

RADIO-TV MIRROR

Chicago radio,
TV listings

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson



EXCLUSIVE

JAY STEWART
•
THE TRUTH ABOUT
JAN MURRAY



NANCY COLEMAN
Valiant Lady



DAVE GARROWAY
Fascinating Fellow



PATSY CAMPBELL
Second Mrs. Burton

PRELL SHAMPOO LEAVES HAIR

Radiantly Alive!

... SOFT,
SMOOTH,
YOUNGER LOOKING!

Ah, what a wonderful feeling—when you touch and feel your hair after your *first* Prell Shampoo! It's so soft and smooth—so shining-bright and aglow with that 'Radiantly Alive' look! Why, in actual radiance tests, Prell leaves hair more radiant than *all leading cream or soap shampoos*. No more "fly-away" hair either—Prell leaves hair obedient even right after shampooing. You'll love Prell's convenience and economy, too—there's no spill, break, or waste. Enjoy a luxurious Prell Shampoo tonight!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

No dentifrice can stop all cavities — *but...* you can reduce tooth decay up to 60%* with new Ipana® containing Anti-Enzyme WD-9

Easy directions on every package.
Based on 2-year clinical tests.

If you are one of the many people who have been confused by recent promises of tooth-paste "miracles," here are two facts we think well worth knowing:

1. No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay. This includes our new Ipana with WD-9.
2. But if you want to have far fewer cavities, no other dentifrice—tooth paste or powder—has ever been proved more effective for helping you.

And you can be sure of this:

*Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results.

What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that you will never have



In 2-year test, X-rays showed 60% fewer cavities than from ordinary methods



ONE OR MORE NEW CAVITIES FOR ALMOST 2 OUT OF 3 PEOPLE USING ORDINARY METHODS.



NO NEW CAVITIES FOR ALMOST 2 OUT OF 3 PEOPLE USING THE IPANA WAY.

Here is proof that there is a sure way of reducing tooth decay.

to worry about excessive cavities again.

The way most dentists recommend

We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing. Most dentists recommend this way (ask yours): And the directions are right on every Ipana package.

Important to new Ipana's effectiveness is its anti-enzyme ingredient, WD-9. In stopping the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids, WD-9 is one of the most effective ingredients known.

Children enjoy new minty flavor

As you know, your youngsters don't like to use a tooth paste if it doesn't taste good. But Ipana has a wonderful new minty fla-

vor so that children will enjoy using it. It has new built-in foaming and cleansing power to reach "danger spots" the tooth brush doesn't touch. For refreshing your mouth, we think you'll find that no other tooth paste is quite like it.

Don't forget your gums

Ipana with WD-9 does much more than help reduce tooth decay. Brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles. And as for bad breath, a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor as long as 9 hours.

When you can get a tooth paste that does all this without paying a penny extra for it, why not make your next tube Ipana?

How independent scientists proved the Ipana way works



The tests which proved the Ipana way best were conducted by university scientists, leaders in the study of decay reduction. Ipana had no connection with them or with the tests.

Over a two-year period, half the subjects tested brushed their teeth the usual haphazard way. The other half used the Ipana way, clearly stated on every package. X-ray examinations showed the difference.



SAME PACKAGE
NO INCREASE IN PRICE

Reduces Tooth Decay up to 60%
...Stops Bad Breath All Day

Product of Bristol-Myers

ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9



Dummies
don't perspire



...but real
live girls need
MUM



**New Mum with M-3
kills odor bacteria
...stops odor
all day long**

Amazingly effective—just use daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. New fragrance. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

RADIO-TV MIRROR

MARCH, 1954

VOL. 41, NO. 4

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

"Ex...
or Exquisite?"



As Laura read Jim's old love letters, she could scarcely hold back the tears. She could imagine people whispering as she passed by, "That's the Morton fellow's ex-fiancee . . . poor thing! I don't know what came between them."

Unfortunately, Laura didn't know either, and she spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a *breath* of difference between "ex" and "exquisite". Once she corrected her trouble, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold . . . exquisite in *every* detail.

Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly . . . and not just

for minutes but usually for hours on end.

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

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills odor-causing bacteria — by millions — stops bad breath instantly.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

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

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine Antiseptic kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

In recent clinical tests Listerine 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. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, gargle with Listerine . . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

A Product of
The Lambert Company



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The same germ-killing action that makes Listerine Antiseptic the extra-careful precaution against halitosis, makes Listerine a night and morning "must" during the cold and sore throat season!



A direct challenge



to the woman
who doesn't use Tampax

Are you always serene, confident, perfectly poised . . . *no matter what time of month it is?* Or do nagging doubts on "certain days" make you feel constrained, uncertain, embarrassed.

Have you ever worried about odor? With Tampax sanitary protection you wouldn't have to. Tampax is worn internally, prevents odor by preventing exposure to the air.

Have you ever worried about ridges? There are no belts, no pins, no bulky external pads with Tampax. Nothing can show because Tampax is invisible, once it's in place.

Has chafing ever bothered you? You can't even feel Tampax once it's in place. You even wear it (without giving it a second thought) in tub or shower.

Tampax has other advantages. For example: it's easy and convenient to dispose of—user's hands need never even touch the Tampax. But why hesitate? Get this doctor-invented product at any drug or notion counter. Your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes in purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Marriage for Miltie

*"Mr. Television" Berle has at last found
the happiness he deserves, with Ruth Cosgrove*

ON DECEMBER 9, 1953, a devoted couple stood before Judge Morris Eder in the New York County Courthouse and listened solemnly as he said: "Every marriage I perform lasts. I expect this one to do the same." For Milton and Ruth Cosgrove Berle, these words expressed their own feelings about the life they planned to share together. And, all across the nation, men, women and children who have seen the great comic, shared his endless antics, were now sharing a part of his great happiness.

Like many clowns whose smiling make-up often hides the tears beneath, Milton Berle has had his share of problems and sorrow. He rose from poverty and obscurity to wealth and fame. Twice, he tried to build a firm marriage foundation and failed. But, through all his ups and

downs, he remained—on the surface—the clown with the big laughs, who was always stealing the show with his antics.

But now, a new day has dawned in Uncle Miltie's life. After the small wedding ceremony, there was a reception at the Plaza Hotel which reflected the grand style so typical of all Miltie's actions. All the show world's greats, plus fans by the hundreds, were on hand to wish him well. Then, with a final burst of cheers and congratulations, the couple left for their honeymoon in Bermuda and the start of their new life together. His fans and friends settled back with an added feeling of joy, and were of one mind in hoping that, in the future, the smile that lights Milton Berle's face will become ever wider and reflect a heart that is truly happy at last.

Milton stars on *The Buick-Berle Show*, NBC-TV, Tues. (3 out of 4 weeks), 8 P.M. EST



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Bobbi Bob"—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.



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



Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.

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



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Note the easy, natural look of curls in this new "Starlite" style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

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

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

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

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



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





SLEEPING BEAUTY?

Don't let fresh, youthful-looking skin beauty lie dormant. Give it a chance to bloom at its loveliest! For Lanolin Plus Liquid, with its precious esters and cholesterol, is the closest duplication of Nature's own skin lubricants. Softens as it penetrates. \$1, plus tax.

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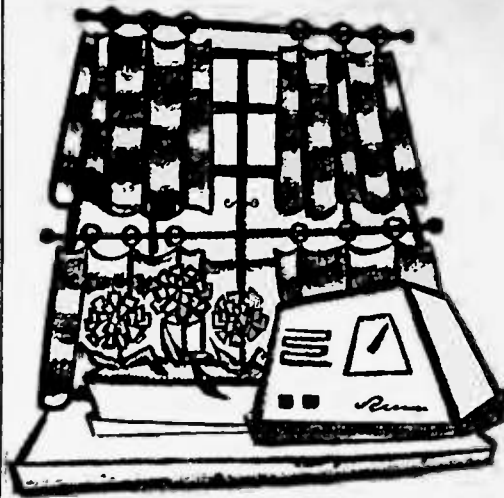
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DAYTIME DIARY

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

AUNT JENNY All kinds of people pass before Aunt Jenny's experienced, understanding eyes as she surveys the lives of her neighbors in the small town of Littleton. But seldom has she known a personality like Sam Cutler, who deliberately set out to ruin his sister-in-law because she had defied him. What happened to Sam made the unexpected climax of this story, one of those recently told by Aunt Jenny. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE As the wife of famous Broadway star Larry Noble, Mary Noble has often had to cope with the artistic temperament of Larry's fellow actors—and actresses. And she is well aware that Larry's charm collects as many admirers on the working side of the footlights as it does among matinee audiences. But even Mary is frightened at the passionate determination of a new attempt to take Larry away from her. 4 P.M., NBC.

