radio daytime non-dramatic program. The best women's show is Jack Bailey's *Queen For A Day* (Mutual). The best radio children's program is Jon Arthur's *No School Today* (ABC Radio). Studious Edward R. Murrow (CBS Radio) is your favorite news commentator, and fast-paced Bill Stern (ABC Radio) takes your sports title.

And, once again, your favorite husband-wife team is ABC Radio's (and TV's) beloved Nelsons, *Ozzie And Harriet*—who have been consistent winners since the RADIO-TV MIRROR honors were first awarded!

Many Happy Returns

(Continued from page 47)

it while she's taking off make-up and chatting with the people who come in and out of her dressing room to see her, until she gets back into her street clothes. Both she and Ted are available to anyone who really needs them or has legitimate business with them. They are quick to show concern for those who work with them when there is sickness and trouble, quick to remember small kindnesses and to praise and reward.

"Kate's theme song should be 'You Belong to Me,'" Ted has been heard to comment when he sees her taking over something that's bothering someone else and adding it to her already long list of things to be done. "Don't ever let it surprise you, either," he says, "if you should someday find Miss Smith scrubbing a floor or cleaning a closet for no better reason than that she has decided it needs it, right away, and there is no one available around to do it for her. More often, that happens up at her camp at Lake Placid in the summer where she loves to roll up her sleeves and really get to work. But it could happen any day in her New York apartment if she got the idea it should. And at ten o'clock at night, if that happened to be the time!"

That same concentrated effort goes into rehearsals, where Kate works determinedly on the part of the show that is strictly up to her, and Ted concentrates on everything. She goes over her songs with orchestra leader Jack Miller and his boys, for tempo and phrasing. (Jack, by the way, was the accompanist on her first radio show and has been with her ever since.) She holds back the big voice, but every once in a while it flows out with its

full power, as it will later during the broadcast. She is particularly watchful of what happens at the beginning and end of a song. "When I know what goes on as the music starts and finishes, the rest is easy." So she and the orchestra keep repeating, until she is sure.

Over the years, the choice of songs has not changed greatly, although the individual numbers vary constantly from program to program as new ones come along and old ones are laid aside for a time. "We have found that audiences still like the romantic songs best," Kate tells you. "And why not? It's what makes the world go 'round, and I must say that some of the numbers are simply beautiful, the old ones and the new ones that keep coming every year. People like the nostalgic things, even the younger folks. They think it's fun to hear the songs that were popular when their parents were young. Naturally, we cater to people of all ages, which is what makes the programs so interesting to us, so we include all types of music. That means the ever-popular novelty songs, too."

Both Ted and Kate believe that it's in the presentation of songs on television that the greatest changes have come. "In radio, a singer can stand in front of a microphone with the sheet music in her hand and just sing," Ted explains. "People in radio usually dress neatly and are well groomed, but they don't necessarily 'dress up' for a performance, unless there is a studio audience. There is no need to. Special evening shows have always required more formal clothes for the girls and dinner jackets for the men. But, on the whole, radio has been able to keep

a casual atmosphere. Only what comes through the microphone matters to the listeners at home.

"Now, everyone on television must be aware of the unseen audience."

"I realize," Kate adds, "that seeing me on their screen five one-hour periods a week would be pretty tiresome if I wore the same style too often with the same kind of trimming. And I must change the type of clothes I wear when the style changes—but only so far as the new styles are becoming, of course. My audience is too intelligent to want anything else from me. We are all limited by our size and shape and, yes—even our age, to some extent. No one, for instance, would want me to shorten my skirts too much, even if the rest of the world were wearing them up to the knees. It just wouldn't look right on Kate Smith! The same goes for my hair. It can't be too long for the prevailing styles, and it can't be too short. In fact, it can't be too different from what folks have come to expect from me. And I'm satisfied to have it that way."

If the way a performer looks has become more important than it used to be in the days before television, the way a song "looks" has become equally important. Ted says that he feels songs are now presented almost like stories, with the lyric being studied carefully first, before the set designer creates a fitting background and the director stages it with appropriate sound effects and props. Not only the songs, but all the entertainment on the *Kate Smith Hour* gets this kind of carefully built-up presentation.

Even in TV's comparatively short life, a change in audience taste has already been happening. Perhaps a whole series of changes. "People who had some basic knowledge of fine drama and good music and clever comedy now want more and

more of these. Others, whose opportunities for learning have been limited, have now been exposed to the best through the medium of television, and their education is being rapidly accomplished. Even folks who thought they didn't like longhair music or ballet are learning to understand a little more of what these are all about. And the same goes for many of the other arts. It seems to be a case of the more they see, the better they demand, and this is all to the good."

It's Kate's opinion that even during this past year people have become more selective about what they want to see and hear and have developed certain very definite likes and dislikes regarding what they watch on TV. "A few years ago, we were all pioneers in television and any program was fun to watch, as long as it had a picture and sound. Now the novelty has worn off, the medium has grown up to adult stature, and each viewer wants some programs keyed to his own particular taste. This is why Ted fills our shows with such a variety of good things—music, drama, comedy and serious discussion."

The serious discussion occurs mostly on Ted's "Cracker Barrel" segment of the program. "If Ted had started that twenty-four years ago on radio, it could never have held the same interest as it does today for the average viewer. People were much more uninformed then and much less interested, I believe, in what went on in the federal and state governments, in the life of their communities, in world affairs, and in the thousand and one facets of living that touch every individual's home and business and career, perhaps without his realizing that they do. Now that the world has seemed to grow smaller, because each part has become more closely related to all the others, and there is need for men and women to "think larger" in

order to understand all this, the Cracker Barrel Discussions have just naturally become one of the most interesting and valuable portions of our programs.

"Ted's guests have been authors of provocative books and articles. They have been candidates for high public office, even for the Presidency of the United States. They have been powerful labor leaders known by the storms they have stirred up. Visiting scholars from other lands, scientists, atomic experts. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs of state from many parts of the world. And the mail response to their appearances has been tremendous, and well informed. Now, I ask you, in what other medium but television would Ted have started a fifteen-minute segment like this one, on an entertainment program such as ours, and held everybody's interest?"

The answer is that it probably couldn't have happened twenty-three years ago, when Kate first faced a microphone and poured out her songs in a voice that was soon to make her famous on radio and records. Yet it's still songs that people want to hear from Kate. Still the warm kindness that they feel in her voice and in the homely expressions that sometimes slip through the more careful phrases. The slurring off of the end of a word, as in her "Thanks for listenin'." The quick, hearty laugh when something suddenly strikes her funny, even right in the middle of a sentence.

For those who look and listen, this year's May first marks almost a quarter-century of the best in home entertainment—twenty-three years of solid achievement. For Kate and Ted themselves, the anniversary means the beginning of still another year of trying to give people the things that will stimulate their interest and make them a bit happier, if only while they're listenin'.

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All Drugstores
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Toast Of The Town

(Continued from page 57)
the kids too. And so, on June 28, 1948, in the first telecast of *Toast Of The Town*, Betty's discoveries were among the cast, making their own TV debut.

The show was sustaining. The act was virtually unknown. Ed paid them \$200.

Their names were Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

Today, between twenty-five and forty million viewers watch CBS-TV's *Toast Of The Town* every Sunday night. The figure varies, depending upon who is playing on NBC-TV's *Comedy Hour*. Ed competes against such stars as Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, Tallulah Bankhead, Donald O'Connor and Ethel Merman, yet the only serious threat to his top popularity ratings is that same "great act for kids"—Martin and Lewis.

"But the really astounding thing," Ed points out, "is that their show has a talent budget of \$100,000. Mine is \$16,000. The last sixteen times we played opposite each other, they won five times, I won eleven."

And then, because Ed is still a newspaperman as well as a showman, he called to the secretary in the next room of his Park Avenue office-apartment: "Check how much I paid Martin and Lewis on that first show."

Carmine Santullo, a former bootblack who is now Ed's assistant, appeared in the doorway, silently digested the request, then returned to his office to check.

It was because he is both newspaperman and showman that Ed was selected to head up CBS-TV's first big variety show. It was in the early days of TV, and there was no way of telling how the public might react to seeing dancers and acrobats in their living rooms on a Sunday night. Anxious to present the show in the best possible taste, CBS wanted an emcee who . . .

Ed hesitated. He can talk about celebrities with all the offhandedness of one who knows them personally. But, when it comes to talking about himself, he is unexpectedly self-conscious.

Finally, in an objective tone—as though discussing someone else—he admitted: "They wanted someone who had—dignity, I guess. Someone who wasn't a theatrical performer."

In the public mind, Ed was primarily a newspaperman—the fellow who wrote that popular column, "Little Old New York." Of course, he also happened to be the fellow who had staged those Harvest Moon Ball dance contests at Madison Square Garden, emceed the "Dawn Patrol" vaudeville troupe, organized all those benefit shows, and conducted his own radio show since 1932. But no one could accuse him of being a "theatrical performer." He couldn't sing, dance, act or do fancy tricks. And as for "dignity"—after seeing his television debut, people claimed he couldn't even smile.

"I froze in front of the cameras," Ed said, relieved because he could freely say something unflattering about himself. He laughed. He had thought of something even worse. "They called me 'The Great Stone Face.'"

He can now smile on TV, thanks to a friend who suggested that Ed play to the audience—as he used to in vaudeville—and stop working to the camera. Otherwise, he has never been concerned about how he looks—it's how the *show* looks. As a newspaperman, he knows the story is important, not the reporter. As a showman, he knows the acts are important, not the emcee. In front of the cameras, he doesn't come over as a TV personality. He looks like what he is—a hard-working newspaperman.

But because his beat is Broadway, and because he loves show business—deadpan or not—he manages to convey his excitement to his audiences. Watching *Toast Of The Town* on TV is like attending the opening night of a new musical revue with a top Broadway columnist for your own personal escort. He not only points out the celebrities, he *knows* them and brings them over to say a word. Audiences never know what to expect on a Sullivan show. One night, Bob Hope bounced out of an aisle seat to sass Ed in an impromptu exchange. Leo Durocher has come bounding on stage for a bit of give-and-take. Figures right out of the headlines—everyone from General Jonathan Wainwright to the latest Kentucky Derby winner—have taken their bows on the show.

The acts themselves make *Toast Of The Town* seem like the latest edition, hot off the press: a scene from the latest hit play, a boxing champ in his debut as a song-and-dance man, Julius La Rosa's first public appearance "on his own."

Also in the best newspaper tradition, Ed is continually pulling scoops—persuading the celebrities of opera, sports, stage, screen, concert hall and ballet to make their TV debuts with him. Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes, Sonja Henie, Margot Fonteyn, Vic Damone, Ben Hogan, Margaret Truman, Robert Taylor, Bea Lillie, Hedy Lamarr, Humphrey Bogart—these are only a few of the stars who have appeared first on *Toast Of The Town*.

In doing this, Ed is continuing a tradition he began in radio, when he introduced such notables as Jack Pearl, George M. Cohan, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jimmy Durante, Jack Haley and Irving Berlin. But the most important thing he feels he accomplished in radio was to bring Jack Benny to the nation's millions. (In 1942, on his tenth anniversary on the air, Jack repeated on his own program the script used in his original broadcast with Ed.)

And, on TV, daughter Betty's "best comedy pair since Crosby and Hope" merely foreshadowed what Ed would accomplish in this field.

At just this point in our reminiscences, Carmine appeared in the doorway to report: "Martin and Lewis got \$200 for that first show."

"Thank you."

Martin and Lewis were not the only ones to skyrocket to fame after appearing on *Toast Of The Town*. More than thirty performers now have their own TV shows as a result of making their debuts on Sullivan's show. To name a few: Jackie Gleason, Sarah Churchill, Faye Emerson, Paul Winchell, Jan Murray, Jane Froman and Pinky Lee.

Established stars have sometimes channeled their careers in new directions after appearing on *Toast Of The Town*. Ed smiled as he remembered what happened to Charles Laughton.

"He tried to shock me when we sat down to discuss what he would do on the show. 'I'd like to read from the Bible,' he said, then sneered: 'But I guess that's impossible on a variety show.'"

"That was when I had the pleasure of shocking Charles. 'Sounds like a very good idea,' I told him. 'Fitting for a Sunday show, too.'"

"That Bible reading was so dramatic, our staff still talks about it. Paul Gregory, the producer, happened to be watching the show that night. Well, you know the result. They got together on 'Don Juan in Hell' and 'John Brown's Body,' and now their latest venture, 'The Caine Mutiny Court Martial,' is a big hit on Broadway."

While Broadway and Hollywood talent scouts are said to watch *Toast Of The Town* more studiously than any other TV program, Ed does his own talent-scouting. He goes to Europe once a year. He is on the lookout for new talent wherever he travels about America. In addition, he does all the research, writing, casting, and even some of the directing for the show. Since he also turns out a daily column, this keeps Ed fairly busy, but he loves it.

"If I ever retired," he said, "I'd drop dead."

But the talk of things to do reminded him that he had a business date. As he walked through the outer office to leave his apartment, he looked at his secretary of eighteen years and shook his head.

"He's got more money than I have," he said.

Carmine, apparently, can sometimes look as deadpan as his boss. But Ed had barely closed the door when Carmine spoke up.

