

RADIO-TV MIRROR

EXCLUSIVE

Chicago radio,
TV listings

Peter Lind Hayes
and Mary Healy



MARY LINN BELLER
The Brighter Day



ART CARNEY
He can do anything!



WENDY DREW
Young Widder Brown

25¢

Whee!

4 for the price of 3

You get **4** cakes for about the same price as **3** cakes of other leading toilet soaps!



PERSONAL SIZE IVORY... 75 years of famous purity and mildness for your skin go hand in hand with the famous thrift of this personal size of Ivory Soap. It's America's best beauty buy.



99.44% pure...it floats

A pretty cake . . . for a prettier you! You'll love this dainty toilet soap size of pure, mild Ivory—it's so wonderful for your skin. You see, the milder the beauty soap, the prettier your complexion. And Ivory is mild enough for a baby's skin. A simple change to regular care and Personal Size Ivory works wonders . . . in 7 days your complexion will look clearer, brighter, younger. You'll have That Ivory Look.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Now...enjoy sweet treats and protect your teeth from cavities

New white Ipana with WD-9 inhibits tooth-decay acids*



Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Many foods, including sweets, form tooth-decay acids. But now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against these acids.

For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of tooth-decay acids. Acid-inhibitor WD-9 is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

*To get the best results from new Ipana with acid-inhibitor WD-9, use it regularly after eating. 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 sweet things 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 sweet foods by brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9.

Don't cut down sweets ... do cut down cavities with new Ipana®



New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it 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

Buy one jar—get another

Free



To introduce you to the doctor's deodorant discovery* that safely

STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

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

We want you to try wonderful new Mum, the *exclusive deodorant based originally on a doctor's discovery, and now containing long-lasting M-3. That's why we offer you, absolutely free, a bonus jar of new Mum when you buy the regular 39¢ jar.

New Mum stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

Non-irritating to normal skin. Won't rot fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering. Creamier, delicately fragrant, won't dry out in the jar. Today, take advantage of new Mum's Special Offer. Get a free bonus jar while supplies last.

NEW MUM

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

RADIO-TV MIRROR

JUNE, 1954

VOL. 42, NO. 1

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Cover portrait of Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy by Maxwell Coplan

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 Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group



Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly.

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

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. *Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but

Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

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



A Product of The Lambert Company

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH**

**4 times better
than any tooth paste**

WHAT'S SPINNING



By CHUCK NORMAN

VERY SOON now, the great revue, "New Faces of 1952," will be but a memory except for those who have the Victor Long Play original-cast album (LOC 1008). It's one of the gratifying things about the record art that such musical gems as Eartha Kitt's "Monotonous" and "Bal Petit Bal," Virginia de Luce's cute "He Takes Me Off His Income Tax," and Robert Clary's "I'm in Love With Miss Logan" can be preserved for posterity. And could be that you'd have an important collector's item in years to come because these "New Faces" of today have a habit of becoming the stars of tomorrow.

There's a difference, as musicians say, between "hot" jazz and "cool" jazz. Jazz doesn't have to be piercing and loud and raucous. It can be soft and sweet and, for a good example, listen to the Johnny Smith Quintet's "Jazz at NBC" LP. Such things as "Moonlight in Vermont," "A Ghost of a Chance," "Where or When," and "Tenderly" come off as unobtrusively as chamber music. Johnny Smith, you know, is the guitarist who started his professional life as a hillbilly guitarist in Portland, Maine, and, on the way, played engagements with the NBC and Philadelphia symphonies.

If there's any particular event that graduates a recording personality into the star category, it is the issuing of an album, and so Joni James—née Joan Carmello Babbo—is a star now. "Let There Be Love" is its title and it embraces a collection of beautiful standards: "The Nearness of You," "Love Is Here to Stay," "You're My Everything," "I'll Be Seeing You," "You're Mine, You" and "You're Nearer." It's available in both LP and 78 rpm.

Pop singles—Rusty Draper tries a warm, nostalgic ballad and does a beautiful job with "Melancholy Baby" (Mercury 70327). His only handicap, if you can call it that, is that he sounds so much like Frankie Laine. . . . Frankie Laine fans, incidentally, aren't too happy with his latest efforts including a barroom ballad type of thing called "The Kid's Last Fight." . . . Tony Martin borrows from the classics again; this time Verdi's "Rigoletto"—with his new "Here." Tony is trying desperately for another "I Get Ideas," and I don't blame him. . . . Billy Eckstine and Patti Page are running neck and neck for favor on Ellington's immortal "Don't Get Around Much Anymore." . . . Everyone-is-doing-it department: Italian lyrics, I mean. Latest to score is Eddie Fisher with "Anema E Core." . . . Remember the old Bob Crosby Bob Cat band and one of its features—"Big Noise From Winnetka," written and performed by pianist Jess Stacy and bassist Bobby Haggart? The tune is being revived in solid style by Ralph Marterie (Mercury 70328). . . . Bing Crosby and Guy Lombardo got together for the first time in twenty years on "I Get So Lonely" and "Young at Heart." . . . The Mills Brothers are at their old-fashioned sentimental best with "You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me" and "I Had to Call You Up to Say I'm Sorry."

Artie Shaw has reformed his old GRamercy 5 unit and is touring and making records with it for the Bell label. I think you'll like their first release—"Besame Mucho" coupled with "That Old Feeling." The GRamercy 5 (the name comes from a telephone exchange in New York) is made up of outstanding side men: Tal Farlow, guitar; Hank Jones, piano; Joe Roland, vibes; Tommy Potter, bass; Irv Kluger, drums; and, of course, Mr. Shaw, clarinet. . . . Could be, incidentally, that Bell will revolutionize the industry with their 35¢ retail price. I've heard some retailers say, however, that they're loath to handle Bell because it hurts the sale of their standard lines and so the company may be forced, in some cases, to another type of retailer—drugstores, grocery stores, etc. The company, a subsidiary of publishers Simon and Schuster, is trying hard artist-wise with such talent as Stuart Foster, Helen Forrest, Snooky Lanson, Cab Calloway and their biggest catch—the Dorsey Brothers. Tommy and Jimmy have cut four sides: "Gran la," "You're My Everything," "Make Love to Me," and "My Friend the Ghost."

This year seems to be a big year for another oldtimer, Ella Fitzgerald. She's won both the *Downbeat* and *Metronome* "Top Female Singer of the Year" awards and she's been headlining the Oriental and European tours of the Jazz At The Phil group. On the strength of it all, Decca has re-released two of her best: "Sunday Kind of Love" and "That's My Desire."

Harry Belafonte has been rating raves for his work in John Murray Anderson's Broadway hit, "Almanac," and he plans to stay with the show until summer when he has to take care of some picture commitments. His recording of "Hold 'Em Joe," one of the hit tunes from the show, is making the rounds now.

Miscellany—Eartha Kitt will star in a film in Paris this summer, after which she'll

start rehearsals for a Broadway play, "Mrs. Patterson," in which she plays the star role. Meanwhile, she'll make pin money—diamond pin, that is—in theater and night-club engagements. . . . Rather a sad study in contrasts in a recent issue of *Downbeat*. On the cover, pictures of Eddie Fisher, Hugo Winterhalter and Bob Manning as winners of a disc-jockey poll. On the inside, a picture of Stan Getz being taken in tow by Seattle gendarmes. . . . Sherm Feller, Boston deejay, is in all ends of the business: He plays 'em, he writes 'em, and he sells 'em. "Latin Lady," recorded by Hugo Winterhalter, is his tune and he has his own record shop. . . . Cornell University's radio station staged a 280-hour disc marathon recently, playing things they thought would be soothing and helpful to those studying for exams. And the time was all sold out! . . . Some retailers have criticized the cover design on Capitol's album of Jackie Gleason's "Tawny." They feel that the suggestiveness has hurt sales. . . . In case you've been wondering, "Uei, Paesano," recorded by Al Martino and Art Mooney, means "Hey, Pal." . . . The inspiration for the title "San" was a map of Africa where so many of the towns along the coast are San this or San that—like many of the towns in California. . . . Noro Morales' record of "Santa" is not a Christmas tune. In Latin American parlance, "Santa" is a pet name for a girl—a boy's sweetheart. . . . Frankie Lester has left the Buddy Morrow band and is going to try his luck as a single. . . . Record companies are amazed at the attitude of the producers of the film, "Johnny Guitar." They forced Mercury Records to change the name of the Patti Page record from "Johnny Guitar" to "My Restless Lover." Most film companies consider it worth a fortune in publicity to have a song hit out with the same title as a current picture. . . . When you hear a hipster talk about "mice," he's not referring to the household pest—he's talking about violins. . . . That's it for now. . . .

Recording stars Betty Clooney and Dave Brubeck entertain for Beulah Shacht, St. Louis newspaper reporter, and author Norman.





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



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Beau Belle" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Melody" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.

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



Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Ginger" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

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.



Which of These Make-ups is



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 then wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" skin blemishes so completely.

With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each tiny line and imperfection is discreetly hidden, leaving only faultless smoothness and beautifully-blended color. You may be amazed at the thrilling difference in your complexion, when Nature's little “errors” are artfully covered!

Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this *non-drying* cake never clogs pores (clinically proved). And so feather-light, it never looks (or *feels*) heavy.

By daylight Solitair is “outdoors-y”, with the freshness of youth . . . by night, alluring perfection—always flawless-looking, even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll *still* like Solitair . . . it's different from all others. (And for shoulders or legs, there's no make-up like it.)



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 desirable, then Campana's Magic Touch is ideal for you!

Magic Touch is a tinted *cream* 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—so natural, it seems like your own skin!

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with the slight sheen typical of youthful skin. Powdered lightly, it supplies a lovely mat finish. It's rich in Lanolin, soft and pleasant on your skin, richly protective against dryness, dust and grime.

So if you would have your complexion subtly whisper of “*natural beauty*”—or if your dry skin needs *creamy* make-up, you'll find Magic Touch is wonderfully right for you!



Magic Touch
CREAM MAKE-UP

6 shades—43¢ and \$1.00

All 3 by Campana . . .

the Most Flattering to You?

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 the answer in Campana's new liquid, Sheer Magic!

Sheer Magic is a completely new experience in make-up. As you apply this tinted liquid, you'll see its dainty color blend your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually give it the soft bloom, soft look, of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, blended into soft harmony that makes your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet... soft, pliable... actually *baby-soft* to the touch of a finger! Yet this make-up is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents in Sheer Magic create this look, and feel, of youthfulness. Softening as a lotion—it *protects* your skin.

If you can wear a *sheer* make-up, you'll be thrilled with Sheer Magic. Try it and *see!*

Sheer Magic

LIQUID MAKE-UP

6 shades—only 79¢



Creator of Fine Cosmetics

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions —*which is right for you?*

Cake . . . Cream . . . or Liquid . . . which make-up becomes *you* most excitingly?

No single make-up is ideal for *all* complexions (just as no one suit is perfect for all figures). 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. Rare indeed, is the woman who really knows!

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your type of skin and 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 fabulous make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so *inexpensive* to see "for sure"—and so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

Solitaire *Cake*—Magic Touch *Cream*—and Sheer Magic *Liquid*—all from Campana . . . at cosmetic counters everywhere.

From the House of Campana

... where science and research join hands to give you the finest beauty products in the world.



New sure way to
**LOVELIER
 HANDS
 IN ONLY 9 DAYS**

(unretouched photo)



1. BEFORE.
 Skin dried out from
**SOAPS AND
 DETERGENTS!**



**2. Protect with
 PLAYTEX
 GLAMOROUS
 HOUSEWORK
 GLOVES**

(unretouched photo)



3. AFTER.
 Softer, smoother skin
**IN ONLY
 9 DAYS!**

The best protection is prevention. And: The first manicure you save can pay for your gloves.

PLAYTEX® \$139
LIVING GLOVES
 FABRIC-LINED LATEX

Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

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DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; all times given are Eastern Daylight Time.

AUNT JENNY Littleton is Aunt Jenny's home town, and it is there that she finds the dramatic stories she tells about her neighbors' lives. But sometimes her story is concerned not so much with Littleton itself as with the impact of the outside world on the small, quiet town. In a recent story she told of the startling and upsetting effect on several lives when a traveling tent show made Littleton one of its stops. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble's faith in herself and her husband, actor Larry Noble, has saved their marriage from many crises. But never before has she had an adversary as wily as beautiful Elise Shephard, who is using her beauty and her advantage as Larry's co-star to deepen the estrangement between the Nobles. Is Larry really so dazzled by Elise that Mary has cause to know real despair for the first time? 4 P.M., NBC.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Ever since Reverend Dennis first heard his daughter Althea mention the name of Dr. Blake Hamilton, he realized the eminent psychiatrist was more than a doctor to her. But what will result from Althea's trip to see Blake—accompanied by Patsy? The whole Dennis family may be affected by what Blake tells Althea. And some of them may be affected unexpectedly by young Dr. Randy Hamilton, Blake's debonair brother. 2:45 P.M., CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally work as a team on the cases to which David is assigned by his paper, but recently they encountered a criminal of such ingenuity that despite their practiced teamwork they found themselves developing different ideas about the murderer. Sally was so sure of her solution that when David finally made his accusation—and proved it—she almost couldn't believe he was right. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Has Janet Johnson lost her fight to win Dr. Dick Grant? Though things may never be the same between Dick and his wife Kathy, is it possible that some of the warnings

against Janet have affected Dick more than he admits? His roommate Dr. Kelly, who prides himself on his realistic view of women, has been especially frank about Janet—but what about Dr. Kelly himself and Dick's cousin, Peggy Regan? 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV; 1:45 P.M., CBS.

HAWKINS FALLS Lona Drewer was aware that the success of her marriage to Dr. Floyd Corey would depend on how they faced some of the peculiar problems each of them brought to it. She knew her young son Roy, though he liked Floyd, would find it difficult to accept a stepfather. One of the serious tests of the Coreys' marriage is the way they will handle Roy's disturbances, which take a surprising form. 11 A.M., NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE As supervisor of an orphanage, Julie Nixon has handled many tragic cases, but rarely has she encountered a child with a better reason for being disturbed than young Terry Wallace. Victim of a broken marriage, Terry's behavior is such a real threat to her mother's health that her new stepfather refuses to keep her. Will Julie sort out the rights and wrongs before Terry finds her own desperate answer? 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL As the beloved barber of Hartville, Bill Davidson has built his life on a foundation of love, service and understanding. Now he faces the tragic betrayal of all his hopes as he finds himself unable to help those he loves most in the world, and as his efforts to do what he knows to be right are turned against him. Will it be Bill's daughter Nancy who finally shows him where the fault lies? 5 P.M., NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL There is no question that Chichi married a stubborn young man when she became Mrs. Mac Roberts. Dr. Mac has his own ideas about handling the shady doctor who suddenly creeps out of his family's past to threaten both him and his brother, detective Craig Roberts. Will he be forced to admit that Craig was right when he is finally caught in the trap set by Mason? It might be
 (Continued on page 18)

New! a shampoo that

Silken your hair!

So alluring—so enchanting . . . this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—
yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!



This is a *New Drene* formula—
so **Mild** you could
shampoo every day!



A PRODUCT OF
PROCTER & GAMBLE

INFORMATION BOOTH

Texas Philosopher

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some sidelights on that fine chap, John Henry Faulk, who is heard on CBS daily at 5:05 P.M.? He gives out with such a nice, homespun philosophy.

A.F.S., Bayport, N. Y.

The star of the *John Henry Faulk Show* was born in Austin, Texas, in August, 1913, and later received three degrees—B.A., M.A. and Ph.D.—from the University of Texas. He began his famous collection of folklore while studying under a fellowship at the Library of Congress and continued it in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and as an English professor at the University of Texas. His lectures were spiced with the colloquialisms, regional anecdotes, and frontier humor which now mark his show . . . During World War II, John joined the Merchant Marine, later served as an American Red Cross Field Director in the Middle East, then returned to the States to enlist in the Army. He joined CBS Radio in 1946. John is married to the former Lynn Smith, a New Yorker, and reports that their three children—Johanna, Evelyn and Frank Dobie—"are developing Yankee accents real bad."

Guy Madison

Dear Editor:

I am a fan of Guy Madison and wonder if you could tell me where to write for a picture of him? Would you also print some information about his life?

E.H., Destrehan, La.

Born in Bakersfield, California, the handsome six-footer who plays the famous peace officer of the Old West on TV's *Wild Bill Hickok* stumbled into an acting career while on leave from the Navy. Guy was

John Henry Faulk



Guy Madison

noticed by Selznick studio officials and, without an audition or screen test, had a special scene written for him for the film "Since You Went Away." Afraid of teasing by his shipmates, Guy didn't even mention his picture when he returned to the Navy. But fans all over the country wrote to the studio to ask about him, and Guy found a career waiting for him when he was discharged from the service. Later, when the studio let his contract lapse, Guy—who had been hard at work to improve his acting—teamed up with Andy Devine for their present Wild West radio and TV series. Here again, audience response made Hollywood studios sit up and notice Guy, and he is once more making films—this time as a Western hero instead of a "cute sailor." For a picture, write him c/o Wm. F. Broidy Productions, Inc., 5545 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Matinee Idol

Dear Editor:

I would like to know something about James Meighan, the actor who plays Larry Noble in *Backstage Wife*. Where can I send fan mail to him?

L.G., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Before his first acting stint as Billy Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," James Meighan attended Staunton Military Academy, won a Bachelor of Science degree at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute of Technology, studied painting in Paris and scenic designing in New York. He settled on an acting career because of his admiration for two men: his famous screen-actor uncle, the late Thomas Meighan and John Barrymore. James has played in the theater opposite such stars as Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, and Alice Brady. Since his entry into radio in 1931, his roles have ranged from the Chi-

nese detective, Charlie Chan, to leading man in Helen Hayes' *Bambi* series, to matinee idol Larry Noble in *Backstage Wife*. James lives on Long Island, where his hobbies include painting, boxing, sculpturing, and swimming. You can address fan mail to him c/o *Backstage Wife*, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

A Free Lance

Dear Editor:

I have noticed and enjoyed Arthur Franz on several television programs. Could you tell me about him and print a picture of him? Is he married? Has he ever been in movies? C.L.M., Williamsport, Pa.

Arthur Franz, who has guest-starred on *Ford Theater*, as well as on *Kraft Theater*, *Robert Montgomery Presents* and *Who Said That?*, hails from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and is married to a homestate gal, actress Adele Longmire. They have a three-year-old daughter, Melissa. Now an up-and-coming actor in television and motion pictures, Arthur played bit parts on Broadway for eight years, working in a "one-arm" lunchroom when parts were scarce and salaries low. His first leading screen role was in Stanley Kramer's "The Sniper." Then, without waiting for the critics' reviews or the public's reaction, Arthur was immediately chosen to star in "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" and "Eight Iron Men." Now thirty-four, Arthur has also done radio work, and played Stanley Kowalski in a nine-month Australian tour of "Streetcar Named Desire."

Double Doctor

Dear Editor:

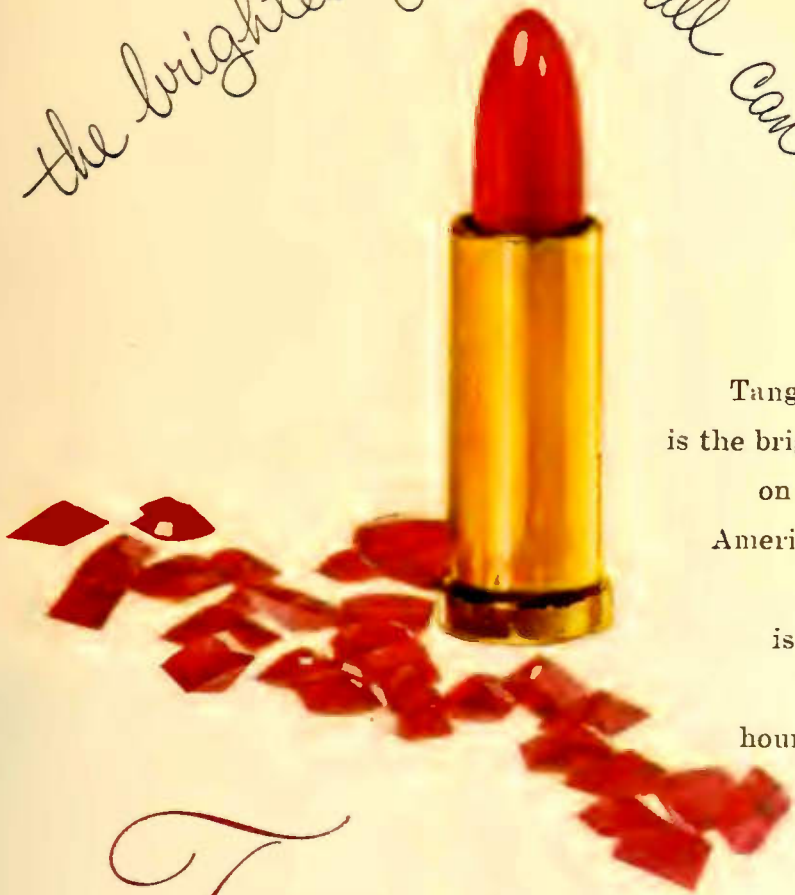
I have been watching *The Guiding Light* on TV and enjoy it very much. Could you tell me who plays Dr. Keeler? Would you print a picture of him and also tell (Continued on page 13)

Arthur Franz





the brightest jewel of all can be your lips...



Tangee's newest lipstick shade—BRIGHT 'N CLEAR is the brightest, clearest, most dazzling red on record. It is exactly the color and lipstick America's leading beauty authorities say smart women should wear. And—exciting miracle!—here is an indelible-type lipstick that actually stays BRIGHT 'N CLEAR for hours and hours. It will not dry your lips . . . will not go dull and lifeless even after blotting. So start your BRIGHT 'N CLEAR future today!

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Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



Tube 75¢ plus tax
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BRECK CREAM TREATMENT WITH LIPICIL* · A NEW WAY TO MAKE HAIR SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL

- 1 Breck Cream Treatment offers a new and easy way to make dry or damaged hair soft, shining and manageable.
- 2 In addition to lanolin, Breck Cream Treatment contains Lipicil*, an ingredient which aids in the treatment and prevention of hair dryness, dandruff and hard to manage hair.
- 3 Breck Cream Treatment with Lipicil* is easy to use. After your shampoo, massage onto the hair and scalp. Rinse and set. Your hair will be lustrous and as beautiful as a bride's.

**Lipicil is the Breck trade name for a stabilized lipide complex.*

Breck Cream Treatment with Lipicil is available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · OTTAWA CANADA

Information Booth

(Continued from page 10)

me where I can write to him?

A.J.S., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Melville Ruick, who plays Dr. Keeler on CBS-TV's *The Guiding Light*, also plays Dr. Barton Crane on CBS Radio's *City Hospital* . . . The popular "hospital" star entered show business as a violinist in a stage band, then switched to acting in 1929. An Air Force officer in both World Wars I and II, he is now married to Claire Niesen, who stars as Mary Noble in *Backstage Wife*. His daughter, Barbara Ruick, plays Dennis Day's girl friend on the *RCA Victor Show*. Mr. Ruick, who comes from Boise, Idaho, now lives in Forest Hills, New York. You can write to him c/o CBS, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Portia's On TV

Dear Editor:

Please tell me whatever became of Portia Faces Life. I haven't heard the program for some time now and I wonder if it is still on radio. W.G., McGehee, Ark.

Early in April, the long-time radio favorite *Portia Faces Life* began as a daytime television drama and can be seen Monday through Friday at 1:15 P.M., EST over CBS-TV. Frances Reid plays Portia, and Bartlett Robinson plays the same role he did on radio as her husband Walter.

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.

Melville Ruick



Denise Darcel

soon to be seen co-starring in the Hecht-Lancaster production "VERA CRUZ" says . . . "No other girdle at any price gives me the support, comfort and freedom of an invisible Playtex Girdle!"



Hollywood Stars

Recommend

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Living® Girdles

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Playtex slims, trims and smooths away inches—without a seam, stitch or bone! It's all latex—absolutely *invisible* under the sleekest sheaths, skirts, slacks.

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TOP DESIGNERS—LIKE TOP STARS— PRAISE PLAYTEX!



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in the
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tube.

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In one of Hollywood's most lavish ceremonies, Jack Benny gave his daughter Joan in marriage to Seth Baker. Here, the father of the bride beams as Frank Sinatra, one of the host of celebrity-guests, congratulates the newlyweds.

Kathy Godfrey and Phyllis Benson talk



what's new from Coast



Actress Janis Paige approves, as RADIO-TV MIRROR's Editor-in-Chief, Fred Sammis, presents Bob Hope with this year's Award for favorite radio comedian.

By JILL WARREN

ONE OF THE most popular day-time radio serials of a few years ago, *Portia Faces Life*, is back—this time on television as a regular Monday through Friday drama series on CBS-TV. Frances Reid stars as Portia and Bartlett Robinson portrays her husband, Walter. Robinson played the role in the radio version, opposite Lucille Wall. Mona Kent, who wrote the original series on radio, is also scripting the tele-version. . . . Another new show on CBS-TV's schedule is a situation comedy called *That's My Boy*, starring Eddie Mayehoff and seen Saturday nights. It's the story of an ex-college athlete whose son shows no desire to emulate his father's athletic feats.

shop at New York's famed Harwyn Club.



to Coast

Mayehoff plays "Jarring Jack" Jackson; Gil Stratton, Jr. is his teen-aged son; and veteran movie actress Rochelle Hudson plays the mother role.

Happy news for golf fans: NBC is planning a thorough coverage of the National Open Golf Tournament which will be played at the Baltusrol Club in New Jersey on June 17, 18 and 19. Two of the network's topnotch sports commentators, Lindsey Nelson and Joe Hasel, will cover the proceedings, on both radio and television. This classic, which has never been telecast before, consists of two 18-hole rounds and a gruelling 36-hole final. The reporting of it will be distinguished (Continued on page 16)

Reader's Digest Reports: ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL* HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

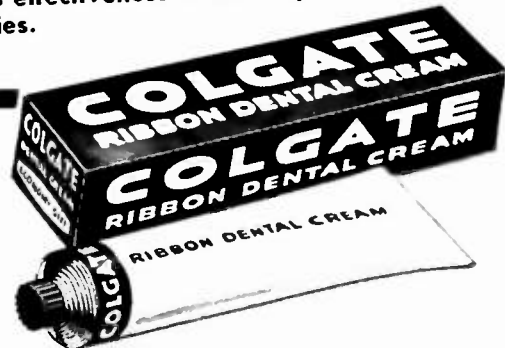
(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

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 SARCOSSINATE)



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Kathy Godfrey and Phyllis Benson talk



shop of New York's famed Horwyn Club.



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HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

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NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
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Give
your hair a
lanolin lift!

Give your hair twice
the twinkle with the
shampoo containing
twice as much lanolin



Lanolin Lotion Shampoo from 29¢
Lanolin Creme Shampoo from 49¢



Helene Curtis
**lanolin
shampoo**



Kane, Private Eye will not be seen for that one night.

This 'n' That:

Pat Buttram, the popular TV cowboy actor, and his wife, movie actress Sheila Ryan, are lullabying a baby girl, born in Hollywood.

June Graham, Betty Furness' "ice-box understudy" will soon be a bride. She will say her "I do's" to actor Frankie Thomas, star of the Tom Corbett, Space Cadet show.

Three Steps To Heaven, the daytime TV serial, seen Monday through Friday on NBC-TV, has two new leads. Diana Douglas has taken over the role of Poco Thurmond, replacing Phyllis Hill, and Mark Roberts is the new Bill Morgan.

Bill Cullen's radio and television jobs truly keep him hopping, and that's no gag. Each week, after his Eastern shows, I've Got A Secret and Walk A Mile, he hops a plane for Hollywood to be on tap for his emcee job on Place The Face, which originates on the Coast. By the time this broadcasting season is ended, Bill will have logged 250,000 air miles! And then he hopes to have a little time to fly his own plane. He is a licensed pilot, with 5000 hours' flying time to his credit.

Jo Stafford's television show zoomed to such a high rating that CBS-TV is now trying to find time on the network schedule so she can be seen and heard twice a week instead of once.

Liberace is just about the most popular man in show business today, if the way he breaks records on his personal appearance tours is any indication. He is scheduled to appear as a solo attraction at Madison Square Garden in New York on May 26. Executives at the world-famous arena expect Liberace's appearance to be a complete sell-out.

Ronny Graham, the talented star of the movie and stage revue, "New Faces," is just about set for his own comedy show on TV this fall.

Roxanne, the beautiful blonde on Beat The Clock, has become a bride. She married Tom Roddy, a non-professional, who was her boy friend when she was in high school back in her hometown of Minneapolis.

Betty Furness has found herself a new Park Avenue apartment in Manhattan and she has chosen Hollywood's Don Loper to decorate it. With his talent for design and decor, it should be the end! Betty, by the way, is still dating Dave Garroway.

Ella Raines' new television film series, Janet Dean, Registered Nurse, has been very well received all over the country. Ella is particularly pleased that the American Nurses Association and the National League for Nursing have both given their official endorsement to the program. Incidentally, Ella says the reason she looked so "fat" in the first few programs is because she was expecting her second baby when she started work on the series. That explains her "sudden" loss of weight in the ensuing films. Ella has no plans for returning to Hollywood or the

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 15)

by the utilization of NBC's Cadillac Mobile Unit to afford viewers unprecedented coverage of the action. Tele-casting of golf tournaments in the past has been somewhat limited by fixed camera positions. But the mobile unit, known as the "Traveling Eye," contains two camera turrets and nearly a ton of equipment, including its own electric generator. So the viewer will be able to follow every dramatic, exciting play of this famous sporting event.

After twenty years on the air, Mary Margaret McBride is giving up radio. She has resigned from the American Broadcasting Company as of May 15, with some 15,000 broadcasts behind her. Miss McBride says she plans to take a four-month vacation, her first extended rest in two decades, and then prepare a television show which she hopes to have scheduled on one of the networks about September. It will be virtually the same format as her very popular radio program.

Maestro Arturo Toscanini is also said to be retiring, at least in this country. After his Sunday, April 4, broadcast with the NBC Symphony, which originated in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Toscanini made plans to return to his native Italy,

telling friends it would be his last trip home. However, should he change his mind, NBC is ready to sign him to another year's contract. The maestro was eighty-seven years old on his most recent birthday this past March.

It looks like Dr. Christian will become a television reality this fall. There was such a furor when this popular radio show went off the air after sixteen years of broadcasting! A pilot film for a proposed video series has been made, starring, of course, Jean Hersholt as Dr. Christian, with Rosemary DeCamp playing her familiar role of Judy Price. The little town of Stonybrook, Long Island, about 100 miles from New York, was chosen as the spot for the exterior scenes of the film because the producers felt it was most like River's End. The interior scenes have been made in Hollywood. Earl Hamner, one of the grand prize winners in the Dr. Christian script-writing contest, did the script for the first film.

The next March Of Medicine show will be televised Thursday, May 27, over NBC-TV. This highly interesting and educational show is produced in Chicago, with the cooperation of the American Medical Association. Martin

movies and has settled permanently in New York with her husband, jet ace Colonel Robin Olds, and their two little girls.

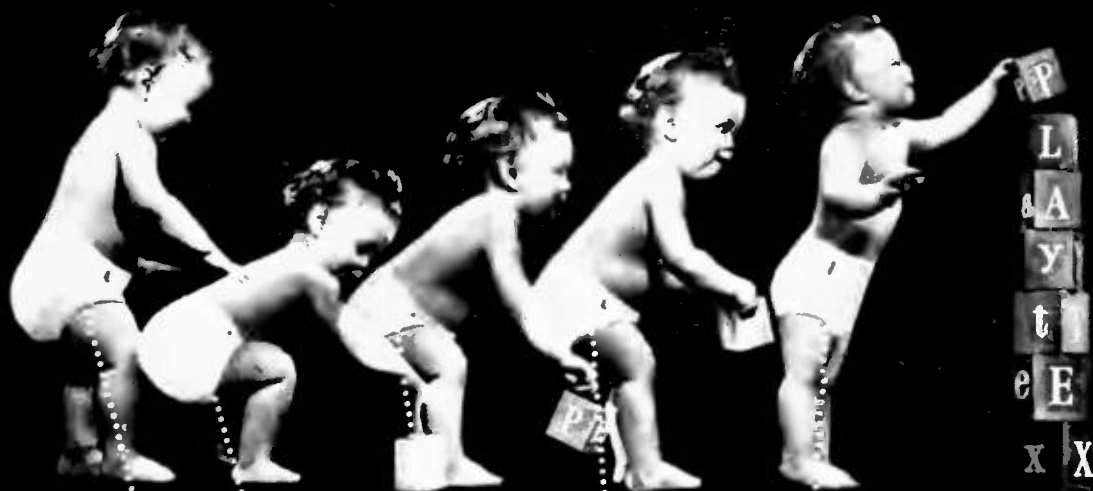
Patti Page has been signed by Columbia Pictures to appear in a special single-reel film which will be shown as a prologue to the Jennifer Jones-Montgomery Clift movie, "Indiscretion of an American Wife." The purpose is to set a thematic mood for the picture, and Patti will sing two songs: "Autumn in Rome," and "Indiscretion."

Jaye P. Morgan, the blonde songstress on Robert Q. Lewis' shows, is getting married any minute to her long-time romance, actor Michael Baiano. On the June wedding schedule is the marriage of Rosemary Rice, who plays Katrin on *Mama*, to Lucian B. Taylor, a non-professional.