THE BENNETTS As one of his town's busiest, most respected lawyers, Wayne Bennett necessarily came into contact with its underworld. But now, for the first time, he feels the results of defying it as, partly through his wife Nancy's devoted but misguided efforts to help, he is involved in a situation which may completely ruin his career. What happens as the family faces frightening changes—perhaps a whole new way of life? 11:15 A.M., NBC-TV.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Althea's return from Wyoming stirs up the Dennis household as only the beautiful, restless Althea can do, and this time her young daughter Spring is with her to complicate matters even further. In spite of Althea's attempts at evasion, her father, Reverend Richard Dennis, is certain that some startling crisis brought her back home. Will he learn what shadow looms over Althea's future in time to do something to help? 2:45 P.M., CBS.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART During the tense days when the man known as "The

Boss" turns out to be Julie's friend Albert Lampier, Julie surprises herself by standing up to the shock and the threat Lampier holds over her with strength she didn't expect of herself. She will need all this strength and more if she and Peter Davis are to fight for happiness together. Has love really turned this pampered girl into a mature woman? 11:45 A.M., NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Covering another sensational murder case for his newspaper, *The Daily Eagle*, David Farrell and his wife Sally become involved in a series of situations so strange that the key to the crime almost escapes them. An almost unbelievable motive helps the killer to conceal the truth, and finally only David's quick-wittedness leads him to it in time to keep him from becoming the murderer's second victim. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Resigned and almost hopeless, Kathy Grant knows that her own dishonesty has driven her husband into the willing arms of another woman. Dick, hesitating on the brink of divorce, is himself uncertain of his desires, but in the meantime, the meeting between Kathy and Dick's colleague, Dr. Kelly, has an unexpected result. What strange effect will the man called Dan Peters have on the lives of people he scarcely knows? 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV; 1:45 P.M., CBS.

HAWKINS FALLS Lona Drewer is probably Hawkins Falls' prime example of a woman who knows her own mind. Ever since he proposed, Dr. Corey hasn't been quite sure why Lona wasn't ready to go ahead with their marriage. But Lona knew what she was waiting for. Is she right in believing that she has achieved it? Will she and the doctor start their marriage with the maturity and understanding she hopes for? 11 A.M., NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Nixon's long experience in handling a household of orphans as matron of Hilltop House makes

her certain that young Len Klabber is not entirely the bright, friendly boy he tries to seem. Trying tactfully to discourage Babs' friendship with Len, Julie herself does not realize how true her instinct is, and how much she and the town are soon to learn about the problem of juvenile delinquency. 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL A widower for many years, happy in the affection of his daughter Nancy, Bill Davidson rarely remembers the long-ago struggle of his dead wife's aristocratic family to keep Nancy away from him. But Nellie Davidson's family has never forgotten that she married a small-town barber, and Mrs. Thelma Nelson makes strange capital of that story when she comes to Hartville. What threat does she hold over Bill? 5 P.M., NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL The marriage of Chichi and Mac is very young, but already Chichi has had cause to wonder how much misunderstanding a marriage can survive. There is another question coming up for her—the question of how much misunderstanding it *should* survive. For, if each week brings new doubts, new hurts and troubles, how can the future look anything but threatening? Can Papa David throw a different light on that picture? 3 P.M., NBC.

LORENZO JONES To Lorenzo, the lovely actress Belle Jones is a charming woman to whom he is strangely drawn. The amnesia which months ago separated him from Belle prevents him from recognizing her as his wife. But Gail Maddox, fearful that Lorenzo's memory may return, allies herself with actor Wade Emery's spiteful plans to create havoc for Belle. Can Belle win Lorenzo's love all over again? 5:30 P.M., NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE Some people seem to run headlong to meet trouble, and all her life beautiful Meg Harper has been one of them. Even though she sincerely loves her child, Beanie, Meg cannot seem to stop long enough to imagine the consequences some of her ill-advised, stubborn decisions might have on him. How will the powerful Hal Craig, through Meg, affect her sister Vanessa, Beanie, and perhaps their whole future in Barrowsville? 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Anyone in Rushville Center would be quick to say that, for understanding, tolerance, and an honest look at facts, Ma Perkins is the person to talk things over with. But money—the possession of it or the lack of it—has a way of confusing issues. Even the strong, simple values by which Ma has taught her family to abide come in for a searching test when such confusion enters the picture. 1:15 P.M., CBS.

OUR GALSUNDAY Though she has had

many years of secure happiness as Lord Henry Brinthrope's wife, Sunday has never forgotten his family's disapproval of his marriage to a simple mountain girl. When his impoverished but aristocratic aunt, Lavinia Thornton, comes to Black Swan Hall, Sunday is gripped by a fear she has never known before. Can her position as Lord Henry's wife really be attacked? 12:45 P.M., CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Pepper and Linda cannot really blame Pepper's father for going ahead with the plans for extracting oil from the property around their farm, which is supposed to have such a rich potential. The prospect of so much wealth would dazzle almost anyone. But Pepper and Linda are unhappy over the project, and not only because it mars their beloved view. Is their suspicion justified? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

PERRY MASON If pretty Kate Beekman had not hitched her wagon to a star, she might have avoided a lot of trouble. Determined to succeed as a dancer, Kate turned down a safe job in lawyer Perry Mason's office to accept a glamorous offer from night-club owner Gordy Webber, ignorant of Webber's plans to ruin her father, Ed Beekman. Can Perry save the misguided girl before her stubborn self-assurance plays into Webber's hands? 12:15 P.M., CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Annette Thorpe has always been a successful woman, with money, position and a sharp set of wits to work with. She cannot quite understand why her careful plan to break up Governor Miles Nelson's marriage has so far failed. If she knew Carolyn Nelson better, would she understand that she has perhaps met her match? Will Carolyn be able to bridge the chasm Annette has dug between her and Miles? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton Fuller's ruthless selfishness leads her to set a trap in which she herself appears to be caught. Sybil now knows that her only hope of inheriting from her dead husband's family lies in the child she went to great lengths to conceal and give up. In her dangerously tense emotional state, her hatred of Jim and Jocelyn increases. How will Armand Monet's interest in Jocelyn fit into Sybil's schemes? 1 P.M., CBS; 3:15 P.M., NBC.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Designer Helen Trent finds new stimulation in her increasingly important job with the Jeff Brady studios. She now has as assistant Loretta Cole, a girl who begged to be allowed to work with her. In Helen's private life, too, new interests have entered with Brett Chapman and his young son, Richard. Helen's friends hope for happy developments in this relationship. Will the

future prove them right? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

ROSEMARY Trouble and pain are no strangers to the Roberts household, but as Rosemary prepared for the birth of her long-awaited baby she felt that at last she and Bill stood on the brink of a future so bright that nothing could seriously mar it. She never dreamed of the direction from which tragedy would strike—or of the way her efforts to help others through the Boys' Club would in the end help her. 11:45 A.M., CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW As Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate at last dare to look ahead to a happier future, they are not fully aware of the threats converging on them from several directions. Will the woman called Hazel be able to shatter their plans? Or will it be Irene Barron, still determined never to relinquish her claim to young Patti, the child born of Joanne's marriage to Irene's son, who died some time ago? 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON For the first time in her life, Stan's sister Marcia seems headed for a bright future as she and Lew Archer, in spite of their different backgrounds, manage to iron out most of the problems that might disturb their marriage. But is there one big problem both Marcia and Lew have underrated? What will happen to Stan's emotional sister if this last chance for happiness slips through her fingers? 2 P.M., CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella has always anticipated trouble from her daughter's aristocratic mother-in-law, Mrs. Grosvenor, and it materialized when the charming Englishman, Stanley Warrick, innocently gave Mrs. Grosvenor a chance to accuse Laurel of indulging in a cheap flirtation. With Laurel's disappearance, which follows on the slanderous attack, Stella comes close to despair. Will her daughter's marriage survive this new trial? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Before nurse Nora Drake's horrified eyes has unfolded the full story of a teenager's degeneration. But Nora is too much involved personally with young Grace Sargent to see in this desperate daughter of Dr. Robert Sargent anything but a girl who must somehow be saved from the worst consequences of her instability and ignorance. Can Nora do anything, or is there no future for Grace at all? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN When two women are interested in the same man, they have a tendency to believe that the battle is between themselves alone. But as Poko Thurmond struggles to win Bill away from the baleful influence of Jennifer Alden, Bill himself begins to take an active hand that neither of them quite expected. What will his return to mental

(Continued on page 83)

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IT'S fun to show cards as unusual as these new KINDS of greeting cards—and it's easy to make extra spending money all year 'round! Your friends will marvel at the rich glowing colors, the beautiful brand-new designs, the magic-like surprises that actually DO things! And they'll be delighted to give you big orders for famous Doehla box assortments of brand-new All Occasion Greeting Cards, Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings, and other popular money-making items.

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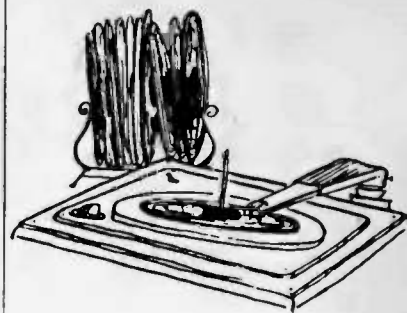
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WHAT'S

IT BEGAN as a book—*Show Biz*—covering half a century of entertainment, written by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr., of *Variety*, the bible of show business. Now RCA-Victor has put together a new long-playing album with the same title and theme. The record packs half a century of music, laughter, and nostalgia into a full-hour's entertainment that leaves you shaking your head and wondering where the years went so quickly.