"Say something nice about him in your article," he urged. "He's a great guy. You saw—quiet, helpful, dependable. I couldn't get along without him. Everyone likes him. All the big stars . . . they'll call him up, talk to him a half-hour at a time, remember him at Christmas. . . ."

As we rode down the elevator, it occurred to me that all during the interview, Ed had dodged questions about himself. He was always referring to "the team that puts the show together each week." They had all been with him from the start: Mark Leddy, who helps book novelty acts; Ray Bloch, "our orchestra leader—a tower of strength;" Marlo Lewis, his co-producer, and John Wray, the director and choreographer; Bob Dailey, the technical head, who had started out as a cameraman. . . .

As we came out of the building, Ed was just getting into a taxi. A passerby recognized him.

"Hey, Smiley!" the stranger sang out in friendly greeting.

Ed drove off laughing.

Next month, long after most of 1948's other TV shows have been dialed into oblivion, *Toast Of The Town* celebrates its sixth anniversary on the air. The showman who has presented so many top stars on TV is himself proving one of the most durable—still going strong, still winning awards. And the hard-working newspaperman, who never tried to be a personality, has become one in spite of himself.

"The Great Stone Face" of 1948 is "Hey, Smiley" of 1954.

"Grand Guy"

(Continued from page 48)

For, in addition to being one of the funniest men on TV today, Jackie has almost as many talents as a centipede has legs. He can write music. His theme song, "Melancholy Serenade," testifies to that . . . as do the three gold records on his living room mantel—mute testimony that his records have sold more than a million copies, for it is the pleasant habit of record companies to present the recording artist with a gold record when the million mark is reached. He can grab a pencil and sketch a whole series of costumes . . . he can and has designed scenery and backgrounds. Recently, he played two weeks at La Vie en Rose, a swank New York night spot . . . and, instead of telling jokes, he conducted a twenty-seven piece orchestra. But, above all, he can act.

Lots of people may not think there is anything to being funny except getting up on the stage and behaving like a clown. But, in the words of Jack Hurdle, assistant

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CHECKS WOMEN'S
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ODOR PROBLEM!"



reports
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As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

Scientific proof that taking "ENNDS" Darotol* Tablets suppresses odors of "difficult days" within the body itself!

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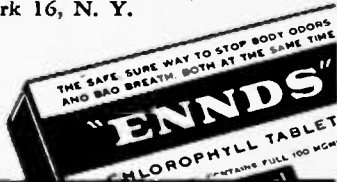
You see, "ENNDS" actually reduce the formation in the body of certain odor-producing substances...substances particularly offensive at the time of menstruation. Thus act to keep you free of these odors at this time.

Enjoy this odor protection between your monthly periods, too...by taking 1 or 2 "ENNDS" Tablets every day!

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producer of the Gleason show: "There's a world of difference between funny acting and acting funny." And everyone who has anything to do with Jackie and the show says that, first and foremost, Jackie is an actor.

Zamah Cunningham, who has been with him since his beginning TV days on Du Mont (she plays Reggie Van Gleason's mother and the other dignified dowagers to whom undignified things happen), says he is a truly great "sketch" comedian. Says Zamah, "His timing is superb. He is a joy to act with. He plays right to you and enables you to get the very most out of your own lines. You know there are comedians, and serious actors, too—who hog the stage, want all the laughs for themselves and will kill other performers' lines. But not Jackie. He only cares about the show itself.

"And he's just as nice off stage, too. Hollywood called me once to play the part of Bob Hope's mother in a movie. I had a contract with Jackie and told them I couldn't do it. Well, they called back and made me promise to ask Jackie. So I called him and told him what it was about. Do you know what he said? He roared over the phone, 'Zamah, what are you waiting for? Pack your bag and get on a plane this very day.' 'But, Jackie,' I said, 'I don't want to lose out with you. My contract means more to me than the Hope picture.' Jackie came right back with, 'Who said anything about losing out? You'll be back, won't you? And the contract will go on.' I can't say anything that will describe Jackie more clearly than that."

Sometimes when a group of people who work together are referred to as a "big happy family" or a "team," it turns out that the top man is as mean as Scrooge, and all the other members of the "team" find it politic to be yes-men. But this isn't true in the Gleason organization. The enthusiasm of the people who work with Jackie is genuine and unstinted. They each have their own idea of him. They each see him a little differently, but the net result is the same. The consensus of the gang is that he's a grand guy to work with and for.

Listen to Lee Reynolds, for instance—and who knows a man better than his secretary? Lee has been with Jackie for more than a year now and, young as she is, she had worked for and around show people for some time before that. But she says, in talking of her present job, "I wouldn't have believed that working could be this much fun. That anyone could be as kind, generous and considerate as Jackie. 'Seeing is believing' with me, and I have to respect the person I am working for because I give so much of my life to my job. And, believe me, he's a wonderful guy."

This is an opinion shared by Art Carney, who has been with Jackie for some four years. He was with him on Du Mont, and he's the man who plays Ed Norton, "the man upstairs," Clem Finch, and Reggie Van Gleason III's father. Art is a comedian and an actor—and, when an actor goes all out in praise of the "top banana," it means something. According to Art, "Gleason is out in the open with everything. He's generous, too. He has his hand in everything. He has his own ideas about how things should be done. And the funny part of it is, he's almost always right. When he directs a sketch, if Jackie tells you to do it a certain way, it turns out that it's better that way. The guy is almost uncanny. If he says a thing can be done, it usually works out that way. And the wonderful thing about Gleason is that he doesn't have to be 'on' all the time—you know, like some guys who are acting all the time, on stage or off. He's an ambitious guy and, above all, a good actor.

"That's possibly the key to Jackie," Art continues. "He really can act. He did a straight show, 'The Laugh Maker,' for Studio One and he was terrific. He makes up his mind fast, too, seems to know instantly what he wants—like the time I tried out for him at Du Mont. He listened a few minutes and that was that. I've been with him ever since."

The sketch that draws the most mail is "The Honeymooners," in which Jackie and Audrey Meadows play the parts of Ralph and Alice Kramden. Ralph is a bus driver, and Alice is his slightly acid wife who understands and puts up with him. This sketch always ends with a note of sentiment. And it is loved not only for its human quality but for the catch phrase, "One of these da-a-ays, Alice, so help me—pow! Right in the kisser."

Audrey, who has played Alice ever since the show moved to CBS-TV, thinks that every character in the Gleason galaxy is a little bit of himself. "There is," says pretty auburn-haired Audrey, "a bit of Jackie in the Poor Soul, in Reggie Van Gleason, in Ralph, in Rudy the repairman, and in the bartender. Jackie's life has been so varied, so colorful—and, at times, so hard. He has drawn on his experiences, his love and knowledge of people, to create these understandable and familiar characters. It was just the sort of thing that would happen to the Poor Soul when, some years ago, Jackie, appearing at the Miami Club in Newark, invited a heckler to step outside—and the heckler turned out to be prizefighter Tony Galento!"

Reggie Van Gleason's exaggerated ideas of fun are typical, too. Jackie loves a party, he loves to play, he loves to have his friends around him. But he's too serious to be considered a playboy. His work means too much to him. It is given the right of way over everything else in his life. All of Jackie's characters have a common denominator: They show people trapped by little everyday things. The secret of Jackie's humor is that it is basic and completely honest.

The two men on whose shoulders falls the giant task of putting together this hour-long comedy show, each week, are Jack Philbin, the executive producer, and Jack Hurdle, the assistant producer. Both have known Gleason a long while. And Philbin, tall, lean and sardonic looking, was formerly one of Gleason's two managers. He heads the production meeting at the beginning of each week, in which the heads of the various departments participate—June Taylor, who does the dance routines for the show, the scenery designer, the costume designer, the director. There, ideas are discussed, approved or rejected. Estimates of costs are studied. Then Jack Hurdle, a big, hearty, square-faced man, takes over details of construction of the scenery and the props.

The script is, of course, the key to everything, and that has to be approved by Gleason. He looks over the ideas for the scenery and costumes, too. And, according to Philbin, if he doesn't like one of the costumes, Jackie takes a pencil and draws a new design for one. For Jackie is a versatile guy, as has been pointed out, and there is nothing connected with his show that he can't have a hand in. He knows the technicalities of lighting, too. And Jack Philbin claims that he has been known to do "the impossible" with the lights—things, at least, that experienced electricians told him could not be done. Apparently, Jackie took to heart that schoolbook maxim, "there is no such word as can't," for that is the way he operates.

Jackie, according to his producers and his manager, Bullets Dorgum, has integrity. He won't permit "gimmicks" in his show. There are, for instance, no closeups of

things visible only to the home TV viewer. The theater audience is in on everything. "He plays," says Jack Hurdle, "exactly as if he were giving a performance in a theater. He plays to the theater audience and respects them."

"Everything must be honest," Philbin breaks in. "For instance, you've seen shows where a comic aims a pistol at a picture of a battleship and the battleship sinks. Well, Jackie won't go for anything like that. It's got to be genuine or he won't have any part of it." Often, at the last minute, Jackie will cut out a routine entirely and may not know, until just a few minutes before he's on the air, what he is going to do in its place. And he has been known to ad lib for as long as fifteen minutes. He has a sharp eye and a quick mind. Nothing escapes him. No detail of the show is too trivial for his interest. One day he walked on the set where the stage hands and carpenters had spent the better part of a morning hanging the frames for the Portrettes. Jackie took one look and said, "They are upside down," and they were.

He frequently drives his writers to hair-tearing by picking up the script, hefting it in one hand, and saying without looking at it, "It's too long. Cut it ten pages before I learn it." Once, in exasperation, the writers counted the pages. He was off by only a page and a half for the correct running time of the script.

One of the many astonishing things about Jackie is his memory. The elephant is an amateur compared with him. He has what is known as "total recall"—can just look at a page of script and it is almost photographed on his brain. No long studying of parts is necessary for him. So, probably for that reason, there are no long-drawn-out rehearsals for the show. The other characters, Art, Zamah, Audrey, get their scripts Thursday or Friday and read them together. Then, at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, the day of the show, they all meet with Jackie for rehearsals. The only exceptions are the June Taylor girls, who have rehearsed their new routine all week.

Saturday begins early for Jackie and Jack Philbin. They start at 8:30 in the morning, when they go over the script and cut it. Gleason then studies it and, by 2:30, he has it letter perfect. And, remember, he sometimes plays as many as four different characters, in addition to his opening monologue!

There is a rehearsal of each skit, with most of the "business" worked out by Jackie as they go along. Then, at five or six o'clock, there is a complete run-through of the show for the first time. He has been known to throw out whole skits after the run-through, giving his writers a scant hour to come up with new ideas and new material—which he then learns before eight o'clock.

But Jackie will be the first to say that this fast, close schedule is possible only because his key people are so competent. Most of his writers have been with him for years and are thoroughly at home with the characters. So, if Jackie says Reggie wouldn't say that, or Ralph wouldn't do this, they are quick to catch the idea—and as quick to change the line or situation.

Art and Zamah have acted with him for so long that it is only necessary to indicate to them what he wants. "You stand there, I move here," is the kind of direction he gives and it works out.

Jackie owes a lot to his gang, and he is quick to admit it. For, although the *Jackie Gleason Show* is Jackie Gleason—that "grand guy"—it is also the sum of all the other actors who help Jackie bring Reggie, Ralph, the Poor Soul and the rest of the gallery of favorites to uproarious life.

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BLUE WALTZ
P E R F U M E

Have Faith in Yourself

(Continued from page 45)

'imitation' Corinne Griffith?'"

That's what I call a gentle come-uppance. I've never forgotten his words. I stopped being Corinne Griffith and started being Loretta Young.

In the development of my career, that gentleman's words prodded me whenever I had to wrestle with doubts: "You have to believe in yourself—you have to have the courage of your own convictions." Last year, when I went into television, some of my business associates thought that an undertaking of 39 films was too much.

"You're a movie star," they reasoned. "You've only been seen two or three times a year. If you go into the homes of the American public every week, you'll wear out your welcome inside of three months."

I didn't believe this was true. Nine months have passed—and, each week, there is an increasing number of letters from my hospitable audience telling me that my weekly visits are welcomed! Their letters are welcomed, too. No matter how much you manage to believe in yourself, you have to have that belief verified.

It took a lot of repeating to myself, "You have to believe in yourself." Some years ago, I decided to free-lance—for the first time since I was placed under contract when I was just a kid entering her teens. Everyone, except the late Myron Selznick, thought I was just plain crazy to give up the financial security which a contract guarantees. That's when I learned that real self-confidence comes from a source far greater than self. I found, when my conviction about free-lancing couldn't be shaken by any dire warnings or any pes-

mistic predictions, that it was my faith in my daily prayers that was supporting my confidence and my belief in myself. It was wonderful to discover that I wasn't, after all, just being stubborn. My faith was in me, and I was strong and sure because of it. At last, I understood what the gentle gentleman, so long before, had really meant. Believe. Believe in the power which God gives to each of His children.