Mulling the Mail:

Miss A. J., Dallas, Texas: You are right. Ruth Gilbert, the comedienne who plays Milton Berle's secretary, Max, is married, and has been since last September. However, she kept it a secret until after Milton and Ruth Cosgrove were wed. When asked why, she replied, "Because I didn't want to step on Milton's lines." . . . Mr. M. Y., Pontiac, Michigan: Audrey Totter, who was the original Millie on the *Meet Millie* radio show, has not retired permanently from show business. But she is on the temporarily inactive list because she and her husband, Dr. Leo Fred, are expecting their first baby in June. She is living in Hollywood. . . . Mrs. L. B., Chicago, Illinois: Irene Dunne is a devoutly religious person in her personal life, and at the moment she is working on a religious series to be done on television, possibly in the fall. . . . To all of you who wrote asking for the exact names of the Chordettes, the popular vocal quartette now heard and seen with Robert Q. Lewis: The original group was: Virginia Osborn, Dorothy Schwartz, Carol Hagedorn, and Janet Ertel. Virginia Osborn is married to Thomas Lockard, a member of the Mariners Quartet, and is no longer singing professionally. Dorothy Schwartz is also retired. The present group consists of: Carol Bushman (formerly Hagedorn), Janet Ertel, Lynn Evans and Margie Latzko. Hope this straightens things out for everyone. . . . Mrs. C. O'C., Ithaca, New York: Walter Woolf King, who has his own show over WABD, the key station in New York of the Du Mont TV Network, is the same man you remember from early Shubert musicals on Broadway years ago. He also appeared in the movies during the Thirties, and on radio, then gave it up to become a successful actor's agent in Hollywood. But now he is back in show business again on the performing side of the camera. . . . Mrs. A. P., Clifton, New Jersey: The brooch worn by Lurene Tuttle in the *Life With Father* TV show is actually not a prop. It is the original one that Father Day (Clarence, Sr.) gave Mother Day (Vinnie) in 1880. And CBS assures me it is "real diamonds."

(Continued on page 20)



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MIRACLE STRETCH!

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See how the Baby-in-Motion picture (on top) proves that Playtex Pants — and only Playtex Pants — can shield baby with such complete comfort and provide such practical and gentle protection. Stitchless, seamless, longer lasting. Washes in seconds. No wonder more mothers buy Playtex than any other make!

*T.M.
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(Continued from page 8)

too late—if Chichi weren't such a fighter. 3 P.M., NBC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo is helpless as Phoebe Larkins and her mother enmesh him in a web of lies with seemingly incontrovertible proof of his marriage to Phoebe. But Belle, now so close to regaining her husband, refuses to admit the possibility that Phoebe can ruin their chance to reestablish the marriage that once brought them such happiness. Will Belle's strength and faith be enough to defeat the Larkins' plans? 5:30 P.M., NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE One of Meg Harper's favorite remarks to her sister is: "You live your life, Van, and I'll live mine." But Vanessa knows all too well that the reckless, short-sighted life Meg is living as a close associate of the town's gambling king is going to keep the rest of the family in trouble no matter how they try to avoid it. What happens when Meg's young son Beany accidentally learns something too dangerous to know? 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS It's out in the open now that the younger folks—Fay and Tom and Willy—don't really like or trust Laura, the girl Billy Pierce has picked out to marry. Is Ma being misled, for once, by her deep faith in people? Will she learn, as trustee of the huge estate Billy's father named her to administrate, that Laura doesn't intend to be controlled or guided by anybody? 1:15 P.M., CBS.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY The Barbour family, with its many children, finds itself rocked with teen-age problems complicated by the youngsters' loyalties to one another, which make it difficult for Father and Mother Barbour to understand just what is going on. The children can always rely on Mother for sympathy, but Father is sometimes too ready to tell them how different things were when he was a boy. Has Father Barbour set up too high a standard? 10:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lord Henry's aunt, Mrs. Sarah Thornton, sets a terrible trap for Sunday, and reveals herself as an enemy who must be fought with her own weapons. How is Lord Henry affected by Sarah's introduction of the man from Sunday's past? To what dangerous expedients will Sunday have to resort in order to save her marriage from this jealous, frustrated woman who blames Sunday for what happened to her son Ivor? 12:45 P.M., CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda can't help wondering why Dr. Grayson is so anxious to rent their farmhouse, since—under his expert guidance—drilling for the oil well so heavily financed by Dad Young has started on the edge of the property. Why should Grayson be interested in the house? Are they suspicious only because they both instinctively disliked Grayson on sight? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

PERRY MASON Kate Beekman is certainly not a delinquent girl, but her fierce ambition leads her into a situation where she becomes Perry Mason's key to the truth about some desperate youngsters who have been misled into delinquency. What happens to Kate as Perry stalks more closely on the heels of the master criminal who conceals himself behind a troupe of underlings? 12:15 P.M., CBS.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Portia, the wife of Walter Manning, mother of two children, has no reason to face the future doubtfully. But there is always a problem in marriage for a highly trained, talented woman who gives up her career for housewifely activities. Can Portia work out a successful combination of marriage and career? Even if she does, will Walter have some secret reactions that he himself isn't aware of? 1:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Ever since Miles Nelson entered public life to become governor of his state, Carolyn has faced the prospect of losing him to wily, determined Annette Thorpe. Will her marriage be saved only if Miles does not win another chance at the governorship? Or has Annette done her work so well that Carolyn will never be able to rebuild the close relationship they once shared? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Between his domineering Aunt Reggie and the psychologically disturbed Sybil Overton, young Dr. Johnny Brent faces a future torn to ribbons in every possible way. Can his foster-father, Dr. Jim Brent, convince Johnny of the truth? Or will Jim's wife Jocelyn find a woman's way to cut Sybil's dangerous claws and silence Aunt Reggie? 1 P.M., CBS; 3:15 P.M., NBC.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Brett Chapman is the first man Helen Trent has been attracted to since her hopeless love for Gil Whitney caused her to arm herself against romance. But just as Helen realizes her new interest in Brett, Gil learns that he may at last be able to free himself from his fiercely possessive wife. What will happen as Helen is caught between Brett's confession of love and Gil's plea that she remember the past? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

ROSEMARY Rosemary Roberts is increasingly fearful that, if her husband Bill continues to take a casual attitude toward the involvement of his young protégé Lonny with the scheming Monica, the whole Boys Club plan about which Bill is so eager will suffer. But Rosemary has other causes for concern as her mother's health comes under a dreadful shadow. What are the results of Mrs. Cotter's serious operation? 11:45 A.M., CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW With wealthy Mrs. Shotwell and Irene Barron as his dupes, Higbee's plot to ruin Arthur Tate and get Joanne Barron's land gains



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DIARY

momentum. Though Arthur's lawyer, Nathan Walsh, is certain the woman posing as Arthur's long-missing wife Hazel is actually an imposter, he doesn't yet know the full resources of his adversaries. Will "Hazel" succeed in wrecking Joanne's and Arthur's future? 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

SECOND MRS. BURTON After months of needless confusion, Marcia and Lou Archer find a startlingly obvious solution to their romantic problem—compromise! Once more they make dazzling plans for the future as Marcia's brother Stan makes plans of another kind—plans for fighting the competition to his newspaper as clever Bill Busoni takes over the opposition. Is Terry wise to conceal her opinion of Stan's new managing editor? 2 P.M., CBS.

THE SECRET STORM The sudden death of his wife Ellen rips many concealing veils from the family life of Peter Ames, revealing the weakness already known to his sister-in-law Pauline—and a possible source of strength which she doesn't yet understand. Will Pauline make Peter's oldest daughter Susan her ally in her effort to take over Peter's life? How will hot-tempered Jerry and little Amy react to their loss? 4:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella, trying desperately to patch up her daughter Laurel's marriage to Dick Grosvenor, is fighting Dick's wily mother, who has always hated her, and old Ada Dexter, who has offered her own son, Stanley Warrick, five million dollars the day Laurel becomes his wife. Will Mrs. Grosvenor convince Dick that there is a guilty friendship between Laurel and Stanley? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Fred Molina is unaware that his sudden tremendous value to the syndicate is behind the tragic confusion between him and Nora. He does not know that when he turns to Wyn Robinson, after Nora rejects him, he is playing right into the hands of Lee King, who intends to sacrifice Fred, Grace Seargent, and Nora herself to ingratiate himself with syndicate head Dan Welch. What happens when Nora becomes the pawn in Lee's game? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN How far can a girl go to win back a man who may no longer want her? Bill Morgan's damaged memory has disrupted his romance with model Pocc Thurmond, and she has been warned not to shock him with the revelation that they are man and wife. But Poco is willing to fight Jenny Alden, Bill's own uncertainty, and the complex schemes of Vince Bannister if her happiness is involved. Is she mistaken about where her happiness really lies? 11:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY When Frank Emerson died, his youthful widow learned some surprising things about her three children—among them, how unexpectedly helpful Mickey could be, especially in contrast to nineteen-year-old Diane's instability. Helen
(Continued on page 91)



She has a tremendous beauty advantage—she uses

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No other way keeps hair so softly in place all day

yet won't dry hair—adds flattering silkiness—and contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion



Just one magic moment gives your hair flattering, day-long smoothness. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally, invisibly—all day, all evening. No more unsightly, straggly wisps nor unruly end curls.



For quick "emergency hair-do" when an unexpected invitation catches you with hair badly in need of setting, just put hair up in pin curls wherever your coiffure needs freshening up . . . SPRAY NET it, and let it dry. Presto—hair can be beautifully groomed, for any occasion.



Won't dry hair. Contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion. Hair looks soft, natural, silky. No stiffness. SPRAY NET is colorless, invisible—brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET in the pastel green Aerosol container today. Avoid substitutes.



Helene Curtis **spray net**
B R A N D

NOW . . . Costs less:
New Large Size, (4 1/2 oz.) \$1.25
Giant Economy Size (11 oz.) \$1.89 (plus tax)
ST. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 17)



"Uncle Miltie" Berle takes time out from his rigorous television schedule to enjoy dinner at The Harwyn Club with his lovely bride, Ruth.



Danny Kaye enjoys a lively visit with ABC's Martin Block on the deejay's daily disc show.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Skinnay Ennis, the "breathless" crooner who was so popular a few years ago with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra, and who later formed his own band and was heard on radio with Bob Hope? Though Skinnay hasn't done much broadcasting lately, he is still very much around in Los Angeles. At the moment, he is appearing with his orchestra at the new Statler Hotel there.

Bob and Ray, the zany twosome who had their own television show on the networks a while back? Bob and Ray do not have a cross-country program now, but are seen locally over WABC-TV in New York and Chicago, Monday through Friday evenings. However, there is a deal cooking for them to perform their nonsense this fall on a variety network show.

Arthur Tracy, the "Street Singer," who was one of the big singing names in radio many years ago? Tracy has completely retired from show business, except for an occasional benefit performance in Washington, D. C., where he now lives. He is a successful real estate operator there. RCA Victor's "Show Biz" album, which was recently released, includes Tracy's famous rendition of his old theme song, "Marta," and he has also made a few disc jockey appearances in Washington.

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 do not 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.



"Don't shoot, sir!" Garry Moore is slightly perturbed by the unfriendly actions of Zippy, a recent guest on the funnyman's television show.

Your hair is romance

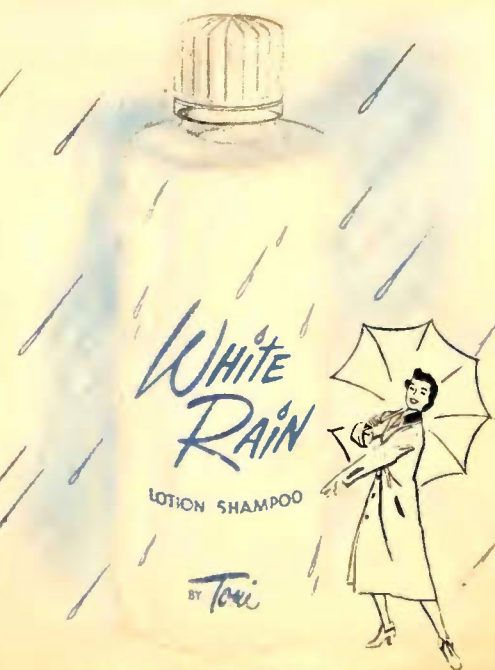


...keep it sunshine bright

with *WHITE RAIN*

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze — the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain . . . the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New *WHITE RAIN* Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO
BY TORI

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S
COLD CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY

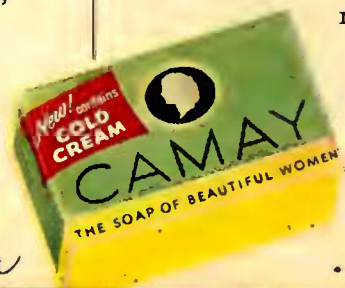


"Your skin will love it!"

says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST! Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

WHETHER YOUR SKIN IS DRY OR OILY, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!



Now more than ever

...The Soap of Beautiful Women



Peter and Mary don't need moonlight for romance, and their pet thinks nobody needs that serenade, either!

the most Wonderful Word

To Peter Lind Hayes and
Mary Healy, it's "together"—
and they've both worked hard
to keep it that way

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

PETER LIND HAYES and Mary Healy—the names go together with an inevitable rhythm, a swinging refrain, like “Mr. and Mrs. is the name.” Just seeing them, too, it is somehow so *right* that Peter and Mary should have a home together, a show together . . . their lovely home in New Rochelle, not far from New York City . . . the *Peter Lind Hayes Show*, on CBS Radio each Saturday. Everything's just as it should be—but so nearly wasn't.

For most young people, starting out on the road of matrimony, being together is the most natural thing in the world. For young people in show business, it isn't always so easy. And, for Peter and Mary, just being together—and staying together—has been a triumph over many problems, both professional and “in

See Next Page ►

the most Wonderful Word

(Continued)

Golf is one thing Peter can be serious about.



Punchy Callahan, the Hayes boxer, got his name from Peter's famous prizefighter characterization.



There's many a laugh, both in the script and out.

the family." The security of a permanent home, a cozy haven for themselves and their little Peter Michael and Cathy Lind, is an achievement for which they both worked long and hard.

It took lots of hard work—and a bit of a miracle. However, Peter wasn't thinking of miracles that day he drove into Manhattan from New Rochelle, in answer to an official summons from CBS. His thoughts were more in the mood of, *What have I done now?*

He was mildly surprised that his appointment was with CBS's vice-president-in-charge-of-keeping-Arthur-Godfrey-happy—but really astounded when Mr. G. himself suddenly came swinging into the office on his crutches.

"Well," said Arthur forthrightly, "what do you think about it?"

"About *what?*"

"Don't tell me he hasn't been warned," Godfrey said to the V.P., who shrugged. Godfrey had arrived too soon.

So it was Arthur himself who broke the block-buster at Peter's feet. He'd caught a TV show Peter and Mary had starred in the other night, and how would Peter like to take over the job as the regular Godfrey weekday-morning and Wednesday-night replacement whenever Arthur himself wasn't on the scene?

"Me?" asked Peter, in truest wonder. It wasn't



Peter and Mary can joke about their English Tudor home, but it's the haven they have always sought.

personal modesty—Peter has a great comedian's natural self-respect—but a suspicion that, in terms of type-casting, Arthur appeared to have flipped at last.

As everyone knows now, Peter did sign a five-year contract to substitute when Mr. G. was off the show, with the stipulation that this would never interfere with Peter's and Mary's highly lucrative stints at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. That was the most understandable thing about the whole arrangement, at first glance.

After all, Peter and Mary were night-club entertainers. Obviously, they had devoted their professional lives and designed their special type of presentation toward amusing the ultra-sophisticated audiences of night clubs like the Sands (many of whose customers may have just won a diamond bracelet or lost a shirt at the tables).

Well, Godfrey apparently has a sharper eye than those of us who watch TV and just accept what we see. Arthur knew Peter was right for his show. He spent many afternoons and evenings, sometimes in town, sometimes out at the New (*Continued on page 84*)

The Peter Lind Hayes Show, CBS Radio, Sat., 1:30 P.M. Peter substitutes for Godfrey when Godfrey doesn't appear on *Arthur Godfrey Time* (CBS Radio, M-F—CBS-TV, M-Th—10 A.M.) and *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* (CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M.). EDT.



Even at home, they play at their work—together.

Friendship means a lot to Lucille—and Lucille means a lot to her friends. Popular air star Alice Frost (below, left) can tell many a tale of Lucille's iron nerves and soft heart.



Lucille is very close to little Jane, talented daughter of radio-TV actress Joan Alexander (center). Perhaps she recalls another youngster who practiced and hoped and dreamed.



Spirited Belle

By GREGORY MERWIN

LUCILLE WALL, who stars as Belle on *Lorenzo Jones*, over NBC Radio, is recognized by many as "the first lady of radio." That means, of course, that Lucille is a fine actress . . . poised, intelligent and attractive. But "Luce" (as her friends call her) is also the kind of gal who, as a youngster, began by double-daring lightning . . . and continued thereafter to defy danger and fate every time it got in her way—even when her life was nearly ruined by an accident.

"Luce is that rare being, a woman who makes hash of a challenge," says one of her close friends. "She's as fearless as a daredevil."

No one would guess it, just looking at Lucille Wall—for (Continued on page 82)

Lucille Wall is Belle in *Lorenzo Jones*, NBC Radio, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, for the Colgate-Palmolive Co.

In her own right, Lucille Wall



possesses all the courage and charm Lorenzo Jones could desire

PERFECT PARTNERSHIP

By BUD GOODE



Air partner here is Betty Lynn, who plays June.

WHAT IS a happy marriage? Is it an exciting game of love—or a job to be worked at? Is it a series of problems which follow one another like beads on a string—or is it a growing thing, like a tree which sends down deeper, firmer roots, a tree which bears brighter flowers and gives more happy hours every year? Or is a happy marriage all of these—an exciting game of love, a job to be worked at, and a growing thing which bears greater happiness every year?

On July 9, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bolger will have had twenty-five years of married life. They have hit on different definitions of a happy marriage at least once a month during those twenty-five years. One thing they do agree on: Their marriage has not been average, though it has been happy.

"Our marriage," says Gwen Bolger, "has never been written about as 'the happiest marriage in Hollywood.' We laughingly consider *that* to be the kiss-of-death. So often, you read about the 'happiest couple'—then, the next day, you hear they've split up."

In some respects, the Bolgers' (Continued on page 104)

The Ray Bolger Show ("Where's Raymond?"), ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Pall Mall Cigarettes and Super Kem-Tone.

Youngsters always gather around Ray, who may be the youngest of all—just ask Gwen Bolger (opposite page)!





*Ray Bolger and his wife know the secret of
making 25 years of marriage seem like one long, happy day*



Charlie's thanks go to Milton Berle—who wasn't clowning when he gave the youngster his big chance—and to the fans who proved success wasn't just a dream.

BIG-TIME CHARLIE

Three happiest people in town these doys: Chorlie, his wife Joanie, and their little Angela—who doesn't know the whole score, but loves to hear Daddy sing.



Young Mr. Applewhite believed the only place to start was at the top—so he started with Berle!

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

IT WAS on a blazing August day that a sandy-haired boy from Texas paced up and down the steaming Broadway streets to come to a decision which was to change his entire life. Charlie Applewhite had scoured the center of the popular music world in search of someone who would give his baritone voice a hearing. He'd been turned down at every door, his way blocked by secretaries, assistants-to-great-men, second vice-presidents. Now with a determination (*Continued on page 88*)

Charlie often sings on *The Buick-Berle Show*, NBC-TV, on Tuesdays (3 weeks out of 4), at 8 P.M. EDT, for the Buick Division of General Motors Corp.



Kirk watched a small infant turn
the independent career girl into
a warm, loving—lovable—woman.



A child's appealing cry is one of the many clues to the



By
HOPE WINSLOW

Whispering Streets

THE SMARTEST-LOOKING girls in the world—according to well-traveled opinions—walk briskly along our streets, then disappear into one of many skyscrapers where they so efficiently pursue their active careers. . . . Sitting in one of these offices, Kirk Russell looked at his cool, competent, well-tailored secretary and wondered whether a girl like Maggie Drake would sacrifice her independence and career for the role of wife and mother. . . . Then he thought of the Judsons, whose anniversary it was and for whom he had agreed to baby-sit that night. No, he couldn't imagine Maggie as a contented housewife, happy in cooking and cleaning and mending, finding excitement and simple enjoyment in just a husband and child. . . . That night in his bachelor apartment, Kirk was still thinking of Maggie—still wishing she would relax into a soft, feminine being—when he heard the baby's cry from the other room. Hurriedly, he heated the bottle of formula the Judsons had left for such an emergency and offered it to the squealing infant. The baby gurgled contentedly and was soon fast asleep again. . . . Kirk returned to the whodunit he'd been reading, only to be interrupted once more—this time by a phone call from the hospital. The Judsons had been in an accident and, though not seriously hurt, they were being held for observation. *What do I do now?* thought Kirk miserably. No more milk for the baby . . . and I don't even know how to change a diaper! To add to his dilemma, another whoop came from the bedroom. Sorry, young lady, no more milk. Kirk stared at the red-faced child and felt completely helpless. This, he thought, certainly was a fine example of masculine ignorance and clumsiness! Then, suddenly, he had an inspiration. "Hold everything, baby, I'll call for reserves." Maggie, he thought, capable, efficient Maggie—she'll know what to do. But, as he hung up the phone, Kirk wondered if, after all, this model career woman would even know how to hold a

baby properly, let alone care for one. . . . When Maggie arrived, her cheeks flushed, her hair wind-blown, she was toting a batch of formula from the druggist. She picked up the baby and, as it quieted down in her soothing arms, she caught Kirk's surprised glance and said defensively, "Any woman knows how to hold a baby—by instinct." Still, Kirk couldn't help being amazed at how natural—how becoming—a picture she and the baby made together. . . . While Maggie attended to the baby, Kirk returned to the living room. But his curiosity soon got the better of him and impulsively, he tiptoed to the bedroom door to overhear Maggie as she dreamed aloud: "You precious, beautiful butter ball. I wish I had *nineteen* like you! After all, who wouldn't swap her independence and her career for a baby? And that big, wonderful dope out there—he asks if I know how to hold you . . . asks so many silly questions. But does he ask if I love him? Well . . . why should he?" . . . The next day, while giving Maggie some dictation, Kirk paused to say, very casually, "It really is a mistake, you know, to want as many as *nineteen* babies." Maggie blushed. "And, Maggie, don't you think it's also a mistake to call me Mr. Russell, after all these years? I know all about your theories on the perfect, impersonal secretary, and I won't accept them. Naturally I'd wonder if a girl like you knows how to hold a baby. And naturally I'd be afraid to ask if you love me. And—Maggie, you look so very charming when you blush—do you love me?" . . . When Kirk and Maggie left the office that day, the streets whispered happily of wedding bells . . . and of a future filled with the contented, gurgling sounds of babies.

Hope Winslow narrates *Whispering Streets*, ABC Radio, M-F 10:25 A.M. EDT, for General Mills, Inc. Popular performers Donald Buka and Jean Gillespie are pictured at left as Kirk and Maggie—with Jean's own little girl, Debbie, as the baby.

the dramas that unfold each hour, each day, along life's busy highways

HE CAN DO ANYTHING!

By IRA H. KNASTER

SOME Saturday night, while watching Art Carney in action on the *Jackie Gleason Show*, you might get a notion to fiddle around with the gizmo on your TV set. You know what the gizmo is, of course. If you don't, any leprechaun will tell you . . . it's that "other" knob—the time-machine control.

Now, if you give that knob just the right twist, the merest flick of a turn, Art Carney might, perchance, fade from the Present and re-appear in the Past . . . as the broth of a boy he was, 'way back in 1931.

That magical flashback might reveal Art as a long-limbed twelve-year- (Continued on page 92)

Art Carney is seen on *The Jackie Gleason Show*, over CBS-TV, Saturday, 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, and Sheaffer Snorkel Pens.



Brash beginner: Mr. Carney in those exciting days when he toured with Horace Heidt.

Art Carney's a man of character—



Angel child: Art at three—and already acting a part?



Foot of the ladder: The Carney "boys" of Mount Vernon, N. Y., starting with Art at left, through brothers Fred, Phil, Bob, Ned and Jack, right up to Dad himself.



Pointing from his penthouse, Jackie should be telling Art: "The world is ours." Because it is—on Saturday nights!

of many characters—all of them on the Jackie Gleason Show



Queen of the clan: That's Mother Carney. The youthful daddy-long-legs is Master Art.



Friend and counselor: Art's beloved "Uncle Phil" Richardson.



Minstrel boy: With brother Jack at left, Dad at right.

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Minstrel boy: With brother Jack at left, Dad at right.

THE BRIGHTER DAY

Will the clouds hanging over Althea also darken teen-age Babby's life?

FOR THE MOMENT, Babby Dennis forgot about her teen-age friends meeting down at the drug-store, forgot about geometry lessons and high school dances—and even about the still-keen excitement of her first orchid from young Beany Shuster. Her glamorous older sister filled her thoughts. Babby had always been dazzled by Althea's lovely, grown-up clothes, her steady stream of admirers, her flair for the creative. Althea was the young girl's definition of romance and excitement, and even her stormy side stimulated Babby's lively imagination. . . . When Althea had first come home—edgy and unhappy—Babby had joined the other members of the Dennis household in their concern. And her teen-age worship had held strong even under the brunt of Althea's hysterical rages, her swift changes of mood, her unreasonable demands. . . . At first, Babby's young imagination had teemed with images of a mysterious man who might account for the changes in Althea. What Babby hadn't known was that, dur-

ing Althea's convalescence in Wyoming, she had met the famous Dr. Blake Hamilton of Chicago and had been warned by him that only immediate treatment would save her from a serious mental breakdown. This somber diagnosis had been repeated on Althea's recent visit to Chicago, but again Althea had rejected it in violent terror. . . . Back from Chicago, Althea had again won Babby's admiration when she opened the new school, the first one in New Hope for pre-kindergarten children. But now, Babby admitted despairingly, even the school seemed headed for disaster. And Babby was troubled about Blake Hamilton's younger brother Randy, who had followed Althea to New Hope and was now competing with the town's beloved old Doc Fletcher. . . . As events move swiftly, will Althea manage to find her way to a brighter day? And what effect will these events have on young Babby, whose impulsive, generous nature leaves her so vulnerable to hurts by the adults around her?

The Brighter Day, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble. Brooke Byron and Mary Linn Beller are pictured here (left to right) in their roles as Althea and Babby Dennis.

Althea seems headed for a disaster which adoring Babby would give anything to ward off.



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You can "beat the clock" or
"break the bank" every day of your
life—if you just follow

Bud Collyer's Golden Rules

By FRANCES KISH

TO THE UNINITIATED, there might seem to be two Bud Collyers. There's the one who is the smiling-voiced, quick-thinking emcee of the audience-participation shows, *Beat The Clock* (on CBS-TV) and *Break The Bank* (on NBC Radio). And there's that other Bud, who gets up at the crack of dawn on his one day off, to be ready for his job as Sunday school superintendent of the First Presbyterian Church in Greenwich, Connecticut . . . the town in (Continued on page 66)

Break The Bank is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M., as sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Aika-Seltzer. *Beat The Clock* is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products, Inc. (All times given are EDT)



Family harmony is a living thing at the Collyers' home. Bud sings joyously to daughter Patricia's accompaniment, with son Mike (left), wife Marion (center—and on opposite page), and daughter Cynthia.

Bud helps around the house . . . with Mike's Boy Scout activities . . . with Pat's and Cynthia's more feminine concerns.







Betty's a success at everything—almost. She loves to garden, when her dad isn't looking. (He says that she just doesn't have a "green thumb.")



Betty White is a delight to have around—because she's a girl with a happy heart

By DOROTHY O'LEARY

IT'S EASY to understand why men like Betty White in the title role of *Life With Elizabeth*. She's a true beauty with her big, expressive blue eyes, her dazzling dimples, her perfect figure. She is also a sparkling comedienne. And, besides, she has a charm (there's no other word for it) such as every boy sees in his sister and every man sees in his wife. She has become—to males, at least—the TV American Sweetheart, with a sense of humor.

But Betty White is (Continued on page 98)

Betty White stars in *Life With Elizabeth*, which is seen on more than 80 stations in the U.S. and Canada (consult local papers for time and station). The daytime *Betty White Show* is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, at 12:30 P.M. EDT.

Today, Betty has expert help with her wardrobe. (But there was a time she couldn't even pick up her clothes from the cleaner.)



Mother says Betty's a good cook—when she has time. (Right now, the gal's so busy she can hardly eat!)



LIFE WITH BETTY





Show business is in their blood. Above, Jayne helps Steve get ready for his own show. At right, they share the same interests in the fine arts, and Jayne is very proud of Steve's creative talents as composer and poet.

two tickets for HAPPINESS



Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows know it takes planning to make that trip to the altar a one-way fare

By GLADYS HALL

As you read these words—this very minute, that is—Jayne Meadows and Steve Allen may be saying, "I do." Or they may already be Mr. and Mrs. Or the wedding may not take place for days, weeks—even months—after this minute.

"I could sit here and practically swear," Jayne said the other day, "that Steve and I will be married. But, as of this moment, we have set no date. The reason we haven't is that there are so many things to work out. Steve works six nights a week—five nights on his own show, (Continued on page 68)

Jayne is seen on *I've Got A Secret*—CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., for Cavalier Cigarettes. Steve is seen on *What's My Line?*—CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M., for Stopette and Remington Electric Shavers. *Steve Allen Show*—WNBT, M-F, 11:20 P.M. (All EDT)



Above, with Gus at Gus and Andy's popular theatrical rendezvous—where Steve's mother ate, when she was a vaudeville star! Below, shopping for "new" furnishings—a fine old chair at Greene's Lighting and Fixture Co.





Whether relaxing by their own hearth or romping on the lovely Connecticut farmlands outside, the Olsens are always smiling—and thinking of ways to make other folks smile.



For Blessings Received

Johnny's Penny looks like a million dollars!



Johnny and Penny Olsen share their own joy in life, through laughter . . . and song . . . and a prayer

By HELEN BOLSTAD

How do radio and television programs originate? Just ask Johnny and Penny Olsen. They know the answer! In a joint career which has led from tiny radio stations to giant networks, they have worked on all kinds of broadcasts and created programs of many types.

Penny uses a housewife's terms to describe it: "Building a show is like making a salad. You take a little bit of this, a little of that and season to taste with a dash of personality."

Good craftsmen both, (Continued on page 96)

The Johnny Olsen Show, Mutual, M-F, 10:35 A.M. Johnny emcees *Second Chance*, NBC Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. He is seen with Bert Parks on *Break The Bank*, ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M., for the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation. (All EDT)



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YOUNG WENDY DREW



As Young Widder Brown, she's pretty, poised—and practically perfect

BY MARTIN COHEN

IF IT'S a clear night, look into the sky where the electro-magnetic radio waves travel and you'll discover a new, ash-blonde star by the name of Wendy Drew, who recently took over the title role of *Young Widder Brown*. Wendy is only the second person to play the part in seventeen years, and Wendy isn't much older than the show itself. She's twenty-four. For a young actress to win one of radio's top roles is quite an achievement.

"How do I feel about it?" she says. "Good. Good,

and startled—for it happened so unexpectedly."

Wendy, herself, is rather startling and contradictory. She's in a business where no one can afford to hide under a bushel basket . . . but she's shy. She's a petite, 95-pound blonde who could pass for seventeen . . . but, when she was thirteen, she passed for nineteen. The (Continued on page 101)

Young Widder Brown, on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Haley's M-O and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Opposite page: "Are there any more at home like you?" There's Wendy (center), sister Allegra (at left), and their charming mother (right)—and they all fit into their cozy home like peas in a pod!



Lynn has two wonderful families—her own and the one that has taken her

Mrs. Loring watches happily as Joanne Barron (Mary Stuart) teaches "their" little girl how to sew.



Lucky Lynn Loring

to its heart in *Search For Tomorrow*

By MARY TEMPLE

CLOSE to Central Park, in New York City, lives a brown-haired, hazel-eyed ten-year-old named Lynn Loring. She's a little girl who loves her parents, her seventeen-year-old brother Neil, her grandparents and all her assorted relatives, and her French poodle Rochambeau (nicknamed Rush) . . . a girl who enjoys school (especially arithmetic and English) . . . who likes to skate and ski and swim and play golf and tennis, and to race down the block on her bike with the other neighborhood kids (dressed in "dungs" and a boy's shirt). In short, a thoroughly normal, natural ten-year-old, except for one thing. Well, maybe two.

First, she has twice the usual quota of mothers. Second, she is already a veteran radio and television actress.

Lynn's two mothers are Barbara Loring, her real mother, and Mary Stuart, who is her mother on the daily dramatic TV show, *Search For Tomorrow*. Mary plays the part of Joanne Barron. Lynn plays her small daughter, Patti. The day Lynn got the role, back in August, 1951, she and Mary met for the first time. The producer simply turned to (Continued on page 86)

Search For Tomorrow, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, Shasta, and Cheer.

Mary Stuart loves caring for Lynn, on TV and off, takes her to school, helps with homework.



Lynn adores dolls. Her TV family not only adds to her collection, but makes clothes for them.



Above, she studies dancing with Jack Stanly. Below, with her schoolteacher, Mrs. Frieda Mace.



Dream Child





Mutual interests brought Anne and Bob together.

*Anne Jeffreys and
Robert Sterling plan a
real, very unghostly
surprise for "Topper"!*

By BETTY MILLS

ON CBS-TV, Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling co-star as two of the liveliest ghosts in all show business, Marion and George Kerby of *The New Adventures Of Topper*. In real life, they co-star as husband and wife, too, and are every bit as enchanting and inventive as their "shadow selves." In fact, Anne and Bob have invented an enchanting situation beyond the powers of the spirited Kerbys themselves. They're expecting their first baby, and reveling in all the wonderful plans of that most desirable dream-come-true.

"We've planned everything," says Anne, "from name to nursery. If it's a boy, we'll call him Jeffrey—Jeff, for short. If it's a girl, we'll call her Amanda. If it's twins? Well, that's some- (Continued on page 90)

The New Adventures Of Topper is seen over CBS-TV, each Friday, at 8:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for Camel Cigarettes.



Today, they share the greatest interest of all, as they prepare for their baby-to-come.



Anne loves decorating (even two nurseries, not one).