"Hello, Mother . . . this is Georgie"—The narrator of "Show Biz," George Jessel, is adept at dropping names, especially when one of them is his own. The narration, as sentimental, as corny, and as appropriate as only Jessel could make it, is mined with casual references to the narrator, and one of the longest selections is that of Jessel singing "My Mother's Arms."

But you expect that of Jessel . . . it's part of his charm, and his act.

The record opens with Durante doing a singing waiter routine, and then moves into a Smith & Dale skit from old burlesque days. After that, it never stops until Eddie Fisher. Each listener will have his own special favorites among the selections.

Many will remember the "Ziegfeld Follies," and listen again and again to the wobbly grooves of Fanny Brice's Pagliacci-like plaint, "My Man." Others will find a special thrill in the selection by Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who made the "Happiness Boys" synonymous with the first crazy years of network radio.

Many listeners will smile again at Will Rogers . . . Younger auditors will be amazed to hear the younger, higher voice of Eddie Cantor as he sings the title song from "Whoopee." The continental verve of Maurice Chevalier as he growls out a chorus of "Mimi" will stir long-dormant memories, as will Gene Austin's all-time best-selling rendition of "My Blue Heaven."

There will also be a few disappointments. Purchasers of the album will be surprised to hear such names as Jolson and Allen, Sinatra and Shore, Hope and others, mentioned in passing although they do not do a number. The reason is that the rights to many performers' records and services are not owned by RCA-Victor.

However, it was shocking to hear such well-known voices as those of Amos and Andy, Judy Garland, Danny Kaye, Car-

SPINNING

By Chuck Norman

men Miranda, Blossom Seeley, Jack Pearl and Joe Penner being impersonated by other actors. Often, too, numbers identified with certain singers are sung by anonymous voices, and fall a bit flat on the ears because of it.

Yet, if you're like me, you won't mind, because there's so much on the record that hits deep and feels warm. The most nostalgic listener will admit that many of the artists were corny by present-day standards. Singly, none of the performances are exceptional. Yet, as the record spins from Caruso to Durante to Vallee to Crosby to Como to Fisher, something very personal happens, to be experienced differently by everyone who hears these voices from the past . . . the indelible record of American "Show Biz."

Eddie Cantor, a featured star of the "Show Biz" album, turns up once more in an album all his own, "The Eddie Cantor Story." Capitol took this LP directly from the sound track of the Warner Brothers' movie of the same name. The songs Eddie Cantor does in his new album come to life as soon as you read some of the titles: "If You Knew Susie," "Margie," "Makin' Whoopee," "One Hour With You," "Now's the Time to Fall in Love," and, of course, "Ida."

Some people think Cantor should retire. (Jessel has hinted that for years!) Well, it's his decision to make. His retirement would be a loss to show business, but lingering too long can be much worse. Performers who've been around as long as Cantor develop a sense of timing that is beyond compare. So maybe we should just leave the decision up to him . . . he'll have to ask Ida, anyway.

Dreams pay off . . . for Gordon Jenkins, anyway. His latest work, "Seven Dreams," found a big sale as a gift item last Christmas, and rightly so. Though it doesn't carry the push of originality that made his "Manhattan Towers" such a fresh production, in many ways it has more to it in the creative vein.

For those of you who haven't heard it (and that's possible, because it's licensed for radio playing only if given its full run of nearly an hour), let me say that it portrays, through music and narration, seven dreams of a boy. The boy's dreams are ordinary ones such as everyone has experienced. Yet they are projected in such a dramatic way that the finished work becomes a product of Broadway caliber.



Dry, blemished* skin: "My doctor recommended Noxzema for my blemishes*," says Diana Millay, Rye, N. Y. "It helped my skin look smoother, fresher!"



"Make-up troubles disappeared after Noxzema helped heal my blemishes*!" says Linda Rand, Fowlerville, Mich. "My skin looks so much nicer!"



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

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

● If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion, here's important beauty news! A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream.

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's *medicated*—aids healing—helps skin look clean and fresh!

Letters from all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

Start tonight! Just do this:

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

2 **Night Cream:** Noxzema helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes.* It's *medicated* to help heal them—fast! It's *greaseless*, too! No smeary pillow!

3 **Make-up base:** In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then smooth on Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems have lovelier-looking skin. If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—money back!

Look lovelier offer! For a limited time you get the 40¢ size Noxzema only 29¢ plus tax. Get this *trial* jar, then get the economical 10 oz. size for only 89¢ plus tax at all drug, cosmetic counters.

*externally-caused.

NOXZEMA *skin cream*

what's new from Coast

• By JILL WARREN



Jo Stafford rehearses for her new TV show with husband Paul Weston and her "accompanist" Beau.

THE *Jo Stafford Show* has finally arrived and will be a regular Tuesday night offering on the CBS-TV schedule. The network has worked long and hard to find the right format for Jo's video debut and they think they have it in the fifteen-minute program they have scheduled for her. She'll sing all types of songs, hoping to live up to her billing as America's most versatile singer, and her husband, Paul Weston, will conduct the orchestra.

Robert Q. Lewis has signed a new contract with CBS and finds himself second only to Arthur Godfrey in the number of hours on radio and television on that network. His brand-new radio show is heard every Saturday morning for a full hour. It's done in the usual casual Robert Q. style, and he's ably assisted in the musical de-

Movie-bound? Julius La Rosa, here with L



to Coast

partment by singers Sally Sweetland, Earl Wrightson, The Chordettes, and Jan Arden, with Ray Bloch in charge of the orchestra. Lewis is also set for a half-hour afternoon variety TV show, Monday through Friday, probably using his same talent crew. These programs, in addition to his *Little Show*, will make him a mighty busy lad in '54 and won't allow him much time to "stand in" for Godfrey any more.

The Richard Denning—Barbara Britton TV show, *Mr. And Mrs. North*, has changed networks, moving from CBS to NBC. However, the radio version remains with CBS.

Pinky Lee is back on TV, and NBC's got him. The comedian is spotlighted in a new comedy-variety series, seen in the late afternoon, Monday through
(Continued on page 14)



Donald Buka has been busy in Rome, making TV films. Here he appears with Faye Marco in the film version of "Don Juan."

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INFORMATION



Gisele MacKenzie

Liberace

Dear Editor:

I greatly enjoyed reading your article on Liberace. Could you tell me where to write for a picture of him?

J. L. H., Indianapolis, Ind.

Write to: Liberace, 609 Taft Building, Hollywood 28, California.

Hit Parader

Dear Editor:

I think Gisele MacKenzie, on Your Hit Parade, has a wonderful personality and is a fine singer. Would you please tell me something of her background?

N. M. N., Ogden, Utah

When she was three years old, Gisele MacKenzie—whose mother was a pianist and concert singer in Winnipeg, Canada—began picking out tunes on the piano. When she was seven, she started taking violin lessons and, at fourteen, was awarded a scholarship to study at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. Meanwhile, she also sang—but just for fun—for friends and at service canteens. She never considered herself a singer, though everyone enjoyed her smooth vocals. Upon leaving the Royal Conservatory she launched her concert career and played recitals all over Canada. Then Bob Shuttleworth, a bandleader who had heard her sing before, engaged her to play the violin in the band and sing in weekend concerts. Then during one week, two events changed the course of her career: her precious violin was stolen, and she was given her own singing show, *Meet*

Gisele, with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Moving to this country, Gisele starred on CBS Radio's *Club 15* before becoming a very popular addition to *Your Hit Parade*. And, since that fateful week in Canada, she's never had time to be a violinist.

Attention Jan Miner Fans

If you are interested in securing Jan Miner Fan Club information, please address all queries to: Wolf Associates, Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Backstage Wife

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me something about the actress who plays Mary Noble, Backstage Wife?

B. R., Sheridan, Wyo.

Claire Niesen, who portrays Mary Noble, wanted to be an actress almost from the time she could talk. Born in Phoenix, Arizona, she moved to New York with her family when she was eight. During school vacations, she worked as a professional dancer. In 1937, she successfully auditioned for her first radio part and has been a busy actress ever since. She also appeared on Broadway in "Cue for Passion" and "The Talley Method." Claire is five-feet, four inches tall, weighs just a little over 100 pounds, and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Off-stage, Claire claims she's "just average" and

likes to spend her spare time reading, gardening and knitting. Her favorite sports are golf, tennis and riding. Her favorite memory is that she was valedictorian of her high-school senior class.

The Two Joan Davises

Dear Editor:

Would you please straighten me out in regard to the two Joan Davises—Joan Davis of I Married Joan on TV and Joan Davis in When A Girl Marries on radio? Are they any relation, who are they married to, and what are their real names?

H. S., Stillwater, N. Y.

Joan Davis, star of *I Married Joan*, was born Madonna Josephine Davis. She was married to Si Wills, an actor; they were divorced in 1944. She is no relation to the Joan Davis of *When A Girl Marries*, whose real name is Mary Jane Higby. Mary Jane is married to Guy Sorrel, a radio and TV actor.

Jimmy Nelson

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me something about Jimmy Nelson and what's happened to him since he left Milton Berle's show?