Hundreds of times since then, in as many different situations and decisions, I have proved that this kind of self-confidence pays off. It took me from silent pictures to talkies. It took away my fear of the microphone when I did my first performances on radio. It led me to make myself unavailable for motion pictures, in which I have spent most of my life, and into the relatively uncharted patterns of television. That's my new arena for proving that "You have to believe in yourself," and I have to believe that I will make it my "home." It won't be too difficult—because I find even its rugged schedules, its bewildering facets, are as endearing as the exciting growth of a healthy, robust baby. I love the intimate, possessive feeling with which television audiences view your visits to the family living rooms, and the way they let you know—in true family fashion—what they think of what you do.

Now you will understand the depth of my appreciation to the viewers of *The Loretta Young Show* for the RADIO-TV MIRROR Annual Award for the best dramatic actress of 1953 on television—for seconding my faith in myself and the show. Your letters and your faith have again proven to me that "You have to believe in yourself." There's my whole heart in my "Thank you."

Gay Troubadour

(Continued from page 70)

reported to the studio and found it empty.

A few weeks later, Louis James really called, and Frank, thinking it was another trick, told the man off and hung up. That afternoon—and it was chance again—Frank Parker ran into Frank Black, who was pianist and arranger for the Revelers.

"You have my sympathy," Frank B. said. "I hear you're crazy."

"Tell me about it," said Frank P., and Frank B. did.

The misunderstanding was straightened out and Frank began to sing with the Revelers, who broadcast over NBC—and, if Frank hadn't been working at the NBC studios, he wouldn't have met Jack Benny, by chance, and stopped to pass the time of day.

"Maybe you're the one," Jack said. "I'm putting together a new comedy show with Mary, and there's a part for a wise-cracking singer. Why don't you audition for it?"

Frank did, and got the part... Jack Benny became a national favorite, and Frank Parker right along with him.

And how did Frank get on the *Burns And Allen* show? Auditions? Agents? Scheming? Nope. He met George Burns on the golf course and George said, "Tony Martin is leaving the show. Do you want the spot?" A few years ago, just before he teamed up with Godfrey, Frank was broke. He was looking for his first singing job in years. Although he had starred on radio, in Broadway musicals, movies, and night clubs, and knew hundreds of important people, he didn't make up an alphabetical list of likely employers. He just happened to turn on the radio in his

hotel room one morning and the tubes warmed up to the drawl of Mr. Godfrey.

"I just got a hunch," he said. "Just the feeling that Arthur was the man to see."

Frank's carefree disposition was in evidence, back when he was making a big, practically tax-free dollar. His wardrobe then earned him the title of one of the country's best-dressed men. He owned polo ponies; he had a country home with tennis courts and a pool. He still had a quarter of a million dollars after the war, but lost every cent of it when he unsuccessfully operated his own stable, his own night club, and his own production office.

"You think I cared about losing all that money?" Frank asks, then answers, "Of course, I did. But the fact is that I'm just as happy today as ever. Probably happier, because show business is the only place where I've continually had good luck. And I'm not worried about carving my initials on the moon. After all, I've been there once, and had a good time of it, so it's not as if I were missing anything."

Frank is a bachelor, and he doesn't think that is necessarily good luck. His only family is the Godfrey cast, a family that is together more hours each day than most husbands ever get to spend with their wives and kids.

"Maybe I'll meet a woman someday, with the same outlook as mine, who can put up with me," he says. "Could I be that lucky?"

You'd expect a guy like Frank, who plays hunches and trusts to luck, to be superstitious—and Frank is.

"That's right," he says. "I never walk under a black cat."

The Cowboy and His Lady

(Continued from page 20)

Records. Gene, who chooses his own material, felt the song was not right for him. Still, the executive was insistent, and Gene took the song home to talk it over with Ina.

Ina played the melody on the piano and thought it was catchy. She read the lyrics and pointed out that its story—an underdog's triumph over his tormentors—was one that everyone loved. On Ina's advice, Gene made the recording. The song? It was "Rudolph, The Red-nosed Reindeer"! The record has sold more than three-and-a-half million copies and has launched Gene in one more field of many he has entered—records for children.

Remembering the early struggles, Ina grows indignant when people try to dismiss Gene's success as "easy" or "overnight." Gene worked hard for his fame, she points out, and has remained one of the hardest working stars in show business.

Ina looks back on the first years of their marriage and recalls ruefully: "I was always hungry."

Those were the years of the apple-seller on every street corner. Ina tells of the time she and Gene were racing to catch a train and Gene stopped to buy a bag of apples. "Have one," he offered, after they were settled in their coach seats. Ina burst into tears! It had been days since she had had a complete meal.

Actually, it was time—not money—that the young Autrys lacked. Gene was shuttling between an early-morning radio program, recording sessions, and vaudeville bookings. This meant early-rising to do the program, then piling into a car or train to arrive on time for the recording date, dashing on to the theater from there, and then, no matter how late the last show finished, back for the morning broadcast. Throughout these crammed, hectic days, Ina was always at Gene's side.

Gene did, however, manage a delayed honeymoon. One night, months after they were married, the Autrys climbed into their car after one of Gene's vaudeville dates. Ina dozed, thinking they were bound for home. The next thing she knew Gene was nudging her.

"Ina, wake up. I want you to see something." Ina looked out the car window and there in the early dawn was Niagara Falls! "Just thought," Gene said, blushing like one of his own Western heroes, "that it was time you had a honeymoon."

Today, many friends think the Autrys still have the shine of honeymooners about them. Ina, certainly, still feels like one.

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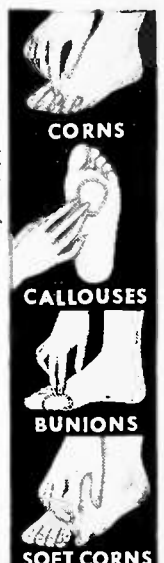
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Strike It Rich!

(Continued from page 39)

in what goes on, but it's Warren, of course, who daily strikes the spark that gives it the warmth and human interest. "I never get over the feeling that, when I step out to begin the program, some wonderful things are going to happen to those who need help," he says. "No matter how many times I do it, it never gets to be an old story. It's a thrill every time."

"All of us behind the scenes feel the same way," Walt Frammer adds. "We believe that viewers do, too. Their letters prove it. So do their Heartline calls. People aren't just looking on. They're participating, identifying themselves with those who have problems similar to theirs—or their friends—or those they read about in newspapers and magazines. They are sympathizing, as we do, with those who have come, through some need, to "strike it rich." They are rooting for them to win, are disappointed when they don't do well, and rejoice when the Heartline rings and help comes, even to a loser."

None of the workers on this show ever becomes callous to the tears that are frequently shed—in gratitude and relief—relief at having some problem solved or some load made a little lighter. Warren himself remembers many of these people long after they have appeared. He keeps in touch with a few who have especially touched his heart—particularly the kids and the sick and disabled.

The best part of it all—to his mind and to everyone's—is that so many people have been set on the path to working out their own problems in their own ways, as the result of this boost. The sums they have won, the offers of material and equipment they have received through the Heartline, have set many contestants up in little businesses that are now thriving. Men have been given the clothes they needed to look for new jobs. Amputees have obtained new limbs so they could go out and be self-reliant and self-supporting once more. A small boy who lost a foot in a power-saw accident has an artificial one now, can run and play with the other kids, and is on the way to a happy, well-adjusted life. Young people have won funds to finish their schooling or to take special courses to fit them for useful work. The program has helped mend leaky roofs under which whole families had huddled through cold, wet winters. It has bought sorely needed furniture, fed hungry children, kept families together by saving homes which were about to be foreclosed. It has bought church organs for small congregations of limited means. The list of boons is endless.

One listener was so touched by a story she heard that she donated the money she had saved for a new vacuum cleaner, to add to the sum won on the show. The Heartline call which told of her contribution was heard by a vacuum cleaner manufacturer, who in turn was so touched that he sent her a cleaner as a gift. So the bread she cast upon the waters came back to her in the form of having her cake, too! But the big thing is that people give freely, with no thought of return except the satisfaction gained from helping another human being.

To keep out the few who might be seeking to publicize their names by offering donations, the person answering the Heartline calls always asks, "Are you making this contribution whether or not your name is used on the air?" If the person insists on publicity, the conversation is closed. If not, there is a method of quickly checking to be sure the call itself is a

bona fide one. The offer is then accepted.

As for the contestants themselves, even after people are chosen because of what seems a very real need, three things are checked before they appear on the show. First, of course, their stories are investigated thoroughly for truth. Second, it is decided whether they are apt to say or do anything on the program that will put them in a bad light—or an embarrassing one—or hurt anyone else they might mention. Third, are they capable of getting their story across well enough to get the most out of appearing on a program of this kind—will their participation in it really be of help to them?

"Automatically, and regretfully, this must eliminate certain people," Warren says. "The worthy ones, however—the ones who show a need for immediate help—get it anyhow, without appearing on the program. Actually, for every person who appears on *Strike It Rich*, there is one that viewers never see or hear who is helped quietly."

"We always try to steer people to those in their own areas who can help," Walt adds. "Many people need continuing help over a considerable period, some require constant medical care or hospitalization, others the help of one of the many social service organizations. We do our best to put them in touch with the right ones."

Those who do appear on the *Strike It Rich* programs find it much easier than they may have expected. In the first place, Warren puts them at ease at once, by giving them all his attention and listening closely as they talk. "He has unlimited patience," the director comments. "He has genuine and deep sympathy for them," the associate producer says. "He talks to them before they go on and tells them that it is really to him, their friend, that they are telling their story. He will not rehearse it with them first, because he wants it to come straight from the heart, on the program."

Before he goes on the stage to meet his first guest, Warren is oblivious to the people running back and forth behind the curtain and standing around in the wings. His face has grown serious, he is intent on doing the best he can for those who will appear. Sometimes on a show you will see his eyes fill with tears, when a contestant's story especially touches him. Often he comes offstage brushing away the telltale moisture from his eyes when someone has sobbed their gratitude—but always with a little relaxed, happy smile at having done his best for the four who have "struck it rich" that day.

When there are young children on the program, everyone has a wonderful time, including the crew. They romp around the boom mikes, look through the television cameras, play hopscotch around the big cables that litter the floor of a television studio. Sometimes Warren has made them feel so completely at home with him that he can hardly tone them down on the show. A couple of little girls on a recent program decided that the two big boxes of the sponsor's product with which they had been presented would make simply wonderful drums, and decided to beat them like mad. It took Warren a few seconds to figure out some other way to interest them, so their mother's voice could be heard telling the family's story.

Warren's love for children is a natural thing, because there are six of them now in the Hull household. He has three boys of his own, all of them now in their early twenties. And, when he married a pretty widow a few years ago, he acquired another son, now sixteen, and two lovely

daughters, eighteen and eleven. The kids get along wonderfully, much to the satisfaction of their parents, and it's a lively, happy household when all come home for holidays and vacations.

His own upbringing has had something to do with his feeling for those in trouble. Warren can hardly remember a time when his childhood home was not open to visiting preachers and teachers who spent their lives trying to do good for others. As a boy he listened by the hour to tales of sacrifice and service. As he grew up and went out on his own, he learned about good times and hard times. He developed a further understanding of the things that can happen to people—often through no fault of their own—and the need to reach out a helping hand at the very moment it is needed most.

He didn't, of course, start out with any idea of associating himself with a program like *Strike It Rich*. A trumpet and sax started the whole thing, because through these he began to play with the Lockport, New York high-school band, then to sing solos with them at school assemblies and on the local radio station. That just naturally led to show business—the stage, Schubert musicals, the second lead in "My Maryland" (he danced a little, too), and then the juvenile lead in a show called "Rain or Shine." All this led to Hollywood, and a total of thirty-six pictures and four serials. "People still remind me about those serials," he says. "You might say that, for a time, I was the masculine Pearl White! The movies keep cropping up on television now, and my kids get a great kick out of seeing their dad as a juvenile."

The radio show that Warren credits with fitting him best for his present role was a

popular one called *Vox Pop*. He was with it from 1941 to 1948, doing informal interviews on streets, in hotel lobbies, clubs, railroad stations, in many cities and towns, wherever the program could find interesting people to talk to. Sometimes these people were statesmen and visiting diplomats, sometimes businessmen and women, sometimes factory workers, sometimes shoeshine boys. Warren learned how to talk to all of them with understanding and how to let them answer in their own words and their own way. "We treated everyone with the same courtesy and with the same interest," he says now. "We do the same thing on *Strike It Rich*. I believe that's one of the reasons I am so happy with it."

Strike It Rich began first on radio, on June 28, 1948, so it is about to observe a sixth anniversary. For the past four years or more it has had the same sponsor. It started on daytime television on January 8, 1951, and on July 4th of that year it filled a night-time slot which the sponsor wanted to hold for another show. *Strike It Rich* was so successful, however, that it stayed right in there and another spot was found for the other program.

The folks connected with it feel that the contestants aren't the only ones who win on *Strike It Rich*. They remember the thousands of letters of thanks they have received from people who have been tided over rough places and difficult times. They remember, in particular, one that came early last December, from a family who had been in great need and had been helped in some measure. "As we sat down to our Thanksgiving dinner," the letter read, "we all said our thanks first to God for his blessings. And we added a little extra thanks for Warren Hull and all the kind people on *Strike It Rich*."

Break The Bank

(Continued from page 61)

leaves metaphysics to the theologians and seeks, instead, to help the young people in his class watch for—and identify, when they happen—the religious experiences in their own lives.