MARY JANE HIGBY
AS
JOAN DAVIS

One woman alone can save a marriage—and a man's life

When a Girl Marries

As she thought of her husband, Harry Davis, and their great happiness together, Joan Davis found it hard to imagine that other couples might still have so much trouble finding that magic key to mutual understanding. . . . Yet, remembering some of the tragic times which she and Harry had weathered in the past, she found it easier to sympathize with her sister Sylvia. She frowned, almost unwilling to face the memory of all that Sylvia had suffered in recent months—the unjust accusation that Sylvia had wilfully shot at Clair O'Brian, with murderous intent . . . the long, weary weeks which Sylvia had spent in jail awaiting trial—until Clair had finally withdrawn her spiteful charges . . . and before that, the loss of the baby Sylvia had wanted so desperately. Yes, it was no wonder that Sylvia had emerged out of the darkness, into

See Next Page 

1. Unaware that his sister-in-law, Sylvia, is listening, Harry Davis begs her mother, Mrs. Field, to confer with her estranged husband about the family's problems.

2. Sylvia—who has already left her own husband, Chick Norris—now prepares to leave her mother, too. She insists she must "lead her own life."



WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

(Continued)



3. Joan Davis wants to spare her father—who has just left a sanitarium in California—but Mr. Field insists on hearing the truth about Sylvia's troubles. He believes he can help.



4. Mr. Field arrives just as Sylvia

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Joan Davis.....Mary Jane Higby
Harry Davis.....John Raby
Sylvia Norris.....Toni Darnay
Dr. D'Avon.....Guy Sorel
Mrs. Field.....Ethel Wilson
Mr. Field.....John Griggs

When A Girl Marries, written by Elaine Carrington, is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, for Carnation Milk Co.

the sunlight, with eyes unable to see the world as it really was, her mind filled with confusion and bitterness and a frantic desire for escape . . . escape even from Chick Norris, the husband who loved her but had learned that his love could not reach into the shadows and rescue Sylvia from herself. . . . Now Sylvia was back with her mother—and Joan's—back with Mrs. Field in the old house which had once been home to them all. Even more strangely and heartbreakingly, their father was now back in the old home, too, but not as Joan could have wished—oh, no, not at all as Joan so lovingly desired! . . . For



is about to leave home, while her mother watches helplessly.

years, Mr. Field had been away in far-off California, holding on to life in a sanitarium there by a feeble heartbeat. Yet the heart had proved strong enough—and tender enough—to bring him East, in the hope of helping to straighten out his family's tangled affairs. His had been a cold welcome, Joan thought sadly, for her mother had refused even to see him—and Sylvia had been furious over what she considered further "interference" in her freedom to live her own life. . . . However, his return had served one purpose, so far: It had delayed Sylvia's further flight from the family—but at what a cost! For now he lay



5. Joan and Harry are shocked, as they get a frantic phone call from Sylvia, begging them to come at once—for Mr. Field has collapsed!

See Next Page ►

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(Continued)



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WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

(Continued)



6. Sylvia and Joan watch anxiously at their father's bedside, as they await the doctor. For the moment, even Sylvia seems to be jolted out of her own tragic confusion by this sudden crisis.



7. After examining the stricken man, Dr. D'Avon tells Joan there is little hope—unless Sylvia tells her father that she'll make up with her husband.

fighting for his life, the gallant heart about to give up the battle he had waged so valiantly to save his daughter's marriage . . . as his own had not been saved. They must be alike in that respect, Joan mused—she and her father—wanting so much for others to be happy. She knew she would willingly give her own life for her husband Harry, for all her loved ones . . . for her father, at this very moment, if she could only help! Surely, Sylvia would finally see the light and make the simple effort which Dr. D'Avon thought could bring Mr. Field back from the brink of death. Sylvia owed it to herself, as well as to her father, to make one earnest, determined attempt to be reconciled with Chick Norris. . . . For that, said Dr. D'Avon, was the one bright bit of news which might restore Mr. Field's will to live, might encourage his faltering heart to keep on trying. How could Sylvia hesitate, when so much was at stake? How could they persuade her to face up to reality and give married life the full chance it deserved? . . . Somehow, thought Joan, I believe that Dr. D'Avon holds the answer. Somehow, he'll make Sylvia realize that she must seek and grasp the great opportunities which come to every girl when she marries. Then Sylvia will know, as Harry and I do, what makes "home" the happiest word in all human experience.



8. Sylvia flatly refuses. Dr. D'Avon doesn't despair, however—he has secret reasons for believing he can get her to change her mind!



He paints a mural-screen for his apartment, builds his own high-fi, radio and TV cabinet.



He makes a hammered copper plaque for his walls—and writes plays for both Broadway and broadcast shows.



that's Roger!

By MILLICENT McKEAN

MANY performers are just like the interesting characters they portray, but that isn't true of Roger Sullivan—otherwise known as Barry Thurmond (on *Three Steps To Heaven*, over NBC-TV) and Leonard Klabber (on *Hilltop House*, over CBS Radio). Roger practically specializes in playing irresponsible young hoodlums and heels, definitely not the type to be introduced to anyone's kid sister. That he succeeds so well is simply a tribute to Roger's acting ability, for Roger is really the best kind of "boy next door," with a charming smile, a clean-cut personality and a typical American background.

Roger hails from Syracuse, New York, where his father still works as an estate consultant for a number of insurance companies, while his mother can now relax as a housewife after bringing up three little Sullivans. There were (Continued on page 103)

Roger is Barry Thurmond on *Three Steps To Heaven*, NBC-TV, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Duz and Ivory Soap. He is Leonard Klabber on *Hilltop House*, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, for Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer.



**Roger Sullivan is a young man of more talents
than have yet been heard or seen on the airwaves**

who's who at HOME

NBC-TV puts its best foot forward in presenting creative, constructive entertainment

TO INFORM, instruct and entertain . . . this is the constant aim of good and lasting television. But, in attaining this goal, many obstacles, tangible and abstract, must be surmounted. To please all of the people all of the time is well-nigh impossible, but to bring enjoyment to some of the people most of the time is a dream well worth realizing, an effort deserving the highest praise. In presenting American housewives with their new show, *Home*—which is a unique combination of features of special interest to women—NBC-TV has realized a vision long-planned and rehearsed, and is daily finding its reward in the mounting

praise emanating from viewers far and wide. The primary objective of *Home* is "aiding the American woman to make the most of her career as a homemaker," and its extensive, outstanding staff harbors a wealth of thought, talent and experience. "We have no illusions," says editor-in-chief Arlene Francis, "that the American woman has unlimited funds or time, but we expect to illustrate the things in the world of women with clarity, honesty, and a genuine desire to help make better homes." With that purpose fulfilled, *Home* is destined to find a permanent place in the hearts of millions of grateful women.

Editors gather on the huge \$200,000 *Home* set which features a large turntable, "growery," cookery, and workbench.





ARLENE FRANCIS, whose wonderful charm and graciousness have brightened a host of radio and TV shows, is a natural for the role of *Home's* editor-in-chief. Having recently redecorated her own four-story house in Manhattan, and with a love for cooking and gardening, plus an extensive background in the fashion field, Arlene takes special delight in sharing these interests with viewers in their own homes. When she and her husband, actor-producer-director Martin Gabel, first bought their house, Arlene decided to tackle the decoration herself. "I had loads of fun and I learned all sorts of things," she comments. "All about plumbing, flooring, cabinet-making, bricklaying—just everything." Some of the more unusual features of her home include a swimming pool in the back yard for her seven-year-old son, Peter, and a map of the world which covers a solid wall of Peter's room. In addition to her decorating talents, Arlene is an excellent cook, specializing in casseroles and unusual salads. Arlene and Martin—whom she met while they both were portraying roles in a daytime serial—like to spend their free time with Peter, taking him ice-skating and to children's theaters. Arlene also has a great interest in the United Cerebral Palsy Association, of which she is a board member. Many viewers have wondered about the diamond heart Arlene always wears. It is her one good-luck piece, which her husband gave her on their first wedding anniversary. Arlene *never* takes it off. "And," she points out, "I've had nothing but good luck ever since!"

WILL PEIGELBECK, who is daily turning more and more viewers into garden lovers, brings to *Home* a varied and thorough knowledge of matters horticultural and agricultural. After earning his degree at Rutgers University College of Agriculture, he taught at Cornell University and schools throughout New Jersey, headed the department of agriculture at Station. WNJR in Newark, and had several TV home-and-garden shows in Philadelphia, Newark and New York. Today, Will is an honorary member of several florists' groups and still finds time in his busy schedule to do all the woodworking and most of the gardening around his one-and-a-half acre grounds in Metuchen, New Jersey. In fact, that's where he grows the flowers, vegetables and plants he uses on *Home*. "The appearance of my place often causes passers-by to slow down and take a second look," says Will. "Not because it's a show-place, but because I have such a variety of things growing there." With the aid of his wife Erma and their two children, Gary, 10, and Karla, 7, Will devotes up to sixty hours a week in preparation for his TV appearances. Erma joins him in his enthusiasm for gardening. She has her own flower garden and grows whatever she pleases, without hubby's interference. Says Will: "It provides me with an excellent opportunity to see exactly what Mrs. Housewife will do. The funny part about it is that Erma very often does things contrary to all rules, and her flowers just keep growing like mad!"



Home is seen over the NBC Television Network, Monday through Friday, from 11 A.M. to 12 noon EDT

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who's who at HOME

(Continued)

POPPY CANNON is a food editor who practices exactly what she preaches. The key to gourmet cookery, says *Home's* head of the kitchen, is that humble object, the can opener. Author of a book on that subject, *The Can Opener Cook Book*, Miss Cannon feels that what comes in cans and packages is the result of expert ingredient-selection and highly trained research. Therefore, in using processed foods, the busy housewife should feel like "a master chef who comes in after a corps of kitchen helpers has done the drudgery of cooking." The wife of Walter White, and mother of three—Cynthia, 18, Alf, 13, and Claudia, 9—Poppy uses her Manhattan-apartment kitchen to test all her recipes. And, naturally, her family serves as chief samplers of her culinary creations. Although she tells viewers that "a can opener isn't a badge of shame—it's a magic wand," Poppy adds a little imagination to what comes out of the cans . . . and therein lies the secret of her culinary skill, which she now shares with millions.



EVE HUNTER brings to *Home* a refreshing, direct approach to fashion and beauty, backed up by wide experience in both fields. Born in Raleigh, North Carolina, she and her family moved to Trenton, New Jersey, when Eve was seven. Originally, Eve planned to be an actress, playing in "Stage Door" and in a road company of "Native Son." During World War II, she went into radio and worked her way up to senior producer and director of a New York station. When her family moved to San Francisco, Eve paid them a visit and, with the help of Art Linkletter, soon found herself a member of the NBC staff in that city. From 1944 to 1950, Eve's credits included panel and children's shows, general service programs and fashion shows. In 1946, she was voted the outstanding TV personality in the San Francisco area. Returning to New York in 1951, Eve began her own show on WNBT and later made many guest appearances. Eve now lives on Park Avenue and, when not indulging in her hobby of drawing caricatures of her friends, she enjoys reading, crossword puzzles and horseback riding.

SYDNEY SMITH believes that a woman's home surroundings are a major factor in her ultimate happiness. "We can't all go out and buy what we'd like to," says the *Home* decoration editor, "but we can devote more thought to what we do buy." Sydney has proved this in her own four-room apartment, where every piece of furniture she has can be used in a larger house she someday hopes to own. The daughter of Loring Smith and Natalie Sawyer, a famous theatrical team, Sydney spent two years studying at the Adler Institute of Psychology. She had planned to be an actress, but when television beckoned, she devoted her time to women's service programs. Sydney says that, because television has made the home the center of family life again, "there has been an upsurge of new decorating concepts and ideas. . . . Women think now in terms of durability and comfort. In a word," Sydney adds, "the modern home is and should be designed to be lived in rather than looked at."



who's who at HOME



DR. ROSE FRANZBLAU, author, teacher, psychologist, wife and mother, has devoted her life to helping others help themselves. "Problems are the essence of life," says Dr. Franzblau, "and their solutions are the guideposts by which we attain growth and maturity." In her appearances on *Home*, she attempts to help solve those problems, and no one could be better equipped for the task. Orphaned at fourteen, she became mother and father to her four sisters and at the same time put herself through school. When she was eighteen, she married Dr. Abraham Franzblau, who is now Dean of Hebrew Union College Schools. Rose Franzblau's numerous pursuits have included working with the National Youth Administration, the U. S. Surgeon General's office, and the United Nations. She has also written a daily column for a New York newspaper. Her children, 18-year-old Michael, a pre-med student, and 14-year-old Jane, are perfect examples of her sincere and expert teachings.

DORSEY CONNERS, an attractive and active Chicagoan, is well equipped to be Midwest editor of *Home*. Her great-great grandfather came to Chicago, via covered wagon, in the early 1800's, and the family has had its roots firmly planted in Midwestern soil ever since. Dorsey has other qualifications for the job, too: She was the first woman hired by WNBQ in Chicago to do a woman's service show, and she now has a nightly how-to-do-it show, plus a five-nights-a-week travel show. Dorsey has always been interested in "gimmicks and gadgets," and doing things the "easy way," and her method and material generally consist of utilizing things ordinarily found around the house. A graduate of the University of Illinois, Dorsey describes herself as a "frustrated ballet dancer," having studied the art for twelve years. Nowadays, she performs ballet twists and leaps only as her main form of exercise. Dorsey also loves to swim, especially in Lake Michigan, which is only a block from the apartment she shares with her handsome actor-husband, Jim Bannon, and her fifteen-year-old daughter Stephanie.



ESTELLE PARSONS, in serving as *Home's* special projects editor, has suddenly found herself skyrocketed from the position of general office aide to top TV personality. Just two years ago, Estelle approached the producer of NBC-TV's *Today* for a job. Although she had had no previous experience, her charm and forthrightness won her a position on *Today's* staff as Girl Friday, in charge of doing "everything"—running errands, answering phones, performing odd jobs. From this humble beginning she graduated to the post of *Today's* commentator on features requiring a feminine approach. On *Home*, Estelle's duties are as numerous as ever, covering such matters as budgeting, shopping, and public-service features. At present, her main concern is fitting in all this work with her role as a new bride. Estelle married magazine writer Richard Gehman last December and busily pursues her own "projects" in their New York apartment during the week and in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on weekends.

"JUST MOLLY AND ME"

By DORIS DELANCEY



Marian was the garden enthusiast, till Jim took it up so seriously—orchid-growing and all. (But she's still supreme in the kitchen!)



LATE one afternoon a few summers ago, a couple of foot-sore American tourists sat in the lobby of the Ritz Hotel in Paris, animatedly discussing the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Left Bank and a few other sights they had seen that day. A man who had been sitting near by finally came over.

"I didn't mean to eavesdrop," he apologized, "but I heard your voices and you sound like people from home. I'm Roy Dee from Mt. Carmel, Illinois."

The slight, gray-haired, quick-moving man he had addressed jumped to his feet, shook hands with the stranger and told him:

"We're Jim and Marian Jordan, originally from Peoria."

"You mean you're Fibber and Molly! No wonder you sound like folks from home!" said the astonished Mr. Dee.

Out of that casual meeting has grown a fast friendship, plus a profitable investment for the Jordans in oil property with Mr. Dee—all because of that "folks from home" appeal in their voices.

And that, too, has unquestionably been one basis for their long popularity (*Continued on page 94*)

Jim and Marian Jordan are starred as *Fibber McGee And Molly*, heard on NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, at 10 P.M. EDT.

They're interested in other "nurseries," too. Jim makes both big pieces and tiny furniture for their grandchildren.





*Wherever they go, as the McGees or the Jordans,
Jim and Marian are just "home folks" at heart*

Bud Collyer's Golden Rules

(Continued from page 38)

which he lives in a big, comfortable house with his pretty wife Marian and the three Collyer children—sixteen-year-old Pat (more formally called Patricia), fourteen-year-old Cynthia, and Mike (short for Michael), who is twelve.

The Bud Collyer who makes church and Sunday school a must in his life is the same one who will dash from the studio after a broadcast to address a noonday meeting at some New York City church, or will hurry to the get-together of some young people's group which has asked him to lead an informal discussion about the things that are troubling them. Yet he would scoff at the idea that his show-business interests are very different from this other side of his life. To Bud, people are people and interesting situations are just as interesting wherever you find them—whether in some branch of church work or on radio and television. "Both kinds of work, and all kinds of people, have taught me many wonderful things," he says, "and heaven forbid I should ever stop learning from any of them."

"Each of us learns a little more every day, from everyone we meet and everything we do. We learn about the real values that add up in the long run. Sometimes we are lucky enough to meet many people and get a chance to know them a little, as I do in my work, and then we are amazed at how much these contacts can teach us."

Among these, Bud cites such things as the value of using a religion—or any deeply-felt and sustaining philosophy—every day. "My experience has taught me that religion isn't something to be put up in little packages, labeled for special days or special occasions. I find that those who have something to lean on, inwardly, never need to resort to any outward sham. They don't hide behind some front they have erected to obscure their true selves. They are secure—not because they go around being pleased with themselves and priding themselves on being different from other people—but only because they have some inner peace to sustain them. It makes all the difference. On our shows, we can spot the insecure, unhappy person very quickly."

Those who have a sustaining faith which they carry into every activity of their lives are more able to give freely of themselves—and of their interest—to others, Bud will tell you. "Sometimes kids come on the programs with their parents, and I have learned plenty from them, as well as from my own three children and the Sunday school students. Did you ever notice how freely all children give of themselves, if they are not forced, and if you don't demand too much of them before they are ready? On the show, a child may be quite difficult at first in strange surroundings, so I let him alone for a few moments, and suddenly and invariably he will blossom out and be just wonderful. I learned long ago that, when you don't force a child's friendship, pretty soon you are apt to find a little hand reaching for yours and a little voice will begin to talk to you about the things that are important to him."

"Grownups respond in their way, too. But, often, they have been hurt many times and their response is slower. So, over a period of years, I have come to the conclusion that to be receptive is much more satisfying than to be demanding. You open the door, and the other fellow will find his way through it to you in his own time."

To illustrate, Bud tells how Mike, when he was a very little boy, won the heart of

a man who thought all children were terribly afraid of him. Mike had come to visit Bud on a show he was doing then. A man working on the program was one of those unusually tall, gaunt, saturnine-looking individuals and, when Bud suggested he stop by the reception room and say hello to the little boy, the man said he guessed he wouldn't. "Kids are scared of me," he told Bud. "They back away, so I don't bother them." He was called to the telephone and had to pass Mike on his way to answer it. The little fellow took one look at the giant thin man, craning his neck upward, then—bursting into a big grin—said, "Hi."

"That big guy just melted down to Mike's height and grinned back," Bud recalls. "They had a wonderful conversation and he forgot his phone call. After that day, he visited us quite frequently, and we knew he really came to see Mike. The point is, if he had suddenly swooped down on him without waiting, he might have ruined a beautiful friendship."

Gentleness is another quality for which Bud has great respect, after seeing its effects on the ones who have it and on those around them. "Some people seem to think that to be gentle is to be weak. Sometimes they think that gentleness is cowardice. My experience has taught me that gentleness is a positive quality which brings out the best in the one who has it and in others. People who are gentle win the confidence of those who might be too shy to share their dreams and their hopes with anyone else. It helps to forge bonds of friendship and love and service which might not grow any other way."

Finding this bond with people has become more and more important to Bud, in his work with children and in his work with contestants on the programs. Sometimes he will want to find out something about a contestant's background, and will meet a certain shyness. But, by drawing out one fact, he will be able to associate it with something that has happened to him, or something told by a previous guest on the show, and the contestant will begin to talk naturally, as if to a long-time friend. "It's just another way," says Bud, "of making yourself receptive to that other person's perfectly normal reticence to talk about himself, without demanding too much too quickly?"

The majority of those who come on Bud's shows are there for the fun they can have, and not merely for the money or prizes involved. "I have noticed that most people who are willing to stand up before an audience are there for the sheer joy of participating, with rare exceptions. But, if they 'press' too hard—either for the loot or for fear of failure—they defeat the whole thing. The ones who concentrate when it's necessary, and then relax and enjoy themselves, have a much better chance to win. Even if they don't win, they can still have the time of their lives. After all, no adult expects to leave every party with his pockets full of favors. That belonged to our kid days. You can 'lose' and still have fun doing it."

This fear of failure is something that has never troubled Bud, but he understands what it means to many people. "It's not because I haven't had failures. I had—many of them. There were shows I wanted, competitive auditions I muffed, jobs I applied for and never heard from. Little failures in my school days, times in my adult life when I knew I had been found wanting in something I should have measured up to. I never looked upon these things as failures, however. When I didn't get a certain job, I can't say that I was always able to tell myself it wasn't for me, or else I would

have had it—but I did tell myself that I had tried and would try harder for the next thing. Or the next. I was just lucky in learning quite early in life that you have to keep on trying, that it's all part of your development . . . and that, after a while, something happens. Some of the things that went wrong at first begin to go right."

Bud was lucky in beginning, as a very young man, to have a great love of people. Beginning, perhaps, back in his childhood days, when he shared in a happy family life with his brother, his sister (who is June Collyer—Mrs. Stu Erwin), his actress-mother and his lawyer-father. "Liking people is one of the things that make me enjoy my shows. It makes me enjoy meeting the people who come on as contestants, although it's only for a brief time. When I ask them questions about themselves, that isn't a mere device to make them interesting to the audience and to make the show lively. It's because I want to know who they are and what they do and the kind of people they really are. And it's because I like these people so much that I never try to get a laugh at their expense. If something amusing happens, I want to be sure they won't be self-conscious about it and will laugh as heartily as the audience does. Otherwise, I avoid any laughs. Having the audience burst out with laughter at someone on the stage has its place in the entertainment business . . . but not on shows like ours, where average nice people come on to have a little fun."

This whole idea of making people feel comfortable, of giving them a feeling of ease and security, spills over from the Collyer household into his shows and back into the family home life. Marian Collyer—who is Marian Shockley, radio and television actress, when she isn't too busy being wife and mother to the brood—is a petite reddish-blonde, with blue eyes and a soft, gentle manner, who can be a tower of strength to the family when required. "Marian gives tremendously of herself," her husband says. "To me, and to the kids. She gives us all the feeling that we live in a real home, a home where we all belong, where we all can feel secure and understood. The family comes first, with Marian and me. Then, happiness in my work—not just success, but happiness, too. It's work that has been good to me, and I'm very grateful to it. There are many fine people in it, and they have been good to me. There are many satisfactions—as there are in my work for my church—satisfactions in both."

"I love my job. I want to learn more about it, about every phase of the business. I want to go on learning more about people, about the ways in which we can try to make one another happier, about the ways in which we can all find a greater inner peace that will express itself in more careful external conditions. I am now convinced that we see a little of our own selves in everyone we meet. So it seems logical to me that, if we learn how to express the best in each of us as much of the time as we are able, then everyone and everything around us will begin to seem a little better every day."

This is not merely Bud Collyer, Sunday school superintendent, talking. This is Bud Collyer, emcee of highly successful entertainment programs, a showman of many years' experience who knows the hard facts of his business and of life. But, to him, it's all one thing: Liking people, learning from them, being happy to talk over the lessons he has learned and is still learning . . . believing always that people are wonderful—whether you meet them in a studio or at church.

**not me...
yes you!**



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Two Tickets for Happiness

(Continued from page 42)

Sunday nights on the panel show, *What's My Line?* On Wednesday nights, I'm at work playing *I've Got a Secret*, the quiz game so blithely emceed by Garry Moore on CBS-TV. And I'm starting soon to cut a kinescope of my own show—a comedy show to be called *The Sergeant And The Lady*. All of which is fine, except for one thing—how to manage enough time together! This is only one of the problems Steve and I are trying to work out.

"Until we do work it out, and the date is set, I'd hoped that I'd have a secret! I've kept a lot of secrets . . . I'm very good at keeping secrets," said the lovely lady who is also very good at quizzing them out of others. "The fact that this one leaked out was no doing of mine. Columnist Jack O'Brian ran into Steve one night and asked him, 'When are you and Jayne getting married?' To which Steve made some Steve-like reply such as 'Soon'—or 'I don't know'—or maybe just 'Yes.' And there we were in the public prints!"

It all began about a year and a half ago, on an evening that wasn't like any other evening. Not to Jayne, it wasn't. For, on this evening—destined to be double-starred—she made her first appearance on *I've Got A Secret*. Before she went on, her agent had said, "If they like you. . . ." After the show, she was told that "they" had liked her very much. Since this is now almost two years ago and Jayne—along with Bill Cullen, Henry Morgan and Polly Bergen—is still up there guessing, it is obvious they liked her very much indeed!

Little did our Miss Meadows suspect, however, that there was more in store for her than her TV triumph . . . that, on this evening "not like any other evening," she would also meet a dark stranger who would have been described by early-day novelists as "her fate." Nor did Jayne's "fate" (alias Steve Allen) have the remotest suspicion of what was in store for him.

Yet there it was—and how it was. . . . After the show, Jayne—all excited and looking as radiant as elation can make a titian-haired, brown-eyed beauty look—stopped by her sister Audrey's dressing

room in the Broadway theater where Audrey was then playing in "Top Banana."

"I couldn't wait," Jayne laughed, "to tell my sister and confidante, best friend and apartment-mate, the good news!"

"In her dressing room, I found Bob Carroll, singer on the Fred Allen show, waiting for the final curtain. He and Aud were going on for a bite of supper and a drink. They asked me to come along. But, since I didn't have a date and didn't want to be a third party, I said, 'No, thanks, I'll just run along.' 'Oh, come on,' they said, 'we're just going over to the Park-Sheraton, meeting some of the gang there—and, anyway, what of it?' Keyed up as I was and, therefore, not unwilling to be persuaded, I went along. As the three of us were sitting there, some people from *The Steve Allen Show* (including its star) came in, waved hello, and this big, tall, handsome, darling thing sat down next to me. Audrey introduced us. Steve said, 'How do you do,' and that was it." Jayne laughed. "All of it! After the hellos, silence. Not a word out of him. Not one. *Is my make-up on crooked? I thought. Is this dress unbecoming? Is he allergic to red hair, maybe?*

"Since I was a Steve Allen fan, one of his biggest, I wanted to talk to him. Wanted him to want to talk to me. I felt sort of hurt. . . .

"No one had ever told me, you see, that shyness is the synonym for Steve Allen.

"While I was talking with others at the table, I'd catch him looking at me. But, as soon as I turned to him, his head swiveled away again, and the silence continued, unbroken.

"Finally, unable to take it any longer—and being, by nature, the forthright type—I said, 'Mr. Allen, either you are the shyest man I have ever met, or you just don't like me. Which is it?'

"He laughed and turned crimson. But the direct attack (the only way I know to counteract shyness) worked. He began to talk. Asked me about my life in China—where, since my parents were missionaries, I was born, and where I lived until I was seven. Told me about his childhood days on the road with his parents, who were vaudevillians. We talked about Audrey, mutual friends on TV, painting,

music, 'cabbages and kings. . . .'

"The evening—and our first meeting—ended in a rousing argument about the spelling of the word, 'onomatopoeia.' After a remark of Steve's, I had said, 'Very poetic thing for you to say, very onomatopoeic.' This led to a discussion of how the jaw-breaker is spelled, with Steve betting me a dollar that it began with 'o,' and me betting him it began with an 'a.'

"Eventually, when the party broke up and Steve and Bob Carroll saw Audrey and me home, Steve asked if he might come up for a moment. Pleased, I said, 'Of course'—hoping, as I spoke, that there'd be coffee in the pot, Cokes on the ice. I needn't have worried. Steve stayed five minutes. He spent the five minutes looking up the disputed word in our dictionary. He was right; I was wrong. I gave him the dollar. Gladly. I'm female enough to like a man to be right about things!"

(Very wise of Jayne, of course. But would any man, save only Steve Allen, end a date with colorful and curvaceous Miss Meadows poring over a dictionary?)

After that evening, Jayne heard no more from Steve. Neither heard from, nor saw him, for two weeks—and then it was by accident. Not that she brooded. It wasn't love at first sight for Jayne—or, presumably, for Steve.

"To me, though," Jayne says, "he is extremely handsome. Bring on Robert Taylor—or those idols of the bobby-soxers, Robert Wagner and Tony Curtis—and I'll still say Steve Allen is the handsomest man I've ever seen in my life! Don't know why hundreds of other girls didn't get him before I met him. Steve is gentle, too—gentle of voice and of manner and of heart. But, although I thought him so handsome—and was attracted to him as he, I can now suppose, was to me—it wasn't love . . . then. Neither of us, at the time, was thinking of the opposite sex in terms of husband or wife material.

Which 'was just as well for me, since I might never have laid eyes on him again but for a rainy Sunday, two weeks after our first meeting, which Audrey and I had decided to spend alone, just the two of us, pattering around at home.

"We had our quiet day at home, pretending not to hear the telephone when it rang. Then, along around six, we started out, between showers, for dinner in a neighborhood restaurant, after which we planned to take in a movie, just the two of us.

"We'd gone about a block, walking along sort of casual and careless, wearing little summer dresses and no make-up, when suddenly—from a slowly passing car—a big, tall man jumped at us and said, 'Stick em up! . . . ' said, 'What are you two lovely young girls walking in the rain for? . . . ' and it was Steve. 'Be our guests,' Steve said, pointing to Bob Carroll, who was waiting in the car 'Have dinner with us at Hickory House.'

"Simply furious, because we had wanted to be alone, we went to dinner at Hickory House.

"It all happened so suddenly that not until the middle of dinner did I think, *O-oh, I have no make-up on! I am totally unglamorous!*

"If I was, it obviously didn't matter much to Steve. After dinner, he and Bob came back to our apartment and we played records, played piano and sang, made tape recordings—and had another argument! This time over a modern symphony, 'The Planets.' As we were listening, someone said, 'Wonder which planet this move-



"I was sick with fear"

Countless people—beset by problems of love, hope and jealousy—have found the answer to their dilemmas on radio's "My True Story." For this *true-to-life* program presents, in vivid dramatic form, the files of "True Story Magazine"—and includes people who might very well be you, your family, your friends. Listen and hear how they solve each heart-rending emotional conflict.

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"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

"THE FAMILY DRUDGE"—gripping story of a teenager who had to seek happiness away from home—is "must" reading in June TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, at newsstands now.

ment represents?' I made the mistake of saying 'Mars,' and Steve politely but promptly contradicted me. Again we made a bet (fifty cents this time—I'd lived and learned!) Again he looked it up. Again, he was right and I was wrong. Again I paid off.

"But it paid off, for me, too," Jayne laughed, "for it was during the discussion of the planets that Steve asked me whether I had ever been to the Planetarium. And, when I said no, he made a date to take me there. Our first real date, this was. He took me, so he said in a recent issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR, 'to the moon.'

"And so, I do believe," Jayne said, thoughtfully, "he did. And perhaps," she laughed, "we are still there, both of us. I was fascinated, anyway, by this strange man who would think of doing anything so interesting. And he was amused at me for signing up for a trip to the moon at such time as transportation moonward becomes available! Well, after that evening, there were other evenings. Many of them. Dinner together. Dinner and theater. Dinner and dancing.

"Before Steve left for California that summer, to be gone a whole month—California is where his three young sons live with his ex-wife—I think we both knew we would fall in love, knew it was inevitable, even though we had never sat down and talked about it . . . never, not a word. Perhaps because Steve wasn't sure that my husband and I, although separated, would ever divorce. Between Steve and his ex-wife, as between my now ex-husband and me, there is admiration and respect. And so, although Steve and I were very much attracted to each other by this time, we never talked about love. Not in words, anyway.

"During that month in California, Steve called me twice. Wrote me several times. Not love letters, though. Fascinating letters telling me all about the boys and the things he and they were doing together. One letter, a description of Palm Springs, was so eloquent and beautiful that I, who have often been there, could see and hear and smell the desert.

"Then, late one afternoon at the month's end, I walked into our apartment and thought, *Has someone died?* For it was a garden, a brilliant garden of flowers! And there, in the big chair, with that little smile which is like no other smile, was Longlegs!

He'd called, it developed, an hour or so before I came in. Audrey promptly invited him up. She'd then gone to the phone and ordered the beautiful flowers. That some of them arrived after Steve did—and with cards 'For Jayne' enclosed—was just a little female-of-the-species touch on the part of Audrey, who has played Cupid in *l'affaire Allen* throughout.

"Then, little by little, we got very close. I stopped seeing other people. Steve stopped seeing other people. Neither of us," Jayne chuckled, "has 'seen other people' since. When, in due course of time, Steve proposed, I'd like to be able to say that he was kneeling on the floor, hand on heart. But, since we were in his car, the kneeling posture would have been slightly impossible! He'd picked me up after my show. He looked, I remember thinking, uncommonly self-conscious. All the time we were waiting for the car, he just stood and stared at me. *I know*, I thought, *I just know that he-is-going-to-propose!*

"The car came. We got in. And sure enough: 'Something,' Steve sort of mumbled, 'I want to say to you. . . .' Long pause. He made another beginning. Another long pause. When, at long last, he got it out, it was the sweetest thing in the whole world—but at the cost," Jayne laughed,



She stuck in her thumb,
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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!)

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Candy Jones (Mrs. Horry Conover)

Director Conover School

Spend
your
money
and he'll
keep
his
job!

THIS YEAR the government will spend 5 billion less dollars than it did last year, because it doesn't need so many guns, tanks, planes and other implements of war. This was your money paid to the government in taxes. Now the government's letting you spend those 5 billions for yourself.

The important thing to remember about this is: The production lines that turned out those products of war now have to turn out peace-time goods. If you don't buy the automobiles, the clothing, the freezers, the washers, vacuum cleaners, toasters, mixers that American factories are now manufacturing, the men on production lines will be laid off. *And then they won't be able to buy the things you are making.*

If you continue to spend your money wisely for the things you need, our working men will continue to have money to buy what *they* need. On the other hand, if you're one who is waiting for bargain days, remember that jobs depend on your buying what is made *now*. A bargain is no bargain if you wait until there's no money with which to buy it.