P. F., Lancaster, Pa.

When he was twelve years old, Jimmy Nelson won his first puppet, Danny O'Day, in a bingo game. Soon after that, he became a professional trouper, making his first appearance at the Englewood

Joan Davis



Mary Jane Higby



BOOTH



Red Buttons

Theatre in Chicago. After he graduated from high school, Jimmy played mid-western night clubs and theatres, gradually developing his technique to the point where he was ready for New York. When he appeared at the Copacabana, New York critics raved about him, and his success was assured. Jimmy, who is twenty-three and lives in New York City, is currently a permanent panelist—along with Danny O'Day—on ABC-TV's *Quick As A Flash*.

Buttons' Real Name

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if Red Buttons is that comedian's real name, or is it just his professional name? I would also like to know where I can send fan mail to him.

J. D., West De Pere, Wis.

Red Buttons was born Aaron Chwatt. You can reach him by writing to *The Red Buttons Show*, c/o CBS-TV, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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.

Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol*, Colgate's exclusive, new, miracle ingredient, gives lasting protection against tooth-decay enzymes!



ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF

that brings new hope to millions for

Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!



Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!



A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

*Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate

No Other Toothpaste Offers Proof of Such Results!



Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

LARGE 27¢ GIANT 47¢ ECONOMY 63¢

For **LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES**

what's new from Coast

(Continued from page 11)

This 'n' That:

Eddie Cantor says he is through with hour shows on television and that he'll do no more *Comedy Hours* on NBC-TV. Instead, he says he can do a much better job with thirty-minute filmed programs and hopes to have a thirty-nine-week series set soon, to be simulcast on radio similar to Groucho Marx's *You Bet Your Life*.

Marjorie Needham, one of the Chordettes, is a recent bride. She said "I do" to Walter Latzko, who is the arranger for the quartette. Marjorie joined the group last July after having been a United Airlines stewardess.

Ronald Colman has acquired the rights to some of Somerset Maugham's stories and is considering producing them as a TV series, starring himself.

Two For The Money's star, Herb Shriner, and his wife "Pixie" became the parents of twin boys in December, in New York City. The Shriners also have a daughter, "Indy," who is two and half years old.

Though Bing Crosby finally *did* do a television show—and on film, the way he wanted it—you can be sure he'll only be a once-in-a-while video star. When he finished shooting his TV film, the *Groaner* had this to say: "Whether live or on film, television is still a movie. You wouldn't want a movie starring the same person coming into your home every week. What television needs is more entertainment, but not the kind which will wear itself out. If people see too much of me they will wise up and say, 'I don't want to see him so often.' They'll catch on to every trick I have. I'll never forget what George M. Cohan told me: 'Get off while you're still wanted, and leave 'em begging for more.'"

Friday. The format is also slanted for children's enjoyment.

Martin Block has started his coast-to-coast disc-jockey program over ABC radio. He's heard for an hour and a half every afternoon, Monday through Friday, with his popular *Make Believe Ballroom*. Block, who is generally considered to be the nation's most successful deejay, started his turntable career quite by accident and parlayed it into a huge operation. Back in February of 1935, when he was an announcer, he was filling in with some records over Station WNEW in New York, during a recess of the Lindbergh trial broadcast. He did so well with his platter patter that he was assigned a regular disc program on the station and remained there through the years until he signed with ABC. Incidentally, the network would also like to do *Make Believe Ballroom* on TV if they can figure an interesting way to present it.

Speaking of records, Stan Freberg, who made a smash hit with his waxing of "St. George and the Dragonet," has now turned actor and will star in a new CBS situation comedy radio series.

CBS-TV is presenting an impressive full-hour religious program every Sunday morning. The first half-hour is called *Lamp Unto My Feet*, with Bill Leonard as moderator. On this part of the program, a different faith will be represented each Sunday with a religious discussion, and there will be a dramatic playlet. On the second segment, called *Look Up And Live*, Bud Collyer plays host to prominent personages from the different faiths each month. The musical background on the program will include various guest artists, plus the Mariners Quartet, who will be permanent vocalists.

The ever-popular Chordettes will figure prominently in Robert Q. Lewis' brand-new radio and TV shows.



YOURS
FOR
ONLY



THIS
LOVELY BOX OF ALL-OCCASION
CARDS IS YOURS FOR 1¢...
JUST MAIL COUPON!



Just to prove how easily a
few spare hours can earn you

\$50.00
IN CASH!

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer like this! We want to prove how easily you can make \$50.00 and more—in your spare time—taking orders for exquisite All-Occasion Cards from your friends and neighbors. Here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Fill out and mail coupon below.
We'll send you a beautiful box of
Greeting Cards as shown, plus
other sample boxes on approval.
And the cost to you is just 1¢.

Yes, **JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY**
is all you pay for beautiful cards
that would cost \$2 or \$3 if bought
separately.

Only 1 to a Family! New Dealers Only!
We're making this unheard-of offer to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Naturally, offer is strictly limited and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments on approval, together with MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But hurry! Offer may end at any time!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
242 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.

In Canada, write 103 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario

Paste Coupon on Postcard—Mail Today!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.

242 Way St., Elmira, New York

Send sample assortments on approval, plus ONE BOX OF ALL-OCCASION CARDS at your special price of 1¢. Also FREE Personalized Imprint Samples.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____

State _____

to Coast



While Ronald Colman contemplates doing a TV series, Martin Block (left) assumes network stature as a top radio deejay.

Barbara Ruick has replaced Carol Richards in the role of Dennis Day's girl friend on Dennis' NBC-TV show. Carol, incidentally, did the singing for Betta St. John in "The Robe."

NBC says they have finally come up with a good comedy series for Mickey Rooney, called *Hey, Mulligan*, and they plan to put it on the regular network schedule, possibly this month.

Mulling The Mail:

Miss A. G., Mineola, N. Y.: Yes, Arthur Godfrey and his first wife were divorced many years ago. His second and present wife, Mary, is the mother of his children, Pat and Mike. . . . Mrs. L. N. McD., Chicago, Ill.: Bill Quinn is now playing the role of Fred Molina on *This Is Nora Drake*, and Claudia Morgan portrays Wyn Robinson. . . . To all of you who wrote asking about Bill Slater, of *Twenty Questions*: Bill became ill and had to stop working, but all his friends and fans are hoping he'll be able to resume his activities this year. . . . And such a flood of mail about *Life With Luigi!* Unfortunately, the show was dropped and at the present time there are no plans to bring it back.

. . . Mr. J. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.: You are right, Jill Corey was not originally discovered by Dave Garroway. And she did do her first professional singing with bands in and around Pittsburgh. She arrived on the Garroway show via an amateur record she made which was first heard by Columbia Records, who recommended her for the vocal spot on the Garroway program. . . . M. D., Cleveland, O.: John Newland, the actor, who appears on *Robert Montgomery Presents* and other TV dramatic shows, is married, but he and his wife are presently in the process of getting a divorce. . . . D. Y. M., Romulus, Mich.: Surprised you have only recently missed *Big Sister*. It has been off the air for a year or so, and was replaced by *Road Of Life*. . . . Miss A.Y.P., St. Louis, Mo.: No, Art Carney will be on the *Jackie Gleason Show* for the rest of the season. He did receive an offer from NBC of \$2500 a week to star in his own comedy show, which he may do

next year. . . . Miss L. S., Seattle, Wash.: Julius La Rosa is not definitely set for a movie at Paramount, but he is set for a test there. His manager says he will only let Julie sign for one picture a year—if the test he makes is good and if the part they offer him is right. . . . To all readers who have asked about the *Young Widder Brown* program: The fans were certainly upset over the fact that Florence Freeman no longer plays Ellen Brown. After seventeen years in the role, Florence was replaced by Wendy Drew. Florence is still heard as *Wendy Warren*, however.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Joanne Wheatley, former featured singer with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians? Joanne did some solo radio work for a while after leaving Waring, but for the past year or so she has been concentrating on night club and supper-room appearances, and very successfully. She recently played the Shamrock Hotel in Houston, and other spots, and is booked around the country for several months ahead. She appears with her husband, pianist Hal Kanner.

Harry Horlick, of early radio days, who became well known with his A & P Gypsies? Harry has been a violinist in Arthur Godfrey's CBS orchestra and also plays in the recording bands for M-G-M Records. Frank Parker is said to have been a big help to Horlick in resuming his musical career. Their friendship dates back to the time Parker was a top name radio vocalist and Horlick his accompanist.

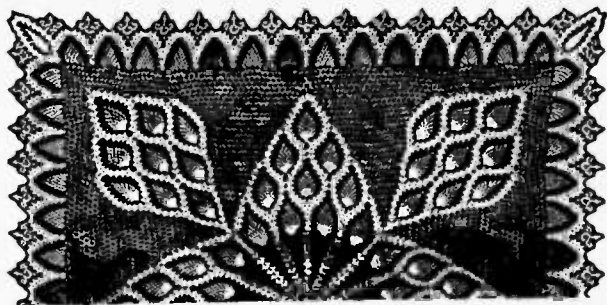
If you have a question on one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information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

Put
some
egg-citement
in your hair!



Caress your hair with the magic touch of fresh whole egg in this super luxury lather! See! Suddenly your hair is so silky, so manageable, so glowingly clean you can't believe your own eyes! Even dull, difficult hair is transformed! Try it! From 29c

New Designs for Living



60-Inch Square!