To make it clear that by "religious experiences," he means not visions, but everyday happenings, he illustrates by telling of a high-school incident which had a lasting effect on him.

He says, "I was a junior, and so scared of a final exam that, before going in to take it, I stopped in the locker room and prayed I'd get by."

His first glance at the questions confirmed his worst fears. "There were six," he says. "For two, I knew the answers, but the other four—why, they were not only unknown, they were outright enemies. I absolutely panicked when I saw them."

It was with difficulty, he recalls, that he forced himself to ignore the four frightening questions and write first the two answers which he knew. "That took me half an hour," he explains. "I still had plenty of time left, so I just sat there. Then all of a sudden a thought struck me which opened up a whole new avenue of recollection and reasoning. Out of it, those previously difficult answers came just as easily as the first two I'd known."

Bud was not the only one to have trouble with the exam. A friend, meeting him in the hall, moaned, "Wasn't that a dog of a test!"

Feeling a bit superior by that time, Collyer replied, "Oh, I don't know, I had a lucky hunch . . ."

He stopped short, because, as he says, "Then it hit me. What was I doing, talking about luck? I had prayed, and God had answered my prayer. I hurried right back

to the locker room where I could be alone, and I practically asked forgiveness."

He sums it up: "There comes a time when man must be calm and let God be God—give Him a chance to offer us the help we've asked for."

Collyer credits that youthful experience with influencing the courses of his own life. He says, "I learned that religious faith is active, not passive. It's the force that guides you, sets the direction. And I also discovered that there are times when you need to stop whatever you're doing and let that Force work through you."

In practical application, it has had two effects. The first has been his church work. Says Bud, "Denominations don't mean much to me. Wherever I am, I find a nice, friendly church that needs a job done and I pitch in to help do it." Following this policy, he has taught classes, or been Sunday School superintendent in "at least six" different Protestant churches.

Its second effect has been his attitude toward his profession.

He says, "Broadcasting is a worrying business, but I guess I must worry less than some of the other guys I know. I've sort of worked out a system for myself where I do the best I can, and then each thing, as I leave it, is done. Finished. I don't keep carrying it around with me."

For the major problems, he has what might be termed a super-system. With the widest grin yet, Bud says, with the familiarity of long association, "I don't mean to be either flip or sacrilegious when I say this—but, when I come smack up against a situation that's too tough for me to handle, I say to myself, 'I'll toss that one Upstairs.' It works, too. I always know that help will come."



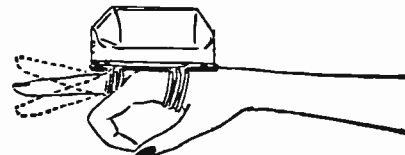
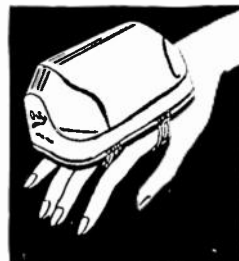
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Life Is So Worthwhile

(Continued from page 21)

hospital, where his leg was amputated. For the active, energetic Mr. Stern, the loss of his leg signified the loss of his life, of the will to live. He was placed on the critical list. Hope for him was dim.

Then Bill had a visitor: John Royal, who at that time was a vice-president at NBC—and, incidentally, the man who had fired Bill a short time before. Mr. Royal took one look at Bill and said, "You can't act like that if you're going to broadcast our football games for us."

Just a few words, but they were the spark that rekindled Bill's will to live. Within a year, he was back at the mike, broadcasting football games for NBC with the hard-hitting voice and sportscasting genius that have since endeared him to millions of sports fans.

In spite of all his success, Bill has never forgotten that fateful accident, what it did to him—and for him. That is why today his weekends are so important to him. For he spends them—not at home—but at different Army hospitals around the country, visiting wounded and handicapped servicemen, trying to cheer them up, give them the will-to-live that he once needed so desperately.

One particular visit that stands out vividly in Bill's mind exemplifies the wonders that can and have been accomplished with thousands of servicemen. About five years ago, one of Bill's visits took him to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., where he met George

Poshner, once an outstanding football player at the University of Georgia. Bill had last seen George in 1941, when the latter had played in the Rose Bowl game Bill had broadcast. Now, George was waiting to die for he, too, thought life had nothing more in store for him. During a battle, George had been severely wounded. He had lost both legs, part of one arm, several fingers from his remaining hand, and a bullet had been lodged in his brain. Still, the Army doctors felt George could live—if he wanted to. They talked to him . . . Bill talked to him, and gradually they made George want to live again.

When he had recovered sufficiently, George was brought back to the University of Georgia to attend a football game. But before the game, they brought George out on the field, and the forty thousand spectators gathered there stood up and paid homage to this courageous man.

That was the spark for George Poshner's new life, and since then he has become a successful sports announcer in Dayton, Ohio. Once again he knows that life is worth living—thanks to the Army doctors and Bill Stern.

When you listen to the vibrant voice of Bill Stern as he brings a colorful sports event into your home, you can sense the emotion, the drama, in his tone and words. And if, on occasion, he seems overly excited, it is because he has known life's tragic and happy sides, and through both, he has found the excitement and worth he inspires others to know and feel.

Everybody's Neighbor

(Continued from page 66)

Farm Bureau president telling a rival Farm Bureau president that his members grow the tallest corn, the highest yielding wheat, Paul will insist, "My fans aren't like other fans. They're—" He gropes for a way to define the difference. "Why, they're neighbors."

Despite irrefutable evidence that the same people who watch the *Paul Dixon Show* also watch and like other programs, Paul may have a point there—a point originating from his own attitude.

For people tend to react according to the mood set by a performer, and Paul has a neighborly attitude right from the start.

In his conversation between the musical pantomimes, he regards the coaxial cable as a "party line," reading letters, asking questions, and, when he has a cause, requesting his friends to do something about it. What they do about it has sometimes been more than slightly fabulous.

One of the recent demonstrations came when a Long Island mother wrote him to say how much her daughter enjoyed his program. To the little girl, it had become especially important, for she was seriously ill, her legs had become paralyzed, and her world had narrowed down to only what she could see in her television set.

Paul, with his own active youngsters in mind, was touched. He suggested that other viewers let the tiny invalid know that they, too, sympathized with her.

The ensuing deluge brought delight to the child, distress to the mailmen. More than six thousand letters, cards and gifts arrived at her home within a few days.

He has been known, too, to ask his viewing friends for a much more difficult thing—understanding.

He says, "Everybody knows that once in a while they'll get a laugh, watching us, but they also know I'm no comedian. No one expects me to be funny all the time.

When a day comes that I don't feel so good, I just say so."

With his staff, too, Paul retains a neighborly first-name relationship. There's an easy interchange of ideas. No one is constrained to keep silent just because he disagrees with the boss. Paul may be a star to his fans, but in the studio, he's just the guy carrying the greatest responsibility for putting on a good show.

The staff showed their appreciation for his informality with a gesture of the same kind. Last October, they staged a surprise birthday party for him.

Len Goorian, the producer, brought him a bottle of aspirin; his TV glamour girls, Wanda Lewis and Sis Camp, gave him a suit of long-handled red underwear; director Al Sternberg presented, with much ceremony, a large, frozen, and very dead fish.

In his personal life, his three hours daily before the cameras (two locally on WCPO, Cincinnati, one on the Du Mont network) have preserved a closeness among members of his family which rarely is found in urban living.

Small Pam and Greg, instead of seeing Daddy vanish each morning to a mysterious office, are almost in the same position as a pair of farm youngsters who can go to the edge of the field to watch their father drive a tractor. When they settle themselves in front of the television set, they know what Paul does to earn the family living.

The one person who takes Paul's free-and-easy attitude for granted is Marge. It just never has occurred to her that he might ever be different. She says, "Why shouldn't he be neighborly? Why shouldn't he work around the yard, help with odd jobs around the house or visit with people over the air? After all, it was a country boy I married—and Paul will always be a country boy at heart."

Prince of a Fellow

(Continued from page 41)

in my own heart whether or not I'm a star," he says, exercising his right to free speech, "so why should I be called a star? In my career, I've been told at various times that I was a star—only to discover for myself that it's something you can't legislate."

For sure, he doesn't act like one. A smart showman, for example, is supposed to be too smart to work with animals or children, but Garry has co-starred with lisping tots and/or hedgehogs. Stars are supposed to have no private life, but Garry allows few photographers in his home. Entertainers are supposed to nourish fan clubs, but Garry politely tells his to disband and spend their time doing something more useful than fanning his ego.

Garry tells a story of a youngster he admires most. The meeting occurred when Garry and his wife Nell went out to dinner. The specialty of the restaurant was steak served with a baked potato wrapped in gleaming aluminum, and the hungry Moores were eager to get with it.

However, from the moment Garry and Nell walked in, he received the attention due a star—which, of course, he isn't. The waiter dutifully brought over a couple of menus for ordering, then a couple dozen more for autographing. Finally, things quieted down and the Moores gave their order. From that instant, Garry found that he was the object of intense scrutiny from a small boy who was sitting near by with his parents.

The boy stared while the Moores had their appetizers, and he stared on while they souped. Garry told himself that it was just a matter of time before the lad came over and asked for an autograph. Finally, the waiter brought on the meat and potatoes. Then the boy got up and walked toward Garry. Garry put down his fork and got ready to pat the boy's head. The little boy, however, ignored Garry, took the aluminum-wrapped potato off Garry's plate and returned with it to his parents.

"Now there was a lad who had to make the choice between a so-called star and real aluminum foil," Garry notes, "and he had the good sense to choose the foil."

Garry tries to avoid getting the star treatment. All of his private affairs go under his legitimate name of Thomas Garrison Morfit or T. Garrison Morfit. When, for example, he made inquiries at various schools about enrolling his older son, Mason, the letters went out over the signature of Morfit, not Moore.

Last spring, Garry and Mason spent the whole of Garry's one-week vacation traveling around New England so Mason could see the schools and decide for himself.

One headmaster invited Garry and Mason to stay for luncheon with the students. There was nothing unusual about having guests at lunch, so the headmaster was startled when his well-mannered students began to gawk at Mr. T. Garrison Morfit.

"I'm embarrassed, Mr. Morfit," he said. "I must apologize for the rudeness of the boys. I've never seen them carry on like this before."

Finally, someone whispered into the headmaster's ear and he flushed. "I must apologize for myself, rather than the students, for not recognizing you, Mr. Moore."

There was, however, one point in Garry's career when he thought for a short spell that he was a star. It was his first big break. He had signed a contract to do a weekly radio show with Jimmy Durante.

"I was to get a thousand dollars a

week," Garry recalls, "and I was overwhelmed. I couldn't even conceive of having that much money in my hands every payday."

But Garry still had something to learn. His contract called for equal billing with Durante. One week the show was to be announced as the *Durante-Moore Show* and the next week as the *Moore-Durante Show*.

"After a few months, I began to realize that there was only one star on the show and it was Jimmy," he says. "You can't legalize stardom with a contract."

With typical Moore initiative, Garry went to the sponsor and insisted he did not want equal billing with Durante.

"No one on my show is a star," he says. "Denise Lor is a lovely gal with a lovely voice, but she's as real as any housewife with two children, for that's just what Denise is off the show—a wife with two kids and a kitchen. And, although Ken Carson can make hearts throb with a romantic ballad, he's just like any other decent citizen you'd meet on the street—and he has two kids, too."

The Moore gang will do anything. Ken will play the fool and Denise will go before the cameras to sing with her hair in curlers and her face greased with cream, if that's what the script calls for. No one worries about that elusive thing known as "glamour."

"I want our people to have pride in their work," Garry says, "but, beyond that, nothing more is expected of them than that they be real. Actually, people who watch the show know Ken and Denise and Durward just about as well as their best friends."

Garry doesn't want his cast and staff to start thinking that the show is the be-all, end-all. He encourages them to develop other interests and sets the example himself.

He is a member of the New York Zoological Society, attends their meetings and gets their publications. He studies the stuff—and the live animals, too, at the Bronx Zoo, where his society membership gives him the privilege of going "backstage" to meet the stars in their cages.

"Last Christmas, we gave Garry a big tank filled with tropical fish," says Shirley Reeser, his assistant. "Garry not only told us the popular name of each fish but the scientific one, as well."

Garry is quite a fair drummer and jazz enthusiast too. When he spends a social evening with his orchestra leader, Howard Smith—former pianist and arranger for Tommy Dorsey—Garry talks jazz, not shop. Garry also loves boating and takes to the water in good weather. And, while everyone reads something, Garry reads just about *everything*.

Another rule that many "real stars" abide by is simply a matter of self-preservation: Don't get into an act with children or animals, because they'll upstage you. So Garry has animals on the show once a week: lions, alligators, storks, electric eels. This has been going on for two years, with Ivan Sanderson, famed natural scientist and lecturer, as a regular feature.

"Garry is very good with the beasts and—while I hesitate to say this—I think most of them rank Garry as a star," says Ivan. "In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if the four-legged kingdom doesn't endorse a 'Be Kind to Garry Moore' week."