This is what all of it means in terms of people: Joe Brown works on an assembly line making washing machines. Even though Joe is making more than ever before, Mrs. Brown decides she'd better put off buying that new refrigerator they've been needing so long. On the other hand, Bill Smith works on an assembly line making refrigerators. When Mrs. Brown decides not to buy a refrigerator, she makes Bill Smith's job unnecessary, and he gets laid off. Bill comes home without his job and tells his wife: "Better hold off buying that washing machine you wanted till I find some other work." Bang! Joe Brown finds himself out of a job, too!

So if you want to protect your own job, buy now—buy wisely, buy what the other fellow makes, and he will have the money to buy what you make.

To have your cake, you must eat it. And, if you eat your cake, there won't be any breadlines, there'll be saleslines.

THE EDITORS

with a catch in her throat, "of so much pain! Why, when a really nice, good guy proposes, does he look as if he's going to be punished by his mother or something?"

"No, I didn't say yes. Not then, I didn't. Not that night. Not for a long time.

"There isn't any other man," I assured Steve. "I'm just not sure as yet about—well, about my life."

"Now I'm sure about it. Because, as time goes on, I'm discovering a complete compatibility with Steve. The most important thing to me is not my career, but to be with people I understand. The people I understand are the people of the theater. I found this out a long time ago, when—after living all over the world, as the child of missionaries, meeting all sorts of people (except actors)—we spent a summer in Massachusetts' Berkshire Mountains while I was in my early teens. A little stock company, the name of which I've forgotten, was playing there. But Celeste Holm was in it—this I do remember—and Montgomery Clift. Always an artistic child, I'd never thought of being an actress. But when, for the fun of it, my parents permitted me to play a few tiny walk-on parts in the company there, I at last found people who didn't laugh at me for being 'odd' . . . or think I had two heads—both in the clouds. Then it was I knew that, whether as actress or wardrobe mistress, scene-shifter or understudy, *I had to be with these people.*

"I can be happy anywhere as long as I am with them. I could be a bit player in a stock company in Cincinnati . . . but not married to the richest man there—or to a President of the United States—or to anyone, I do believe, but one Steve Allen! For he is one of 'these people.' He's got the theater in his blood by heredity. He, too, has to be with 'these people.' He almost always is with them. Any night, after his show, you'll find him at Lindy's with Milton Berle, Earl Wilson, Jack O'Brian, Johnny Mercer. Most of the parties we go to are given by our colleagues. Last week, for instance, a party at Arlene Francis's house. Last Sunday night, at Harold Arlen's.

"We're just kind of hand-in-glove, Steve and I. We seem to complement each other. Like most creative comedians, Steve is really very serious, a worrier, a thinker. I, while very bright and gay in a room with people, also think seriously about the important things. Love, for instance. Marriage. I'm a career girl, love my career. Yet, in a good marriage, the great trick—and well I know it—is to be proud of your husband's success. I will be," Jayne laughed. "Already, there are signs. . . . I'm so thrilled when people come up and ask for Steve's autograph and don't even recognize me!

"I'm so happy, too, because when his children (the two older boys) came to visit him last summer, we all fell in love with each other. Brian, who is six, looks astonishingly like me (Steve's ex-wife and I are somewhat similar in type), and Brian's devotion to me is unbelievable. Stevie, a gentle, brilliant little boy, is so like his father you can scarcely tell them apart except for height.

"We're *sympatico*, too, in the things we do—or don't like to do. For instance, neither Steve nor I drink. Have dinner together all the time and never think of having a cocktail. Half the time, we forget to offer people one!

"We both paint. Steve goes in more for landscapes—I, for portraits. What makes Steve extra-special is that, in all the arts—poetry and music, as well as painting and acting—he is really creative. I share his love of (if not his talent for) poetry and music, and he takes what he calls an 'off-stage' interest in my flair for

interior decoration. So, in all the things that interest us the most, we are completely compatible, as if made for each other. Concerning which, who knows?"

Steve is being very sweet, Jayne says, about letting her suggest a few changes in his large but obviously un-interior-decorated apartment—in which, after they are married, they will be "at home."

"He was a bit taken aback," Jayne laughed, "when I first suggested making a bar of a large closet in the living room. What need had *we*, his baffled expression asked, for a bar? You have to go slowly with a man . . . I do! 'You know,' I sort of murmur, 'about that closet . . . mirrored in back, mirror shelves, beautiful glassware—which the mirror will reflect—sort of a jeweled effect. People do drop in . . . ' I say, letting the words trail off.

"Then there's the long hall in Steve's apartment, which serves no real purpose. My idea is to paint the walls a New Orleans pink, carpet the floor a bright red (certain shades of pink and red go beautifully together), then cover the walls solid, from ceiling to floor with paintings. *Our* paintings—which is the height of egotism or something—interspersed with the real McCoys!

"In addition to being compatible and 'alikes' in many ways, Steve and I both realize that we give each other confidence. I'd never emceed a show until Steve told me I could. Since then, I've emceed several, including taking over for Arlene Francis when she was on the road with her play, 'Late Love.' Steve had never done a Broadway play until I told him he should. I told him this, I remember, on a Sunday night. Monday morning, all excited, he called his agent. Next thing you knew, he was starring in 'Pink Elephant.'

"Some months ago, I was hostess on NBC-TV's *Your Show Of Shows*. As I was about to walk on with Sid Caesar, Steve leaned over, gave me a little peck of a kiss, and said, 'You're going to be wonderful.' He's sending the little girl off to school,' laughed Carl Reiner, 'with an apple!'

"Until we did the CBS-TV *Danger* show, 'Flamingo,' which Steve wrote—script, music and all—I'd never sung before. In public, that is. Only through Steve telling me, 'Just sing,' was I able to 'just sing.'

"In the strictly personal department, too, he says all the lovely things. At a party, crowded with beautiful girls, he'll say, 'You're the most beautiful girl in the room.' He very much admires Deborah Kerr. 'You're her type,' he tells me. Of a scarlet wool dress which I trimmed with bits and pieces of mink, he said solemnly, 'That's the most beautiful dress I have ever seen.' When we did 'Flamingo' together, he gave me this wide gold bracelet with the Chinese motif, and matching things.

"The average man forgets to say and do these things. Steve never forgets. With Steve," Jayne said, looking every bit as beautiful as Steve tells her she is, "you glow.

"Steve is riding a great success wave." Jayne spoke with pride. "Yet I feel that he needs me as I need him. Mutual need—is it greater, I wonder, than mutual love? Or is it the same thing? Whichever it is, we have it, I believe, Steve and I. And so tomorrow . . . or the next day . . . or the day after tomorrow . . . will be, if fortune favors us, our wedding day.

"Whenever the actual day, we will in all probability have a simple little wedding. But, either before or after the wedding, I want to have a big party with everyone who loves us *with* us. Where to put everyone who loves Steve Allen, however—unless in Madison Square Garden," laughed the one Steve Allen loves, "that is the question!"

your local Favorites



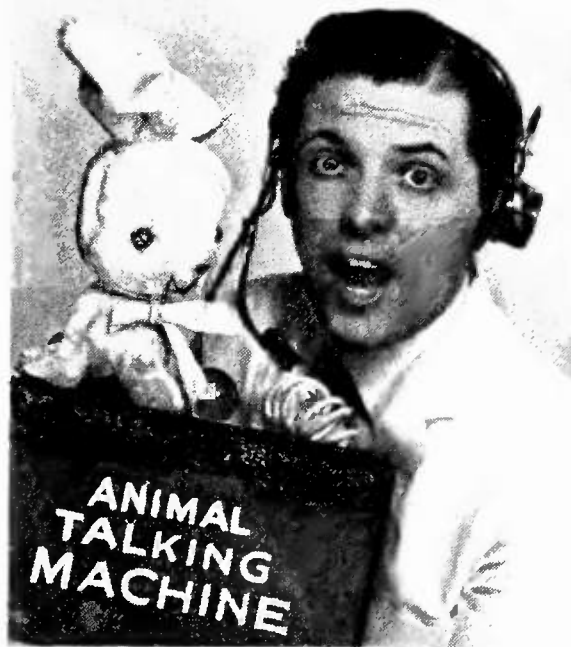
GINNY WOOD

She's a busy Jill-of-all-jobs who can always find time to help others (page 75).



RUDOLPH RINGWALL

Sunday afternoons are a pleasure as he spins and chats about classics (page 72).



AL LEWIS

He delights Cincinnati mothers and youngsters daily with two hours of fun (page 73).



RAY RAYNER

Everyone from sixteen to sixty joins him as he gaily weaves a delightful pattern of song, dance and merriment (page 74).

DOCTOR OF MUSIC

*WGAR's Rudolph Ringwall
spreads friendliness
and cheer with the classics*



Dr. Ringwall's informal approach to the classics has rightfully won him a long list of devoted admirers.

OF THE MANY music lovers who enjoy Station WGAR's fine Sunday afternoon program, *Rudolph Ringwall Presents*, none derives more pleasure from it than the show's namesake, Dr. Rudolph Ringwall himself. For six years, this expert on musical matters has been spinning the classics and providing easy-going and friendly comments that make listeners feel they are a part of the entertainment. For Dr. Ringwall's great love and enthusiasm for classical music fill the airwaves and spark others to feel as he does.

It is quite obvious that, when it comes to music, Dr. Ringwall knows exactly whereof he speaks, for music has been the business of his family for three generations. Grandfather Ringwall played with the Royal Opera in Stockholm, and Father Ringwall led the orchestra in Rudolph's birthplace, Bangor, Maine. Dr. Ringwall began his career as violinist in the Boston Symphony after four years of study at the New England Conservatory of Music. Next, he played with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, and finally with the Cleveland Orchestra. In the twenty-eight years that he has been in Cleveland, Dr. Ringwall has become an important figure in the city's musical life and today holds a coveted position as the orchestra's associate conductor, under George Szell.

Rudy, as he is known to the WGAR staff, also mingled his music with romance. He met his wife Lucy in the orchestra pit of Bangor's Old Opera House, where Lucy's father played under the baton of Rudy's dad. Mr. and Mrs. Ringwall now have two married offspring: Rudolph Jr. and Rosamond Humel, plus three grandchildren—including a set of identical twins.

When queried about his hobbies, Rudy claims his chief interest centers around his grandchildren. He particularly enjoys getting together with them for lively reading sessions.

Since 1927, when Rudy made his radio debut, and since *Rudolph Ringwall Presents* was first aired, the good doctor has continued to win more and more friends and admirers. Small wonder then, that Cleveland listeners unanimously agree that, as long as Rudy Ringwall is at the mike, their fondest musical wishes will always be fulfilled.



Grandchildren Cecily and Cynthia Humel and Rudolph Ringwall III are a source of constant delight.

Handsome, helpful HERO

*"Uncle Al" Lewis has come to stay
in the hearts of young Ohioans*



FOR YOUNGSTERS by the thousands in and around Cincinnati, the day doesn't officially begin until 9 A.M., and then—hold onto your hats for, courtesy of WCPO-TV, it's time for Al Lewis and his delightful children's show, *Uncle Al*. Then, since an hour of TV fun and frolic doesn't seem to satisfy the little ones, Uncle Al returns at 11 A.M. for another hour.

Nowadays, wherever he goes, young Mr. Lewis attracts members of the romper set in droves—which is fine by all concerned, especially parents and Uncle Al, because, for both, his way with children is most gratifying. But, just three years ago, Al was a comparatively unknown newcomer at WCPO-TV when he joined the staff as art director—a position he still fills. Shortly after his arrival, he was asked to pinch-hit one day for a performer who was ill. Al hesitatingly obliged and soon found himself in front of the TV cameras, groping for some way in which to fill time. Then, suddenly, an inquisitive four-year-old lad wandered into the studio and, next thing anyone knew, Al was performing tricks and singing for the tot, much to their mutual delight. The result was a swarm of letters from mothers, praising Al and asking that the station give him his own show for children. The rest has become WCPO-TV history.

Life all around is pleasant for Al these days, for, after enjoying a day of art-directing and entertaining youngsters, he goes home to his own "biggest-little" fans—daughters Diane and baby Sharon Ann—and his lovely and popular wife Wanda, whom folks across the land know for her own art talents on the *Paul Dixon Show*.

Concerning his phenomenal success with children, Al says, "If you realize that the younger ones want to enjoy television just as much as the Captain Video set, you've conquered half your problem already. And, when you know who your audience is and you know what they want, it should be simple to please them. Mix in just what you think Mother wants her youngsters to hear and see, and you can't miss."

With this wonderful outlook, it is quite evident that Uncle Al will continue to score the biggest hit with the little ones who hear, see and love him with all their hearts.



"Uncle Al" puts his crayon in action as Princess Ann, Humpty-Dumpty and youngsters offer helpful hints.



With "Granny" and wife Wanda, Daddy Al amuses two other fans: daughters Diane and Sharon Ann.

R
M

RAIN OR SHINE

No matter what the weather, Ray Rayner always means good news to Chicago viewers



Delivering the news and weather, or capering through a variety act with pretty Mina Kolb, all of Ray's performances are pleasant TV fare.

ANYTHING goes—that's Ray Rayner's motto for his Saturday afternoon *Ray Rayner Show* and, from teenagers to grandmothers, WBBM-TV listeners just love it.

During his strictly-for-laughs hour, Ray invites twenty teenagers to chat about their recording favorites, play charades, and dance to the hit records he spins. With dash and aplomb, Ray supervises the games, interviews recording stars, and pantomimes a record or two with his fetching young assistant, Mina Kolb.

Chicagoans have come to know the light-hearted Rayner manner via his *Rayner Shine Show* and his frequent, welcome poppings-up as announcer on news, musical and variety shows. But those who thought that the light, frivolous manner was all there was to Ray Rayner were taken by surprise last fall.

With special Zoomar lenses trained on a woman poised twenty floors above Michigan Avenue—and threatening to jump at any moment—Ray dramatically, but without hysterics, described the scene for viewers. He asked Chicagoans to pray for the woman as first firemen, then a clergyman, and then the woman's father pleaded with her. It was with a fervent "Thank God" that Ray saw her finally

rescued. Later, when a publication voted the program the best special event covered by any Chicago station during 1953, Ray said, "The only thing I can remember is praying myself that she wouldn't jump."

Ray's been with Chicago's newest television station since April, 1953, and, before that, was a top TV personality in Grand Rapids, Michigan. His show-business background contains a unique, dramatic story of its own. During World War II, Ray was shot down while on an Air Force mission over Germany. Miraculously surviving the crash, he spent the next two years as a prisoner of war. To help lighten the dreary march of days and weeks, a P.O.W. dramatic group was formed and Ray spent all the time he possibly could acting, directing, painting scenery, and falling in love with the theater.

Ray's romance with the show world is still going strong, as is the one with his pretty wife, a former nurse. They now live in Evanston with their two children, Mark and Christiana.

And if Ray is happy these days cavorting before the TV cameras, so are his many fans who know that, rain or shine, there's always a good time to be had on the *Ray Rayner Show*.



LADY OF MERIT

Ginny Wood spends her busy life helping people, pets and projects

WHEN bright, gracious Ginny Wood came to work for Toledo's Station WSPD in 1943, it was as a continuity writer. But Southern charm and talent will out and, a brief forty-eight hours after her arrival, the Virginia-born lass was on the air with quarter-hour programs of interest to women. Very soon after that, Ginny was femceeing forty-five-minute programs six times a week.

Currently, Ginny's week of television hostessing begins with *Animal Fair*, which is her own brainchild. This show is also carried by a Detroit station and Ginny, who has always loved animals, thinks nothing of commuting between Toledo and Detroit if it means reuniting lost puppies and kittens with their owners or finding new pets for boys and girls.

Monday through Friday mornings, Ginny welcomes Toledo viewers to *Woman's Window*, which features interviews with career women, club and civic leaders, and unusual hobbyists. Here again, Ginny mingles good civic deeds with lots of entertainment and often presents people like Red Cross workers or safety leaders with a valuable message for her viewers.

Topping off the week is *Anniversary Party*, a popular telecast on which Ginny fetes couples marking their wedding anniversaries with gifts, flowers and an elegant dinner.

Needless to say, Ginny's schedule is a busy one which includes commercial stints as well. Still, Ginny finds the time to work with local organizations, fulfill speaking engagements, and to indulge in her hobby of "growing things" in and around the lovely new home where she lives with her mother, a new collie puppy Rob Roy, and three cats: Miss Muffet, Mr. Buff, and Smudge.

The charming TV hostess was still a child when her family moved from Virginia to South Dakota where her father founded the town of Wood, still marked on the map of that state. From there the Woods moved to Piqua, Ohio, but Ginny returned to Virginia to follow the family tradition that all Wood women attend Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton.

In between graduating from the seminary and her arrival at WSPD, Ginny worked in a New York advertising agency, as a personal shopper in Cleveland and Toledo stores, and as a jill-of-all-trades for WRRN-AM in Warren, Ohio. But today WSPD-TV fans agree that station officials did themselves proud in losing no time in bringing Ginny's warm, winning personality to the forefront.



Collie Rob Roy is one of Ginny's pet companions.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30		Local Program		News
8:45		Gabriel Heatter ¹ 8:55 Titus Moody ²	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker [†]	
9:00		Robert Hurlleigh	Breakfast Club	News Of America
9:15		Gene & Glenn		
9:30		Sloan Simpson Show		Joan Edwards Show
9:45	Ev'ry Day			
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:15		Faith In Our Time	10:25 Whispering	
10:30	Bob Hope	News	Streets	
10:45	Break The Bank		When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Madeleine Carroll, Orama	Modern Romances	
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle	Ever Since Eve	Make Up Your Mind
11:30	Phrase That Pays	Queen For A Day	Follow That Woman	Rosemary
11:45	Second Chance		Thy Neighbor's Voice	

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank	News, Oon Gardner	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capitol Commentary with Les Higgin	Oklahoma Wranglers	Aunt Jenny
		12:20 Guest Time	12:25 Jack Berch Show	
12:30			Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00		Cedric Foster	Paul Harvey, News	Road Of Life
1:15		Here's To My Lady	Ted Malone	Ma Perkins
1:30		Luncheon With Lopez		Young Or. Malone
1:45		Game Of The Day*		The Guiding Light
2:00		Fred Robbins' Show	Mary Margaret	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15		2:25 News, Sam Hayes	McBride	Perry Mason
2:30		Wonderful City	Betty Crocker [†]	This Is Nora Drake
2:45			2:35 Martin Block	Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House
3:15	Road Of Life			Art Linkletter's
3:30	Pepper Young			House Party
3:45	Right To Happiness			Wizard Of Odds
4:00	Backstage Wife	News	Jack Owens Show	Robert Q. Lewis
4:15	Stella Dallas	Music	4:25 Betty Crocker [†]	4:05 Emily Kimbrough
4:30	Young Widder Brown	Welcome Ranch,	Valentino	Treasury Bandstand
4:45	Woman In My House	Vic Bellamy	Music In The Afternoon	4:55 News
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson ¹	News, Austin Kiplinger	News
			Art & Dotty Todd	5:05 John Faulk
5:15	Front Page Farrell	Wild Bill Hickok ²	Lum 'n' Abner	
5:30	Lorenzo Jones	5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express	Curt Massey Time
5:45	It Pays To Be Married			5:55 This I Believe

¹T, Th—Sgt. Preston
²T, Th—Sky King
³M-W-F
⁴T-Th
*Approx. starting time. Heard only in central states.

Monday Evening Programs

6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News
6:15	Sports Daily			Owight Cooke
6:30			Bill Stern, Sports	Lowell Thomas
6:45	Three Star Extra		George Hicks, News	
7:00	Alex Oreier, News	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Vandercook, News	Tennessee Ernie
7:15		Dinner Date	Quincy Howe	Beulah
7:30	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Choraliers
7:45	One Man's Family	Perry Como	7:55 Les Griffith, News	Edward R. Murrow
8:00	The Railroad Hour	The Falcon	Henry J. Taylor	Suspense
8:15			Sammy Kaye	
8:30	Voice Of Firestone	Under Arrest	Hollywood Starway	Arthur Godfrey's
8:45			Mike Malloy	Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Bill Henry	ABC Music Show	Lux Theater
		9:05 Edward Arnold		
9:15		Mutual Newsreel		
		9:25 Robert Hurlleigh		
9:30	Band Of America	Reporter's Roundup	Decision	
9:45				
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Night Watch
10:15	Heart Of The News	Put It To Pat	Turner Calling	News, Robert Trout
10:30	Hollywood Orch.	Oeems Taylor	Edwin C. Hill	10:35 Horace Heidt
		10:55 News, Singiser	10:35 Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday Evening Programs

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

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00		Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
6:15	Sports Daily			Owight Cooke
6:30			Bill Stern, Sports	Lowell Thomas
6:45	Three Star Extra		George Hicks, News	
7:00	Alex Oreier, News	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Vandercook, News	Tennessee Ernie
7:15		Dinner Date	Quincy Howe	Beulah
7:30	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Symphonette
7:45	One Man's Family	Perry Como	7:55 Les Griffith	Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Walk A Mile Quiz	Squad Room	Three-City Byline	FBI In Peace And
8:15			Sammy Kaye	War
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	Nightmare	Hollywood Starway	21st Precinct
8:45			Mike Malloy	
9:00	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry	Hollywood Airport	Crime Photographer
		9:05 Edward Arnold		
9:15		Mutual Newsreel		
		9:25 Robert Hurlleigh		
9:30	Big Story	Family Theater	Mystery Theater	Crime Classics
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Onstage—Cathy & Elliott Lewis
10:15	Heart Of The News	Put It To Pat	Turner Calling	Robert Trout, News
10:30	Keys To The Capital	Sounding Board	Edwin C. Hill	
		10:55 News, Singiser	10:35 Front & Center	

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00		Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
6:15	Sports Daily			Owight Cooke
6:30			Bill Stern, Sports	Lowell Thomas
6:45	Three Star Extra		George Hicks, News	
7:00	Alex Oreier, News	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Vandercook, News	Tennessee Ernie
7:15		Dinner Date	Quincy Howe	Beulah
7:30	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Starr Of Space	Choraliers
7:45	One Man's Family	Eddie Fisher	7:55 Les Griffith	Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Three-City Byline	Meet Millie
8:15	8:25 News	Crime Fighters	Sammy Kaye	Junior Miss
8:30	Six Shooter		Hollywood Starway	
8:45			Mike Malloy	
9:00	Truth Or Consequences	News, Bill Henry	Paul Whiteman	Meet Mr. McNutley
		9:05 Edward Arnold	Varieties	
9:15		Mutual Newsreel		
9:30	News, Swayze	Author Meets The		Time for Love, with
9:45	Eddie Cantor Show	Critics		Marlene Dietrich
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Escape
10:15	Heart Of The News	Put It To Pat	Turner Calling	Robert Trout, News
10:30	Jane Pickens Show	Oeems Taylor	Edwin C. Hill	
		10:55 News, Singiser	10:35 Aragon Ballroom	

Friday Evening Programs

6:00		Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
6:15	Sports Daily			Owight Cooke
6:30			Bill Stern, Sports	Lowell Thomas
6:45	Three Star Extra		George Hicks, News	
7:00	Alex Oreier, News	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Vandercook, News	Tennessee Ernie
7:15		Dinner Date	Quincy Howe	Beulah
7:30	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Lone Ranger	Symphonette
7:45	One Man's Family	Perry Como	7:55 Les Griffith	Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Dinah Shore	Counter-Spy	Three-City Byline	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of
8:15	Frank Sinatra Sings	Take A Number	Sammy Kaye	Lost Persons
8:30	Bob Hope Show		Hollywood Starway	Godfrey Oigest
8:45			Mike Malloy	
9:00	Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show	News, Bill Henry	Ozzie & Harriet	Godfrey Oigest (con.)
		9:05 Edward Arnold		
9:15		Mutual Newsreel		
9:30	News, Swayze	Have A Heart	The World We	That's Rich
9:45	9:35 Can You Top This?		Live In	
			9:55 Sport Report	
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Cavalcade Of Stars	Capitol Cloakroom
10:15	Heart Of The News	Put It To Pat	10:55 Edwin C. Hill	Robert Trout, News
10:30	Listen To Washington	Oeems Taylor		
		10:55 News, Singiser		

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Egbert & Ummly	Local Program	News Summary	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Howdy Ooody Mind Your Manners		No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate
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 Orake Show Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Oorway To Healing	Helen Hall, Femme Fair Headline News 11:35 U.S. Military Band	Platterbrains All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show (con.)

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Marine Band Army Band	Man On The Farm 12:35 Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Theater of Today Stars Over Hollywood 12:55 This I Believe
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 Peter Lind Hayes Show 1:55 Galen Orake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Road Show, Bill Cullen	Symphonies For Youth (con.) 2:25 Headline News 101 Ranch Boys	Music, with Milton Cross	Let's Pretend Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Road Show (con.)	Bandstand, U.S.A. 3:25 News Sport Parade	Music (con.)	Report From Overseas Adventures In Science Farm News World Assignment
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Road Show (con.)	Mac McGuire		UN On Record Washington, U.S.A.
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Road Show (con.)	News 5:05 Teenagers Unlimited Brickhouse, Sports 5:55 H. B. Baukhage *Approx. starting time. Heard only in central states.	Pop Concert	Sports Roundup News Symphonette

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15	News H. V. Kaltenborn	News 6:05 Oance Music	It's Your Business James Crowley Reports Sports, Bob Finnegan	News
6:30 6:45	People, with W. W. Chaplin, Frank Blair	Dinner Date 6:55 Cecil Brown	Bob Edge, Sports Afield	
7:00 7:15	BBC Series	Al Helfer, Sports Report From Washington Keep Healthy 7:55 Globe Trotter	Bob Mills, Show Tunes Three Suns	Johnny Mercer Show
7:30 7:45	The Big Preview		Dinner At The Green Room	
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Big Preview (con.)	Farm Quiz Farm Story	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 Land	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			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 This I Believe
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup Carnival Of Books	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	The Music Room World News Roundup Organ Music, E. Power Biggs
9:30 9:45	Faith In Action Art Of Living	Back To God		Church Of Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Pulpit Collector's Item	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	Message Of Israel College Choir	
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Collector's Item (con.)	Frank And Ernest Merry Mailman Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Pan-American Union Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News 11:35 Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30	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
12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Better Cities Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Game Of The Day* Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth National Vespers	String Serenade Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Youth Wants To Know	Bandstand, U.S.A. Sammy Kaye	Healing Waters Wings Of Healing	Symphonette World Music Festival
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Golden Hour, David Ross	U.S. Marine Band Music From Britain	Marines In Review Hour Of Decision	World Music Festival (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Music From Britain (con.) Flight Into The Blue 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Main Street Music Hall The World Today
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries 5:55 Cecil Brown *Approx. starting time. Heard only in central states.	News 5:05 Evening Comes Greatest Story Ever Told	

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	American Forum NBC Summer Symphony	Bulldog Drummond, Sir Cedric Hardwicke Bob Considine Wisner, Sports	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.) Theater Royal 7:55 News	Rod And Gun Club 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	Oave Garraway Show	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour 8:55 News	American Music Hall	Bing Crosby My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Oave Garraway Show (con.)	Army Hour London Studio Melodies	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant Answers For Americans	Hall Of Fame Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Inheritance 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

CHICAGO AND SUBURBS MAY 11—JUNE 10

Baseball on TV

Channel 9—WGN-TV televises all daytime home games of the Chicago Cubs and Chicago White Sox. Jack Brickhouse, announcer.
All games start 1:30 P.M.

DATE	GAME	DATE	GAME
May 1	Cubs vs. New York	May 19	Sox vs. New York
May 2	Cubs vs. Pittsburgh	May 21, 22, 23	Cubs vs. Milwaukee
May 4, 5, 6,	Cubs vs. Brooklyn	May 26	Sox vs. Cleveland
May 8, 9	Sox vs. Detroit	May 28, 29, 30	Cubs vs. Cincinnati
May 12	Sox vs. Boston	May 31, June 1	Cubs vs. St. Louis
May 13, 14	Sox vs. Philadelphia	June 2, 3	Cubs vs. Pittsburgh
May 16	Sox vs. Washington	June 4, 5, 6,	Cubs vs. Brooklyn
		June 8, 9, 10	Cubs vs. Philadelphia

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 **2** *The Morning Show*—News and Fun
Walter Crankite, Charles Callingwaad, and
the Baird puppets.
5 *Today*—Dave Garraway
7 *Chicago Parade*—News, Music
- 8:00 **7** *Breakfast Club*—Dan McNeill Family
- 9:00 **2** *Arthur Godfrey*—Variety Simulcast
5 *Ding Dong School*—Miss Frances
- 9:30 **5** *One Man's Family*—Serial
9:40 **7** *Let's Exercise*—Ed Allen
- 10:00 **5** *Home*—Arlene Francis, Editor
Haur-lang omnibus of infarmatian and enter-
tainment.
- 10:30 **2** *Strike It Rich*—Warren Hull
- 11:00 **2** *Valiant Lody*—Serial
5 *Bride And Groom*—Wedding
7 *Donny O'Neil*—Variety
- 11:15 **5** *Hawkins Falls*—Serial
- 12:00 **2** *The Brighter Day*—Serial
- 12:30 **2** *Gorry Moore Show*—Variety
5 *Bob And Kay*—Interviews
- 1:00 **2** *Double Or Nothing*—Quiz
5 *Creative Cookery*—Francais Pope
7 *All About Baby*—Ruth Crawley
- 1:30 **2** *Art Linkletter's House Party*
- 2:00 **2** *The Big Poyoff*—Quiz
- 3:00 **5** *Welcome Travelers*—Interviews
- 5:30 **5** *Close Ups*—Howard Miller
- 5:45 **7** *Bob And Roy Show*—Satire
- 6:15 **7** *News*—Jahn Daly

Monday

- 6:30 **7** *Jamie*—Comedy, Brandon de Wilde
- 7:00 **2** *Burns And Allen*—Comedy
- 7:30 **2** *Godfrey's Talent Scouts*
5 *Voice Of Firestone*—Concert
7 *Dr. I. Q.*—Audience Quiz
- 8:00 **2** *I Love Lucy*—Situation Comedy
- 8:30 **2** *Red Buttons*—Comedy
5 *Robert Montgomery Presents*—
Excellent haur-lang dramas.
- 9:00 **2** *Studio One*—Drama
7 *Drew Pearson*—Washington Reports
9 *Boxing*
- 9:30 **5** *Rocket Squad*—Police Staries
- 11:15 **7** *Guest House*—Fran Allisan

Tuesday

- 7:00 **5** *Milton Berle—Bob Hope*
Hope babs up May 11, June 8. In between,
Uncle Miltie.
- 9** *The Goldbergs*—Family Comedy
- 7:30 **7** *Of Many Things*—Dr. Bergen Evans
- 8:00 **7** *Donny Thomos Show*—Comedy
9 *Badge 714*—Jack Webb
- 8:30 **2** *Suspense*—Mystery

- 5** *Circle Theater*—Drama
7 *U. S. Steel Theater*—Alternates with
Motorola TV Hour
- 9:30 **2** *See It Now*—Edward R. Murraw
5 *Mr. And Mrs. North*—Mystery

Wednesday

- 7:00 **2** *Godfrey And His Friends*
5 *I Morried Joon*—Jaan Davis
9 *Col. Flock*—Whadunit
- 7:30 **5** *My Little Morgie*—Family Comedy
- 8:00 **2** *Strike It Rich*—Quiz
5 *Kroft Theater*—Drama
- 8:30 **2** *I've Got A Secret*—Panel
- 9:00 **2** *Boxing*
5 *This Is Your Life*—Ralph Edwards
7 *Wrestling*—Wayne Griffin
- 9:30 **9** *Liberace*—Music
- 10:45 **2** *Kup's Column*—Gossip

Thursday

- 7:00 **5** *Groucho Morx*—Comedy Quiz
7 *It's About Time*—Panel Quiz
- 7:30 **2** *Four Stor Ployhouse*—Drama
7 *Roy Bolger Show*—Comedy Drama
- 8:00 **2** *Lux Video Theater*—Drama
5 *Dragnet*—Jack Webb, Police Cases
- 8:30 **2** *Big Town*—Newspaper Drama
5 *Ford Theater*—Drama
7 *Kroft Theater*—Drama
9 *Talent Showcase*
- 9:00 **2** *Public Defender*—Stars Reed Hadley
5 *Mortin Kone, Private Eye*
- 9:30 **5** *Foreign Intrigue*—Spy Meladrama
9 *Boston Blockie*—Whadunits

Friday

- 6:30 **7** *Stu Erwin Show*—Family Comedy
- 7:00 **2** *Moma*—Stars Peggy Waad
5 *Dove Gorroway Show*—Variety
7 *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*
- 7:30 **2** *Topper*—Comedy Drama
5 *Wolt's Workshop*—Crafts
7 *Ployhouse*—Drama
- 8:00 **2** *Ployhouse Of Stars*—Drama
5 *Big Story*—Reporters' Crime Salutations
7 *Poul Hortman Show*—Comedy
9 *Life Begins At Eighty*—Panel
- 8:30 **2** *Our Miss Brooks*—Comedy
5 *TV Soundstage*—Pravacative Staries
- 9:00 **2** *My Friend Irma*—Comedy
5 *Cavalcade Of Sports*—Boxing
7 *Dangerous Assignment*—Spy Thriller

- 9** *Chance Of A Life*—Talent
- 9:30 **2** *Person To Person*—Ed Murraw
7 *Hollywood Off-Beat*—Mystery
9 *Down You Go!*—Panel
- 10:00 **7** *Courtesy Hour*—Variety

Saturday

- 10:00 **5** *Creative Cookery*—Francais Pope
- 1:00 **5** *American Inventory*
- 3:00 **2** *Adventure*
- 5:00 **5** *Mr. Wizard*—Science, Dan Herbert
7 *Supermon*—Science Fiction
- 6:00 **7** *On Your Way*—Kathy Gafrey
- 6:30 **2** *Beat The Clock*—Bud Callyer
5 *Ethel And Albert*—Family Comedy
- 7:00 **2** *Jockie Gleeson Show*—Variety
5 *Spike Jones Show*—Music And
Comedy
- 7:30 **5** *The Original Amoteur Hour*—Ted
Mack
- 8:00 **2** *Two For The Money*—Herb Shriner
5 *Your Show Of Shows*
90 minutes with Caca & Caesar; May 15,
Martho Roye Show
- 8:30 **2** *My Favorite Husband*—Comedy
Stars Caulfield and Nelsan.
- 9:00 **2** *Dromo*
- 9:30 **5** *Your Hit Parade*—Music

Sunday

- 9:00 **2** *Lomp Unto My Feet*—Religion
- 10:00 **5** *Live And Leorn*—College Lectures
- 12:30 **5** *Frontiers Of Foith*—Church Services
- 1:00 **5** *John Ott*—Gardening
- 2:00 **2** *Form Town, U. S. A.*
- 2:30 **2** *Mon Of The Week*—Interview
5 *Kuklo, Fron And Ollie*—Make Believe
- 3:30 **2** *Adventure*—Natural Science
5 *Zoo Parade*—Marlin Perkins
- 4:00 **5** *Hall Of Fome*—Historical Drama
7 *Super Circus*—Animals, Acrabats
- 5:00 **5** *Meet The Press*—Interview
- 5:30 **2** *You Are There*—Historical Drama
5 *Roy Rogers Show*—Western
7 *George Jessel Show*—Variety
9 *What's The Answer*—Kids' Quiz
- 6:00 **2** *Life With Father*—Family Drama
5 *Paul Winchell Show*—Comedy
7 *You Asked For It*—Variety
- 6:30 **2** *Privote Secretary*—Jock Benny
Jack gibes May 16; other Sundays, Ann
Sathern.
5 *Mr. Peepers*—Wally Cox
7 *Poul Whitemon Teen Club*—Talent
- 7:00 **2** *Toost Of The Town*—Variety
5 *Comedy Hour*—Variety
7 *The Mask*—Haur-lang Meladramas
- 8:00 **2** *Fred Woring*—G-E Theater
June 6, drama; other Sundays, Waring's
Pennsylvanians.
5 *TV Playhouse*—Drama
7 *Wolter Winchell*—Gossip
9 *Rocky King, Detective*
- 8:30 **2** *Mon Behind The Bodge*—Police Cases
9 *The Plainclothes Mon*—Whadunits
- 9:00 **2** *The Web*—Suspenseful Meladramas
5 *Loretto Young Show*—Drama
7 *Break The Bonk*—Bert Parks
9 *Dollor A Second*—Quiz
- 9:30 **2** *What's My Line?*—Panel Quiz
5 *Victory At Seo*—Documentary
7 *Man Against Crime*—Whadunits
- 10:00 **7** *Death Volley Doys*—Alternates with
Biff Boker, U. S. A.