832

832—Set an elegant dinner table with this 60-inch square crocheted in pineapple design and plain mesh. Tablecloth, 60 inches in string; centerpiece, 40 inches in No. 30 cotton. 25¢



7024—Sew-simple—just 4 main parts to cut out, stitch up. Embroidery transfer, tissue pattern. Sizes: small (10-12); medium (14-16); large (18-20). State size. 25¢

764—Skirt of the season. Rows and rows of shell stitches—baby shells at the waist grow bigger and bigger toward the hem. Waist Sizes 20-22, 24-26, 28-30 inches included. Matching stole, too. 25¢

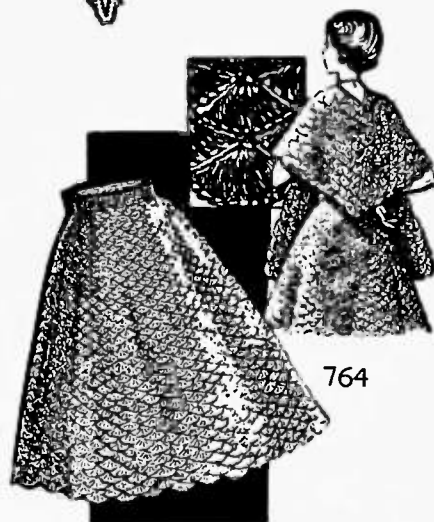
592—Just a stroke of your iron and red, yellow and green designs blossom on linens. Washable. Transfer of 6 iron-on designs; two, 5 x 5½; two, 4½ x 5¼; two, 4¾ x 5 inches. 25¢

542—Popular old-time auto designs in gay red, blue and yellow to add charm to kitchen and guest linens. Iron-on. No embroidery. Transfer of 8 washable motifs, each about 3 x 4½ inches. 25¢

7352—Our three most popular doilies are included in this pattern. Jiffy-crochet—do one a day. Two round doilies about 8 inches; one oval, 7 x 9½ inches. Use No. 50 cotton. 25¢



7024
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20



764



IRON-ON COLOR
DESIGNS IN GREEN,
RED, YELLOW.



592



1914 STUTZ BEARCAT

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS
IN RED, BLUE, YELLOW.



542



7352

Send *twenty-five cents* (in coin) for each pattern to: RADIO-TV MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Sta., N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add *five cents* for each pattern for first-class mailing.

YOUR NAME _____

STREET OR BOX NO. _____

CITY OR TOWN _____ STATE _____

Send an additional *twenty cents* for Needlecraft Catalog.

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

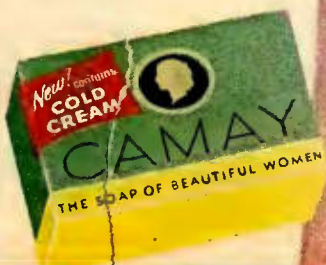
THERE'S
COLD CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



"The most wonderful thing
that ever happened
to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new
Camay Bride says, "New Camay with
cold cream is so luxurious! I love it!
It's the only beauty soap for me!"



NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!
Women everywhere tell us they love the added
elegance of cold cream in Camay—the *only* leading
beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry
or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it
feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously
refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've
always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering
mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite
Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight.
There's no finer soap for your beauty *and* your bath!

Now more than ever...

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

New! a shampoo that
Silkens
your hair!

You—yes, *you*—can know the thrill of silken hair!
After one Drene shampoo, your hair will shine
like silk, feel like silk, act like silk—be so obedient!
Instantly—thrillingly—Drene *silkens* your hair!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new
formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like
lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic,
the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright
as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!



Lathers like lightning—

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.



This is a
New
Drene!



Our home life is just like any other family's. (Left to right: Myself, Dad, Mom, and Ricky.)

A adventures with OZZIE and HARRIET

Being Nelsons—on the air and for real—means a liberal education for Ricky and me



By
DAVID NELSON

YOU FOLKS who hear and watch Ricky and me, on either the radio or TV version of *The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, may wonder whether this activity interferes in any way with our school work. Let me assure you right now that my mother and father are firm believers in the principle of getting a good formal education.

Our television show is done on film in exactly the same manner and with the same care and painstaking attention to detail as an "A" or top-quality motion picture. Because of this, a full week is taken to produce each half-hour film. Of this time, three full days are used in the actual shooting of each picture. The schedule is arranged, however, so that I work on the TV films only on Saturdays, so as not to interfere with my schooling.

I'm a senior at Hollywood High School; and, if I pass all of my courses, I'll graduate in June. I will need to spend one more year of study in order to have sufficient credits to enter college, however, because I

See Next Page 

Adventures with OZZIE and HARRIET

(Continued)



Mom and Dad feel very strongly that a basic education is not only an asset but a necessity, particularly today.



Ricky and I agree with them, but can argue about one thing any old time—which college are we going to choose?

waged an unsuccessful battle with algebra last year and will have to make it up.

My brother Ricky, who is thirteen, is tutored at the studio by a special teacher appointed by the Board of Education, and will enter Hollywood High as a sophomore this coming fall.

Up until this past year, Ricky attended Bancroft Junior High, which is located, fortunately, just a block from General Service Studios, where we shoot our films. Mom and Pop left it up to him to decide what to do this year, and he said he'd rather be tutored at the studio. It makes it very convenient, because he gets all his work done in the morning and then goes over to the Bancroft playground and has fun with the gang he used to go to school with. He then usually rides his bike over to Hollywood High and watches whatever sports practice is going on. He is very well coordinated for a little guy and will make a good all-around athlete.

During football season, I have a very busy schedule, what with practicing and games. We play our games Friday afternoons and, as I said before, we work on our television show all day Saturday and then transcribe our radio shows Sunday nights.

I don't feel too sorry for myself, because practically all the guys I run around with are busy at some job or other over the weekend, and I'm sure they'd all rather be working on a radio or TV show than delivering papers or working in a store. All in all, I consider myself a very lucky guy to have the opportunity to take part in an exciting medium like TV.

The question most often asked when Ricky and I are interviewed is: How do our friends and classmates react to our being in show business? I honestly don't think they react any differently to us than to any other kids. Perhaps that is because my mother and father have always instilled in us the idea that you only get treated like a celebrity if you act like one. No one in our picture company ever calls my mother and father by anything except their first names, and yet I know they command a lot of respect.

My first appearance in show business was when I was two years old. My dad had his orchestra then, and my mom was singing with him, and they had gone on a tour for the summer. Ricky, of course, hadn't been born yet, and I was traveling along with a nurse. My mother used to sing a song in my honor called "The Kid in the Three-Cornered Pants." My nurse used to take me over to the second matinee show, and then we'd all go out to dinner together (or at least that's what they tell me).

On this one occasion, they were playing the



Whether it's sports or choosing a career, Ricky and I know we can always get good advice from Dad.

Palace Theatre in Columbus, Ohio. My mother had just finished singing "The Kid in the Three-Cornered Pants" when she noticed that the applause was considerably louder than usual. It always got a good response but this, according to Mom, was ridiculous.

She suddenly sensed that someone else was sharing the spotlight. And, sure enough, there was her young son standing beside her, not only taking bows but applauding for himself.

If I seem to tell this little anecdote with confidence, it's not only because I've heard it many times, but also because we have a picture of the occasion. An alert patron with a camera took our picture from the front row and was nice enough to give it to us before the engagement was over. The theatre manager came running back and pleaded with Mom and Pop to keep me in the act for at least one show a day, but they both firmly insisted that two hams (*Continued on page 64*)

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, Friday nights, at 9 P.M., on ABC Radio—at 8 P.M., on ABC-TV. Both EST, under alternate sponsorship of the Hotpoint Co. and Listerine.



I drive my own car—a '41 Ford—but have to admit that Ricky sure gets a lot of mileage out of his bike.



**When FAITH and
LOVE walk together**

The Wheel Of Fortune
 turned slowly for Edna and
 Todd Russell—but happiness
 was the prize they won.

By POLLY DARNTON

THE STORY of Todd and Edna Russell is a love story. A love story built on faith and hope, on devotion and prayer. A love story that looks now, for the first time in fifteen years, as though it would have the traditional happy ending. Big Todd—who spun the *Wheel Of Fortune* on CBS-TV and who guides the destinies of the endearing characters of the *Rootie Kazootie* show on ABC-TV—and Edna, his tall, beautiful blonde wife, were teen-age sweethearts in Hamilton, Ontario. They met in a school play and, from that moment, there was never anyone else for either of them. But when Edna was seventeen she had pneumonia and, being a normal, (Continued on page 84)

There's a heartwarming reason why making a bed is a joyous achievement for Edna Russell today.



Todd Russell is seen on *Rootie Kazootie*, WABC-TV (New York), Mondays through Fridays, 6 P.M. EST. Check local papers for other stations and times.



Every moment Todd isn't at work, he likes to spend with Edna—keeping her company, playing his own tunes for her.



Above, Todd chooses a book to read aloud to Edna. Below, Essie helps the convalescing Edna to conserve her strength.





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***Staats Cotsworth once knew hard times
but they've only served to enrich today's living***

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

"a naturally good man"



All the heart can desire: Muriel Kirkland, Staats' lovely actress-wife . . . beauty in their home . . . time for art and hobbies.