Ivan and Garry have had their share of excitement with birds and beasts. There was the famous stork incident. It was a tamed bird—not the kind normally employed in maternity wards—and the wings

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were clipped. But the bird forgot that he couldn't fly, and so went soaring out over the audience and landed on a lady from New Jersey. Everyone but the lady dove for the nearest exit. She couldn't, so she screamed. Ivan and Garry sneaked up on the big bird, one from the rear and the other from the front, and rescued both bird and woman. Then there was the day that a galago got loose and began to play hide-and-seek. Garry—no star, he—got down on his hands and knees and retrieved the animal.

And, when it comes to children, a couple of times a week Garry engages youngsters in conversation. Entertainers always come out second-best when engaged in repartee with youngsters, and Garry is no exception—but it doesn't stop him.

These unrehearsed conversations are a regular feature of Garry's open forum with the audience. Most entertainers consider it dynamite.

"You can ask any question you please of anyone on the show," Garry tells the studio audience.

Visiting celebrities are sometimes a bit reluctant to take part: "Why, they could ask something embarrassing and blow the show right off the air and maybe kill a couple of sponsors to boot."

Garry's answer is inevitably the same: "My whole program is based on the premise that the audience is intelligent and decent. I trust their judgment."

Some of the questions are surprising. One lady asked the cast to name their religious beliefs. As you know, stars seldom discuss their religion publicly. One good reason for it is that an entertainer, like anyone else, considers that he should be judged for his work rather than his faith.

On the other hand, an entertainer fears that, if his faith isn't popular with some, he could be the victim of prejudice.

"What are the religions of the people on the show?" a woman asked.

Without hesitating, Garry said, "I'm an Episcopalian."

Denise said, "I'm a Protestant."

Ken said, "My family practices Christian Science."

Durward announced, "I'm a Catholic."

The roof didn't fall in and Broadway didn't crumble. As a matter of fact, there was applause from the audience. Garry was so impressed that, a week later, he spent ten minutes discussing religion, concluding that the audience's interest in an entertainer's religion was a healthy sign.

As for people's interest in him personally—well, at first, Garry was quite pleased to be recognized and greeted on the street. He's a friendly man and therefore waved back a friendly hello. But some of the people laughed back. So Garry began to ask himself, "Maybe they think I'm acting like a big shot just because I have the effrontery to say hello." He couldn't quite fathom those who stared and laughed.

"What's the laugh mean?" he asks. "It certainly doesn't mean that I'm a star."

Whether or not Garry is a star is really none of Garry's business—it's the business of the people who love him and his kind of entertainment. They make the stars and, perhaps, those they honor are the last to know about it. Anyway, just remember for the present, it isn't safe to call Garry a star to his face—for he'll probably go back to his desk, look at his reflection in the glass top, and mutter:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star—
How I wonder if you are?"

Search for Tomorrow

(Continued from page 23)

operator were to listen in, wouldn't she be surprised at what she heard!"

The producers of *Search For Tomorrow* had always intended that Mary should sing now and then on the program, knowing she has a fine, true voice. But it wasn't until recently that Mary and Lynn began to do their little songs together, as a sort of spontaneous and natural mother-daughter duet while they're busy with the work of the Barron Motor Haven. It has given the whole thing an added zest, for them and for the viewers.

"I feel I have really found my niche now," Mary says happily. "The part that suits me exactly, this exciting role of Joanne Barron, a woman I admire so deeply. The fun of singing occasionally, as part of the show. The fun of interesting wonderful little Lynn Loring in the music that has always meant so much to me. We have been getting together a record collection for her, and it all works in with her piano study, her dancing lessons, and increases her knowledge of how the past and the present are never completely separate. Knowing these old tunes and some of their origins gives a child greater perspective, just as all history does. Only it's such fun to learn some of it this way."

Mary started singing professionally as a schoolgirl in Tulsa (she was born in Florida, but her parents moved West when she was still very young). During her high-school days, she had an early-morning local radio show and, when her songs were finished, she would pick up her books and hurry off to her classes. It seemed a natural thing for her to do, and it made her teen-age years more interesting and exciting. When producer Joseph Pasternak discovered her, some years

later, for motion pictures, he was impressed with her as a singing actress, and it was as a singer that she was signed to an M-G-M contract. The fact that she was an extraordinarily pretty and slender girl, with golden-brown hair and lovely wide-set gray-blue eyes, was probably of great help, too. The fact that she was a natural-born actress undoubtedly helped.

Strange things happen in Hollywood. Mary did "sing" in her first picture—but, oddly enough, the voice that came from the soundtrack wasn't hers. It seems the powers—that-be had decided that her own voice was too fresh and sweet, and sort of "homey" in quality, to fit the sophisticated personality they had given her. It's hard to believe now, but that's the way it was. They dubbed in the kind of voice they thought the Mary Stuart they had created ought to have!

Fate persisted in making her into a non-singing actress, even though she appeared in dramatic productions in which, sometimes, other people sang, and in television dramas where incidental music could have been worked in. Until along came *Search For Tomorrow*—in which as Joanne Barron, a young mother, she just naturally has her chance to sing with or to her small daughter . . . sometimes when she is so happy that the song springs gaily to her lips, sometimes when she is troubled and it gives her comfort and courage.

It isn't often, however, on a fifteen-minute dramatic program, that there is much time for these little musical interludes. That's why they're extra-precious. That's why, when you happen to catch one of them, you can know that Mary Stuart—and Lynn Loring—are having an extra-special thrill out of the day!

Happy Is Their Day

(Continued from page 32)

"And then, the crowning happiness: the fact that we both have won awards—the fans' awards—Terry as the favorite daytime actor on TV, and I, as the favorite daytime actress on radio. If one of us had won an award, it would be wonderful . . . but that each of us should have won, each in a different category, is the kind of thing that—well, that doesn't happen. Only it *did* happen. To us. And we're so grateful. Grateful to the fans. And to RADIO-TV MIRROR.

"We're especially grateful because . . . although there's a feeling, I think, that for people in our business life always has been 'like this'—like a fairytale, like a Cinderella story . . . it hasn't. Not for us, at any rate. When Terry and I first met, life for both of us was pretty complicated. The mythical wheel of fortune, we would probably have said at the time, was just that—a myth. Because we hadn't found it. Now we have. And we're deeply grateful for every shining spoke of which it is made. . . .

"We're happy about the progress of our work, and grateful for the Awards—and all they represent in the realization that there's a need we fill in the lives of people and that, even if but for a few moments in a day, we give enjoyment to someone whose troubles may be almost more than she can bear. By this fans' poll, we know that people like us, and this makes us grateful, too, so we find happiness in and enjoy our acting that much more."

Almost prayerfully, Jan continued the list of blessings which make the O'Sullivan's days together such happy ones: "Our cabin in New Jersey. Our apartment in town. Our health. Our friends. Terry's three daughters, Kathleen, Colleen and Molly—and fun we have when they're with us in the summertime, working and playing together. And we're particularly happy in the knowledge that we have the love of our in-laws—as we both adore our Mother and Dad.

"Also, those things—equally important in the contribution they make to happiness—that we may not be able to see or touch . . . like faith in the unknown, the increased and deepened happiness we've found this year, Terry and I, in our personal relationship. The realization of how good it is that we share so many interests aside from our work. Our love of all of the outdoors, as the most notable example. In any marriage, shared interests, aside from work, are great good fortune indeed!"

"Compatibility," Jan's bridegroom added, with a grin, "is, I believe, the word for it—and a good word. As you go along in life, you don't have much time to do things. On television, this is more-than-average true. Between doing your show today and learning your script for tomorrow, it's a full-time—and running-over—job. If Jan were the type of woman who liked cocktail parties or lots of social activities and wanted to stay in town on our rare days off, it would be pretty rugged for me—since I *don't*. So, when we can get away, by common consent we go to the country . . . to the farm, if we can make it . . . to our cabin in New Jersey, if we can't. Either way, our time is spent in the fresh air, which is so much better for us and—if I may say so—for our work, in that, when we get back, we are filled with fresh air and renewed energy and have so much more to give. And, whether in radio or TV, I think that is what an actor has to do—give."

"Since we seem to be counting our blessings," Jan laughed, "Terry's disposition is one of mine. *He's calm*. He is as poised in life and as balanced as—well, as a circus

artist on the high wire! This is a wonderfully steadying influence for me, when I'm being mercurial . . . a wonderful antidote.

"Like the time *Lux Video Theater* was doing 'Long Distance,' the play I've done so many times on radio and TV . . . until I felt in my heart the part was mine, and somehow hoped—even knowing that *Lux* always has Hollywood stars—that I just might do it again . . . but Miss Miriam Hopkins played this wonderful part which Harry Jenkin created—and beautifully. When Terry came home the evening of the day this blow befell me, he found me with the tears streaming down my face. After I'd poured out my 'poor-me' tale, quoth Mr. O'Sullivan: 'What's the matter, Jan—can't you lose a round once in a while without cracking up? You know, even the world champion is permitted to lose seven rounds out of the fifteen!'

"I think, though, that the most priceless and precious of all Terry's gifts to me is the gift of—Today. By which I mean that Terry has a wonderful habit of living for Today, of not thinking about Yesterday and of not worrying about Tomorrow. No thought of—and, therefore, no fear of—Tomorrow. Whereas I . . . well, I'll give you an example," Jan laughed, "of the difference between us, in this respect: When Terry won the fans' Award, I thought, *He's on TV. He's the Favorite Daytime Actor on TV. He'll probably make a movie. In Africa, no doubt. For seven months. With the crocodiles . . .*

"Suppose," I said to him, "you should have to go to South Africa? A week, apart," I said, "is healthy in any relationship. But seven months . . ."

"So I'm already in South Africa making a movie," Terry laughed aloud, "in the crocodile's mouth . . . while Jan, deciding what wardrobe to take in order to join me in the jungle, is getting the trunks out! We're sitting in the middle of Manhattan today. We may be sitting here the rest of our lives, we hope, and going to the farm weekends."

"Seriously, though," Jan continued, "I feel we're fortunate because, at the moment, New York is the center of activity in radio and television, so that we can be together. We haven't as many temptations as the Hollywood actor has. The New York actor's life is geared in a more workaday fashion. We don't have to be separated for months at a time as movie-star couples so often are—at least," Jan flicked the obviously amused Mr. O'S. with a bright blue eye, "not yet! We don't get the kind of head-turning adulation they do. On us, the limelight isn't so bright. You have to take your hats off, we think, to the Crawfords and the Gables who have grown as people and kept their heads as many of us, in the same circumstances, might not be able to do.

"Today is the Tomorrow you worried about Yesterday," is more than a quotation to Terry. His whole scheme of life is planning *as of Today*. Things like charge accounts, for instance . . . we don't have them. Charge accounts mean incurring debts you will have to pay—Tomorrow.

"At the farm, for instance, I—in my desire to remodel, get it all done and perfect in one bankrupting burst—had a little inclination to have walls torn down. When I saw an obviously disapproving expression in Terry's eyes, 'What's wrong with it?' I wanted to know. 'When you get the bills, you'll know what's wrong with it,' he said.

"Have you ever heard what it costs to remove a wall? I hadn't. I have now. After I got the bill for that enterprise and paid it, I came more than a little way to Terry's way of thinking. 'There isn't any great

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hurry, you know," he told me, with that calm, tempered wisdom of his, "you don't have to get the farm done. It's kind of fun to take time, a day at a time. We're not moving out this year!"

"He doesn't just theorize, either, Terry doesn't. He suits his words to action. Or is it the other way around? He did some wall-tearing-down himself. He even did some shingling at the farm last summer. Got a book, read directions, said, 'It's all a matter of measuring.' Measured and shingled, making a perfect job of it—one whole side of the house.

"At the cabin last winter he decided, one zero day, to cut down a couple of mighty oaks. 'With the lake frozen solid,' he said, 'it will be easier to get the trees hauled away than it will after the thaw, when they'll fall in the water and be floating around.'

"So off he goes. The nice, strong masculine sound of saw and hatchet filled the air. The next thing I know there are no sounds filling the air and nothing to be seen of Terry but his head emerging from black and icy water! I was just contemplating a rescue mission of one when I saw him emerge, shake himself like a Newfoundland and make for the cabin. It was so cold, the saw touched his wet overalls and froze to them!

"When I asked what happened, he replied, 'I got sorta hot chopping that tree, so I thought I'd cool off a little.' Which proves you can't dampen an Irishman's wit!

"I've told you before," Jan added, laughing, "that Terry is a man of projects. And, as time goes by, he also becomes a man alive with projects for others! At the farm last summer, just let one of the girls or me go out while he was mowing—or whatever he was doing—and 'Rake over there,' he'd sing out, 'take it, climb up and scrape that dead bark off that apple tree!' Let the neighbors call and he'd have us all working! At summer's end, though, we got smart—if we wanted him for anything, we'd just stand on the porch and wave!"

"Exposing people to projects can be, as my wife recently proved," Terry put in with a grin, "productive, although in a somewhat startling fashion. One day last autumn, I drove home from New Hampshire, having been at the farm for a day's shooting, with a brace of partridge at my belt. After a seven-and-a-half-hour drive home, I wasn't exactly fresh when I got there and, as I stepped out of the elevator in our apartment house and opened the door into the hall, *Eek*, I thought, *I've got off at the wrong floor!* The hallway of our apartment, when I'd left it the day before, had been a dark, definite green. *This* hallway was painted a sort of light pink-beige. The living room into which I then advanced, with tentative steps, was cocoa. But our living room had been green, like the hall. In this living room, none of the furniture was in the position of the furniture in our living room.