Says Jack

(“Queen for a Day”)

Bailey:



**“Hi, Bud—welcome
to Mutual!”**

Says Bud

(“Break the Bank”)

Collyer:



**“Greetings, folks—
it’s a
pleasure!”**

“And it’s a welcome pleasure to
greet new listeners every morning
on all 560 stations of the
World’s Largest Network!”



... that’s what your
nearest MUTUAL
radio station says...

.....

The one-and-only "QUEEN FOR A DAY".



Every day a right royal
coronation (American style)
makes Cinderella dreams come
true, as Jack Bailey works
radio magic in millions of house-
holds, from coast to coast.

11:30-Noon, Eastern Time

FOR OLD GOLD CIGARETTES



.....

. . now joined by the one-and-only

“BREAK THE BANK”!

Starting May 3, Bud Collyer—
the nation's best-known, best-
loved safe-cracker (legitimate style)
—brings all the excitement
of “Break the Bank” into your
home, via your MBS station.

Noon-12:15, Eastern Time

FOR MILES LABORATORIES

Check local listings
for local time ...
stay tuned to MBS ...
and enjoy it!



Spirited Belle

(Continued from page 26)

she is as feminine as Chanel No. 5. In her exquisite Sutton Place apartment, she is surrounded by beauty: delicate crystal, 18th century English furniture, vivid oils. There's not the slightest visible hint of her rugged, hardy core.

"Little things" never bother Luce—such as double-checking the lock on the front door at night or walking alone down the darkest street. Breakneck speed doesn't make her tremble, and she accepts a hurricane with utter calm. This is the way she has always been, since early childhood.

"It seems as though, from the time a child begins to speak, she's given a variety of things to fear—superstitions, hearsay gossip, stupid prejudices," Lucille says serenely today. "If you're plagued with enough of them, it's like carrying around a ball and chain."

As a very young actress, Luce was warned to be wary of producers. Producers, she was told, preyed on pretty gals, and it was worth one's reputation to get through an audition. Well, Luce didn't know any producers and so she couldn't laugh outright at this nonsense. But she certainly wasn't going to be scared out of her career and therefore decided to be practical.

"If there were eighteen girls waiting to read for a part," she says, "I made sure I was the eighteenth—so that, if I had to fight for my honor, my opponent would be fairly well fatigued and therefore hand-capped."

Luce learned quickly that it was all nonsense. Casting directors are so burdened with responsibilities that they seldom have time for even minor flirtations. The real courage demanded of a young actress is to keep coming back for auditions, no matter how often she is turned down.

"I never lost my confidence," she recalls, "I got angry with myself for losing a part, but I never lost faith."

Her mother can tell you that, even as a child, Luce didn't know what fear was. There was the day that a storm broke out while Luce and her sisters and brother were playing outdoors. Luce's mother, who had a life-long fear of thunderstorms, herded the children into the house and away from the windows. Luce calmly disengaged herself from the family circle and went out on the porch. She sat through the storm on the porch steps, kicking her legs defiantly at the lightning.

Luce spent most of her childhood in New York, though she was born in Chicago. Her father was a businessman, sometimes a very successful one.

"It depended on his investments," Luce remembers. "We had either three cars in the garage or none."

Her mother—needless to say, with four children—was a full-time housewife. But, in spite of her fear of thunder, she was far from timid. A woman who loses her first baby, then a second and a third, yet doesn't give up hope, has quite a bit of mettle. Luce was the fourth child.

"They tell me that Mother used to hover over me in the middle of the night to make sure I was still breathing," Luce says. "When I finally convinced her that I was going to stay alive, she went ahead and had three more children—all healthy, too."

Their home was a cheerful one. Luce's father was a kindly, indulgent man. He was fond of poetry and frequently read aloud. He had a player piano, with the best in classical music. Luce decided, at the age of seven, that she herself would be a concert pianist.

The self-discipline and ambition she displayed at such a tender age are rare. She practiced several hours a day and no one had to coax her. Indeed, the only punishment that ever impressed Luce was to lose the privilege of practicing.

"We were taught self-reliance," she says. "When I or my sisters had a party, we did most of the preparation ourselves. If we brought an unexpected guest to dinner, we went into the kitchen to help make extra dessert or salad."

Her home was always full of people who came to talk, to sing, to eat. There were never less than a dozen people at the Sunday table. And she went on practicing scales and finger exercises until she was sixteen.

"That year, I went to a Paderewski recital," she says. "I was thrilled and awed by the concert—so awed, however, that I promptly gave up the piano."

She can't explain her exact emotion at the time, but she knew in later years that her decision was right. She was to study and see many great actors, but they always served as an inspiration which was quite different from the reaction which had set in after the Paderewski concert.

"I must have been impossible at seventeen," she says. "I walked in a cloud and thought anyone who couldn't talk theater was more dead than alive."

Just as she had previously devoted herself to the piano, Luce now dedicated herself to acting. She was excellent in school productions, and teachers were encouraging—but not her parents.

"They thought the stage was no place for a young lady," she recalls. "When I talked about acting, they just gave me a blank look."

They flatly refused to let her quit high school for the stage. After graduation, however, Luce's determination won out. She was enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She was there three years, then she was honored by the famous actress, Jane Cowl, who chose Luce to work in her repertory theater.

"But there was one thing which was to stand between me and Broadway," she says, "and it was something I could do nothing about. I stand five-feet, seven-and-three-quarter inches tall, pre-shrunk."

Her beauty and talent made her a natural for ingenue roles—until she stood side by side with the male lead. Inevitably, Luce stood a good head above him. So . . . while she waited for a king-sized juvenile to come along . . . she auditioned for radio.

Luce was an overnight sensation in radio. She made her debut opposite Fredric March in *Collier Love Story*. Shortly thereafter, she didn't have to ask for work—sponsors began calling her. She worked on almost every fine dramatic show, and even in a comedy series with the Marx Brothers. In 1940, she was signed to play leading roles in two major daytime dramas, *Portia Faces Life* and *Lorenzo Jones*. (She played Portia for eleven years—until it went off the air.)

"From the beginning, I found myself absorbed in radio, loving every minute of it," she says, "although I remember that Jane Cowl didn't approve, at first."

Miss Cowl thought radio was a second-

rate medium for her first-rate protégée. Until one particular Sunday.

Luce had been called on at the last minute to star on *The Prudential Hour*. After the performance, Jane Cowl was on the phone. "I'm still in tears," she told Lucille. "It was so effective—and you were wonderful."

Luce's credits, listed in small type, would run some six feet long. And, this year, she celebrates her fourteenth anniversary as Belle on *Lorenzo Jones*.

"In the beginning, it was a light comedy," she recalls. "Lorenzo was an impractical inventor, and Belle a simple, good-natured housewife. Today, of course, Belle has developed into a serious career woman with deep emotional conflicts."

Although Luce, during the past fourteen years, has become a bright, enduring star, she, too, has had her share of misfortunes. Her only marriage failed to work out. Then, in 1948, she suffered an accident which nearly ruined her life. The kitchen floor had been waxed too well. Luce slipped, fell, and struck her head. Her skull was fractured and her condition became so serious, she was off the air for months—most of that time confined to bed and immobilized.

"It was serious, but I had no fear of dying," she says. "I dreaded only the possibility of being crippled."

Her radio audience was so affected by this real accident on a daytime drama that a daily bulletin was issued on Luce's progress. She was overwhelmed with kindness.

On the other hand, her friends were overwhelmed by Luce's spirit. It was through sheer, dogged courage—and courage alone—that her recovery was brought about and she regained the use of her injured muscles.

"It was no holiday," says Luce, "but it was my first vacation from radio in eight years—and I almost had to break my neck to get it."

Since then, she has had at least two weeks off each summer. One year, she planned to fly to England and reserved a berth on a stratocruiser.

"You'll never sleep crossing three thousand miles of ocean," a friend said. "You'll lie awake, too nervous to close your eyes."

They didn't know Luce. If the steward hadn't wakened her a half-hour out of London, she would have made a grand entrance in her pajamas.

Last summer, Luce took a cross-country auto trip with her good friend Alice Frost, who acts on radio's *The Second Mrs. Burton* and TV's *Mama*.

"We had a wonderful time," Alice says. "We were both completely whipped before we started, and never did get the rest we were looking for, but we didn't have one spat on the entire trip."

Alice is great at reading maps, so she served as navigator and Luce was the pilot. Of course, Alice took her regular turn at the wheel. Once she felt like really pushing down the accelerator. Luce said she didn't mind.

"I had the car up to seventy or so," Alice recalls, "and I was wondering if it was making Luce nervous. I glanced over and there she was sleeping." Alice grins and adds, "Nothing scares Luce, not even that dinky ferry."

They were on a wobbly old ferry during a cloudburst. The ferry had been five hours late in starting and thus was jammed with vehicles and passengers. With the storm, a rough lake, a creaking vessel, and water rolling around their ankles, it was far from comforting.

July

RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale June 9

"I can use a nap," Luce said sleepily. "I think you'd better stand by to hold the boat together—or swim," said Alice. Luce just smiled, dropped into a deck chair and went to sleep. "And all that time," Alice observes, "I was looking around to find out where they kept the life preservers."

Her admiration is not limited to Luce's iron nerves. She has a lot to say about Luce as a friend, and cites one particular incident. At the end of their motor trip, Alice stayed over in San Francisco for an extra week. Luce flew back to work. She phoned Alice's housekeeper to see how she was getting along, and learned that the woman had pneumonia and had refused to go into a hospital.

"So Luce took over the nursing chores until I got back," Alice says. "And you can imagine how many other things she must have had to do, after being away!"

An average day for Lucille Wall is a crowded one. Besides the *Lorenzo* series, she is always in demand for other drama programs. And every week she schedules three three-hour sessions at the gymnasium. Although she has part-time help, Luce particularly enjoys caring for her apartment. She has acquired furniture as a patron of the arts buys paintings. Many of her pieces are antiques and quite valuable.

"Luce has had no training as a decorator," a friend remarks, "but you can put her in a store with both originals and fine copies, and instinctively she goes to the authentic pieces."

She has real love for authenticity, and this extends even to her personal jewelry. She doesn't own much jewelry, but what she does wear is good—and real.

"Some people think I'm extravagant. But, when you buy furniture of real value, it's an economical investment in the long run," she says. "As for my jewelry, I can wear the same piece over and over, for weeks and years, and I never tire of it. I don't think I'd have the same feeling about costume jewelry."

She has a reputation for being exceptionally well-dressed and notes that it is a very simple matter to look your best.

"Best-dressed women dress themselves—that's the secret," she explains. "They don't let experts lead them blindly into new styles. I'll cling to a dress for five years, if the silhouette is right for me. And hairdos? Well, that's the same thing again. A woman should follow the dictates of her own mirror."

Luce prefers simple clothes for herself and has little enthusiasm for dressing up. She frankly doesn't care for night clubs or even restaurants. A perfect evening of entertainment is good conversation and dinner in her own home or a friend's.

"I have a male appetite," she says, "meats and potatoes and sea food. My taste in desserts ends with ice cream."

Her taste in men is rather positive: not too young and not too short.

"Luce is dear to her friends," Alice Frost says, "because she has something to give them in the way of a fresh viewpoint . . . and because she is honestly sincere. Many of her friends are actors, who often ask for her opinion about their work. With Luce, it's never, 'You were grand, dahling,' but always an honest estimation. And I guess that takes as much courage as anything she's ever done."

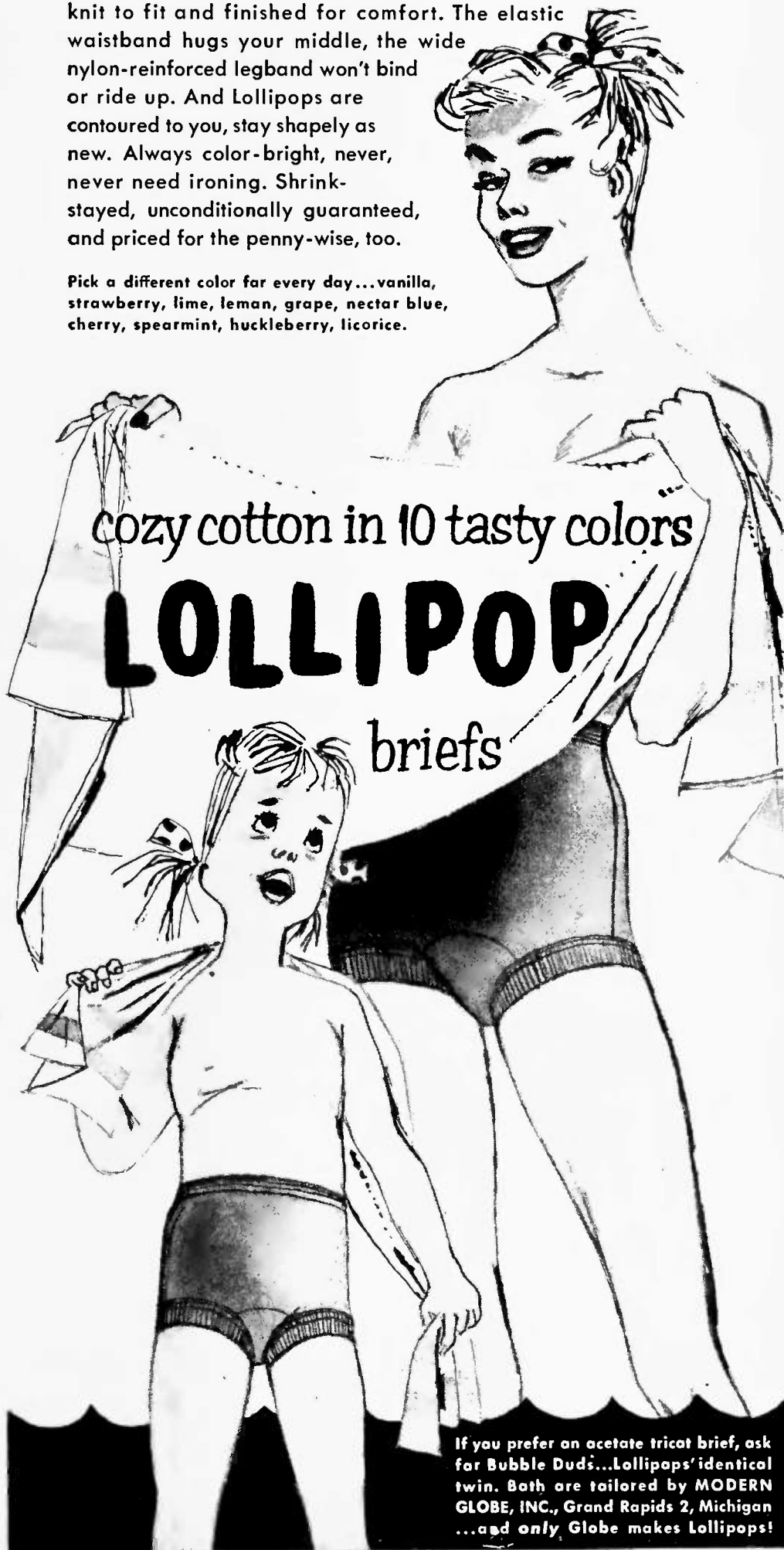
That's the story of Lucille Wall, a remarkable person who decided as a teenager that she would be an actress, and then climbed to the top rung. Her success story is a reminder that there is no set pattern for achievement. It's not so much what a person *does*—but what she *is*—that makes her a "first lady."

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R
M

The Most Wonderful Word

(Continued from page 25)

Rochelle house, patiently working with Peter.

And Mr. Hayes confessed, the other evening, "I've got to admit I was wrong about Godfrey. I knew what a tremendous hold he had on his audiences, but I never knew why. Now I do. He really likes them, all of them, and he has set out to give them just what they want. They want a friend—make that plural, *friends*—in their house. By twisting a dial, this is possible. They don't want actors, professional entertainers. Just nice, charming, witty, comfortable friends.

"The biggest lesson he taught me was not to top other people. You know—on stage, if somebody gets a long laugh, you try to prolong it with another gag. It doesn't work on a Godfrey program. Arthur and I ran playbacks of his shows. 'See there?' he'd say. 'Just last week. I couldn't stand it. I had to keep it going. I had to top it. Now listen to what happens to the laughter.'

"And there it was," Peter said. "The laughter died. There was even a hint of disappointment in it. Arthur knows. He's incredible. A master."

What about this man Peter and his wife and family—whose whole existence and life-pattern have been changed by Godfrey's choice?

The picture of Peter and Mary, at home with the children in their New Rochelle house these days, is one which show people would call "tranquillity." The Hayes family is collectively glad because it is once more ensconced under a very nice roof indeed (although something is always going wrong with it), after seven months on the road. Of course, in a family literally exploding with talent and temperament, it's a little difficult to keep a cook (five have come and—to quote Saki—as cooks go, they have gone during the past year). But they are settled for a time, have a chance to function as a family in a family situation, work at their jobs in one place, rear their young and make their plans around their own hearthstone.

Peter and Mary invited me to their house for an evening not long ago. It turned out to be unseasonably cold and rainy, but I went, anyway, remembering the first night I'd seen Peter 'way back in the thirties, one equally rainy night when I'd stopped at a newly-opened place in San Fernando Valley, California, to get a sandwich.

For the price of my sandwich I'd received, in addition, one of the funniest shows I'd ever watched. A woman named Grace Hayes had come out onto the floor, announced she'd just opened her place and that it was still being painted. Then she said, "My son, Peter, will take over," and dashed out of sight.

Later, it turned out she was going back to help cook dinners and prepare sandwiches. Peter, looking very young and uncertain, and with curiously gummy, yellow hair (he'd been painting a ceiling yellow), came on and fractured every one of us in this haphazard first-week audience. I can't remember what he did. But, whatever it was, he did it with a sort of wry, acid insouciance. There was nothing "blue" or smutty about it. He was just naturally funny.

Now, in the living room of the New Rochelle house, Peter twirled in his big green chair and talked earnestly about the kids and his home, while Mary lounged on the couch across the way and kept up a running commentary which was a mixture of wifely needling, encouragement, and con-

tradiction. He played up to her interpolations as though they were in the script, pausing with pained hauteur now and then, once even pretending to snarl at her. She grinned at the hauteur, looked down in mock despair when he snarled—and got a grin in return.

You would have to go into this house, sit for an evening with these two quite wonderful people, bandy about ideas and words with them, before you could really know the warmth, the tenderness, the togetherness that exists between them and with their children. Because Peter and Mary are both extremely worldly sophisticates, in the purest sense. They stand an inch or two aside from life, participating in it with amusement, working desperately hard in it for what they desire, and are mostly gay about it all.

It is by no means an ordinary setup, nor should it be, since these are extraordinary people. What might be a mix-up, a crash or even a tragedy, to most of us, is taken by the Hayeses in stride.

Peter said, when a couple of workmen in overalls plodded past the living room, "The upstairs guest room broke. That's how it is in this house. Whole rooms break."

"One-hoss-shay type," Mary murmured. "Has to be fixed. Eleven bucks an hour."

There was a momentary pause. Then a baby wailed near by. Mary started from the sofa, losing a shoe, and was out of the room like a streak. Peter grinned, but said nothing until she returned, minutes later.

"Anything doing?"

"Just wanted attention," Mary said. "Two-and-a-half, you know. Was going *uffle-uffle-uffle*"—and she did a beautiful imitation of a small girl trying to work up to a good bawl. "I talked to her."

"You beat the nurse to the draw, I noticed," Peter said.

Mary stared at him, looking innocent.

Peter put his head back. "Man, I'll take all the tight little intrigues and back-stabbings and inter-office counterplots, in preference to this thing that goes on here."

Mary got a speculative look in her eye. She said warningly, "You're doing your psychologist bit again."

But this was something Peter really believed, and he must have it out. He said to Mary, "You had to beat the nurse there, didn't you? You skidded around that corner of the staircase a second before the nurse did. She glared at you, and then you went in to Cathy."

There was a delicate, suspenseful pause. Mary's face composed itself before us, and she retreated into that ineffable dignity of motherhood which so often baffles a husband.

She said, "Okay. We've had the kids on the road for almost a year. I'm scared. Cathy can break my heart. When something goes wrong and she runs to the nurse instead of me, it throws me. I die. I go off somewhere and burst into tears."

We talked, then, about the problems show people have trying to raise a family in anything like a normal way. "You two certainly ought to know what you're doing," I pointed out. "It seems to me I remember you had a little parent trouble when you decided to get married. Do you think you'll behave the same way toward your own children when the time comes?"

"Probably," Mary nodded, with that refreshing candor of hers. "Nobody learns that kind of a lesson until it's too late."

We had to go back a long way to evaluate her remark. . . .

When Peter told his famous mother, night-club owner and performer, that he was about to get married, Grace was op-

posed to the idea. He was her only son and, as she has since admitted in print, it was the most crushing blow which had ever happened to her.

That was fourteen years ago. The year 1940 was a crazy one, anyway, with war on everyone's mind. Peter had fallen desperately in love with Mary, and she with him, and they just weren't going to skip marriage because Peter and his mother had a problem.

Grace went to bed with a bottle of smelling salts. She stayed there—in a decline—for three days. She put on a good performance, and she had very nearly judged her son correctly. As he says today, she over-played the act by one hour.

By the time she got out of bed and started to go into action, Peter and Mary had been married for that hour. Grace Hayes' attitude was complicated by the fact that she had just taken on an old barn and turned it into a night club, with only a few pennies in the bank. (The night the Grace Hayes Lodge opened, there wasn't enough cash on hand to change the first twenty-dollar bill.) She felt that, after decades of work to support and teach Peter, he was about ready to pull his share of the freight. To lose him now was more than she could take. Mary came to work at the club, but Grace was sure the girl was only bidding her time. Grace couldn't, and wouldn't, accept the situation.

Soon things were so bad that Peter and Mary were not only in despair but scarcely speaking to one another. Peter knew that something drastic had to be done instantly, and nothing ordinary or spur-of-the-moment, either. After all, his mother was not an ordinary woman. It would take extraordinary measures to win her over.

Today, when Peter works out a comparable measure designed to help them in their careers, in getting along with people or the children, Mary gazes at him with admiration and says, "Ah, you're admirable, Dad. A real psychologist!" And she isn't always kidding.

But, that Saturday afternoon nearly fourteen years ago, she just stared at him, after he'd made known his plan, and said, "I don't get it."

"It's simple," he insisted. "I know what makes. Just don't speak to me for two or three days when we're at the Lodge. Make like I'm the dirt under your feet. I'll play it the same way. String along with me, hey?"

"Surely," said Mary, not at all surely. "But can't we simplify it? She's grand, basically. She'll loosen up."

"Mother mentioned you only twice yesterday. Both times as 'that girl.' That's loosening up?"

"Okay," Mary agreed. "I hate you—except when we're home alone. Okay?"

The next day, Peter and Mary were icily polite to each other whenever Mrs. Hayes could observe them, spoke only when necessary, and avoided each other whenever possible. Grace observed all this with transparent satisfaction, and was noticeably warmer to both when they left after the last show.

At home, Mary said, "I've never spent such a miserable day in my life, and all we did was make things worse. You and your doggone psychology!"

"It's working," Peter told her. "I know her. Just hold on, will you? Can't you trust me just once?"

"Well. . . ."

So, for three days, it went on like that. The fourth day, Grace took Peter aside. She hemmed and hawed a little, fiddled with some papers on her desk, did her lips over twice with different shades of lipstick,

and then asked, "What's between you and that girl? Hmm? Something wrong?"

Then Peter broke down and confessed. "Sorry, Mother, but I've been wrong all along, and you've been right. It was a big mistake. We just don't get along. I was a fool to marry her."

He waited, looking anguished.

"Uh," Grace said. Her eyes were perplexed. If there was a glint of triumph in them, it was somewhat tarnished.

The next evening she took him aside again. "You're not making a fool of yourself?" she suggested, tentatively.

"No more than I deserve," Peter groaned. "Boy, if I can only get out of this mess."

"Uh," Grace said, once again. But this time, when he left her, she missed his cheek with her good-night peck, left a smudge of lipstick on his ear instead, and seemed definitely distraught.

It was late the following night that she finally said, "Peter—uh—you're no prize yourself, y'know." Her manner was casual, almost gruff.

But he knew he had won. "What do you mean by that?" he said, belligerently.

"You're treating that girl like a dog. After all, you married her. And she's—not bad. She's got guts. She deserves better."

"I don't know—"

"That's just it," said Grace, triumphantly. "You never know! If you would just once listen to your mother's advice. . . ."

And so Peter and Mary were "reconciled" and, in a turn-about effort to make up to her daughter-in-law for her previous attitude, Grace suggested a plan to Peter. She got him aside in a secret meeting and told him what she had in mind.

After all, she said, now that it was apparent that she had brought the two of them together again and saved their marriage, she should take the next step in her role as a mother and try to help them get a

decent place to live. What they needed was a house, even if it was a small one at first. She already owned some land in the Valley, which she would be happy to let them use. Peter had enough money for a down payment. The least they could do would be to build a house for Mary and present it to her as their joint surprise present on her first anniversary.

Peter was not as adult then, nor nearly as aware, as he is now. He thought it a perfect idea. For the next few months, he threw every bit of extra time he could steal away from Mary—and all the money he could beg or borrow—into this new project.

The house was finished barely two days before the anniversary.

On that great occasion Peter took Mary to dinner, with many small but significant hints about a surprise he had in store for her. Finally, when he could suppress himself no longer, he drove her up the road to the new house and stopped the car in front.

"Why are we stopping here?" Mary asked. She'd been told that they were on their way to a party.

"This is it," Peter said, and held the door open for her. "Your new house. We're home, darling. Surprised?"

Without speaking, she walked slowly inside, looked it all over, and then turned to Peter.

"Do I get this right?" she asked. "You and Mother Hayes have built this house for us—the house I'm to live in and work in and keep for us—as a surprise, all by yourselves? Without ever consulting me?"

"Yes," Peter said happily. "Isn't it wonderful? Don't you love it?"

"I hate it," Mary said quietly, with the suppressed emotion which only another bride could understand. "I hate every stick of it."

Ah, well, that was many years ago. Of course, Grace Hayes had been shrewd, as

well as generous. She still owned the land, and all of Peter's money was tied up in the building which was so deeply rooted in it, so Peter and Mary had to stay on for a while. Probably that was the time when Peter at last grew out of his swaddling clothes, became truly adult. He can look back at it now and laugh, and so can Grace. Mary is a good sport, too. Time is the best eraser—because always a little of the original is left on the board, to use in judgment for the future.

Both Peter and Mary dearly love Grace Hayes, see her as often as possible, phone and write to her in between visits. But the home in New Rochelle is seldom graced by relatives. Especially now—when, after such a long period on the road, both Mary and Peter have a chance to settle in and work at home and marriage—any outsiders, however closely related by blood-ties, would be superfluous.

There is a mood of amused, good understanding in the New Rochelle house these days. You sense it when you enter the door. It becomes apparent as an evening with Peter and Mary unfolds itself.

Mary relaxes her slim, lovely figure on the large sofa. She used to be a very pretty girl. Now she is beautiful. It happens that way sometimes—a few years, this way or that. Peter is mellowing; he's broader at the seams, muttering about a diet, but no less enchanting to listen to or be with.

You start laughing a minute or two after you arrive in this house, and you chuckle for quite a long time after you have left. You go home with the knowledge that you now know a gay, cheerful couple—in a world of worried people—and wonder wistfully where they've been, all this time.

But now, of course, everyone knows where Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are. And they got there the only way it could be, once they'd met—together.

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Lucky Lynn Loring

(Continued from page 49)

Lynn and said, "This is your mother." The little girl remembers that they shook hands rather solemnly, and that she was feeling strange about suddenly acquiring a second mother on a permanent basis—not for just one part of one show, as had happened on other programs. This was to be a mother-daughter relationship "for keeps," something like the one she had with her own mother.

"I liked Mary right away," she says now. "I kept getting to like her more and more as I got to know her better. I'm still getting to like her more and more—if that's possible, when already I love her so much. My Mommie loves her, too. On Mother's Day, I do double shopping and I don't even have to make two decisions. I decide on one thing, and buy two alike. Last year, it was a little dancing-girl pin. I don't quite know yet what it will be this year."

As far as Mrs. Loring is concerned, she couldn't be more pleased that her little girl has acquired another mother. "As long as it's someone as fine as Mary Stuart," she adds. "Part of Lynn's life is now spent with her, and my little girl would be bound to pick up certain traits from anyone she is with so much. Mary is one of the most natural, wholesome, charming—and least vain or egotistical—women I have ever known. Watching her, Lynn will never turn into a superficial person or a vain one. We laugh about how Mary never primps, how she seldom even looks in a mirror before she goes on the set. Lynn is usually the one who looks her over and pushes back any stray hairs or fixes a fold in her skirt. Mary dresses herself carefully, and has beautiful taste in whatever she wears, and then she never fusses over her appearance. She is always careful, too, about what she says in front of Lynn, just as I am. I couldn't be happier about the example she sets for my little girl."

For her part, Mary Stuart considers herself just as fortunate. "Lynn is a wonderful little girl. I haven't any children yet and, when Barbara (Mrs. Loring) is busy, I love to take Lynn along with me—shopping, or sometimes to a matinee or the circus when it's in town, or a museum, or home to my apartment to sit near me and visit while I sew or cook. We don't live too far apart, which makes it easy. I buy little books for Lynn to read when I'm too busy to talk, but she's a resourceful child who can always amuse herself. We go window-shopping, sometimes the three of us—Barbara and Lynn and I—sometimes just Lynn and I together. When I gaze too long at a dress or suit in the window of my favorite shop, Lynn will grab my arm and warn, 'Remember Richard.' She means my husband, Richard Krolik, who is a television producer. Lynn is always looking after his interests! They are very good friends."

Mary is making the bedspreads and drapes for Lynn's pink and green and cocoa room in the Loring's new apartment. (She is also making matching mother-and-daughter costumes for them to wear on the program—skirts, blouses and little aprons.) Lynn's new room is so much bigger than the one in their old apartment that it is being divided by bookshelves into a sitting room-bedroom. Furnishings are French provincial, and the windows are also framed in bookcases—so there is ample space for her collection of more than a hundred dolls, dozens of stuffed animals, books, toys, games and all the other assorted paraphernalia dear to a ten-year-old's heart. Lynn has the first doll the director of her first TV dramatic show gave to her, and all the other dolls

she has loved as one by one they joined her family.

Grownups she has worked with—including everyone on *Search For Tomorrow*—are always giving her little and big presents to make her round eyes dance even more than they do normally. Bess Johnson, who plays her Grandmother Barron on the program, knitted her a sweater and hat and gloves as a Christmas present—and made an identical set for one of her favorite dolls. Melba Rae, who plays Marge on the program, made one of Lynn's dolls a wonderful reversible raincoat, just like a full-size one. The men—Terry O'Sullivan, Larry Haines, Cliff Hall, and all the others—are always finding surprise presents for her in their pockets.

Lynn's parents are pleased by all this, but they have definite ideas about how to bring up a little girl with a big dramatic talent. As far as her father was concerned, "Charles wasn't too sure she should be an actress at all," says Lynn's mother. "Actually, she represents my own frustration at not being allowed by my parents to try my wings as an actress. When I saw signs of talent in our daughter—and I admit I was watching for them—I was determined to give her a chance. I told her that, if we ever saw any signs of her becoming spoiled, then she would have to give up being an actress."