By MARY TEMPLE

A NUMBER of things impress you pleasantly at the Cotsworths' penthouse apartment in midtown New York. First, the warm friendliness of the two people who live there, Staats and Muriel. The place itself, so lovely, so personal and individual in its furnishings and decorations. The stunning proportions of the living room, 22 by 23 feet, with its high 13-foot ceiling. The view of a tall church spire, surmounted by a cross, seen through the ornamental grillwork surrounding the terrace outside their windows. (An Old World view from this angle, looking not at all like the heart of New York, until you step out on the terrace and see the East River and the bridges and big buildings to the east and north, and the towering skyscrapers to the west and south, and something about their special kind of beauty grabs at your heart, too.)

The dark gray walls of the living room are punctuated by handsome paintings. Some glowing with color, as is the picture of bright red snowplows and the (Continued on page 94)

Staats Cotsworth stars as the reporter-detective, *Front Page Farrell*, heard over NBC Radio, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, for Chef Boyardee, Aerowax, and Heet. He also stars in *Crime Photographer*, heard on CBS Radio, Wed., 9 P.M. EST.





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Arthur Godfrey's

HALELOKE-

ONE DAY, while Arthur Godfrey was in Hawaii, he was wandering down a path of brilliantly hued tropical flowers when he heard a magic voice. He rushed headlong down the trail to the edge of a silver lake. There, paddling a canoe and wearing a hula skirt, was Haleloke. Suddenly, she caught sight of Arthur, dove in the water, swam ashore and disappeared into the jungle. Arthur plunged after her. Days later, he found Haleloke and persuaded her to join the Little Godfreys.

The foregoing, highly charged tale is what a lot of people believe to be approximately the truth, but it is as far from the truth as Honolulu is from New York.

Haleloke is good-humored about all of this. She has found that many people don't think she can speak English. On the other hand, those who have heard her converse think she must be a fake islander.

Haleloke Kahauolopua (the kids on the show call her Hale) was raised in a town of 15,000 on the island of Hilo, Hawaii, about 250 miles south of Honolulu.

Hale's hometown was just as modern as most stateside communities, and her family just as typical. Her father is a white-collar worker. Her mother, who passed away when Hale was seventeen, was well-educated and had traveled widely in the Orient and in the United States. One brother is a foreman at an ironworks foundry. Her other brother, who served through World War II, was recalled to the Korean warfront and there lost his life. Hale's four sisters are all university graduates and schoolteachers. As a child, Hale played with ordinary toys: model cars and trains, baby dolls and buggies. In school, she studied the three R's, history, science and took part in school productions of operettas (*Continued on page 91*)

Arthur Godfrey Time, heard on CBS Radio, M-F—seen on CBS-TV, M-Th—at 10 A.M., for Kellogg, Kleenex, Esquire Boot Polish, Star-Kist, Snow Crop, Frigidaire, Pepsodent, Nabisco, Pillsbury, Toni, Chesterfield Cigarettes. *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Pillsbury, Toni, and Chesterfield. *Arthur Godfrey Digest*, heard on CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., for Fiberglas and Vitalis. (All times given are EST.)

The true story of how
Haleloke became one of the
Little Godfreys is even more
amazing than the legend

By MARTIN COHEN



HAWAIIAN DOLL



Arthur Godfrey's

HALELOKE HAWAIIAN DOLL

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Life can be Beautiful

CHICHI sat on the arm of Papa David's chair and for a moment wished that the world would stop still in its tracks long enough for her to set her own emotions, her own life, in order. As Papa David's voice reached her consciousness, she realized that he was giving her the answer: "Life is not something stationary, Chichi," he was saying in his gentle voice. "Life is a series of events which force us to grow, to mature, to fulfill our own part that we are called upon to play. And you, my child, you should not shirk the problems you must face." Chichi smiled wanly. She closed her eyes in weariness and, as Papa's voice comforted, she went back to the day she had married Mac Roberts. Charming, handsome, talented Mac—a young medical graduate—what girl wouldn't have been swept off her feet? Introspective, sensitive, self-centered but deeply in love with her—and she with him—why shouldn't they have tried to make a go of marriage together? "But was I ready to really face all the difficulties as well as the beauty of marriage?" Chichi questioned herself. . . . Part of the pressure developing from Mac's present insistence on a change—Chichi knew in her heart of hearts—came from the fact that Mary Monroe, an attractive nurse at the hospital gave every indication of falling in love with Mac. Far removed, but still a pressure, was the other part of her problem—Craig Roberts, Mac's older brother, was obviously in love with Chichi herself. But Mac was the central problem, she thought sternly. Suddenly, Chichi cut in: "But, Papa," she said, the words spilling over in her eagerness to unburden her mind, "I know that Mac will never be happy there. He's filled with ideas, filled with ideals. He started out to be the kind of doctor who cures sick people, not a doctor who holds hands with those who can afford a big fee! And it wouldn't be so bad if this Park Avenue doctor wants him as an assistant because he's a good doctor, but he doesn't. He wants Mac because he's young, he's handsome, because he's perfectly charming without even knowing he is. After all, the old man is planning to retire and he wants to live comfortably on what Mac earns for his office. But I know Mac, and I know he won't stand for it." . . . Papa David nodded. "Of course, Mac won't stand for it long," he agreed. "But, Chichi, always remember there are circumstances you may not know about that force a man to do things he may not want to do." "But, to sacrifice his ideals, Papa!" Chichi retorted.

"A man can't do that and remain a *man*." It was on the tip of her tongue to add, "And a husband doesn't take Mary Monroe, his attractive, in-love-with-my-husband nurse along to the office when he decides to take the job!" Instead, she voiced another fear: "Papa David, I know there is something torturing Mac, something driving him back into himself. I can't get at it, can't draw anything out of him—and a marriage isn't a marriage unless two people who love each other can share their troubles as well as their happiness. He's been borrowing money—money we'll never be able to pay back—Papa David, I just don't know what to do." Papa David hesitated, for he had reason to suspect that the pressures which were making Mac secretive, unsure of himself, came from the recent advent of Dr. Charles Mason, who had suddenly appeared out of the past. Yet he knew that this was essentially something which Mac would have to tell Chichi—for sometimes knowledge can be a dangerous thing. . . . Somehow he wanted to convince Chichi that sometimes a wife can best serve by merely waiting. The very fact that she is in a man's life, without questioning and with solid support that needs no explanation, is enough to keep a man in balance. "Chichi," he said, chuckling, "you've worked in this book store and you know that between the covers of these books there is a great deal of knowledge. You know your marriage vow—to *love, cherish, honor* and *obey* has come down through history to us. Perhaps, in this, you have your answer. *Love* until you trust your husband so much you won't question his decisions. *Cherish* enough so that anything he does you'll firmly believe is for the good of you both. *Honor* his opinion—and *obey*, for the time being, without question." Chichi found herself smiling back—a weak little half-smile. . . . "Okay, Papa David," she said, holding out her hand in a goodbye gesture. "For the time being, that's the way I'll leave it." Although Chichi realized that perhaps this wasn't the final solution to her problems, she felt comforted knowing that, if she clung to this idea of Papa David's, it would see her through any dark hours that might come her way. Her world had momentarily been stopped in its tracks, and she was putting it in order.

Life Can Be Beautiful, NBC Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide. Ralph Locke and Teri Keane are pictured here in their roles as Papa David and Chichi Roberts.



Papa David's wisdom comforted Chichi, as she faced the crucial problems of her marriage to young Mac Roberts

IT PAYS TO BE

*Bachelor or not,
Jay Stewart believes
there's nothing like
the right girl
to make a man happy*

By HELEN GOULD



He looks like Joe College, sports a crew-cut, drives a dreamy car.

Jay carries his program notes everywhere—even to bed.



MARRIED!

IT'S LIKE the old saw about the cobbler whose children go barefoot. Five days a week, Jay Stewart proves to the public that *It Pays To Be Married*. No one could believe more sincerely in the benefits of the state of matrimony than Jay does. Yet he is leading the life of a bachelor.

He himself will tell you, "Look, once a lady and a gentleman on our program told how they found each other at the young age of eighty. So I can't help feeling that somewhere there has to be the right gal for a guy named Jay Stewart."

Not that (Continued on page 99)



Jay loves to eat, enjoys cooking—and hates to diet.

Jay Stewart emcees *It Pays To Be Married*, as heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 5:45 P.M. EST.



Bachelor comfort:
A couch to loll on,
magazines to read—
and a handy phone!

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TWO HEARTS ARE



**Nina Foch and James Lipton are learning that
romance can be a guiding light to understanding**

BETTER THAN ONE

By FRANCES KISH

WHEN A YOUNG MAN brings a girl flowers, it isn't usual for her to have to fight the tears back. Especially when he has found the most colorful and prettiest blooms and twined them in and out of an antique gold birdcage, and then scoured the shops for just the right-size little cloth bird to perch in the middle. It's really the sort of gift to make a girl quite happy. But, for Nina Foch, its first impact was quite different.