"In less than two minutes, of course, the riddle was riddled. A paint-stained Jan explained she'd wanted to 'surprise' me! She had. 'I even changed the furniture around, the way we talked of doing,' she said, happily. 'I know,' I said. 'Anyone can see that!'

"And she calls me," Terry laughed, "a 'Projects Man'! Golly, she and the girls even started to paint the house last summer—painted it barn-red—to match, as they explained, the barn! But I like her this way," Terry said. "If, for instance, I'd just walked into the apartment as it was before I left it, think how dull that would have been! This way, I almost didn't come home at all."

"Another thing I like, and am grateful for, about Terry," Jan put in, "is that he lets you live your own life. Has a light hand, if any, on the reins. Has a good

sense of humor. Take the apartment, for instance—he might have been annoyed about it, might not have liked the colors I chose, or the rearrangement of the furniture. Many men would have said, 'You should have consulted me.' Not Terry. He just grinned.

"Same way, when problems come up in my career. 'Well, now,' he'll say, 'this is your problem, for which you must find your solution.' Gives help, of course, if I ask for it, but he doesn't press, he allows you to grow. With the girls, too, he is the same. He's there, but as a friend, not as a dictator or arbiter. Life with Terry is definitely not," Jan laughed, "*Life With Father!*"

"We listen to and watch each other's work—but only, for the most part, on request . . . when there is some specific reason such as a new show, a new part, when we need suggestions or advice."

"We love being in the same business, but I take a sort of dim view of husband and wife doing a show together," Terry explained. "Working a show presents many problems. During rehearsals, for instance, nerves wear thin and—although you usually hang on to your company manners with strangers—rehearsing with your own wife, it's possible the manners might slip!"

"We just never try to make each other over," Jan said, "and this, in my opinion, is 'Recommended Reading' for any Mr. and Mrs. Terry doesn't even wish, for instance, that I were more of a cook than I am!"

"I've gotten her over the blow-torch stage, anyway," Terry confided. "In this department, at least, I've made a slight alteration. No more of the gas-on-full routine. The eggs are no longer leather-soled, nor the bacon black—it's down now, though by degrees, to a nice brown.

"Jan doesn't wish, as so many wives might," he added, "that I were the 'steady-job-on-a-salary' type. In the early days of my career, I was a staff announcer. I gave up the staff job in order to freelance. . . . My thinking was that, if you cut off security, you keep moving, call the agents, get around, keep in touch. There is a freedom to this and, if you accept it on the basis that there will be a percentage of good times and a percentage of bad, then you can enjoy it. Eventually, too, you find that security is *inside you*, is in how you think, how you behave. There isn't anything else in life that is secure."

"We're just so darn happy," Jan sighed, "at home and at work. Wouldn't change jobs, even with each other. I love doing radio, which is the greatest medium ever invented for the comfort of the actor. You don't have to learn lines. Our listeners and friends know the characters we portray. We're not facing an audience of millions, so how we look, or dress, isn't of paramount importance. And financially, radio has always been kind to the actor. Terry prefers doing TV but—since he also believes an actor should be able to use all the mediums of his art, radio, television, movies and theater—we go, once a week, to Don Richardson's class in acting, where we can work in scenes on stage under expert guidance. To be able to work in only one form of your specific art is to be, Terry says, like a carpenter who can only make a bureau!"

They wouldn't change partners, either, Terry or Jan. "I wouldn't swap him for anyone in the world. He gets my award, too," Jan laughed, "for my Favorite Day-time (or any time) Actor on TV!"

"And to Jan Miner," said Terry, with a bow from the waist, "goes my award for my Favorite Actress in any medium she may choose to grace, and in any role—including that of Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan!"

No Time for Tears

(Continued from page 68)

which have contributed greatly to their thirteen successful years as Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz.

Lucy and Desi learned the value of frequent separations quite involuntarily.

Two weeks after they had eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, Desi brought his new bride to New York's La Guardia Airport. "Don't cry, honey," he'd said when she got ready to board the Hollywood-bound plane. "We'll be together soon." But she couldn't hold back her tears. The prospect of six weeks on the West Coast instead of a honeymoon with Desi, was not how she'd pictured the beginning of a new life.

Desi himself choked a couple of times. Yet there was nothing he could do about it. Band commitments in the East prevented him from flying with Lucy to California, where she had to start work on another picture.

Six weeks later, her film finished, Lucy joined him in Florida. For the next three years, with all their picture commitments, band concerts, and personal appearance tours, they spent more time away from one another than together. And after 1943, when Desi received his presidential "Greetings" and donned his khakis, Lucy saw even less of him, until he was discharged in 1946.

Unbearable as living apart had seemed at the time, when at last they were able to settle down to a more regulated life, both realized the value of those temporary separations: the greater appreciation for the other's presence, the opportunity for introspection—and, last but not least, the sentimental side of their reunions. Consequently, almost two or three weekends a month, when Lucy's desire to play "hausfrau" clashes with Desi's fondness for the outdoors, she is perfectly content to look after home and family while Desi goes fishing.

Aware that an occasional separation from the routine of married life contributes to a harmonious union, they also take brief vacations together—joint holidays from home, from domesticity, and even from the children.

Once each week, they put this theory into practice. After their show, instead of driving back to the ranch, Lucy and Desi spend the night at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they have a standing reservation all year around. Nor is it just a matter of cramming their necessities into an overnight bag, and staying in town simply for the purpose of saving an hour's drive to their home. As Lucy puts it: "Our night in town is a bigger production than our show."

Preparations start the night before. Making their weekly escapade take the place of the honeymoon they never had, they pack their bags as carefully as a bride and groom: Desi's favorite dressing gown and slippers; Lucy's silk negligee, bubble bath, a selection from her vast array of perfumes and colognes.

After the day's work, they head directly for the hotel. In their hotel room, everything is already prepared for their arrival: a gaily decorated table with cocktails and steak sandwiches (with raw onions); papers on the dresser; the morning and evening papers unfolded on the bed; the "Don't Disturb" sign on the door.

Lucy's and Desi's preparation for any evening out are just as elaborate. "What's the point of running out for a hot dog, if we have five barbecues in the house—or going to a drive-in movie, when we can look at the biggest television screen money can buy?"

Consequently, they show a preference

for black-tie affairs, dinner at Chasen's or LaRue's, concerts, and the like. It's the complete change from their informal home life which provides the relaxation they want.

A search for privacy plays an important part when Lucy and Desi want to "get away from it all." This is easy to understand, considering their hectic lives—not only as Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz—but as co-stars of a time- and nerve-consuming television show. But privacy, they've learned, is one of the most difficult items to find.

When Lucy and Desi starred in "The Long, Long Trailer" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, they were gifted with a completely furnished New Moon Mobile Home, which they promptly had moved to Treasure Island, a trailer park at Laguna Beach.

"Won't it be wonderful?" Desi had said. "Just the two of us at the beach—no work, no scripts . . ."

" . . . with palm trees and the ocean, and not a soul around us for miles," Lucy sighed.

A friend, who owned a pickup truck, volunteered to move their trailer to Treasure Island. After receiving detailed instructions, the Arnazes followed in their own car the next evening, after dark.

They found the entrance to the park without much difficulty. When the owner showed them to their trailer, they were delighted to find it right along the beach. The darkness and shrubbery prevented them from seeing the rest of their surroundings—but, with the Pacific in front, who cared?

They did. Soon.

Hardly had they fallen asleep when the cry of a baby woke them up. "It's little Lucie," yelled mama Lucy.

Sleepily, Desi raised himself. "She's home. You've been dreaming. Go back to sleep."

Lucy closed her eyes again and started to count television sets. (Sheep won't do any good any longer.)

Two minutes later, the crying was back, louder and more insistent. "It's a baby!" said Desi, as though he'd discovered something new in the world.

Lucy sighed. "And I thought we were getting away from it all!"

Soon they realized that dozens of trailers were parked on both sides of them, for the one cry had evoked a chain reaction from all the neighbors' infants. "I feel as though I'm back in the nursery at the hospital," Lucy groaned, as she buried her head under the pillow.

Somehow they got through the night. But, when they stepped outside the following morning, about fifty people—most of them equipped with cameras and autograph books—were waiting in front of their steps. After signing autographs and posing for pictures for over an hour, they headed back to Chatsworth. Trailer parks are wonderful, friendly places—but no haven of rest for a world-famous couple!

Usually, whether it's for a night or a long weekend, Lucy and Desi enjoy their brief separations from family life. But, as Lucy puts it, "We were without children for ten years. We missed them so much that, today, it wouldn't be fun to leave them behind for longer."

However, a trip to Sun Valley last year changed their minds—temporarily.

For their first vacation in years, to get all the equipment to the Idaho resort, they had rented a truck, a station wagon, and two sedans, which they loaded with clothes, playpens, portable toidy-seats, fishing equipment, knickknacks—nearly enough to fill the basement of a department store.

Because Lucy was expecting Desiderio IV, the Arnazes decided to go by rail, in-

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stead of joining the "convoy on wheels." "It must have been a milk train," Lucy explained later. "We stopped at least once every seven minutes."

Getting there and getting back was the least of their troubles. Out of seven days at the Sun Valley Lodge, the first two days were taken up finding playmates for their daughter, the next five days entertaining the rapidly increasing group of youngsters, which proved more exhausting than the show they'd gotten away from. The next vacation—they decided upon their return—would be without children, playpens, jump-ropes, and bedtime-story books. And so, a few weeks ago, they went to Palm Springs—by themselves.

The first two days were wonderfully restful and relaxing. On the morning of the third day, Lucy began to feel jittery. "I wonder how the children are getting along?" she asked anxiously.

"They'll be all right," Desi tried to console her. But Lucy wasn't satisfied until she'd heard their voices on the phone. When she hung up, she smiled—and five minutes later was so homesick for them that she called again.

They were doing very well financially now, Desi reasoned, but not well enough to afford a round-the-clock telephone conversation with Los Angeles. Consequently, without letting his wife know, he called Mrs. Ball and asked her to bring the children to Palm Springs the following morning. The rest of their vacation passed contentedly.

Getting away from the routines of their daily existence is not always possible for the Arnazes. Therefore, to establish a definite break, once in a while they attempt a vacation right at home, which is easier said than done—for one as energetic as Lucy.

"Let's take off tomorrow," Desi suggested one Saturday night.

"Go away?" Lucy didn't sound happy.

She hadn't seen much of the children all week.

"Oh, no . . . just here at home. I mean—no work around the house, no discussion about the show—just sleep late, sit around the pool, and read the paper."

"That sounds wonderful," said Lucy.

The following morning, she was up at five-thirty. By seven-thirty, she'd repainted the children's nursery furniture, planted a hibiscus in the back yard, discussed the menu with the housekeeper and given both children a bath.

At eight o'clock, she drove to her mother's house in near-by Northridge to fix breakfast for her, while the children played hide-and-seek around Mrs. Ball's bed—on the one morning she had wanted to sleep late, too. At twelve noon, Lucy got back just as Desi struggled out of bed.

"You up already?" he asked.

"Vacation at home, eh?" Lucy burst out, then collapsed on the bed.

The weekend after, they took off for the mountains.

Breaking the daily routine is important for most couples, Lucy and Desi feel, but even more urgent in their own case, because they are not only husband and wife, but co-workers as well. Just how close—and how tense—their relationship can get is apparent almost any morning on the way to work.

Whether discussing the house, the children, or their plans for the weekend, suddenly one will draw a line of dialogue from the show and, without realizing it, the other falls right into the pattern. Once they start this, Lucy and Desi Arnaz are Lucy and Ricky Ricardo for the rest of the trip.

Having their married and professional lives so closely interwoven is a terrific strain, one which could easily cause a blow-up—if they didn't have that safety-valve, their periodical "vacation from marriage."

Love That Girl!

(Continued from page 65)

turned up in Hollywood almost twenty years ago. One year, Martha's appreciated—another year, she's forgotten . . . but her superb ability to make people laugh never changes, nor does it diminish. This just happens to be her year of years. . . .

Early in 1948, when Nick Condos was still Martha's husband as well as her manager, he arranged to have her booked into the Palladium in London. As usual, Nick had everything taken care of in advance—everything, that is, except a pianist. He thought it might be good, for everyone concerned, to hire an English boy when they got there.

Remembering that the boat docked at midnight but that the boat train didn't leave until morning, Nick had a car and a chauffeur waiting to take Martha and him to London. He'd arranged a nice, formal, dignified press conference at the Savoy for the following day.

Nick's rented Rolls, bulging with hand luggage, drifted into London in the wee hours, and Martha, exuberant Martha, said, "I don't want to go to the hotel yet, it's the shank of the evening."

"Okay," Nick agreed, "I know the owner of a night club called the Stork. I'll drop you there. I'll tell this guy to take care of you and see that you want for nothing. Then I'll take the stuff to the hotel and come back for you." And this he did, returning shortly afterward.