"Fortunately, Lynn is an intelligent child who understands how lucky she is, and we don't feel she has been one bit spoiled by the nice things that have happened. The stagehands play checkers with her during the waits between rehearsals and broadcasts, and I consider that one of the acid tests. Actors don't impress them at all, and they just couldn't be bothered with a 'bratty' youngster. They treat Lynn as though she were one of their own kids."

Lynn's career began when she was four, first as a model. She was six when she auditioned for a role in a commercial film for a big electric company. The producers asked Barbara if she would leave Lynn with them and go home for some other clothes they wanted to test her in.

"I'm a meticulous housekeeper, but that day I couldn't find a thing, I was so excited," Mrs. Loring recalls. "By the time I got back, Lynn had become hungry, so they had taken her to lunch and she had told them all about herself, her family, her friends, her studies. They kept whispering to me how wonderful she was. I knew it all along! Of course, she got the role, although dozens of children had been auditioned. She was calmer than I was, and not one re-take of her part was needed. Her brother Neil had been teaching her to read, and she learned the lines easily."

After that, Lynn did some other commercial films, and then Barbara took her to CBS for a general audition. Lynn had had no formal dramatic training at all, but her first TV role was in pantomime, on *Lamp Unto My Feet*. Next, she had a dramatic part on *Studio One*—a real role with some lines to speak. "I was excited, but not nervous," she remembers.

As a result of being on television (she has been in big dramatic shows like Robert Montgomery's, and on *Your Hit Parade* and many others), offers began to come from the Hollywood studios. Lynn was excited over the first "one for only one reason—and it had nothing to do with a trip to Hollywood or the idea of becoming a movie star. "If I make a picture in Hollywood," she asked, "will they let me in at our neighborhood movie whenever I want to, without paying?" Her mother

assured her that she wouldn't be singled out for any special privileges, and somehow the whole idea lost its enchantment for her. It was just as well, because her daddy didn't like the prospect of having his wife and daughter so far away part of the time, and Barbara Loring was unwilling, too, to upset their family life.

Producers have wanted her for Broadway shows, but have been turned down. "The hours would be all wrong, and we would both be away from home too much," Barbara sums it up. Lynn adds, "I get sleepy even now by eight o'clock, so how could I stay up late every night? Only when I do an evening radio or television show can I stay awake—and that's not often, so I'm pretty excited." Normally, she's asleep a little after eight, except on Friday and Saturday nights, which are special enough to give her an extra hour or so of stay-up time.

On *Search For Tomorrow*, work becomes fun for a little girl who truly enjoys being that other little girl, Patti, and who thinks her family on the show is almost as nice as the one at home. In fact, when both Bess Johnson and Cliff Hall (Grandmother and Grandfather Barron) went off on their respective vacations last year, Lynn broke down and cried—"because I knew I was going to miss them terribly." When Mary goes, Lynn counts the days until she comes back.

Mary takes her to school when Barbara is busy, or picks her up after classes if Barbara can't make it. Lynn goes to a private school because, on days when she appears on the program, she can only attend the afternoon sessions, and must make up the work by putting in extra time with a tutor. Mary helps, too, by going over the homework with her. Her mother and her big brother Neil take over when she gets home, but she really needs little outside help. "I think Mary makes more fuss over Lynn's high marks than I do," Barbara laughs, "but we're both proud that her lowest seems to be 98. She's a good student, and particularly advanced in English—because of her reading, I suppose, and because of the many brilliant people she has been thrown together with in her work."

Days she is on the show, Lynn reports to the studio at 8 A.M., rehearses until 9:30, then goes for a walk in the fresh air until close to broadcast time. Sometimes she comes back early to go over her homework, or make funny masks out of newspaper, or play Scrabble or checkers. After the show is off the air at 12:45, she has lunch, and then goes off to school. Days when she isn't in the script, she keeps morning school hours as well as afternoon.

Playtime is 4:30, outdoors with the other kids in her building or around the neighborhood. Somehow or other, she works in her piano practice, her ballet and tap lessons (she has been studying these for the past two years), and this year she will begin to take some singing lessons. A pretty big schedule, but Lynn is a healthy child whose 64 pounds nicely balance her 4'3" of height.

Somehow, too, she finds time to answer her fan mail, all by herself, and to give time to her fan club, made up of children who admire her. "I wouldn't want anyone else to answer my mail, especially when mothers of sick children write, or letters come from hospitals or older people. I like to write my own way, so it will sound like me."

Lynn is still amazed that people recognize her, although she herself is always excited when she meets some favorite of movies or TV. She and Barbara recently

spied one of their favorite actresses in a Fifth Avenue store early one morning, when few people were about. "Do you think she would mind if I asked for an autograph?" Lynn asked. "I don't think so," her mother said, "because there are so few around. It won't start other requests. Just go up to her quietly."

The star was annoyed. "I don't give autographs, little girl," she told Lynn. "If I gave you one, others would ask." And she turned away. Just then another child got off the elevator with her mother, spied Lynn, called to her, "Patti, may I have your signature? I watch you all the time."

If Lynn signed with a little extra flourish, she could be forgiven—because out of the corner of her eye she could see the big star trying to figure out just who this little girl really was!

Last summer, when the family was on vacation, the woman who did their laundry had a son who acted as Barbara's caddy on the golf course. Lynn played a few holes, then he stared at her and said how familiar she looked, but he couldn't figure out why. "Are you sure I didn't caddy for you before?" he asked. Barbara finally broke down and suggested that he might have seen *Search For Tomorrow* on television. "Why, you look like Patti Barron!" he shouted to Lynn. "You are Patti. Just wait until I tell my mother whose laundry she's doing!"

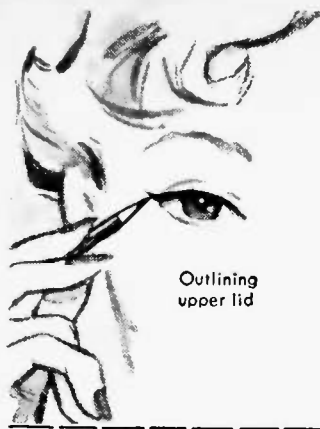
Even Mary Stuart has to take bows for Lynn occasionally. The kids back in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Mary's parents still live and where she visits, don't ask if Mary is Joanne Barron. Instead, they want to know if she's "Patti Barron's mother." Mary is only too happy that she can say yes. Incidentally, Mary's parents are also fond of their little "granddaughter." Adding then to Lynn's own three grandparents and her two on the show, Lynn has a total of seven—way over the usual quota!

At this moment, however, Lynn has only one daddy, Charles, who is a lawyer and an executive of a ship repair company. Her daddy on the program died—not really, of course, but in the script—and Joanne Barron hasn't yet found anyone else she can love as she did Patti's father. The day that Keith passed away in a hospital scene, both Mary and Lynn stayed away from the set. In the first place, they liked the young actor, John Sylvester, who played him, and now he would be out of the script and the show. In the second place, the whole thing had become very real to them.

Mary hurried out to a restaurant, to brood over a cup of coffee and to hide her emotion from everyone else in the cast. Lynn retreated quietly to her dressing room to shed a few tears that no one could see. Even though she had read the script beforehand, and knew it was only part of the *Search For Tomorrow* story, that day, it all seemed to be really happening.

Lynn's daddy didn't feel quite so unhappy about it, however. "I think he was a little glad she had only him for a daddy again," Barbara Loring laughs. "Sometimes he would tease her and say, 'Well, you certainly loved your other daddy in the show today. I saw you hug and kiss him.' Lynn knew he was only fooling, but she would reassure him that she loved him best. 'Well, I don't know,' he would insist. 'I saw you, and you certainly snuggled up to him.'"

Lynn's two mothers, Barbara Loring and Mary Stuart, don't even tease her about her shared affections. Each knows she has her own place in the little girl's heart. As for Lynn herself, she is still marveling at her luck in having two wonderful mothers—her real Mommie, and Mary, her mother on *Search For Tomorrow*.



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows



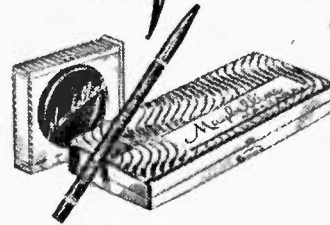
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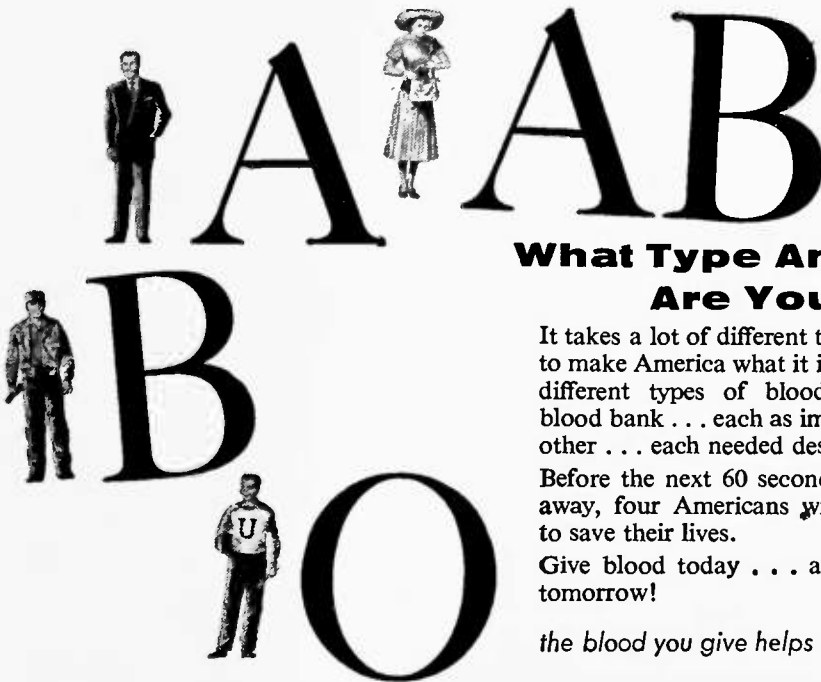
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Big-Time Charlie

(Continued from page 30)

which was to carry him farther than even he dreamed at the time, Charlie decided that, if he were going to be told "No," he'd hear it from the men at the top and not their assistants. The twenty-one-year-old squared his shoulders, checked on the address of Milton Berle's offices, and headed there for a frontal assault.

When he got there, Charlie started for the receptionist's desk, then paused. He heard the famous Berle laugh ring out from within his private office. The door was open and Charlie walked in.

"Mr. Berle," said Charlie Applewhite, "I'd like to sing for you."

Uncle Miltie had been talking to his manager, Irving Grey. He stopped, looked up at the slender, unfamiliar young man, and laughed. So did Mr. Grey. Then Berle said, "Sonny, I don't know how you got in here, but I'm busy."

Face to face with the top comedian at last, Charlie fought for his big chance. "As long as I'm here, Mr. Berle, why not let me sing?"

"All right." Berle leaned back in his chair like a father indulging a spoiled child. "Sing."

Charlie looked around for a piano and for someone to accompany him.

"If you can really sing," Berle told him, "you don't need a piano player."

Charlie sang "Star Dust" and "How Do You Speak to An Angel?" Then, Milton Berle sent for a piano player.

As Charlie did some more songs—this time with accompaniment—the receptionists, secretaries and clerks left their desks in the outer offices to gather around the door and listen. When he'd finished, Irving Grey grinned and said, "Well, Milton, I guess you've got yourself a boy."

Milton Berle asked the young singer his name, then reached for a phone. "Sonny," he said, "I'm taking you over to Decca Records to meet Milton Gabler, the man in charge of talent."

"Then I began to get scared," Charlie recalls. "I knew Mr. Berle had been amused at my crashing his private office. And I guess he thought I could sing pretty good. But I knew that, if the man at Decca turned thumbs down, I was through—and for good."

Scared but game, Charlie sang a few songs for the poker-faced Mr. Gabler. There was no change of expression. But, when he'd finished, Mr. Gabler said, "He's okay, I can use him." Climactic words, simply stated, adding one more link to the chain of events which eventually were to lead Charlie to national fame.

After the Decca audition, Berle sent Charlie home, telling him to wait till he heard from him. These words—which had so often been a polite brush-off in the past—resulted, this time, in arrangements for Charlie to make nine appearances on the Berle program.

Milton suggested Charlie should have a manager, and introduced him to Wynn Lassner. Then, still somewhat dazed by the swift, wonderful results of his bold move, Charlie signed a contract with Decca.

Charlie's first appearance on the Berle show was a brief, history-making, two-minute stint. The second time around, December 1, 1953, was a magic night for the lad from Texas. With Martha Raye as his other guest star, Milton Berle built the complete show around his new discovery. In a gesture rare enough in everyday life—and almost unheard of in show business—Martha and Milton gave their all to build up the young singer. No one who saw the telecast will forget the look of complete joy on Charlie's face as he romped through

scenes with two veteran show people who had been trouping when Charlie's only vocalizing was a baby's cry.

Yet the pros around the studio agreed that the rising young star performed like a veteran himself. Charlie handled three songs and about thirty pages of script with poise and confidence, and without once fluffing a line. And, if the show people were amazed at the way Charlie handled himself, the audience—at home and in the studio—were instantly in love with him. When the telecast was over, the fledgling who had tramped the Broadway streets back in August was a walking, singing example of the American dream-come-true.

Overnight, he became the most talked-about young singer of the year. The network—and the radio and television magazines—were deluged with mail. Fan clubs sprang up all over the country and bobby-soxers everywhere hailed their new heart-throb.

Where did it all begin? According to Charlie's mother—who sang in a church choir and taught Charlie to sing—her young son showed an appreciation of music when he was a mere ten days old. But, even allowing for a mother's natural bias, Charlie actually made his first public singing appearance at the age of four, toddling out to sing "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round" in the Kiddie Revue at the Tivoli Theater in Fort Worth, Texas. After that, Mrs. Applewhite says, "Charlie won first place every time he appeared in a Kiddie Revue."

Mrs. Applewhite was quick to realize that she had an unusual, talented child to cope with, and to her must go much of the credit for the modest, level-headed, mature person that Charlie is at twenty-one. Charlie was the curly-haired family pet and could easily have been spoiled.

His mother remembers a flair of temperament at the age of six when, at the last minute, Charlie balked at singing at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon. Only the applause of the audience finally coaxed him onto the stage. After the luncheon, Mrs. Applewhite told her son: "Charles, there are different ways of making a living. Some people have to work very hard. Those who have ability and talent are more fortunate. I had hoped that you would be one of the fortunate, but your behavior today convinces me that you don't want to sing. So you'll have to learn something else."

Young Charles had never had to do any of the chores around the house, but now Mrs. Applewhite began to find things for him to do. Once, when he had to work instead of play, Charlie climbed up into his favorite tree and began talking to himself. The family heard him repeating over and over, "Mother is going to work me to death. Mother doesn't love me any more."

The next time someone called to ask the young boy to sing, Mrs. Applewhite reported to Charlie that her answer had been that he didn't care to sing any more. At this, the boy broke into tears and said, "I'll never be bad again. Please call them and tell them I'll sing."

When Charlie was a little older, and was allowed to go downtown by himself, Mrs. Applewhite discovered that—whenever he found himself short of carfare or movie money—Charlie would stand on street corners and sing until he had the funds he wanted.

Despite her secret amusement, Mrs. Applewhite had to take a firm, parental stand. And so, although Charlie knew that his talent made him "different" from the other kids, he remained a regular, all-around

boy. He idolized his brother Bill, who was twelve years his senior and who taught him to swim and fish and ride a horse. The affectionate bond still holds fast, and Charlie beams when he tells of Bill's successful typewriter agency.

Charlie learned to read music by playing trumpet in the Paschal High School band and, at sixteen, won the title of "King of Song" in a competition among all the Fort Worth high schools. When he'd finished high school, Charlie decided against college and went to work in the oil fields as a "roughneck." When he broke his arm in an accident, Charlie returned home.

A good friend, Norm Alden, offered him five dollars a night to sing in a Dallas lounge, and the Applewhite career took wings. Next, the officer in charge of talent at the Officers Club at Carswell Air Base offered him \$100 a week to sing at the club. "That looked like—and was—big money," Charlie says.

After four months at the air base, Charlie was offered a job as a singing waiter at the Studio Lounge in Dallas. "I was a bit staggered at the idea," laughs Charlie. "I had sung in lounges and the Officers Club, and I didn't quite see the idea of being a waiter. But I said I'd give it a try." After totalling \$91 in tips for the first four nights, Charlie decided he liked the Studio's informality, and he remained to sing and wait on tables for nine months.

Night-club dates in Shreveport, Louisiana followed, and then a booking at Eddie's in Kansas City, Missouri, which Charlie describes as "very top stuff." When no other singing engagements turned up, he returned to the family's chicken farm.

In the midst of all this changing and hopping about, Charlie staked out one island of permanence. He married Joan Antoinette Loicano, the dark-haired, dark-eyed girl he had dated all through high school. They were both still in their teens—and very much in love—when they eloped to Mexico.

"Joanie's family were wild," Charlie remembers. "They were quite well-off and didn't want to see their daughter married to someone who didn't have a job. But, after we were married and I couldn't get a job singing right away, I went to work in an aircraft factory. When they saw I was willing to work at anything, they came around. And, believe me," Charlie adds earnestly, "they have pitched in and been swell in every way."

Charlie's mother had always believed in and encouraged his singing. But Joanie, although she stuck with him through all the lean times, wasn't too sure. "About a year ago, Joanie started really believing in me," Charlie admits. "Before that, I think she thought I ought to get a regular job, that I wasn't really going to get anywhere singing. But, just about then, she realized that singing meant more to me than anything and she went along with it all the way."

Today, the young Applewhites have a small daughter, Angela, who stands in the middle of the floor and beats her palms together whenever she hears her daddy's voice on a record. And Charlie, who still looks more like a high school freshman than a family man, is the typical proud father who needs very little encouragement to pull out the billfold in which he carries Angela's picture alongside Joanie's.

In spite of the big change in their financial status, the Applewhites continue to live very simply in their New York apartment. "We came to New York in a 1949 Chevy," Charlie remembers, "and we still have it. Joanie has no maid. She

takes care of Angela and does all the housework. I like to cook, but I sure do hate to wash dishes. Joanie used to follow me around on engagements but, since Angela came along, she's more of the little mother."

Joanie and Charlie have heard the legend that show business and overnight successes have a way of interfering with marriages—particularly young marriages. But both the Applewhites are amazingly mature for their young years. "Most of those marriages weren't based on three years of courtship," Charlie points out seriously. "Joanie and I have always gone together. There never has been anyone else for either of us, and I don't think there ever will be."

The fans—there are now sixty-seven Applewhite fan clubs—like Joanie, too. And, when they spot her at one of Charlie's telecasts, they keep their eyes open to see by what exit their new idol is going to leave. Then the mad rush starts.

Charlie has a great respect for his many fans and he is grateful to the club members for their wonderful help in plugging his records, talking about his singing, and giving him the kind of good, friendly publicity which a young singer must have to make his mark today.

But it is to Milton Berle that Charlie gives his most heartfelt thanks and gratitude. "You can't know how good he's been to me," he says. "It's been unbelievable. That's why I accept no bids to appear on TV shows or anywhere else without first consulting him. If he says it's okay, then I know it is. But, if he says no, then I go along with him. Because if it weren't for Mr. Berle, I might be back on the family chicken farm now."

Offers for his own network TV show and movie offers from five different studios—including one for a straight dramatic role—have come rolling in. But Charlie refuses to grab at an easy success which might fizzle out quickly. "I don't want to do anything until I think I can handle it."

In the meantime, Charlie is happy to go along with Uncle Miltie as his mentor, to learn his trade, and to wait until he—and those whose opinions he values—think he is ready to branch out. Right now, he's very pleased that he's doing well enough so his sixty-one-year-old dad can take things a bit easier. And he's proud, too, that—when asked what he thought of Charlie on TV—the honest, quiet-spoken Texas farmer came through with what Charlie considers top praise. "Pretty good, son," he said.

Another big thrill came last Christmas when Charlie went home. From the brass band at the airport to the friendly handshakes of his neighbors and friends, Charlie found it all "wonderful!"

Like many another Texan before him, Charlie Applewhite has struck oil. He had to go to New York to do it, but the neighbors who have rooted for him since Kid-die Revue days are mighty proud that he's "big time" now.

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Dream Child

(Continued from page 51)
thing we haven't planned!

"Our plan is worked out to the day. We have no work from April to August. While we're waiting, we'll take a trip to New York, our favorite town. If it weren't for *Topper*, that would be our permanent home. We definitely want a New York fling before the baby's birth in July. The doctor gave me six weeks to play, but I've got an eight-week idea. However, the baby's so active now, we may both be wrong! At any rate, we want to have the baby in California—all our families are here.

"That's more of our plan—we've got built-in baby sitters. My mother and sister are in California; Sis is married, has two lovely children and knows all about things like that. And Robert's mother is a 'professional'—she looked after Desi's and Lucy's baby for the first six weeks. So we're surrounded with talent in that department.

"Even if the baby is born in New York, we're prepared. We're so in love with that wonderful town that we've kept our apartment there. Though we haven't repapered the walls, we do have a room in each place we can call the nursery. We even had two bassinets made ready for christening—so we're doubly prepared!"

Bob and Anne first met six years ago, backstage one night at the Capitol Theater in Philadelphia. "We double-dated," Bob says, "but I was with someone else. For some strange reason I wasn't even interested in Anne. I think because she was engaged at the time."

Then, one night four years later, Bob and Anne found themselves eating after-theater eggs *diablo* at the same table in Sardi's.

Anne was impressed with Bob's clean good looks—and the fact that he played the dramatic-comedy lead in "The Gramercy Ghost." She loved the stage and respected his talent.

Bob was fascinated by Anne's classic beauty—and the fact that she starred in the singing-dancing-dramatic role of Kate in the musical, "Kiss Me Kate." He was thinking of her as the theater's triple-threat talent.

About the time the eggs *diablo* had gone their way, Bob learned that Anne was no longer engaged.

"How would you like to have supper with me tomorrow night after our shows?" he said. "And the night after that, too!"

Anne was thrilled. She almost said, "Will I!" but said, "I will," instead.

Anne and Bob saw one another every night from May to November. In place of Sardi's, they sometimes supped at the Stork Club—and, once in a while, Anne prepared eggs *diablo* in her apartment. "With the hours we kept while courting," she says, "I don't know how we ever made our performances."

They were married in November, 1951, spending their honeymoon in Pinehurst, North Carolina. Pinehurst is a golfer's paradise. Golf is part of Bob's life. But until they were married, Anne had never held a club. In fact, Anne never played games. She had worked in the theater all her life, thought games a waste of time.

Bob knew that Anne had no intentions of taking up golf. But he had a subtle plan to get her interested. Every afternoon on their honeymoon, he picked up his clubs and headed for the course. Wind or rain didn't stop him. If Anne wanted to be with him, she had to tag along.

She did. She stood on every tee, first on one foot and then on the other, shivering in the November breezes.

"I didn't realize what was happening," says Anne. "Finally, one cold afternoon, Bob said, 'Why don't you swing a club to keep warm?' I did. First thing I knew, the pro was standing beside me saying, 'No, Mrs. Sterling, you grip the club this way.' I was in the middle of my first lesson."

Anne has always been a dependent person. As a child, she was dependent on her mother, and in her marriage she is dependent on Bob. She not only learned golf (she says, "I did it in self-defense"), she also learned baseball.

"When we were back in New York after our honeymoon," says Bob, "we went to see the Giants play. Anne had never seen a baseball game. Shortly after we arrived, Anne found that she had left her purse in the cab. She had a gold pen, a religious medal, gold bobby pins, keys and woman's stuff in it. When it turned up missing, she was broken-hearted.

"We called the cab company, but the purse hadn't been turned in. I teased her and tried to cheer her up. 'You're getting just as absent-minded as your mother,' I said. But it didn't do any good. As the game started, she was near tears.

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"She didn't say a thing during the first inning. Knowing that she was upset, I couldn't enjoy the game either. But, by the end of the second inning, she was asking me where the picture was she'd heard so much about. I finally decided she meant pitcher, and pointed him out to her. Purse, schmurse—by the end of the third inning, she was yelling, 'Come on Durocher, come on, you Giants!'"

When Bob and Anne were first married, she did much of their cooking in their New York apartment. One thing she was supposed to avoid in Bob's diet was curry powder. It was reputed to make him ill. Unfortunately, lamb curry was Anne's favorite dish, her specialty. Of course she gave it up when Bob said the curry made him ill. Of course. . . .

Bob was proud of her cooking. He had not only married a triple-threat from the theater, his wife was also a master chef in the kitchen. He told all his pals, "She's the greatest. She can make meat loaf taste like a ragout. When Anne puts oil and vinegar on greens, it tastes like the best French dressing."

Some six months later, Anne said to Bob, "We're going to have lamb curry tonight."

"You know I can't eat curry," he said. "How come?"

"Try it just this once for me," said Anne.

"All right, just this once, but have some steak ready on the side."

That evening, Bob ate the lamb curry. "Gee, it tastes a little bit like your meat loaf," he said. Then with a surprised note

in his voice, he added, "And it's good!"

"It should be," said Anne, "you've been eating curry for six months in your meat loaf, deviled eggs and dressing."

Lamb curry is now part of the weekly menu.

Shortly after their marriage, Anne and Bob worked together in a night-club routine. They traveled from one end of the country to the other.

Later, when Anne and Bob were signed for the *Topper* show, they had to readjust to their new schedule. On the New York stage and on the road, work had begun at 8:30 P.M. Filmed shows in Hollywood are shot during the day beginning at 8 A.M. It took the Sterlings six months to adjust to this new schedule, but they finally did it. Now it's up at 6 A.M., dinner at 7 P.M., in bed at 10 P.M.

This schedule has thrown their social life into a ground-loop. "It's especially true if we want to eat out," says Anne. "The problem is that Los Angeles and Hollywood are so spread out. By the time we take off our make-up, drive home to change, then drive across town to a favorite restaurant, it's 10 P.M. That's our bedtime! By the time the food arrives, we're fast asleep!"

So Anne and Bob rarely eat out. On the *Topper* set, they have a kitchen setup in their dressing room. Generally, at lunch, Anne breaks out her cook book to prepare their twelve-o'clock meal. There is wide variety in the menu, but the emphasis is on foods with a low caloric content.

They are counting calories because of Anne's pregnancy. Baked apples (no sugar), broiled chicken (no butter), poached eggs (no salt), and fresh fruit for dessert. As soon as Anne went on the low-calorie diet, Bob went along to lend moral support. He lost eight pounds in twelve days. Says Anne, "He should have the baby!"

When Bob and Anne were first married, he had said, "I suppose now you'll want to retire from the stage and just be a housewife and raise a family."

"No," Anne replied, "I want to die on the stage. I love the theater. Just let the curtain come down once, that's all. I don't particularly care to die in front of the audience, but I do want my feet on the stage."

Today, Anne recalls, "That first year we didn't talk about children, because we didn't know if children would mix with our career. Now we have no doubts."

When the baby arrives, it will make no great change in the career of the Sterlings. Anne feels she doesn't have to give up her career to have the baby. She is both eager to go on with her work and become a mother. "After the baby is born, I'll be eager to get back to work," she says. "I have a mental picture of myself, leaving the hospital, babe in arms, knocking on producers' doors with, 'Got any jobs for a mother-with-child today?'"

Bob's and Anne's careers may take any number of courses after the baby is born. They will surely continue *Topper*, but they may also travel again to the New York stage. In any event, they will keep the baby with them at all times. "I don't see any reason," says Anne, "why the baby shouldn't be raised in a trunk. Many fine children have come from this environment. I know I'm not going to leave my child to be raised by nurses."

For this is Anne's and Bob's dream child. Their first . . . to be followed, perhaps, by a second . . . and a third . . . ?

Anne's laughter tinkles in reply, her eyes glow more seriously, as she answers: "Why not? We've got so many plans, so many dreams. . . ."

DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 19)

will need all Mickey's help as Diane gets herself involved with the fascinating Margot Finchley. Is she also going to get help—and perhaps a whole new attitude toward the future—from an unexpected quarter? 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN From her first meeting with Magnus, Wendy knows he is one of the most powerful personalities she has ever encountered. Convinced of his charlatanism before she ever saw him, she is nevertheless so confused by his forcefulness that she understands the effect he has had on her friend Kay. But Wendy's boss, editor Don Smith, will not let her forget how wealthy Kay is. What is Magnus' real object? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan and Harry Davis saw Joan's sister Sylvia through a recent crisis that threatened not only her happiness but her life, so they are all the more disturbed when Sylvia's reaction to her narrow escape is not one of relief. Is Sylvia's strange behavior the result of some deep psychological confusion? Or is she perhaps acting in a manner that will be best in the end for everyone concerned? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jessie Carter is disturbed when the trust fund offered by her daughter Sandy's father-in-law for the expected baby is turned down by Sandy's husband Mike. And James Carter reveals something his oldest son Jeff already suspects—that he has always resented Jeff's financial independence because it prevents James from guiding Jeff's life. Will this issue remain long after the trust fund is settled? 4:45 P.M., NBC.

WOMAN WITH A PAST Some time ago, the beautiful Sylvia gave up Steve Russell to marry Craig Rockwell and his millions. Will she come back into his life to disrupt his romance with designer Lynn Sherwood, who has found in Steve the first happiness she has allowed herself since the tormented past about which she never speaks? Since Rockwell's money finances Lynn's new shop, Sylvia may be able to cause more than one kind of trouble. 4 P.M., CBS-TV.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Whether for good or evil, it was obvious from the first contact between Dr. Jerry Malone and Tracy Adams that the meeting was significant for both of them. Is Jerry's mother right to believe that Tracy would be good for Jerry? Or is Dr. Paul Browne closer to the truth when he fears that Tracy and Jerry could bring irreparable tragedy to each other? 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN For many years, Ellen Brown believed that her long engagement to Dr. Anthony Loring would culminate in marriage. But now her heart is torn as Anthony and Millicent, who trapped him into marriage, settle into social leadership in Simpsonville and prepare for the coming of their child. The certainty that Anthony still loves her offers no solace as Ellen turns to Michael Forsthe for companionship. 4:30 P.M., NBC.



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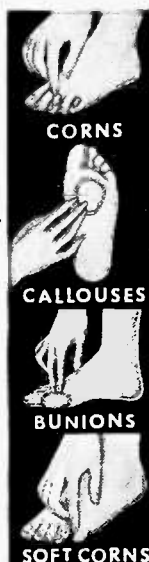
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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

He Can Do Anything!

(Continued from page 34)

old walking along some pleasant neighborhood street in suburban Mount Vernon, scarcely twenty miles north of Times Square. Walking not alone, mind you, but nip and tuck with a tall, gray-haired gentleman whom he frequently addressed as "Uncle Phil." And the two of them would be chattering and conversing like a couple of professors.

True, most of the talk would come from the older, wiser of the two, for Phil Richardson, a veteran newspaperman, was Art's font of knowledge in those days.

Walking and talking, they'd hotly discuss the relative batting excellence of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. They'd exchange some hilarious recollections of the latest Marx Brothers movie. And then, perhaps, they'd map out another nice sketching trip to one of Westchester's hilly spots for the coming Saturday morning.

A most unusual companionship, this. Almost two-score years' difference in their ages . . . and yet Art, who had his full share of neighborhood chums, knew none whose friendship he valued as he did this older man's. Uncle Phil was fun.

Actually, Phil Richardson was not Art's uncle. He was an old and intimate friend of Art's parents and had accepted the Carneys' invitation to come live with them when he wrote finis to his last news article for a New England newspaper.

Uncle Phil brought a special something into Art's daily life. Maybe that was possible because Phil, now semi-retired, had so much wisdom to give out of his life's experience with ideas and things and people. His was a balance-wheel kind of influence—steady, soothing. He was always on hand to lend welcome counsel and a good sense of values in any situation that troubled the Carneys.

The rest of the Carney household? Mother, of course, busy with the eternal task of maintaining a nice home for eight menfolk. Dad, absorbed in his work as public relations counsel for Westchester banks and giving much of his own time to civic and community activities. And Jack, Art's older brother, setting his own sights on a target that would one day represent a way of life for both brothers.

Maybe the gizmo had better he tuned extra carefully at this point—because the flashback now begins to picture a period of greatest significance in the development of Art Carney as we know him today.

'Twas the teen-age period, if you please, and three cheers for Mount Vernon High. The tempo is a wee bit livelier, with a busy cycle of newly made friends, classes, exams, competitive sports, campus intrigues and all that. Looming up, as almost more important than any of these things, was the awareness, by growing numbers of people, that Art possessed a very rare talent.

This talent might not have emerged at all, if it hadn't been for two mighty important influences which had become established on the American scene. One was talking pictures (including newsreels that let you hear as well as see the world's Very Important People) and the other was radio—network radio, piping sounds and voices into your living room from thousands of miles away.

These marvels left their special imprint on young Art Carney. Every time he listened to or watched a famous personality, something rubbed off on him, and he was able to reconvert that something into a fascinatingly accurate impersonation whenever he felt the urge to do so.

Urge or no, command performances be-

came increasingly frequent, as Art progressed through his freshman, sophomore and junior years at Mount Vernon High. School dances and other social functions always had that extra zing when Art's friends could get him to do his routines. He'd do a telling impersonation of Edward G. Robinson, and then somebody would call out, "Okay, let's have Al Smith!" He'd give 'em Smith, and another chorus of demands would be shouted.

"Do F. D. R.!"

"Hey, Art, give us that Fred Allen routine!"

"Barrymore, Art! Do Lionel Barrymore!"

One day, at the beginning of his senior year, Art was approached by a group of his classmates. Each had that eager-beaver look in his eye . . . the look that proclaims High Purpose, Dedication to an Ideal.

"Art, we want to enlist you in our cause," their spokesman announced. "Do you know Jean Myers?"

Young Mr. Carney allowed as he'd heard her name mentioned recently, although he'd never met the miss.