His pal, the club's owner, met him at the door. "She's marvelous," he said, "simply great. She's taken over the place, and I can't get anybody to go home."

"Yeah, that's Martha," Nick told him. "Incidentally, she opens Monday and we've got to get a pianist. Would you look around for us and see if you can dig up a good one?"

"That won't be necessary. She's already hired the one out of my act."

Martha had indeed. His name was Frank Still. He played for her opening night with no more rehearsal than those first early-morning hours at the club, and he is her pianist to this day—six years later.

The whole episode is a perfect example of how Martha and Nick operate together. They make perfect foils for each other, and can function as a team as well as separately. The only time they failed was a few months ago when they explicitly began to have one fight after another. Finally, after a battle royal that could be heard all over Greater Miami, Martha did the most violent thing she could think of. She divorced Nick.

When they both got over the shock of this piece of madness, they realized they couldn't possibly get along without each other. With the exception that Nick hangs out at his New York apartment on West 58th Street and Martha is domiciled in Westport—a short distance by train—everything is friendly.

"Martha divorced me, and I still love her. That will give you some idea of the kind of girl she is," Nick says.

What really happened to them, according to the people closest to both, was a Miami Beach bistro called the Martha Raye Five O'Clock Club, referred to by Nick as "The Saloon." About three years ago,

Martha's name wasn't on it and she merely played occasional dates there. But then it became apparent to one and all that, when Martha was working there, patrons lined up in the streets to get in, and the place made pots of gold. Obviously, since she was nowhere in pictures and only occasionally doing a guest spot on TV, the logical thing was to buy the club, move to Miami, hang up her shingle and start raking in the loot.

The only trouble was—whereas Martha used to go to a night club only occasionally and had time to rest up afterwards—now she was at the club, night after night, all night. She could never do things by halves, and you who watch her antics for ninety minutes on TV—and wonder how anyone could last that long—must realize that in Miami she knocked herself out from suppertime until dawn.

Then, when the time would come for a TV appearance, Martha would close the club, get in a plane (she hates flying almost more than anything else in the world) and arrive in Manhattan a jittery wreck. She'd rush into a week of rehearsals, do the final show with her last remaining strength, and stagger off to the plane.

Four miserable hours later she'd be back in Miami, and that night the fans would be packing into the saloon once more while Martha, grinning and radiant, would be whooping it up for their money's worth.

This obviously was no schedule for a 110-pound gal in her mid-thirties. Besides, she'd picked up a fever in North Africa during a USO tour, and now it turned up again with something more serious: pernicious anemia. Off she went to St. Francis Hospital, as sunk as she had ever been in her life.

Only a few weeks before, she had said to Nick, "I wonder what happened to all those big-name friends of mine who were always on hand when I was hot in pictures? They used to turn up every time I ate a bagel, and ask me how it was. Now . . ."

Well, now that she was nearly dead in a hospital, needing constant transfusions of rare O-RH Negative blood, she found out where her real friends were. Waiters and busboys and dishwashers of Miami clubs, the patrons of those clubs—and even an entire Marine Battalion stationed in the area—all donated blood for Martha. The Sisters at the hospital wouldn't let her hire a relay of nurses, but cared for her themselves.

Of the many people who helped her, Martha says, "That's something you can't buy, something you can never repay." Somehow the whole ordeal . . . and through it her discovery that hundreds of people loved her, even though a few "names" had deserted her . . . has mellowed Martha, given her a deep sense of security and happiness that she had never known before.

It was about this time that Nick decided Miami Beach could support a series of legitimate plays—a disastrous experiment, and it didn't do anything to improve his outlook on life. It was when Martha, freshly out of the hospital, was trying to keep up her night-club and TV commitments, and Nick was wrestling with actors full of temperament and a house full of empty seats, that the fur started flying.

The true disaster would have been if the mere matter of a divorce, done in anger, had created a permanent split between them. They need each other as much as ever. It was Nick who, during that 1948 stretch in England, got Martha a half-hour spot on the British television system, just to see how she would appear in the new medium. The director of the program, who didn't have a sponsor to worry about, gauged the audience reaction and kept motioning for an additional number until

she had run twenty-five minutes into the next program.

Then Nick told her, "This is your medium, Martha. This is the showcase that's big enough to hold you. Maybe not next year, or the next—but someday you'll be tops in TV. Mark my word."

And now, in 1954, it is true. Martha's classic quality, her true greatness, lies in the fact that, like all superlative clowns—Chaplin, Bert Lahr, a very few others—her comedy is based on pathos. There is a tear behind the laugh, a wistfulness in the funny-face girl who cuts up and sings loud and acts boisterous.

Her entire life, all thirty-seven years of it, has been a pattern of laughing in the face of tragedy, gagging it up when things were mighty low. Her parents, an Irish vaudeville team. Her parents, Reed and Hooper," paused long enough in Butte, Montana, for Martha to be born, then went right along on tour. Little Martha, with her sister Melodye and her brother Buddy, joined the act as soon as she could sing a song or dance a step. Her childhood and teens were spent traveling around in her father's beat-up Pierce-Arrow, working when and where they could, often broke, often hungry.

Martha worked in night clubs and in burlesque. She worked in saloons for tips, netting anywhere from a quarter to a dollar a night.

Finally she ended up in Hollywood, and went one evening to the Trocadero. It was a Sunday night, when practically anything went, and Martha (with old friends Jimmy Durante and Joe E. Lewis playing straight to her comedy) fractured the audience.

Director Norman Taurog was there, heard her, and forthwith signed her for a Bing Crosby picture, "Rhythm on the Range." When it was released, she was a movie star.

That year, Martha was very young, fresh. She'd made a sudden, instantaneous success in pictures, and was a real big name. She opened that mouth of hers all the way, and gave out with her shouting specialty, and she was in.

And she was also the loneliest girl in Hollywood. She used to come in, alone, to the Famous Door on Vine Street, where Louis Prima hung out, and sit there all evening just listening to the running jam session, then go home, still alone.

Things happened too fast. Too many pictures, too much success. When Perc Westmore, the famous make-up artist, made her glamorous and beautiful—because her movie bosses decided that's what they wanted for a change—Martha took a long look in the mirror and married him. The glamour treatment ruined her movie career, and the marriage to Perc didn't last long.

Then she married David Rose, who made the kind of music she felt in her heart and truly loved—music of soaring strings and throbbing chords and sweet, soul-stirring rhythm.

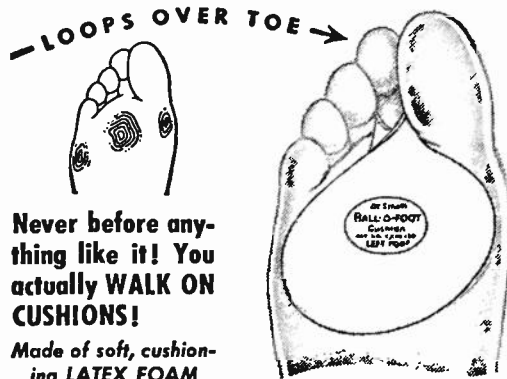
But Martha was still a clown, no matter how hard she rebelled against it, and sadly she parted with David, too. He married Judy Garland, who sang closer to the way he played and composed . . . and Martha pursued her lonely way, laughing and making laughs, crying—when she cried—to herself. Until finally, in 1941, she played a date with a tall, good-looking night-club entertainer named Nick Condos, who was her kind of guy. He didn't want or try to change anything about her. He loved her just as she was.

This was her man, and she married him the instant he asked her to, and in a very deep sense she has never been truly alone since, nor will she ever be. Today, besides this one man, there are a million (at least) fans who embrace her with their warmth, their hearts—for they all "love that girl!"

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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Thanks for the Memory

(Continued from page 44)

in a gentle manner.

It wasn't always easy. I was taken with running away from home and my younger brother Les (you know him as Bob) had taken to hanging out at the local pool hall. At thirteen, he was a good billiard player. He could have been a champion. But then Bob could have been a champion at anything.

Because Bob hung out in front of the pool hall, my Aunt Louie was afraid he would turn out to be a champion loafer. I remember one day when she said to my mother, "Avis, I saw Leslie standing outside the poolroom again. He'll come to no good in that place."

My mother had great faith in the goodness of her sons. "Don't worry about my boys, Louie," she said. "I have good boys. The poolroom is just part of growing up. Don't worry about Leslie, it's just his way of finding himself. He'll turn out all right."

My mother was right when she said Bob was finding himself—he was getting his first exposure to show business. There was a quartet of boys who sang in the street outside the pool hall. Bob spent more time learning four-part harmony than shooting three-cushion billiards.

Music, in fact, was a very important part of our home life. We spent many a rainy evening in the parlor around the piano, with Mother at the keyboard. Up until the time Ivor, our oldest brother, was thirteen and his voice changed, the effect was more or less unique: Mother's soprano, Father's bass, and we seven hit-or-miss tenors.

Mother was wise enough to encourage our individual abilities. We were all different. Sid was a terrific mechanic from the beginning. Fred was a good salesman. I wrote songs, and, even as a youngster, Bob was a great comedian.

Mother used to keep us together as a family by taking us on picnics in the park. Other families nearby never failed to get a laugh out of the seven boys around the blanket stuffing their faces. "No sisters?" they'd ask. Bob, pickle in one hand, sandwich in another, had a stock comment. "We had one," he said between bites, "but she didn't have a chance. She starved to death on the last picnic."

When Ivor was old enough to ride a bike, he delivered meat for the local meat cutter. Each year after that, the meat cutter either added another Hope bicycle-delivery boy or elevated one of the brothers to apprentice meat cutter.

The local meat cutter was the introduction to business life for all my brothers. We were all delivery boys and we were all meat cutters before we branched off into other professions.

Bob went into show business. By 1934, he was appearing in the Broadway musical, "Roberta." I was still making my living in the meat business, trying to get ahead as a songwriter on the side.

Mother still encouraged me. "That's a good one," she'd exclaim over my latest epic. "Be sure to send it to Leslie (Bob) right away."

Bob always wrote back, "Great tune, Jack, but I can't use this one right now." Mother continued to urge me on, until her untimely death from cancer in 1934. Shortly before she died, we had one big laugh together when Bob, after receiving my latest tune, wired: "Send no more songs. Trunk full."

I remember later that year I was supervising two meat markets in Akron, Ohio. At this time, Bob was just getting started in his radio career. He was making one of

his first radio appearances, a four-minute monologue on Rudy Vallée's program.

Though we'd gone our separate ways, we were still one-for-all and all-for-one. Here, I thought, was my chance to publicize the country's newest comedian.

Nine o'clock, Saturday night, the meat market's busiest hour, Bob came on the air. Fifty hungry customers were forced to listen while I called a halt to the meat dispensing and turned up the radio. It was one of Bob's first radio broadcasts, but I was telling everybody within earshot that he was already the greatest comedian in the country. Even so, people beyond the sound of my voice still came up and asked, "Who's Bob Hope?"

It wasn't long after this that everyone in the country did know Bob. From radio he went into motion pictures. His first at Paramount, "The Big Broadcast of 1938," was a great success. His option was picked up as a result of this success and on the strength of the song, "Thanks for the Memory." Bob is sentimentally attached to the song and still uses it as his theme.

Excited about the news of his option, he called me at the meat market in Akron. "I need someone to handle my business affairs," he said. "Will you come out and help me?"

"Yes, of course," I shouted into the phone. "I'll leave right away." Then we both hung up.

I stood there mentally packing the suitcases I'd take to Hollywood and thinking how exciting it would be to go to Hollywood—to see Bob again. I suddenly realized I had no idea of my destination. Bob hadn't told me where to come. I had been too excited to ask.

But I knew he was somewhere in Hollywood.

When I arrived in California, the logical thing to do was to go to the studio. I rolled up to the gate early one morning in my 1936 Pontiac. "I'd like to see Bob Hope," I said to the gateman.

The gateman looked at my mud-spattered Pontiac and was immediately on guard. "Shall I tell him who's calling?" he asked, reaching for the phone.

"Yes," I said. "Tell him it's his brother Jack."

I could see the gateman comparing my blond hair and blue eyes with his mental image of Bob's brown hair and eyes. "You're his brother, huh?" he said. "Same mother and father?"

Late that afternoon, Bob and I finally did get together. We've been together ever since and have grown so through the years, it's hard to describe all of my duties with Bob's organization. Some people call me a liaison man (I don't even know what that is!)—I still write songs (the lyrics to Bob's weekly parody on "Thanks for the Memory")—and I try to coordinate all his activities.

This is no easy task. Besides keeping his schedule straight for radio, motion pictures, and television performances, we try to work into his schedule as many benefits as possible.

I could easily keep track of Bob if it weren't for the benefits. He's so good-hearted he can't say no. Someone will reach him on the phone with: "There's a new hospital . . ." etc. Bob is immediately on the plane for Maine or Florida. The only way I can keep track of his appearances is through the thank-you notes that come in.

Bob tries to keep his schedule free for family get-togethers—Thanksgiving, for example. Next-to-oldest brother Jim, Bob, and I are the only members of the family living on the West Coast and turkey-time

is a great excuse for us to meet. When we gather at Bob's place in North Hollywood, he uses his prerogative as head of the household to do the carving. Though we were all meat cutters at one time, Bob has kept his hand the steadiest.

Though all us brothers seldom get together at one time, we do meet individually on many occasions. Mother was right. I think I can safely say we turned out to be good boys. Ivor is president of Hope Metal Products in Cleveland; Fred and George head up United Provision Company, also in Cleveland; and Jim represents those unique finger-painting toys, traveling to the biggest department stores throughout the country, but living in Hollywood near Bob and me. Our seventh brother, Sid, once a fine mechanic, has since passed away.

The boys are all good family men. Bob is a champion in this category, too. Though his working schedule keeps him on the road, he tries to spend all of his free time with his family. He has even taken the children with him on some of his travels; young Tony and Linda went along to Alaska in 1952.

Being around their father as they are, the children are wise to the ways of show business. One time Bob was doing a show for the Navy in San Diego. I was out front, waiting for him to back the car out of the garage, when daughter Linda (then about seven) leaned out the window to ask, "Where you going, Uncle Jack?"

"We're going to San Diego to do a show for the Navy. If you're a good girl, Linda, maybe your daddy will say good night to you on the radio."

"Well, then," she laughed, "put it in the script."

Bob can take a joke and, in turn, is never too busy to play one. In 1950, though, when I was the advance man for his trip to Korea, the joke was on me. As I island-hopped across the Pacific, setting up the shows, I stopped in each port long enough to get in a little fishing. At Kwajalein I caught a 23-pound tuna—but only after roasting in the boat under that South Pacific sun all day long. When I got back to shore, I gave the tuna to the admiral, asking him to put it in the deep freeze to show to Bob when he came through. Bob always accused me of *exaggerating* about my catch; I wanted to make sure he saw this 23-pounder! He's the golfer in the

family. I wanted to prove to him I was the fisherman.

When Bob caught up with me in Japan, the first thing he said was, "Boy, you should see the fish I caught at Kwajalein. It was a 32-pound tuna! Got it after only fifteen minutes in the boat."

"You're kidding," I said, thinking of my 23-pounder and of the day I'd spent in the broiling hot sun.

"That's right. Isn't that right, Tony?" he said turning to his personal secretary.

"Right," said Tony. Everybody in the band agreed.

My balloon of pride was deflated when I heard this chorus. His 32-pounder made my 23-pounder look small. Besides, he hadn't even mentioned seeing my catch. No sense in even telling him about it now.

Several weeks later we were home again. Bob, the band, and I were thumbing through the pictures taken on the tour. I sensed a feeling of breath-holding as we turned up each successive picture but didn't know what the expectation was until I came to the one with Bob holding his "32-pound tuna." All of a sudden there was a snapshot of Bob standing on the beach holding an itty-bitty fish. "Thirty-two pounds!" I said. "It couldn't be thirty-two ounces!"

Said Bob, "You know how we fishermen *exaggerate*!" Of course, the band fell out of their chairs with laughter. I'll admit—I bit on that one.

Though Bob is full of humor, he's serious about his family feelings. When we were still children at home, our father taught us to respect our mother.

Bob's shows are run on the basis of this memory. He would never do anything which would disparage this memory, nor would he use any material which would be offensive to his own children.

Seeing ourselves in our own children, we often think of those early days when we were young and all together—think of the rainy nights with Mother at the piano and the summer days we spent on picnics in the park. We're a sentimental family. Those are fond memories—the pictures they bring to mind are still bright and colorful. We all admit it gives us a feeling that our mother is with us still.

And it's this feeling that gives meaning to the song Bob ends his show with. It should really be called, "Thanks, Mother—Thanks for the Memories."

He's Not Just Acting!

(Continued from page 12)

love of children. A widower when he married Dale in 1947, Roy has three children by his first marriage: Cheryl, 13, Linda, 10, and Dusty, 7. In 1950, Roy and Dale had a daughter, Robin Elizabeth, a frail child who died two years later. The Rogers had long wanted to adopt a boy as a companion for Dusty and, after Robin's death, they decided to adopt a girl as well. They added to the family circle Sandy, now 8, and Little Doe, or "Dodie," now 2. Little Doe carried an extra special appeal, for Roy and Dale, for she comes from the same Choctaw Indian strain that also runs in Roy's family and of which he is so proud.

Roy and Dale are both home for dinner with the children every evening that their working schedule permits. Roy has definite ideas on the raising of children and has made the prime family rules: punctuality, honesty and the fulfillment of promises.

Social life for the Rogers is a family affair, with shared activities about the ranch and hunting and fishing trips. Far from being a "gentleman farmer," Roy puts

his spare time to working his three acres of cultivated land.

Furniture at the ranch is of a casual, Western style that can withstand the rigors of five active children and the inroads of cowboy boots. Roy's professional and hunting trophies trim the walls and share decor honors with a cabinet built by Roy to house his gun collection, which includes a pair of gold pistols, a long-barreled rifle once owned by Daniel Boone, a pistol that belonged to General Custer, and a pistol that was Davy Crockett's.

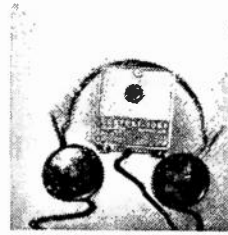
Also in residence on the ranch are several horses, about sixteen dogs, two raccoons, racing pigeons, hamsters, and whatever stray animals various members of the family rescue and care for until they are able to fend for themselves.

Roy's love for animals is obvious both on and off stage, and his calm temperament is ideal for training them. This same calm stands Roy in good stead throughout his crowded schedule.

Roy's busy, happy life is keynoted by one of his credos, which says: "If you enjoy your work, you're always on a vacation."



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Two Is for Luck

(Continued from page 62)
on television, thanks primarily to Bert's sparkling efforts.

Born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1914, Bert was the younger of two brothers. At sixteen, he became a staff announcer on a local radio station and did everything there, from filling in on singing spots to subbing for a technician, for two years.

When CBS announced a competition in New York for staff announcers, Bert took his savings, borrowed some additional money from his parents and went to New York for an audition. Several weeks later, a telegram told him to report for work at fifty dollars a week. The year was 1932—the depth of the Depression, when fifty dollars was a king's fortune to an eighteen-year-old boy.

The next years were filled with wonderful experience and development. He was working in New York on a big radio network, learning, always learning, from the best in the business. He was a singer and straight man for Eddie Cantor—and, when Eddie went off the air, the sponsor retained Bert as a free-lance.

In 1941, he met Annette, the beautiful, dark-haired "blind date" who had come to New York from New Haven to be a dental hygienist. It wasn't until 1942, however, that Annette agreed to marry him. The following June, they tied the knot and had just two heavenly months together before Second Lieutenant Bert Parks was sent overseas to the China-Burma-India theater with "Vinegar Joe" Stillwell. He was

away two years and returned with the rank of captain and a chestful of decorations.

On August 1, 1946, perhaps the best "twosie" of all happened—the birth of twin boys, Joel and Jeffrey, who are still so much alike that even Bert has trouble telling them apart. Two years later, little Annette—now called "Petty"—was born.

"So you can see there are two girls in my life, too," says Bert, his famous impish grin spread all over his face. "Big Annette and little Annette—though I can tell the difference between these two."

Becoming suddenly very serious, Bert explains his two special aims in life now that he has established his career. His first is to see that his children have a happy, secure childhood, that they grow up with the right sense of values and strength of character so that they may lead rich, useful lives.

And, secondly, he wants to show his continued appreciation for everything nice that has happened to him by always helping other people, wherever and whenever he can.

His philosophy of life is summed up in his own two favorite proverbs: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" and "Love thy neighbor." They were the first rules he ever learned and have stood him in good stead.

His two favorite stories about contestants happened on *Double Or Nothing*. One, he remembers, was about a young man from the University of Wisconsin who was

in New York on vacation. He had a big problem, he told Bert. He had gone out on a date with a wonderful girl in Wisconsin but somehow had forgotten to find out her last name. He did have her picture, and he knew she came from New York. So . . . Dan Cupid Parks "advertised" for the missing girl on television, describing the plight of the love-struck young student. Within minutes, the phone rang and the pair were reunited.

Another time, Bert selected a lovely young dancer from the audience. She was from the South, same as Bert, and hers was a frustrating problem. She would find a dance partner, she said, teach him several routines, practice for weeks to be good enough for bookings and then—he would be drafted! This had happened five times and she was thinking of becoming part of a sister act.

While the program was still on, offers began pouring in.

Getting back to the irresistible "two's," Bert admits that he has only one hobby. "I used to have two," he says. "Electric trains and boating. But the kids won't let me near the trains any more—afraid big, clumsy me may upset something—so I will have to get more trains or a new hobby."

Thinking of the hours of fun and gaiety Bert Parks has given us on radio and television with his friendly personality and warm, infectious laugh, we have—in conclusion—a two-word message for him which we hope he will obey for years and years and years: "Keep smiling!"

1,001 Nights—Plus

(Continued from page 63)

With nearly two decades of rich experience to draw from, it's easy to see why Ted Mack has so many warm memories of performers who got their first push into the entertainment world on *The Original Amateur Hour*.

Frank Sinatra, he recalls, applied for an audition with three friends, Fred Tamburro, Jerry Petro and Patty Prince, all of Hoboken, N. J. They called their act "Frank Sinatra And The Three Flashes," later changed it to "The Hoboken Four." Still in their teens, they offered a combination of singing, dancing and comedy—and they were determined to win.

"Win, they did," recalls Ted. They traveled the country for three years, with one of the unit shows, until Frankie decided to try his luck alone as a crooner.

Like so many other big stars, Frank Sinatra has always remained loyal to *The Original Amateur Hour*.

Vera-Ellen, the popular M-G-M dancing and singing star, first wrote to the late Major Bowes in 1937, very politely asking for an audition during a short trip to New York. The tiny, blonde bundle of talent from Cincinnati danced and sang "When You're Smiling," and won first place and a tour with a traveling unit. The fabulous Broadway showman, Billy Rose, saw her and signed her for his night club, Casa Mañana, in New York. She appeared next on Broadway in "The Connecticut Yankee." Then, Samuel Goldwyn noticed her and Hollywood gratefully took up her career from there.

When Paul Winchell first appeared on *The Original Amateur Hour*, back in January, 1938, he didn't have the Jerry Mahoney who gives us so many chuckles today. The first Jerry Mahoney was a primitive, ill-equipped figure, as compared with the handsome, urbane, masterly creature he is now. But Paul and Jerry won a

place in a touring unit, too, and have since appeared as guests with Ted to encourage amateur performers who are nervously trying their wings for the first time.

One of Jerry's antics which always reduces Ted to helpless laughter—no matter how many times it happens—is when the fiendish little wooden hellion mimics Ted's "All right . . . all right . . ." in just exactly the right tone of voice.

What most people listening to the 1,001st amateur-night show probably won't realize is that Ted Mack has been a performing headliner in his own right for more than a quarter of a century. Born William Edward Maguiness in Greeley, Colorado, Ted studied law at Denver University but dropped it to become a professional musician in 1924. He played the saxophone with the Colorado Cowboy Orchestra during a one-week theater engagement in San Francisco. When no further engagements materialized, the boys lived on crackers and beans and practiced their music. During those early days of intermittent jobs, Ted met many soon-to-be-greats, such as Glenn Miller and Matty Malneck, Harry Barris and a singer named Bing Crosby. He played in an orchestra which also included Benny Goodman, Frank Jenks, Bix Beiderbecke, and Jack Teagarden.

In 1926, Ted married his childhood sweetheart, Ellen Marguerite Overholt, and organized his own orchestra.

It was in Los Angeles that he first gained recognition as a likable master of ceremonies. Subsequently—despite the Depression—Ted Mack appeared in theaters throughout the United States and Canada. He discovered the Andrews Sisters and Jane Powell, during this period, and was summoned to M-G-M as musical supervisor for all their extravaganzas.

Just when Ted was really settling into Hollywood life, the late Major Edward Bowes prevailed upon him to come East

and become first assistant in the talent selection, production and direction of *The Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour*. Ted came—and stayed—and is credited with being the guiding force in establishing the show as an American institution.

When the beloved Major Bowes died in 1945, listeners wondered: Who could ever fill his shoes? Who could combine his happy faculty for creating a warm and friendly atmosphere? Who could calm the nerves and encourage the best possible performance from every contestant?

At the same time—since television was beginning to come into its own—someone was needed who could do all these things, and appeal to the viewer as well.

There was never any question among *The Original Amateur Hour* staff as to who the man would be—and Ted Mack has more than filled the shoes of his late boss and benefactor. Now in his nineteenth year with the program, Ted has conscientiously maintained the traditions established by Major Bowes.

He and his staff have auditioned hundreds of thousands of amateurs from all over the world, with talents ranging from grand opera to such colorful oddities as the man who could do a tap-rhythm routine by "playing" his teeth with his fingers.

Beaming with pride over the 1,001st amateur night, Ted Mack says: "This anniversary makes me more humble than elated. It is proof of what has always been a great source of amazement to me—that America is an abundantly talented nation with a wonderful capacity for enjoyment. What I like best about our *Amateur Hour* is that the home audiences are the final judges. All we provide is an introduction, a microphone, a few cameras—and the contestant is on his own.

"Our only problem is—we wish they all could win!"



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