"You're darn tootin' you've heard Jean's name mentioned, Art! Why, she's one of the most popular gals in school. What we want you to do is help us make that official."

JANE FROMAN

She's everybody's

singing sweetheart . . .

She's a great show-business

legend of our time . . .

And she's truly delightful to know!



See full details—in prose

and picture—in the . . .

July RADIO-TV MIRROR

on sale June 9 . . .

"How do you mean?"

"Help us get Jean elected vice-president of the Mount Vernon High Student Organization."

All during this, Art was trying to recall exactly who Jean Myers was . . . what she looked like. He suddenly remembered—and that fact had a definite influence on his answer.

"Sure, I'll help. What do you want me to do?"

"Heck, Art, we want you to help us round up votes. We want you to get into the swing of this campaign. Be at every dog-gone meeting and put on a show. Your impersonations will attract big crowds. Big turnouts mean lots of votes. Votes, fellah! Votes for Jean Myers—and you're the guy to draw them in!"

Art did his stuff at dozens of campus rallies, parties and dances. He went through his entire gallery of great names and invented some new ones. He even topped his act with a tap dance routine.

Item: Attractive Jean Myers was not elected, but—electioneering Art Carney was attracted.

The smoke of political battle had scarcely cleared away, when Jean accepted Art's invitation to an evening movie. Art called at her home and was introduced to the Myers family.

Later, after the movie, Art confessed he was a wee bit hungry and did Jean feel in the mood for a snack? Jean vetoed that suggestion and steered him home with her. Arriving, she made tracks for the kitchen.

When she emerged, she was toting a tray of hot coffee and fried-egg sandwiches.

Discussing all this with Uncle Phil, later that night, Art made it clear that Jean's fried-egg sandwiches were an epicurean delight. To Uncle Phil, one thing was even clearer: Even without Jean's culinary accomplishments, her effect on Art was—"Wham!"

Give the gizmo a little turn to the right. That's it. The year is now 1938. Art had completed high school well-nigh a year before. He'd held down two or three inconsequential jobs. Nothing which could give him any sense of direction.

Brother Jack, meanwhile, having reached dead center on his own target, was becoming firmly established in—guses what? Show business! As head of the radio department at Music Corporation of America, one of the really large talent agencies, Jack Carney was now personally involved in the management of top-ranking musicians and performers.

It was just around this time that a probable conversation between Uncle Phil and brother Jack might have squended something like this:

Uncle Phil: "Now, Jack, you've been getting honest-to-goodness belly-laughs out of Art's routines ever since he was a pip-squeak. Right?"

Jack: "Right."

Uncle Phil: "He can still get a big yack out of you, can't he?"

Jack: "Even more so."

Uncle Phil: "The boy's got it, Jack. He's got what it takes to make people laugh. All he needs is an opportunity—a chance to prove himself. Can't you help him get that chance?"

Jack: "Let me think about it."

It took Jack all of twelve hours to think about it. Next morning, Art got a phone call from Manhattan. It was Jack, calling from his MCA office.

"Can you be down at the CBS studio at 53rd Street and Broadway, tomorrow morning at eleven?"

"Sure, Jack, sure," Art sputtered. "What's up?"

"Horace Heidt's going on tour and he's holding auditions. Get yourself a haircut and be there on time."

Barbered and on time, Art auditioned before a poker-faced Maestro Heidt. He was given the well-known "We'll let you know" treatment and left the studio with the absolute conviction that he'd just flopped, but good. Dejected, he lived with that conviction for three weeks . . . until, one nice afternoon, a telegram arrived. It read: "You're hired. Join the band in Washington, D. C.—Heidt."

Washington. Pittsburgh. St. Louis. Oklahoma City. A whole timetable of play dates, and the Horace Heidt tour kept rolling along. Exciting. Stimulating. Enlightening. And heartache-making—because, as the miles and the months sped by, young Art Carney became increasingly homesick for the folks back in Mount Vernon. Especially, for one of them.

On an August evening in 1940, a person-to-person telephone call came to Jean Myers from Chicago. The gist of the long-distance conversation? Well, within three days, Jean arrived in Chicago, accompanied by her mother and father, and was married to Arthur William Matthew Carney.

A high school romance? Destined to wither on the vine?

Item: Today, 1954, their romance is still a-bloom. What's more, today there are three bright blossoms added, for good measure—Eileen, 11; Bryan, 8; and Paul, going on two years old.

But, returning to 1940 . . . during that first year of matrimony, Art's career ran into some rough going. He had quit the Horace Heidt group and had tried his own act (not exactly a show-stopper) on almost the same barn-storming basis.

Jean, brave soul, had toured with him much of the way. But, when they knew a blessed event was coming, it was considered wise to head home to Mother in Mount Vernon. Art, fed up with vaudeville and night-club audiences, and feeling pretty glun. about his professional progress in general, went home with Jean. Jobless.

Grimly determined, he made radio work in New York his target. He missed it by a mile for bitter months on end, even though he was "on file" with every studio in town.

During those bitter months, he had to scramble for every cent of subsistence money. He was paying no rent for the Myers' roof, which sheltered his family. He borrowed until his sense of pride screamed for surcease. He applied for selling jobs in all the department stores. He was willing to earn a dollar any way, anywhere. Through it all, Jean's folks never needed him once.

Then CBS called him in. Remembering his auditioned impersonations of famous people, a casting director for the big network thought he'd fill the bill for a brand-new show called *Report To The Nation*.

Art Carney filled the bill indeed, with real-as-life simulation of the great voices of the period—Roosevelt, Al Smith, Churchill and dozens of others.

The picture brightened again. The CBS salary checks were liquidating the Carney debts. Little Eileen was a cinch to get the best that money could buy. . . .

Except that another interruption happened. It took the form of combat duty with the 28th Infantry Division . . . embarkation for the European front . . . and, on August 15, 1943—(his third wedding anniversary)—a splinter of mortar shell in his thigh.

But the picture moves swiftly and happily, following Art's return to civilian life. Radio work—lots of it, and with more and more accent on the comedy he does so perfectly. Radio work with the best of them—Fred Allen, Milton Berle, Bert Lahr. . . .

And, when that crazy, mixed-up thing called television came along, he worked with equal success on the *Morey Amsterdam Show*.

You can switch off that gizmo now, because our Art Carney saga is beginning to merge with the Present. What's that? The picture is jumpy, confused?

Natch. That whizzing, mix-master splash of mirth-making movement is a new hunk of personality known as Jackie Gleason. And what's the wahoo all about? Why, having tried TV for size, Jackie is busy preparing the *Cavalcade Of Stars*.

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The rest is current history. You can catch up on it any Saturday night, simply by turning that ordinary knob on your TV set and bringing up the brightness control. It'll be bright, all right—because it'll give you Jackie Gleason's antics as the "Honeymooner" hubby, the Pour Soul, the Loud-mouth, Reggie Van Gleason, et al. And, to make those inspired characterizations properly complete, the picture will include the brilliant, equally beloved characterizations created by Jackie's supporting comic, Art Carney—who today can prove to the world that he's a man who can do anything well.



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"Just Molly and Me"

(Continued from page 64)

on radio.

It's difficult to say where Jim and Marian stop being the Jordans and become Fibber and Molly. Their voices, off mike and on, are the same. Jim is by no means the bungling Fibber he portrays on the air. He's completely self-reliant, handy with tools, a shrewd businessman. But he does take the attitude that he's Marian's "boy" and lets her bundle him up on a cold, wet day (there are many during California's rainy winters), or check on the tie he chooses for a particular suit.

And Marian, her hair still lustrous brown, her blue eyes bright, is slim and attractive, well groomed, and a knowing show-woman. But at heart she's a devoted wife, mother and grandmother. She'd rather talk about her five granddaughters than Nielsen ratings. And she has the same velvet disposition which has made Molly McGee beloved to radio audiences since 1935.

There's no pose, no affectation, nothing chichi about Jim and Marian Jordan. They are still strictly Peoria. They are still much like the McGees of 79 Wistful Vista, despite years of popularity and financial success. That's why, in many a small town, they sound like your neighbors—if the neighbors could provide that many laughs. And, in many a big-city apartment, they sound like "folks back home."

"Naturally, applause is sweet to anyone in show business. But one of the greatest pleasures of my life has been getting praise for something I've cooked," Marian told us as we settled into two deep, comfortable red chairs in the living room of the Jordans' seven-room ranch house in Encino. The walls were just a little darker blue than her eyes.

"Jim and I have always been the Mid-western meat-and-potatoes type. We still are. We like the simple things in everything. We're great for projects—both of us—and that keeps us from getting in a rut. It helps keep people young. But we try to prevent our life from getting too complicated. That's why we sold the Bakersfield ranch.

"We had 1,000 acres of grazing land, and Jim was raising blooded Aberdeen Angus cattle. He became known as one of the best cattle ranchers around. We got to know all the other ranchers and used to have wonderful times at the square dances on Saturday nights at the Jack ranch.

"We had a small ranch house. I did all the cooking and housekeeping. Jim had

hired hands, of course, but he worked hard when we were at the ranch between broadcasts. And it was a 120-mile trip each way. We finally decided we were wearing ourselves out and sold it."

In their pursuit of the simple life, the Jordans have gone through some experiences which sound as though they were taken straight out of Fibber and Molly scripts. The trailer episode. And changing houses. . . .

Jim and Marian, like the average Mr. and Mrs. America, have always liked to get in their car and go buzzing off "just for a ride" up toward Solvang or Santa Barbara, or for fishing or hunting in the High Sierras. (Marian didn't have nine brothers for nothing—she really knows how to handle a rod or gun. When she and Jim and son Jimmy went hunting in Alaska, she shot two Kodiak bears—her "men" got only one each!)

There came a day when Jim decided a trailer was the thing for these trips. So they bought one and started up the coast, with Jim convinced he'd find sylvan dells and running streams available for every stop. Well, they didn't. Having gone to Oregon and back, they reached San Francisco with its precipitous hills. Let Marian tell it:

"Jim negotiated a couple of hills with that trailer dragging along behind—and wondering where in the world we'd stay. Finally we turned around, went back to South San Francisco, parked the trailer and decided to drive to the St. Francis Hotel and have comfort. But we had no luggage in the trailer. We stopped at the first store and bought the only suitcase they had, a cheap cardboard job, threw in our toothbrushes and nightclothes and went to the hotel.

"When the bellboy, who met us as we drove up, picked up that cheap and very empty suitcase, he gave us a look that would have withered a mountain. We positively slunk into the lobby. After that trip with the trailer, we decided that type of simple life was not for us. We hauled the trailer home and sold it."

Marian laughed that full, hearty Molly laugh.

"And guess what? Now Jim's talking about buying another trailer!"

It was while they had the trailer that they tried to "simplify" their life by getting a smaller home. Son Jim and daughter Kathryn had married and the seven-room house, where the Jordans had lived ever since their show moved from Chicago

to Hollywood in 1939, seemed larger than they needed. They sold it and bought a smaller one a few blocks away.

"But then, like everybody else, we wanted to make changes in the new house," Marian relates. "We had to move from the old one and could not get into the new one with all the reconstruction. So we parked the trailer in the yard and lived in it. The trouble was that it was the rainy season, and a real wet one at that. We'd go sloshing through the mud fifty-seven times a day until finally we were able to move into the house. Then we found it was too small, if we wanted to have Jimmy and Kay and their families around. So eventually we sold that—and bought back the first house!"

That's where Jim and Marian still live. There are two acres of land, plenty of room for grandchildren—and for Jim's various hobbies.

There is his workshop where Jim says he "fiddles." Actually, he's very handy with tools—power or hand—and has built some fine small tables and chairs for his granddaughters. His other project is his nursery. With his gardener, Charles Morris, he raises young plants which they sell to commercial nurseries: rare orchids—which Jim doesn't call by that simple name but by the proper one of *Cypripedium*—twenty varieties of ivy, plus staghorn ferns. Plants are started from slips and grown in a greenhouse, then potted before they are sold.

"If ever you want to make Jim happy, just ask about his plants," says his wife. "He'll give you all the details about heating pipes under the soil, overhead sprinkling, temperature to be maintained. You'd think nobody else ever raised a plant! It's odd. I used to be much more interested in flowers than Jim. Now he's the expert. He's as proud of a blue ribbon he won at the Pasadena flower show as of anything in his whole career. So now I do practically no gardening. I just arrange flowers in the house."

Jim and Marian are justifiably proud of the success of their son Jimmy as a TV director—he does the Bob Hope and Donald O'Connor shows—because he "made the grade entirely on his own." Jimmy is married to actress Peggy Knudsen, and their daughters are Janice Coleen, Molly Lou, and Peggy Carol. The Jordans' daughter Kathryn "might have been a writer, she's very talented," according to Marian, but she married Dr. Victor Newcomer and devotes her time to her two daughters, Eileen and Diane, rather than to a typewriter. Never a week passes without several visits from "the kids" at the Jordan household.

"I get more of a kick out of buying clothes for the little girls, or for Peggy and Kay, than I do shopping for myself now," says Marian. "When we were in Kansas City a few months ago, I went to a fashion show at the best store there. There were some really beautiful dresses and I decided to buy one particular dress in different colors for Peggy and Kay, rather than buy something for myself. I didn't realize at the time that the model who was showing it was tall and the dress would be wrong for Peggy and Kay, who are shorter. The girls were very diplomatic and grateful when they tried on the dresses, but I made them send them back. I sure goofed on that!" Marian confesses with amusement.

Marian herself dresses with quiet good taste. She has a mink coat, but you're more liable to see her in a cloth one. She is especially fond of sports and afternoon dresses in fine wools and gabardines. In style, too, she likes simplicity but quality.

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Quite in keeping with the Jordans' idea of keeping life simple, they have no plans at present for tackling a TV series.

"Naturally, we are interested in TV—because it's the big new thing in show business, and show business has been our business for a long, long time," says Marian. "But TV burns up material and performers so fast. Guest appearances might be all right. But we're happy in radio and want to continue with it as long as radio will have us."

"We feel that radio will always have its place. There will always be cities, towns and isolated spots where radio will predominate over TV. We think there will be a place for us if we give radio audiences what they like."

That they are still tops was proved last summer, when they were back in the Middle West. They visit frequently in Peoria, for they still have many relatives and friends there, as well as strong emotional and sentimental ties. On that last trip they took a slight detour to Mt. Carmel, Illinois, at the invitation of friend Roy Dee—the same Roy Dee they met in Paris. As previously mentioned, Dee had become a friend and had invited them "in" on some oil property. As a result, the Jordans are one-fifth owners of the "McGee-Short Wells," and they are doing very well.

The oil company employees and their families were going to have their annual picnic. About 125 people were expected. Dee suggested that the Jordans might like to attend, and they accepted.

The site of the picnic, at the oilfields, was eight miles from the nearest town, out in the middle of nowhere, reached by dusty, unpaved roads. It was 106° in the sun, and not a spot of shade for miles. But the word got around that "Fibber and Molly" were going to be there. More than a thousand people turned up!

"That crowd sure gave us a lift—and convinced us that radio isn't dead!" admits Marian, a happy twinkle in her eyes.

The Jordans' social life bears out their devotion to the "simple things." What they like best is to have friends come in who like to get around the piano and sing. Marian, who used to give piano lessons, takes over on the 88. She and Jim need little coaxing to sing the old tunes they did as a harmony team in vaudeville, before they started in radio. And their harmony is still good! Rarely do they go to night clubs; when they do, it's to catch a special act. Because of their long-time interest and association, they still like good entertainment.

And what about that cooking, praise for which Marian says is "one of my greatest pleasures"?

"Well, Albert, the houseboy we've had for ten years, does most of our cooking now. But, when the kids are coming, I like to whip up something they especially like. Kay is very fond of my pigs-in-blankets. First I scald large cabbage leaves, then stuff them with a mixture of ground pork, rice, chopped onion and seasonings. Then I pour tomato sauce over them and bake them.

"Jimmy likes my ice-box cake. It's an old Peoria recipe. Would you like it?"

And here it is:

One-half pound butter or margarine; ¾ pound powdered sugar; 4 eggs; 1 tablespoon vanilla; 2 squares bitter chocolate; 1 medium can crushed pineapple; 3 to 5 dozen ladyfingers, depending on size. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten yolks of egg and mix well, then add beaten whites and vanilla and mix again. To two-thirds of this mixture, add the chocolate

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(which has been melted in a double boiler). For "assembly," use a pan about 9" square and 2½" deep. Cover the bottom of the pan with a layer of ladyfingers. Then add layers as follows: half of the chocolate filling; half of the drained pineapple; ladyfingers; white filling (the one-third to which chocolate wasn't added—if you want to make it really rich, you may add chopped nuts in this white layer); ladyfingers; the other half of the chocolate filling; other half of the pineapple; ladyfingers. Refrigerate overnight. Cut in small sections and serve with whipped cream.

"This is so rich you don't need large portions. And, of course, it's loaded with calories! Maybe you wouldn't call that

exactly 'simple.' But, when I serve it, I have everything else on the dinner very plain," Marian amends.

"Perhaps it's because Jim and I grew up without having so many things which kids have today. Maybe it's because we had to struggle so long in show business and were broke so many years when we were doing tank towns in vaudeville. At any rate, we like the simple life. We both realize that you don't worry about possessions until you have them."

And here, truly, are two people who could live in a dazzling white Beverly Hills palace, surrounded by expensive possessions. But they don't. There's a swimming pool in their back yard, but

they put that in when son Jimmy was still single and living at home. It is seldom used now. Instead of giving Hollywood-type swimming parties, they like to go marketing in Encino. Every shopkeeper in town knows them as old friends. Besides, Jim for two years was president of the local Chamber of Commerce—his slogan was "I can boost with the best of them."

Last New Year's Eve—which also happened to be the thirty-eighth anniversary of Jim and Marian's first date together back in Peoria—they could have gone to any number of elegant parties. Know what they did? They baby-sat with their granddaughters—just like folks at home.

For Blessings Received

(Continued from page 44)

Johnny and Penny pitched in to apply this useful working formula when, last winter, Mutual Broadcasting System invited them to submit a new program.

They labored on it every day as soon as Johnny finished his *Second Chance* program on NBC Radio. They talked about it Sundays, as Johnny prepared to go to ABC-TV to help Bert Parks stage *Break The Bank*. In their Fifth Avenue office and in their Greenwich, Connecticut, home, they put innumerable plans on paper only to throw them all in the wastebasket.

For Penny vetoed every idea—ideas she herself dreamed up, as well as those Johnny suggested. Nothing suited her. Exasperated, Johnny, in a show of temperament rare for him, finally waved a script and demanded, "What's wrong with this one?"

Penny tried to keep her voice calm. "There's nothing really *wrong*, Johnny, but there's nothing exactly *right*, either. It just hasn't got it."

In her own mind, Penny was continuing the salad comparison. As in a salad, each ingredient of a show may be palatable, but their combination can come out without any character of its own.

Johnny, really irritated, demanded, "What hasn't it got?"

Penny put her objections into one word: "Inspiration."

Now, *inspiration*—to a pair of professionals like Johnny and Penny—is virtually a banned word. A professional cannot, if he has a living to earn in broadcasting, fold his hands and hope for the lightning of genius to strike. Taking the best tools available, he goes to work to turn out his best possible job. Once in a while, he comes out with a hit. Now and then, he loses and produces a clinker. But, usually, he can depend on putting together a program which will entertain an audience and sell some merchandise for a sponsor. Waiting for *inspiration* is a luxury reserved for amateurs.

Johnny's reply reflected all this. Pulling his black-rimmed glasses far down on his nose, he peered over them and remarked, "For heaven's sake, Penny, be practical."

This was a reversal of their usual roles. In the Olsen marital and working partnership, Penny has always been the practical one, taking the responsibility for business affairs and nuisance details, leaving Johnny free to concentrate on performance.

Penny defended her new position. "I am practical. I have a strange hunch about this show. I want it to be different from anything we've done."

Johnny couldn't argue with that. He could only toss down the rejected script and sigh.

Yet, bit by bit, as the days shortened and Christmas approached, they began to define the ways in which they both wanted this show to be different.

Penny, apparently busy feeding their three poodles, would look up and say, "I want the show to be fun."

And Johnny would answer, "But no more crazy stunts and games."

Waiting for their train to take them into New York, Johnny would offer, "It should be audience-participation. I like to talk to people and have them talk to me."

Penny would nod. "But in a conversational way. No more pitch-pitch. Times have changed and we have mellowed."

Dodging through the shopping crowds which jammed Fifth Avenue, Johnny would say, "Prizes?"

And Penny, hanging onto his arm to avoid being separated in the throng, would correct him, "Presents. Everyone likes to get presents, but let's avoid the big loot. People get too disappointed when they lose."

But it was in their quiet evening hours, with a fire blazing in the hearth, that they began to find the true definition of their hope.

Curled up on the floor, her head against Johnny's knee, Penny grew wistful. "If we could just find one simple idea—an idea which would mean something to us and also reach out to bring something to all the people who hear us. . . ."

To that Johnny had no reply. They were back to asking for *inspiration*.

The more urgently they sought it, the more elusive it became. Their ninety-seventh script had just joined its predecessors as wastepaper, when a letter arrived to pose a new quandary.

Friends on the staff at the Greenbriar Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, invited them to spend Christmas there as guests of the management.

Reading their letter, Penny exclaimed, "Isn't that wonderful of them!" Then she added, "But of course we can't go."

Johnny agreed. Obviously, such a trip was impossible. The script for the new show was due. Christmas was a home time, not a resort time. They agreed they both were sentimental about having Christmas at their own fireside. In fact, they agreed so perfectly that they seldom got around to talking about anything else.

Yet, as they daily found more reasons for sending their regrets, the recollection of Greenbriar's calm beauty grew stronger; the remembrance of its clean, brisk air grew more enticing.

Johnny was the first to say, "Let's face it. We're in a complete stall on the new show. We're both tired. Tell you what—I'll tape *Second Chance* a few days ahead and let's take off."

Penny's eyes sparkled. "And let's promise each other this is a vacation. We won't even think about the new show until we get back."

As their train sped south, their cares dropped away. Gone was the bustle of Broadway, the self-conscious smartness of Fifth Avenue, the commuter's time-tables of Greenwich. Arriving on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, they found that their friends on the hotel staff had set up a little tree in their suite and decked it with lights, tinsel and presents.

Delighted, Penny cried, "Oh, Johnny, it's like coming home from school to find Christmas waiting for you."

Johnny, too, had the wide grin of a happy kid. "Sure it is. Any minute now, I expect to hear someone break into Minnesota Norwegian and say 'Gledelig Gul!' instead of 'Merry Christmas.'"

The rest of the evening was like home, too, for after dinner they went with their friends to the Presbyterian church in the village to see the children of the Sunday school give their tableaux, speak their pieces, sing their carols.

Said Johnny, "Do you know, Penny, I believe this is the first old-fashioned Christmas program I've been to since I took part in one myself."

Penny, starry-eyed, answered, "Aren't those youngsters just darling? I want to hug every one of them."

She was still talking about them the next morning when she encountered a particular friend of theirs, Wesler Keenan, assistant manager of the hotel.

He smiled at her enthusiasm. "Penny, there's another place you might enjoy. Have you ever been up to the church on the hill?"

It was, he explained, a Roman Catholic church served by a busy priest who also had several other small parishes in his charge.

"You've missed the only Mass," said Keenan, "but the church is open. You can go up any time. It's a heavenly little church."

Something in the way he said it gave Penny what she calls "a funny little feeling."

She says, "Somehow, I knew that going to see this church would be important to me. At first, I intended to ask Johnny to come with me, but then I knew I wanted to be alone."

The pale winter sun was dropping low in the sky when she walked along the narrow road leading up the hill. In the distance she could hear the roar of traffic on the highway, but here there was solitude and quiet.

The church, as she approached it, seemed familiar. The red brick had turned pink with age, the white trim, too, had

weathered. "It's like the little church in Amherst, Wisconsin," Penny thought. "The church we went to when we visited Aunt Nana."

Tossing her scarf over her head, she went up the worn steps and entered. Gen-ueflecting, she went into a pew and knelt to say a prayer.

There were many prayers she had intended to say, but words would not form in her mind. Out of the confused jumble, one coherent thought emerged. She sensed this was not the time to speak but the time to keep silent. Perhaps, if she did, the place itself had wisdom to give her.

In frank curiosity, she looked around. The church was even smaller than it had appeared from the outside. It would seat, when filled, no more than a hundred persons.

Its interior was a study in contrasts. The floor was bare and the altar furnishings modest, but the walls were panelled with rich dark wood and held stained-glass windows so finely made, so true in coloring, that in the setting sun each scene glowed as though set in jewels.

Penny wondered about the windows. Had a few parishioners made great sacrifices to bring such exceptional—and expensive—beauty to their little church? Or might they have been given by strangers, guests at the hotel, who had found in a visit an enduring blessing?

Penny forgot about time and forgot about purpose. She remained in the pew long enough to turn from thinking of prayers which asked for something to prayers which gave thanks for the good things which had come into her life. She knelt long enough to sort out things she had fussed about and find answers for them.

"Something about that little church encouraged it," she explains. "There the peace of God seemed visible."

As the calm penetrated deeper into her consciousness, Penny, like others who had visited there, wanted to give something back to the church. Money wasn't the answer. She could send a check later, but right then she wanted to offer an immediate evidence of gratitude.

Thinking about it, she realized she had ignored one gift. Not since the days back home in Wisconsin when she was studying at Stevens Point Teachers College and also singing on a local radio station—and Johnny, then her beau, was an announcer

at WTMJ in Milwaukee—had she raised her voice in song.

But a voice was a gift from God which should be put to use. Suddenly she wanted to sing. Sing the same songs she used to sing when visiting the little Amherst church with her Aunt Nana.

She glanced around to reassure herself. No one had come in. She was all alone.

She climbed the steps to the small choir loft at the rear and as she looked down toward the altar with its glowing vigil light, it was a song of her childhood which came to her:

O Lord, I am not worthy

That Thou shouldst come to me...

On and on she sang, finding in the music a joyous expression of praise and noticing in her voice a tone, a quality, she had not heard before.

The shadows were deep when she finished with the triumphant strains of "Holy, Holy, Holy." As she knelt again for a final prayer, she knew what blessing she wanted to ask.

"Dear God," she prayed, "these are the things Johnny and I really care about. Help us find some way, on the air, to let people know they are."

All the way down the hill, she thought of what she wanted to tell Johnny. But when he asked, "Where were you?"—she merely replied, "I went for a walk." She wasn't yet ready to talk about the church.

Christmas dinner at Greenbriar was planned to be a big event. Formal clothes, orchestra, dancing.

They finished dressing—Penny in a blue lace gown sprinkled lightly with sequins, and Johnny in a new powder blue dinner jacket—and he was holding her pastel mink stole, ready to place it over her shoulders, when she whirled and clutched his arm.

"Johnny," she cried, "I think I've got it—got the idea for the show!"

A bit taken aback by her sudden excitement, Johnny protested, "Honey, you're supposed to be on vacation. We promised not to talk about the show, remember?"

But Penny was not to be put off. She told him then, of her visit to the little church, and of her final prayer that they should be able to make the new show reflect some of the things they really believed in. She finished up, "And Johnny, I think I'd like to close it by singing a hymn."

The idea was so different from anything they had ever done together that Penny half-expected him to reject it. Instead, Johnny stood silent, thinking it over.

His voice was serious when he finally said, "Penny, I believe that's it. And another thing—remember those youngsters we heard last night at the Christmas program? Nothing could be more sweetly eloquent. Just before your hymn, I'd like to add another thing—a child's prayer. Prayers from children of all faiths."

The program Johnny and Penny planned that Christmas night has now become a reality, heard daily on Mutual stations.

It has the fun, the conversation, the presents which have become Olsen trademarks. But there are also Penny's songs, her closing hymn, and a child's prayer.

Offering so different a broadcast, they were a little uneasy whether people would like it. In the months which have passed, listener letters have arrived by the thousands to give them a reassuring answer.

Their comments indicate that the Olsens at last have found the show they wished for... the show Penny defined as "one simple idea which means something to us and also reaches out to bring something to all the people who hear us."

The idea which Johnny now calls with pride, "Inspiration."



Watch this luxury lather make your hair exciting to behold! Suddenly glowing clean... silky... amazingly manageable! That's the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Conditions any hair! Try it! From 29¢



This is the church Penny Olsen remembers so fondly—St. Charles, at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

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You'll find baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) saves you time, work and money more than 101 ways! Keep a package in your medicine cabinet as first aid in family emergencies. Keep a package handy in the kitchen for dozens of cleaning chores.

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Life with Betty

(Continued from page 40)

also that rarest of rarities: a very pretty girl who isn't resented or envied by women TV viewers. In fact, they love her—not only in *Life With Elizabeth*, but in her daytime TV programs, beamed coast-to-coast five days a week by NBC. Women say they like her because she's pretty without being too sexy. They like her honesty. They say that, best of all, they like the happiness she creates.

All of that, added up, makes Betty sound like a very remarkable girl—and she is! Her beauty, talent and achievements are quite eclipsed by her personal warmth and friendliness. She is a delight to be around, because she's always so cheerful. But she's no sanctimonious do-gooder. Her smile isn't one of those shallow flash-off-and-on things. She is, in truth, a girl with a happy heart.

After an all-day session of rehearsing and filming two *Life With Elizabeth* shows, a member of the crew challenged: "Betty, how do you stay so happy? You always seem to be in a good mood!"

"Well, honestly, I'm not *always* in a good mood," was her honest answer. "Sometimes I feel positively *witchy!* But, a long time ago, I learned that—if you don't talk about your troubles—if you push them to the back of your mind—all of a sudden, you're in a good mood. Mark Twain had the right idea when he said, 'The best way to cheer yourself is to cheer up someone else.'"

Betty herself is quick to admit that she has had a happy life.

She never had to face real poverty, nor did she enjoy wealth. Although an only child, she never felt lonely—because she and her parents were so close and she had so many friends. Her career, once started, has followed a comfortable upward trend, with no serious, heart-breaking setbacks. You might be inclined to describe her as "just plain lucky." But that wouldn't be quite true. No life is without its bumps and disappointments. Who can say that Betty's affirmative point of view has not been, in large measure, the cause of her happiness?

"My parents and I have always lived with happiness and laughter," says Betty. "As long as I can remember, Dad and Mother have believed that, if things aren't really monumental, you can cope with them better with a light heart than with worry. One of Dad's favorite slogans is this: 'If you want to, you can worry about things three times: before they happen, while they're happening and after they're over. But *why?*'"

"Of course, you can't laugh off everything. But I've learned that, often, when you take *things* too seriously—you are actually taking *yourself* too seriously.

"I've also learned that, if I go around pouring out my troubles to my friends, it doesn't actually make me feel any better—and I'm putting my burden on them. It's just as easy to talk about cheerful things, and it makes me and my friends all feel better. And isn't it true that no one deliberately chooses as a friend a person who is constantly griping or dwelling on the gloomy side of life?"

"One of the most inspiring men I know is Dr. Ernest C. Wilson, a prominent religious leader of Southern California. I've been privileged to have him on my afternoon programs several times. He never loses his sense of values, nor his sense of humor. In his 'Thought for Today,' he invariably has a serious but affirmative and *upbeat* message. And offers it with a turn of phrase that makes it light-

hearted. One time, he told the story about a janitor he knew who always was so cheerful and sang a great deal as he worked.

"Sam," he asked, 'how is it that you're always so happy?'

"I'm not happy, Reverend. I'm *gettin'* happy!" was Sam's reply. Isn't that a wonderful philosophy? If you're not happy, why not work to get yourself happy?"

And that's the philosophy Betty works on.

This young TV veteran—since 1948 she has rolled up some 4,800 air hours, most of them on a local Los Angeles station—was born in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, on January 17, 1926. Her parents, Tess and Horace White, brought her to Los Angeles in her early childhood.

As Betty recalls, the only tragedies in her younger life centered around the death of pets—the most vivid one when a poisoner worked his way through the neighborhood killing off all the dogs, including her beloved Pekinese, Chang.

"I was the one who found Chang. I was only five—but, if thoughts of killing can go through a child's mind, they went through mine then. Chang and I had been inseparable. Mother and Dad were crushed, too. But I remember that then—and any other time a pet died—Dad would come home from work, bundle us in the car, and we'd go buy another pet. He never agreed with the idea that 'no pet can replace the one we lost,' and he was so right," says Betty.

Betty and her handsome mother obviously have a fine relationship and have as much fun together as two contemporaries. In the modern-Hawaiian living room of their charming Brentwood home, Mrs. White sparks the memory of her pretty daughter on the subject of some odd pets she has suffered through—in addition to dogs—with her Bets. (Betty was really baptized Betty, not Elizabeth, and her nickname is Bets. Appropriately enough, her large and active fan club is named Bets' Pets.)

"Bets has always adored animals," Mrs. White recalls. "I remember one day, when she was eight, she came home wild-eyed with excitement over a bargain she had made. She had paid a nickel of her lunch money for a white 'mouse.' To my dismay, her pet turned out to be a rat. I endured the rodent until he took to nesting in my slippers, then I took him to the nearest pet shop. I've never been quite forgiven.

"Then there was Speedy, her desert tortoise. He was given the run of the house. There was a step between the living and dining room and we frequently found Speedy lying helplessly on his back at the bottom of the step, patiently waiting for someone to turn him over so he could go on his plodding way.

"There was also Skippy, who arrived as a downy yellow duckling. Naturally, he grew. For years, as a large white duck, he followed Bets like a dog. Parrots, canaries, tropical fish, plus the usual dogs and cats have all made their homes with Bets. Now we're down to just three dogs: Bandy, a small Pekinese; Dancer, a medium-sized French poodle—and Stormy, a huge St. Bernard."

Betty began her acting career with high school dramatics in Beverly Hills. Her first big role was that of Elizabeth in "Pride and Prejudice," the senior class play. Betty was then only a senior-B and it was unprecedented that she, rather than a senior-A, should get the leading role. The next term, she wasn't so lucky and she lost to a senior-B for the lead in "Holiday."

"I was crushed—and I'd still like to do the role," says Betty. "But the really crushing part was that I realized the other girl did a better job than I could have. However, Mother and Dad, as usual, convinced me that this was not the most important thing in life and something else would come along. Sure enough, I got to sing at graduation. I'm really proud of my folks and their wonderful sense of values and humor," Betty adds, with a glow of pride.

Betty's father wanted her to go to college, but Betty wanted to get going on her chosen career of acting.

"That was a real blow to Dad—one of the few real storms we weathered. But he finally said, 'You must make your own decisions. I won't force you to go to college.' So I started studying at the Bliss Hayden Little Theater and began getting small roles in radio shows—with no pay," Betty adds honestly.

On her first "steady" job, Betty earned ten dollars a week and announced that she would be "self-supporting." Of course, she was still living at home, but she felt this ten dollars would cover outside expenses. She refused to admit, for a long time, that she was unable to get some of her dresses from the cleaners—for lack of cash. Later came roles on radio—in *Blondie*, *This Is Your FBI*, and *The Great Gildersleeve*—with better pay.

During the last years of World War II, Betty fell very much in love with a dashing young lieutenant, the son of old friends of her parents from the Middle West. Stationed at Fort Ord, California, he came to visit the Whites one day and he and Betty began dating. For four months, he came to see her on every leave. Then, although young, they became engaged. After he was shipped overseas, Betty didn't date anyone else for a year and a half.

"But suddenly I realized that we had known each other under very abnormal conditions, and actually didn't know each other well enough to marry," Betty says honestly. "I wrote him a 'Dear John' and broke the engagement. I certainly wasn't proud of doing it, and for a while I was sorry. But I didn't ever change my mind. I know I was right. Now I can smile about it—but I couldn't for a long time."

In 1948, Betty turned to the struggling young medium of TV and went to work at KLAC-TV in Los Angeles—doing odd jobs, singing a bit, playing "straight" and looking pretty on *Dick Haynes Joke Shop* and *Tom, Dick And Harry* show.

The following year, Al Jarvis, well known on the West Coast, started the *Hollywood On Television* show on that station—with Betty as the feminine charmer and general factotum in charge of sorting records, answering phones, worrying about getting commercials in the right spots. At first, the show was on for five hours every afternoon, six days a week, then it settled down to five days. Later, the time was cut to two hours a day. Even so, the hours added up!

When Jarvis left the program, it was turned over to Betty—lock, stock and camera—and it became known as *The Betty White Show*. Meanwhile, *Life With Elizabeth* was started two years ago as a local evening show on KLAC-TV, and Betty began winning male fans to her following.

Now, of course, Betty's a coast-to-coast charmer. *Life With Elizabeth*, as produced and distributed by Guild Films, is rapidly becoming a national institution, as telecast over more than eighty stations, at latest count—including Canada.

Her daytime program, *The Betty White Show*, has gone "full network" over

NBC-TV, still following the pattern which was so successful locally: Chit-chat, interviews, a little singing, a bit of everything. Her interviews with guests have a freshness which Betty ascribes to the fact that they are completely unrehearsed. She is a master at ad-libbing.

"Even in interviews, I've found that the light approach to a serious subject is the best possible way. If you start with a chuckle, it puts everyone at ease. If they seem to be tongue-tied, I deliberately get my tongue twisted. Then they don't feel such stage—or TV—fright. So much can be done with a laugh!"

To maintain her marathon pace for four years, which has qualified her as the busiest girl in local (and probably national) TV circles, only Betty's sense of humor and good spirits could pull her through such a terrific schedule, according to her co-workers.

But, despite the pressure of work, Betty has always managed time for charitable and humanitarian work. Her current pet project is the Save the Children Federation, a national movement which, among other things, encourages students of American high schools to "adopt" whole schools in less fortunate lands. One day each week, Betty visits a school in Southern California to interest the students in exchanging letters and crafts with foreign students. She speaks at assemblies, usually sings a song or two.

With her heavy work schedule, she has little time for hobbies or being domestic.

"But Bets is a pretty good kid around the house and does her share," her mother volunteers. "She's a good cook, when she has time. Before she was so busy, she used to knit and weave rugs. She has a flair for art and I think she sketches well. I have a collection of sketches she has done of dogs and cats. I'm fond and proud of them, but Bets would prefer that I not mention them."

Even time for dating is somewhat limited for Betty—that TV camera is murderous, if one doesn't get enough sleep! So she gets it. Her dates are usually with men in the industry, but she has no serious romance at the moment.

Betty says she has no talent for horseback riding but loves it, is an enthusiastic but bad swimmer, a fair ice skater, and a whiz at miniature golf. As a spectator, she prefers baseball over football "by a shade." She loves to garden, but her father is happier if she doesn't help him.

"She not only lacks a green thumb but she plants things too close together," says honest Horace.

Betty insists she isn't superstitious, but admits that the number 17 has been important in her life.

Her birthday is January 17. Her parents' anniversary is February 17. *Life With Elizabeth* started locally May 17, 1952. First filming on the new series began September 17, 1953, and was telecast for the first time on October 17—starting on seventeen stations. Furthermore, there are seventeen letters in both *Life With Elizabeth* and *The Betty White Show*!

Of course none of this is "monumental"—just incidental. A quip, a laugh, a happy note from a pretty comedienne and versatile entertainer who brings much happiness and laughter to her audiences.

But just suppose that, for some reason, Betty gave up her career tomorrow. She wouldn't change. Her happy heart would be the same. Betty White would probably start working with some children in a settlement house and, between handicraft lessons, would tell them:

"If you want to, you can worry three times about everything—but it doesn't pay off. Yet, with a happy heart, you can do almost anything!"



If you're like some women, your own "Summer Almanac" will revolve around "those days" of the month. You'll put a cross by a long auto trip, a question-mark by a week-end invitation, a definite "no" beside a swimming date.

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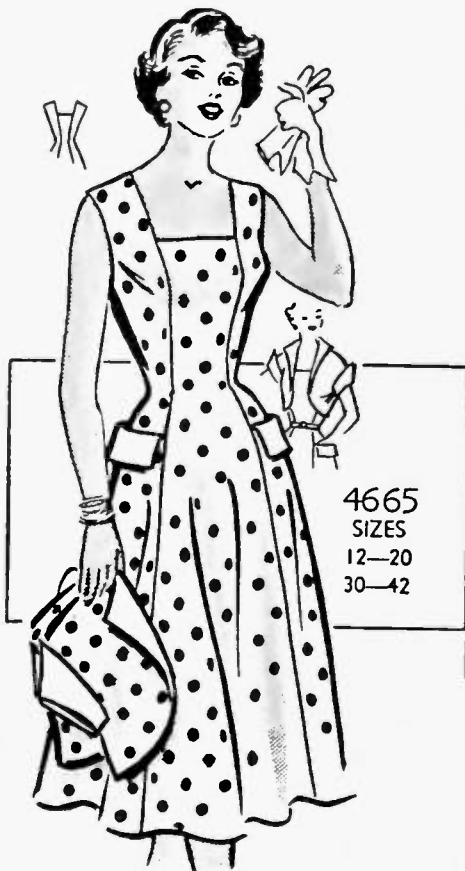


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Young Wendy Drew

(Continued from page 47)

theater is her love . . . but she doesn't date actors. She's sometimes as serious as a bookworm—which she is . . . but usually as gay as a jaybird—which she certainly isn't.

"Wendy is one thing to me," says her mother, "something different to her sister, and altogether another person to friends."

Wendy thinks it's all simply explained. She says, "I'm me."

She lives some five minutes from Radio City, in a fourth-floor, walk-up apartment.

"We're not mad about the place," Wendy says, "but it's convenient to our work, for me and my sister. Besides, when you climb four flights several times a day, it's better exercise than any drill sergeant could dream up."

The apartment is shared by Wendy, her mother, and her sister. (Wendy's brother Garry is a student at U.C.L.A.) Wendy's sister Allegra is quite talented, too. At sixteen, she dances with the New York City Ballet and is the youngest member of the company.

"We all share the apartment—and a lot of other things," they say.

Mother and daughters are the same size . . . so their clothes are interchangeable . . . and so things happen.

Wendy's mother puts on a tweed coat from the closet, goes out shopping—and someone taps her shoulder from the rear.

"Wendy?" She turns and replies, "No, Wendy's mother."

Wendy borrows back a skirt and sweater from Allegra, walks by New York City Center (where Allegra does her pirouettes)—and gets a long whistle.

She turns and shakes her head. "No. I'm Allegra's sister."

All three have had their ears pierced and thus can share about forty pairs of earrings. The collection grows year by year, since all three like antique jewelry and Wendy's mother has the knack and skill for redesigning interesting pieces. Many a pair of retired cuff links has found its way to the ears of the gals.

"We have fun together," Wendy says. "I think that's because we are always so busy and have so much to talk about. There is always something new. I don't think we've ever had a chance to get settled."

Wendy managed to stay in her birthplace, Brooklyn, for the first four years of her life, and thereafter the family was always on the move. Her parents were divorced when she was a mere child, and she and her sister and brother were raised by her mother.

"California was then best for raising three children," her mother says. "The climate was good for their health and the cost of living was about one-third of what I found in other parts of the country."

They were in and out of California. Mrs. Kent (Wendy's mother's real name) worked hard to support the three children. Only once could they afford to celebrate Wendy's birthday, and that was for her sixth year. They were in the chips for a short time, living in Dallas on what might be called a midget-sized ranch—ten acres with four hundred trees.

Wendy was then attending a girls' school. For her birthday, May 8, she was told she could invite a few friends to a party. That afternoon, two hundred little girls arrived, accompanied by parents. Wendy had invited the entire school!

"Mother sent out in a hurry for gallons of ice cream and heaps of hamburger for

the barbecue," Wendy recalls. "And it hadn't really been so dumb of me—because I got two hundred presents."

And that was Wendy's first and last birthday party.

She did get a pony, though, before they moved on from Texas. Since she herself was so light, Mrs. Kent—who is the pretty, petite original pattern of her daughters—thought that she should try the pony out before entrusting her daughter to its back.

"So Mother climbed aboard to break in the pony, fell—and broke her arm," Wendy says. "Naturally, we have never called her 'Tex.'"

Wendy found herself whizzing through schools. Every time they moved, she was given an intelligence test and pushed a grade higher. She was graduated from high school at the ripe old age of fourteen, in Los Angeles, where the Board of Education was so impressed by her high-I.Q. brain that they asked if they couldn't continue testing Wendy's intelligence—to see if she would eventually slip.

"I got out of town a year later," she says, "a fugitive from intelligence tests. I couldn't take a chance on getting bad news."

Actually, Wendy left Los Angeles at sixteen to try for a part in a New York play. But that wasn't the beginning of her career. Wendy's first entrance on a stage was made at twelve—and then she was living in Miami Beach. Up to her twelfth birthday, she had demonstrated no interest in acting. She was shy and quiet. She loved the beach and her books. (Once, when she decided it was high time she did some world traveling, she just went to the library and methodically read herself around the globe.)

The summer of 1941, some friends of hers enrolled in a drama school conducted by Carmen Balfour, who had once been reader to the Queen of England. Wendy wanted to attend the school, but the tuition was \$100.

"It had never crossed my mind that Wendy had any acting talent," her mother recalls. "But Wendy was a good child and never made any demands of me. I didn't want to refuse this first real request."

This school for children turned out to be the springboard to Wendy's career. It happened that Morgan Farley, then an Army special service officer, came in to examine the building while seeking a place to present plays for servicemen. He heard Wendy read a part, and her face and voice stayed with him. Almost a year later, he decided to produce "The Eve of St. Mark." He remembered Wendy—but didn't know her name. He called a member of the Chamber of Commerce. The man's son happened to be in the same class with Wendy and recognized Farley's description.

Wendy played the part of Janet, a girl of about nineteen. There was one sensitive love scene in the play. Farley was worried about how that scene would come off, for he figured that Wendy was a scant sixteen and hardly sophisticated. (He knew that General Marshall would be in the audience for one of the performances, but he wasn't concerned about the General. He was worried that the servicemen might laugh during the love scene and shatter the mood of the play.)

Farley and Wendy's mother stood backstage. And Farley stood tense through the love scene. There wasn't a titter. He threw his arms around Wendy's mother and said, "She'll do." Later, he discovered that his protégée wasn't sixteen—she was thirteen.

Then the family moved back to California. Wendy finished high school, then

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spent a year studying dramatics at the Pasadena Playhouse. She didn't like it. At the age of fifteen, she was by far the youngest girl in the school. She was separated by miles from the social life, interests and attitudes of her older classmates. At the end of the year, she told her mother she wanted to go to New York and see what she could do for herself on Broadway.

"Wendy was always a sensible and intelligent girl," says Mrs. Kent. "I've never had to worry about her taking care of herself."

So Wendy went to New York and moved in with a relative. She had a reference from Farley to an agent friend. The agent at once sent her to a theater for a reading. Otto Kruger was taking a new play on the road, "A Joy Forever," and he needed an understudy for the part his daughter played.

"There were a couple of dozen actresses at the theater waiting to read for the job," Wendy recalls, "and everyone of them looked so experienced and glamorous."

She grappled with her innate shyness, and she lost. She went into a corner and sat down. She watched the others as they read for the job. Then a stranger sat down beside her.

"Aren't you going to read?" he asked. "I couldn't do it."

"How do you know until you try?"

She didn't move. A few more girls read. "You can't lose anything by going up there," the man said.

"Any one of those girls can do it better," she answered.

She sat still and so did the stranger. There were just a few girls waiting now.

The man said, "You came here to try out for the part, didn't you?"

"Yes."
"Well, go on up there. It'll take only a minute."

She didn't stir. The last applicant was on the stage.

"It's now or never," the man said.

"They've probably already decided."

"How do you know? Go up and find out."

Wendy walked up to the stage and was handed a script. She read. It all took less than three minutes.

"You've got it," she was told.

And that's how Wendy got her first job on Broadway. It was a great break for a sixteen-year-old actress, because it gave her the confidence to go on. The play itself, after two-and-a-half months on the road, closed in two weeks on Broadway. Then the tough sledding began.

Wendy looked for nighttime work that would leave her days free to audition and haunt casting offices. She took a job as cashier in a movie box office, but she was the one who was "taken." She trained one week for free. The second week she was docked twenty of her twenty-five dollars salary for being short in her receipts.

"Later, I found they had failed to instruct me in one little detail," she says. "I had thought my relief used the same cash drawer as I did, and so I never locked it." She quit.

Next she took on a job as cigarette girl in a well-known Manhattan restaurant because her duties only took up her evenings. They paid her only \$16.50 for some forty-seven hours a week. All tips were to be turned in to the management.

"It's a racket and all restaurants do it and everyone knows about it," she says.

It was explained to her that, in the cause of survival, cigarette girls allowed themselves to "steal" fifteen per cent of the tips. It had to be done cagily and money was secreted in one's shoes or the bosom of her dress. Wendy "stole" a quarter from her tips once and put it in a shoe.

"My conscience went right down to my foot," she says, "and I hobbled around like a cripple that night with the guilt worrying me to death."

Wendy's mother arrived in New York for a visit, spent a night at the restaurant watching Wendy vending, and was disgusted.

"All Wendy did was sit around looking pretty," she remembers. "It was a dull and enervating job for anyone as bright and lively as Wendy."

So Wendy's mother stopped in a good bookstore and got Wendy a job which delighted Wendy and which she held for three years. It was a salesgirl's job for Saturdays and Sundays.

"I almost lost that," she says. "The first Saturday I was to report, I got a call to act on CBS's *Let's Pretend*. The second Saturday, I went out of town for three weeks in a winter stock company. I phoned the lady who ran the bookstore and said, 'You couldn't still want me?' And the woman said, 'Of course, if you're as nice as your mother.'"

Wendy got parts in radio and TV now and then, but not enough to make a living. Once she went through the Midwest for a month of one-night stands in "Dear Ruth," traveling with the cast in a station wagon. They would travel a few hundred miles each day, put on the play at night, sleep a few hours in a hotel and drive on to the next town.

"I loved it," she says. "I even gained ten pounds."

Then, a few years ago, she began to get more frequent calls from TV producers.

"Why, I don't know," she says. "But, for an actress, it's always either feast or famine."

She worked on most of the big shows, including *Kraft* and *Philco Theaters*, and *Studio One*. Then her mother and sister joined her in New York, and they took up their fourth-floor roost in Manhattan.

"I don't like living in the city, but I love to act," Wendy says. "Maybe some day I'll have a home near both the beach and my acting."

Some day, too, she hopes to be married and have children.

"I'd want at least three," she says. "I think children are the happiest part of a marriage."

To date, she hasn't quite met "the right man." Or, if she's met him, she doesn't know it—or hasn't been convinced. Anyway, she doesn't have to worry much, for she's the kind of gal who makes a lasting impression. That accounts for her getting the part of *Young Widder Brown*. She had auditioned for the office which produces the popular daytime drama, when she first came to New York. Almost eight years later, they still remembered her—and called on her to take over the role.

"You can understand why I was startled," she says.

"I wondered about Wendy playing the part of *Young Widder Brown*, as I suppose many other people might," says her mother. "The widow, though certainly youthful, has a couple of children and serious problems—and how would a young girl understand them? Well, Wendy certainly hasn't led a sheltered existence. She was my oldest child and shared many of my problems. She practically raised her sister and brother during the years I worked. She's quite a mature girl." Then she adds, "But you know, in spite of that, I think Wendy is still almost childlike in her enthusiasm for people and her work. She's as vibrant as she is serious."

And that's young Wendy Drew, kind of contradictory, even bewildering... but isn't that what makes women so mysteriously charming? Particularly young widows and pretty ash blondes!

That's Roger!

(Continued from page 58)

two boys and a girl, but Roger, the youngest, was the only child destined for an acting career.

At the tender age of four, Roger announced a momentous decision in his life: "Mother, when I grow up, I'm going to be an actor!" To this day, Mrs. Sullivan doesn't know where he had heard the word "actor," since show business had never been mentioned in the house. However, young Master Sullivan was toted off to the Syracuse University Children's Theater, at the advanced age of six years, and his dream became a reality.

At the Children's Theater, all phases of acting and production were emphasized. Roger learned to wield a paint brush in expert fashion and to work with his hands, besides playing leading roles on stage. He studied microphone technique, and became a featured player of the radio troupe at the local station, even handling the emcee chores for these Saturday-morning shows. (The announcer was a yet-to-be-discovered future movie star whom the small-fry referred to as "Big Bill Lundigan.")

Every Saturday morning, young Roger could hardly wait to receive his pay, so he could buy candy and flowers for his favorite girl—his mother. Sundays found him a cherub-faced boy soprano in cota and cassock, singing at All Saints Episcopal Church in Syracuse, where he appeared as soloist for five years—until his voice changed.

When Roger was eight, he coaxed his dad into buying tickets for a performance of "The Copperhead," starring his favorite movie star, Lionel Barrymore, at the local Loew's theater. Mr. Sullivan went even further—he arranged for his son to meet the great actor. Naturally, Roger was tongue-tied as the great Barrymore shook his hand. The star looked down at the small boy who wanted with all his heart to be an actor and said, "Son, it's a long, hard road full of heartbreak. But, if you want it more than anything else in the world, go to it!" Roger always cherished these words, especially when the going did get rough.

Roger applied himself diligently at the Children's Theater until he was fourteen, then received his secondary education at Nottingham High School, later enrolling at Syracuse University. He now had three shows a week on the local radio station, and he banked his paychecks to further his one burning ambition. At the end of his freshman year, Roger made another big decision in his life, trading in his college

books for a try at the Broadway stage.

Being a very persistent young man, he actually landed in a couple of Broadway plays, but they received the death blow from critics in record fashion. Back to pounding the pavements between producers' offices on both Broadway and Radio Row. There was only one vocation for him, but Roger was willing to work at anything which would keep him going. Being a runner on Wall Street, for instance, kept him in coffee and doughnuts till he crashed big-time radio.

He made the rounds for every audition that came along, until he finally "got lucky." The director of a topnotch network show needed a juvenile, but it wasn't as simple as that. Roger read for the role four times before the director was convinced that he could sustain the part. From then on, he was "in," and he played a variety of roles on such programs as *Modern Romances*, *Backstage Wife*, *Theater Guild On The Air*, *Cavalcade Of America*, *Stage Door Canteen*, and *Let's Pretend*.

Naturally, Roger jumped at the opportunity to get in on the ground floor of television, and he'll jokingly reminisce about the "good old days" when he was given nothing more than five dollars' cab fare and an apology, in return for his dramatic efforts. This rather unspectacular beginning eventually led to roles on *A Date With Judy*, *The Red Buttons Show* and, last summer, a featured part as Peter Bodkin, Jr.—the young salesman who could never sell anything—in *Wonderful John Acton*, over NBC-TV.

Nowadays, he is most frequently cast "against" his actual character, and is so much in demand that complications are sometimes unavoidable between his TV and radio jobs. The director of *Three Steps To Heaven* devised a unique solution to end Roger's problems of transportation from the 106th Street NBC-TV studios to the West 52nd Street CBS Radio studios. A motorcycle—complete with driver—was hired to whisk Roger from *Heaven to Hilltop House* in record time!

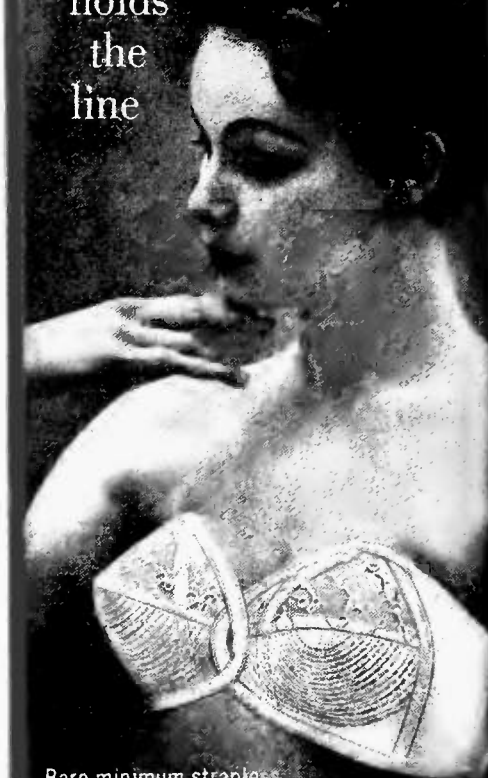
Roger's abilities in the theater world are numerous, but he is most proud of his talent as a writer. Most recently, he was elected to the New Dramatists Committee membership—a real achievement, since those lucky enough to qualify receive invaluable training and guidance from top playwrights. His latest effort, "Song of the Scorpion," has aroused considerable interest from the Broadway producers. In the meantime, Roger is working on another play—for television—with a determined



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aim of cracking the prestige ranks of *Studio One* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*.

His first professional writing series has been heard over the Mutual network with such guests as Skitch Henderson, Ray Anthony, and a home-town friend, Gordon MacRae, doing the honors. *On The Swing Side* also gave Roger the opportunity to play musical comedy leads and to develop that flair for writing.

Roger says he doesn't intend getting married for a long time, because he very definitely wants his marriage to be "for keeps." In the meantime, however, he falls hook, line and sinker for beautiful girls, and is particularly interested in girls with warm, happy personalities.

He loves good times. A date with Roger often means dinner at Sardi's, followed by the latest Broadway hit show, then a round of dancing to complete the evening. However, real late dates are infrequent—since he must rise at 5:30 A.M. for his daily working stint before the cameras.

Roger keeps bachelor quarters in a three-and-one-half-room apartment overlooking Riverside Drive. Here, all the furniture was built by hand, by *Sullivan*. The cost of furnishing the apartment actually amounted to a little less than six hundred dollars. He proudly refers to the furniture as "modern functional," and it's made of redwood, foam rubber, and wrought-iron. Roger enjoys working in woods, clay and copper in his spare time. Most of the chairs, tables, and bookcases were made

from redwood, although there is one table which has been fashioned out of plastic clothesline. This was the first object to be completed. Roger is proudest, however, of the combination high fidelity radio cabinet—plus TV and record sections—which he made. He also collected a couple of peach baskets, finished them in braided rope, and they now serve as deep wastepaper baskets. Roger's imagination really went to town on the coffee table, which was built out of wrought iron and oak and has a fitted glass top.

All of Roger's writing is accomplished at a long work table which, in its day, had served many a hungry picnicker. This redwood table is simonized once a week.

The apartment's finishing touches have just been added with the completion of a bedroom screen, on which he has painted a rooftop scene of TV antennas against a charcoal-gray background—the "new" New York skyline.

Roger's diversified interests also include anthropology and oceanography. He would like to find time some day to take an archaeological field trip, besides exploring underneath the sea. But his real world is the entertainment business, and Roger is now well on the way to reaching stardom in both the acting and writing fields. And, when he does hit the top, his dream is that of any typical "boy next door." Roger wants a car, specifically a hard-top sports model. Then it will be off to the country for happy, non-acting weekends in the great outdoors. That's for Roger!

Perfect Partnership

(Continued from page 28)

marriage has certainly not been an average one. No theater marriage is. "When we work together, twenty-four hours a day, as producer and star," says Ray, "we're just old-fashioned fighters. We could think of our twenty-fifth anniversary as the start of our twenty-sixth round!"

In other respects, however, their marriage has been average. "We've had arguments," says Ray, "like a couple of sword swallowers on the same bill. We've had romance, too, like two lumps of sugar in the same cup of tea. We've had respect for each other, understanding, humor. We've grown out of smugness and into love. These things have made our twenty-five years seem like a day.

"Actually, we've seen dark days and sunny ones. But, generally, the theater has been kind to us. And, although there was a time when we'd lost our money, there never was a time when we'd lost our love."

Gwen was a student at the University of Southern California when a friend took her to Los Angeles' Orpheum Theater to introduce her to producer Gus Edwards. Gwen was a songwriter and singer. Gus was impressed with her ability, planned to make her a star.

The first day Gwen came to the theater with her friend, she saw Ray dancing on the stage. "He looked like a sublimely homely gazelle," she recalls. "I don't remember the exact conversation, but the girl I was with said I was obviously smitten. She claims I said, 'There's the man I'm going to marry.' I was very precocious at the time."

Gus Edwards took Gwen around to parties, introducing her to all the important people—but he never introduced her to Ray. Then, one Sunday, she had an appointment at the theater to meet Gus. Gwen, still in her jodhpurs, hurried in from a riding date. Gus didn't show up.

But Ray did, ready for his matinee. He had seen Gwen around at the parties and very much wanted to meet her. Ray, about

as bashful as a bear in a pot of honey, rushed up and said, "I'm Ray Bolger. You're great!"

Ray and Gwen were pretty much of a steady thing from then on, and were soon engaged to be married.

The year was 1929. Ray had been quite successful with his money, having invested in blue-chip stocks. But those were the days when the market went up ten points at a time. Gwen began to feel that the top had been reached, and said so. "You had better sell some of those stocks."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said Ray. "Wait until after we're married, then you can tell me what to do."

They were married July 9, leaving immediately for Europe. That's where they received news of the stock market crash.

"When we got back to the States," says Ray, "we had a hundred dollars in the bank. We looked at the bank balance, then at each other. It seemed we both had the same idea at the same time: 'Let's take it out and have one good fling!' That's what we did."

Nevertheless, they realized that you have to work at a marriage to make it go. Gwen hadn't worked at housekeeping before their marriage. It was a new situation for her. Though Ray was never a starving actor—he worked fifty weeks out of every year during the Depression—the market crash had made them economy-minded. When they went to Philadelphia for Ray to do a show, Gwen left their expensive hotel to find an apartment. She wanted to prove that she was willing.

"The first day Ray went to the theater," says Gwen, "I left the hotel to look for an apartment. I found one and moved us in. The apartment was cheaper, it had a stove, and I figured it would be less expensive than eating out. At the same time, I could show Ray what a good cook he had married. Though the byword of my argument was 'economy,' I was really trying to show off.

"I was even brave enough to ask Ray's agent, Abe Lastfogel, to dinner. But there

was method in my madness. I knew that Abe loved chicken. Ever since I was eleven years old, one dish I could make was roast chicken. Abe was vociferous in his praise, as I had known he would be—all agents are!

"Best chicken I ever tasted. Better than my mother's," Abe said. Ray's agent was my agent too."

There's give-and-take humor in every marriage. Ray and Gwen even kid one another about their work, though they have performed together only once. It was at the Capitol Theater, where Gwen did a sketch, a take-off on Marlene Dietrich, which she had written. "I was so scared," she says, "I felt ill. I had to walk out on a runner through the audience. On the way back, I nervously tripped over the footlights. I never heard the applause."

"When I heard all the applause," says Ray, "I almost cancelled the act. . . ."

There has to be mutual respect, of course, to make a marriage go. Gwen and Ray do respect each other, both intellectually and emotionally. That's why they have been able to work successfully together in many projects as star and producer. The Broadway hit, "Where's Charley?" is an outstanding example.

"We worked together as a team," Ray says. "The producer—that's my wife!—told me what to do. I had to do whatever she said . . . although I may have thought: *Wait till I get you home!*"

Says Gwen, "I was harder on him than any other producer could be. In fact, if anyone else had made him do the things I demanded, I would have been on that producer in an instant, beating away with my best umbrella!"

It takes understanding, too, to make a marriage work. The demands of show business have put heavy pressure on the Bolgers' lives. "For example," says Gwen, "Where's Charley?" was a hit, and it took all of Ray's time. He had to do eight performances a week, two on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Ray was the star, with no understudy. If he wasn't able to go on, there was no show. He couldn't be sick, he couldn't take a day off. The show ran for three years. 'Where's Charley?' was Ray's prison! You can't call this a 'normal' way of life. We had to have patience with one another—we had to have *understanding.*"

In the twenty-five years of their marriage, the Bolgers rarely have been apart. While Ray danced and entertained, Gwen packed and unpacked in one city after another.

"No one can pack a bag as well as Gwen," says Ray. "One time, I went to New York for a one-week show. Gwen didn't go along. But she did pack my bag. She trunked sixty-four pounds of clothing into one overnight case."

"In New York, I needed a shirt. I opened the bag, took one out, but couldn't close the lid again. I tried. I failed. I finally took all the other laundry out, sent it back to Gwen. Nothing. I still couldn't close it. I finally had to buy *two* more bags!"

Now that the Bolgers have landed in television, they have put away the trunks. Many people think of the Bolgers as New Yorkers. But they're not, they're Californians, having had their legal residence in that state for twenty years. And, with *The Ray Bolger Show* signed for two years on TV, they have just bought a new home in the heart of Beverly Hills.

"We had no serious intentions of moving or buying a new home," says Gwen. "But we have a sweet real estate agent who wanted to find something new for us. I told her if she wanted to look for a place in the heart of Beverly Hills, furnished, with plenty of land around it, not too small and not too large, within walking distance

of Martindale's Book Store—we would 'consider it.' I never expected she'd find such a place!

"But she did. I went over to see it. This was it, all right! I told her we would think it over, and went home. That night, I woke up with a vision, something like a flashing neon sign that said, *Go out and buy that house!* Now we have a new home—within walking distance of Martindale's."

Ray has a special theory about marriage. He says that "Be prepared!" should be the motto of all married couples. "Be prepared to get up in the middle of the night to put the windows down. Be prepared to get up again and put them *up!* But, seriously, it's little things like that which make the marriage go."

Gwen agrees. "And count on 'sympathy pains' in any successful marriage," she adds. "I remember that, in 1953, Ray had nodes on his vocal chords. When he had them scraped off, the doctor said he shouldn't talk for eight weeks. It was the most horrible time of our married life. I would sometimes speak to him without thinking that he couldn't answer. It was especially bad at night. I'd wake up and say, 'Darling, did you do this or that today?'—then lie there waiting for an answer. Poor Ray couldn't speak. I'd feel like dying, when I came fully awake and realized the uncomfortable spot I had put him in with my question. He couldn't do anything but lie there in the dark and try to make intelligent grunting sounds."

In a sense, Gwen has spoiled Ray. She lets him drop clothes on the floor at night. She peels apples as dessert for him. She prepares his favorite dishes—or, as Ray says, "fishes." Now that TV has settled them in Beverly Hills, she is spending more time in the kitchen, catering to Ray's "fish tooth."

Since Ray has seldom packed a bag, he can't even hang clothes in a closet without their looking as though they were accordion-pleated. To save time, he simply drops his clothes on the floor before going to bed.

"You're not neat," says Gwen. "You leave your clothes right where you get out of them."

"That's neat," Ray insists. "Don't you trip over them in the *same place every night?*" Then he adds the clincher: "You should feel lucky—I don't smoke, I don't drink, I just drop my clothes on the floor!"

After twenty-five years, the Bolgers still aren't sure of a definition for a happy marriage. "It's a changing thing, a growing thing," says Ray. "Each day is like a crystal bead on a long string. Each day brings new sunshine. It's never reflected the same way, though, for the way your marriage shines is pretty much up to *you.*"

"Marriage is romance, it's a game of love—an exciting game of love. When I come home from the studio to my wife, I find a woman who has grown more beautiful to me, a woman more beautiful than any I have seen all day."

And Gwen says, "Marriage is a thousand things. It's finnan haddie, peeled apples, trust and understanding. I remember, when we were first married, Ray told me he loved his work. It was my rival. Well, today . . ."

"Today," says Ray, "Gwen is my whole life. I'd give up my work in a second, if she weren't happy."

"Don't be melodramatic," Gwen replies to this. "What would we do?"

"We could hire out as a couple. I've played English butlers. You could be a Swedish cook and maid. You can make a bed nobody can get out of. We'd be a great success. . . ."

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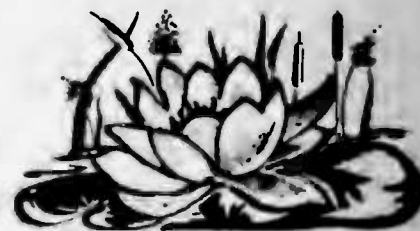
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