"No one had ever taken that much trouble for me before," she explains. "Other beaux had brought me flowers, but no one had ever done anything so thoughtful as this. When I opened the door and saw Jim standing there, and this beautiful thing in his hand, I was completely overwhelmed. Too touched to say a word, at first. It was a cold day, but I remember that we rode out (Continued on page 70)



Nina and Jim met on a TV program, still study scripts together.

He gave her a guitar on her birthday, plays it himself.



Jim says that Nina's "an original and creative cook."

James Lipton is seen and heard as Dr. Dick Grant in *The Guiding Light*, M-F, CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—on CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—for Duz, Ivory Soap, and Ivory Flakes. Nina Foch is moderator of *Let's Take Sides*, WNBT, Mon., 7 P.M., for Regent Cigarettes. (All EST)

TWO HEARTS ARE BETTER THAN ONE



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When Dick and Evelyn build a home, they really work! And daughter DeeDee (below, center) is right there—with her pal, Linda Mills—to help supervise.



Richard Denning can be happy in a trailer or a new house—as long as Evelyn and DeeDee are there to fill it with charm

By BUD GOODE

RICHARD DENNING finished his morning coffee, pushed himself back from the tiny kitchenette table and said, "Well, sweetheart, all set for the big trip?"

"All set," said his wife, Evelyn.

"Okay," said Dick, putting on his driving gloves, "I'll see you about lunchtime. Kiss the baby for me." Then he stepped out of the trailer, into his already hooked-up auto and drove off down the Palm Springs highway, dragging his house behind him.

A great house doesn't always go with happiness. Richard Denning, star of CBS Radio's and NBC-TV's *Mr. and Mrs. North*, can tell you that you can't measure a family's happiness by the (Continued on page 87)



Richard Denning stars in *Mr. and Mrs. North*—heard on CBS Radio, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive—and seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Revlon and Congoleum-Nairn.

home is a name for Paradise



The Lady is Valiant

Out of tears and laughter in her own life, Nancy Coleman creates Helen Emerson, a truly gallant woman

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

ONE MORNING, a very few months ago, TV's *Valiant Lady*—Helen Emerson, a slim, attractive woman just brushing forty—faced the fact that her beloved husband had died. Helen was denied even the memory and comfort of being with him in his last moments, for death struck swiftly and sharply in a hotel room hundreds of miles away. Momentarily (Continued on page 73)

Valiant Lady is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon, EST, sponsored by General Mills and Prom Cosmetics.



Charla is studying the violin, Grania plays the piano. Both girls love dancing and drama.



Poodle-do's for Happy and Chapa—fancy hats for a play-acting mom and her twin daughters.



Suburban housewife, that's Nancy, as she looks for mail at her Long Island home—or sits among her loved ones, husband Whitney Bolton and their "identical" nine-year-olds, Grania and Charla.



Our own title for this picture would be: "Mr. and Mrs. Dennis James in heaven-on-earth"! The dog is Candy, of course, and that picture window looks out over the moonlit waters of Long Island Sound.



the LIFETIME WE SHARE



You can't spoil a good husband, say I—ready with a light for Dennis's favorite cigarette.

*I have wonderful reasons why
I love Dennis a little more each day*

By MARJORIE JAMES

I HADN'T been married very long when, two years ago, I wrote a story for RADIO-TV MIRROR telling how I'd lost my heart to Dennis James. I pulled that issue of the magazine out of the bookcase the other day and read it over. It's amazing what changes two years can bring. I read, in an article written with my own hand, that as a small-town girl I'd been afraid to marry Dennis because he might be too big-city, too sophisticated for me.

At the end of the story, I pointed out that everything was all right, because at heart Dennis was really a small-town guy himself.

I really believed that, then. Even when, after our marriage, he carried me over the threshold of a penthouse on 66th Street, just off Fifth Avenue, I felt that I need

Continued →





For an ex-bachelor, Dennis is really an expert shopper, and I relish his help—when I can get it.



Spaghetti is his big dish. Louise (our jewel of a maid) has to see that he doesn't eat too much.

the LIFETIME WE SHARE

continued

have no fears about the future of our love because, whatever "big-city fever" was, Dennis didn't have it. I thought, trustfully, that you could live and work in the big time in New York and still think and behave like the average person of any town.

It is to laugh, here in 1954. Dennis was never strictly "small town." I know that now. He is a man who belongs in places where there are crowds, millions of people packed into square inches of room; he is alive when all the lights are on, bands are playing, audiences are laughing and applauding.

And, surprisingly enough, so am I!

I just didn't know that about myself, then.

It's true that we have a retreat from the hassel of Broadway, the smoke and the tense atmosphere of the TV world. One day, not long after we were married, Dennis and I were sailing the boat along Long Island Sound near New Rochelle, and we saw a house that looked wonderful to us. "Just look at that," Dennis said. "I could live in a place like that. Of course, the guy that owns it wouldn't consider selling—"

I'll probably never know whether Dennis steered our course past that particular cliff—with that particular house—on purpose. Perhaps not. As I later learned, Dennis had fallen in love with that house at first sight, while cruising Long Island Sound during his bachelor days. But it had been just wishful thinking for him then. What did a bachelor need with a family house? Even if he met the right girl and married her, how could he be sure it would be just the home for her, too? And, if all that should come true, would the owner ever dream of selling?

Candy, the boxer, gets lots of attention—when we don't have to leave him behind, on one of our trips.





Dennis gives his time—and his heart—to the Cerebral Palsy campaigns which do so much good for crippled children.

Well, Dennis was no longer a bachelor. And his wife—meaning me—also fell in love with the house at first sight. Like him, I was now in a fever to learn if it was available. It seemed like heaven, when we got a chance to go all through it, and found it even more wonderful than we'd imagined. And it *was* heaven, when Dennis bought it and we actually moved in.

Heaven and a haven, that's our clifftop home on Echo Bay. I love the peaceful days and evenings we spend there, but then I enjoy everything about my life as Mrs. Dennis James, whether we're relaxing out there at New Rochelle, busy in New York, or off on one of Dennis's errands of mercy around the country.

The important thing is that, in the transition from being a relatively small-town girl to being Mrs. Dennis James, 1954-type, the adjustment has only succeeded in bringing us closer together, rather than hurting our relationship. Let's face it, any girl outside the entertainment world who suddenly marries a big star has her problems. So has her husband. He may *want* to change to her way of thinking about things because he loves her and wants to please her—but he can't. The job of changing just has to be the wife's special problem.

She has to learn, right away, that a man who is a top television personality has to ration his time, including the time he spends with her. (Continued on page 92)



Time is something Dennis has to watch. A flat tire can be a catastrophe on his tight schedule.

Dennis James emcees *Chance Of A Lifetime*, over Du Mont TV, Fri., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Old Gold Cigarettes, and *Turn To A Friend*, on ABC-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EST, for participating sponsors.



Secret of HAPPINESS

One word—"together"—sums it up for Patsy Campbell (*The Second Mrs. Burton*) and her Al



"At home": Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Reilly, in a formal pose (at left)—and staging a kitchen raid (above).

By MARIE HALLER

I LIVE in a dollhouse," laughs Patsy Campbell, long-popular star in the title role of *The Second Mrs. Burton* over CBS Radio. "A real, honest-to-Pete dollhouse . . . why, it's only thirteen feet wide! And, to add to its incredibility, for a couple of ex-Chicagoans like us, it's in Brooklyn."

When Pat and her husband, Al Reilly, bought their house in 1952, they took a royal beating from their friends, who insisted that nobody, but nobody moved to Brooklyn. It was always the other way around. Then, that summer, the Dodgers lost the pennant race—a state of affairs that didn't help matters one small bit. As (*Continued on page 66*)

Patsy Campbell stars in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, on CBS Radio, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods for Instant Maxwell House Coffee, Grape Nuts and other products.



They live in a dollhouse, just thirteen feet from wall to wall! By pooling their ideas and sharing the hard work, Patsy and Al have made it livable—and lovable—utilizing many a built-in feature.



WHEN A GUY NEEDS



Meet the Carsons: Ken and Coy, son Paul Scott, 10, daughter Coy Brooke, 8, and their boxer, Laddie.

A FRIEND

Through storm and sunshine, on TV and off, there's no pal for Ken Carson like Garry Moore

By PHILIP CHAPMAN



Garry and Ken have been friends for many years.

AS KEN CARSON and I drove in his shiny Cadillac from the station in Bronxville, New York, through beautiful, tree-lined streets to the sixteen-room Normandy house in which he lives with his wife and two children, I remembered something he'd told me a few days before.

"Where was I born?" he'd said. "Why—between Colgate and Chickasha."

A small Oklahoma farm, that was, where his mother had once given him a guitar for Christmas and he had worked out chords and simple melodies . . . barefoot and perched on a back fence with his shadow lengthen-

ing at sundown . . . biting his tongue, an enormous scowl on his forehead, teaching himself to make the music that was always in his head. . . .

It was no use thinking about that as we made a tour of the three-story mansion (a really imposing house, which had a neighborhood reputation for being "haunted," though the Carsons (*Continued on page 97*))

Ken Carson on *The Garry Moore Show*, CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Best Foods, Kellogg's Gro-Pup, Hoover Vacuum, Masland Rugs, Cat's Paw Rubber, Uncle Ben's Rice, Swift'ning, Norge, Purex. Also, *Saddle Scouts*, WABD, M-F, 5 P.M. (All EST)

The imposing house was "haunted," when Ken moved in. Now it's filled only with gay-spirited, very-much-alive Carsons.





THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



1 Two new men have entered Helen's life, as she faces a new future: Brett Chapman, who's obviously interested in Helen . . . his son, Richard, who's interested in a career.

2 Loyal friends Jeff and Lydia Brady welcome Helen back to work as costume designer at Jeff's film studios, after her harrowing experiences with Kelcey Spenser's murderess.

HELEN TRENT grinned at Jeff and Lydia Brady as they stood with her at her old desk in the Jeff Brady studios. It was the first time her smile had had real warmth behind it since that fateful night when Kelcey Spenser had been murdered. Seeing the Bradys—so comfortable, so sane, so down-to-earth—after all the harrowing experiences of the past few months, gave Helen a new lease on life. She immediately began busying herself at her costume designing board as they left the office, and over her crept the old, wonderful feeling of relief from problems and tensions. She hardly noticed the passage of time until, glancing at her watch,

See Next Page →



3 Gil Whitney has always loved Helen Trent, despite all the machinations of his estranged wife Cynthia. How he wishes he were free to ask Helen to marry him, after all these years of waiting! He also worries because Helen's spending so much time with Brett Chapman.

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Helen Trent.....Julie Stevens
 Gil Whitney.....David Gothard
 Cynthia Whitney.....Mary Jane Higby
 Brett Chapman.....Karl Weber
 Jeff Brady.....John Stanley
 Lydia Brady.....Helene Dumas
 Richard Chapman.....Hal Studer
 Loretta Cole.....Treva Frazee

The Romance Of Helen Trent, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

she realized it was almost eleven o'clock and she was almost late for her appointment with Brett Chapman and his young son, Richard. Helen smiled to herself as she brushed her hair in front of the office mirror. Then, for some unexplainable reason (as if the heart could ever be explained), she dashed into the wardrobe room and slipped into a new dress which just had been completed for her. She looked quite the professional designer when Brett and Richard showed up to have her escort them around the studio, a few minutes later. . . . As she walked between the two, around the sets, around the studio streets, she could feel the mounting

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

(Continued)



4 Helen has indeed been spending time with Brett—and Cynthia Whitney has seen them together at a restaurant. Cynthia immediately realizes that Helen is fascinated by this man who had saved her life. And, ironically, Cynthia now seems to lose interest in keeping Gil and Helen apart. Is she about to give Gil his freedom—too late for his happiness?

tension. Richard, on the one hand, all eyes and ears, all eager for the life which he saw unfolding in front of him—his father, cold, relentlessly holding this enthusiasm in check with sarcasm and unkind remarks. In spite of the unpleasantness between the two, Helen managed to keep tempers on an even keel, and the two hours they spent with her passed quickly. She couldn't help but have a warm spot in her heart for Brett (could this be why she'd bothered to put on her new dress?), for he'd literally saved her life. . . . Brett had been the man who rescued Helen when she went to Spenser's mountain retreat, The Eagle's Nest, seeking evidence

that would prove who the murderer really was. Brett had arrived in time to save her from the crazed housekeeper, Mrs. Poindexter. Helen had come to like many things about Brett. She shared his belief that individuals must work hard to succeed, but she didn't approve at all of the fact that he was unable to see that his son Richard was working hard at trying to be an actor—he kept calling it "play-acting" as though it were a form of idleness. She understood, too, what made him that way—after all, he was a self-made man, a boy from New York's Hell's Kitchen with a driving ambition which had carried him all the way up to immense wealth.

See Next Page—→

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT

(Continued)



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Helen even knew about the emotional scars he carried because he had married an actress who had deserted him to pursue a career. She could see the kindness that oftentimes hid behind a brusque manner and she could respect him for his purposefulness. . . . As Helen worked over her drawing board that afternoon, she thought about the funny twists that fate sometimes gave to life. A few months ago, she'd been worried about Gil Whitney. Gil had taken a bachelor apartment, leaving his wife Cynthia to have her own life. Helen smiled to herself as she thought of Cynthia, who for so many years had fought Helen—and who now seemed to feel that Gil could have his freedom. Could it be, Helen mused, that Cynthia was willing to give up Gil because she felt that Helen wasn't interested in him? Helen smiled at the thought, then suddenly sobered. Poor Gil. He'd told her how lonely he was, how miserable life had become since he'd realized how much Brett was attracted to her. He'd begged her to wait for him. . . . Helen thought of the night before, when Brett had taken her into a restaurant—and there was Cynthia, obviously curious, obviously moving to a table close to them so she could overhear their conversation. The irony of the situation! For a moment, Helen stopped and looked at her sketch—but not really seeing anything that she'd

6 Helen is more sympathetic toward Richard's ambition but finds herself in a dilemma—between father and son—since she can understand both viewpoints.





7 With all these problems—Gil's and Brett's and Richard's—tugging at her heart, Helen finds satisfaction in her work. She's delighted with her new assistant, Loretta Cole, though Lydia Brady has warned Helen against her. But—is Lydia right? Does Loretta spell trouble?

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problems," she told herself. And then impatiently added, "Let the problems come—at least, I've got something to occupy my mind to get away from them." For Helen, there was no suspicion that her work itself—particularly her work with her new assistant, Loretta Cole—might bring greater problems than ever. Lydia's warning that Loretta couldn't be trusted made scarcely a ripple in Helen's life. And yet . . . is that ripple even now swelling into a flood which can engulf all Helen holds dear?

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At top of page, left to right: Robert Q. Lewis, producer Ray Purdy, Leonard Sitomer, and CBS vice-president Lester Gottlieb. Lower picture: A tired Lewis naps behind his famed eyeglasses.

ROBERT

Q.

By HAROLD KEENE

OH, BY THE WAY," said a girl to a member of the Godfrey cast, on the long-distance telephone, "give Robert Q. Lewis my love next time you see him and tell him for heaven's sake to come on down here as soon as he can get away. Half the people he knows are here, and the weather's divine." When Robert received the message, his face fell and he stared unhappily from behind those specs of his.

"Is the woman *crazy*?" he asked. "She knows I'm starting a new afternoon show, a daily at that, on top of all my other stuff. I'll be lucky to get a week off all winter. In fact, I don't expect five minutes for my private life until next May."

Now, Robert Q. is a good-looking bachelor with a very smart apartment, on the East Side in New York, and a violent zest for life—private life, that is, as well as professional. The notion of (*Continued on page 80*)

Robert Q.'s new TV show is on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. He is also seen on *The Name's The Same*. ABC-TV, Tues., 10:30 P.M., and is heard on CBS Radio in both the *Robert Q. Lewis Show*, Sat., 11 A.M., and *Robert Q. Lewis Little Show*, M-F, 4 P.M. (All EST.)

Here's the behind-the-scenes

story of hard work, heartbreak and joy that
created the new Robert Q. Lewis show



Left—Frank Satenstein is director of the new afternoon TV show. Ray Bloch (above) is conductor for Robert Q. on both radio and TV.

Spectacular Spectacle Man

Drama in the control room, as Robert Q. and his fellow-workers consider 500 auditioners for the big-time program.



Win with your questions



Situations wanted: Send in your suggestions—hear them discussed on the air—win a prize!



Jack Sterling is the master of ceremonies who will put the winning questions to the panel. Right, Arthur Henley, the man responsible for it all—he's interested in people's thinking, wants to know what *you* think about.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

CAN YOU dream up a situation which would create a crisis in any family? A situation which might happen any day to anyone and be serious, humorous, irksome, or perhaps hold elements of all three?

For example:

You're going through your husband's pockets before sending his suit to the cleaners. You find a note in feminine handwriting, "Call Ann. LE 2—."

Would you:

- Ask him about it?
- Throw it away and forget it?
- Call the number to find out for yourself?

It's hard to make up your mind, isn't it? While you're about it, try another:

Two of your best friends aren't speaking to each other. While you're entertaining one, you see the second come up the walk.

Would you:

- Ignore the bell, pretending you weren't home?
- Send one of the children to the door to whisper that the first woman already was there?
- Invite the second woman in, hoping they wouldn't quarrel?

We grant it is a three-pronged problem. But, on the CBS Radio show *Make Up Your Mind*, such questions provoke so lively an interchange of wisdom and wit that we believe RADIO-TV MIRROR readers might enjoy throwing their own puzzlers into the discussion.

So we've made it a contest. You'll find rules on the opposite page.

A winning entry can earn two things for you: (1) A valuable prize; (2) the unforgettable experience of hearing the outspoken panelists and an authoritative psychologist give *their* views on *your* question.

For new listeners, the (Continued on page 90)

Make Up Your Mind, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, is sponsored by the Continental Baking Co. for Wonder Bread and Hostess Cakes.

to MAKE UP YOUR MIND



Typical panel: Seated at left are the program's permanent panelists, John R. Young and Edith Walton; next, the day's celebrity guest, Vic Marsillo, then Mary Belle Perkins, from the studio audience. (Standing, announcer Dan Donaldson.)

CONTEST RULES

1. Make up an interesting situation, like the ones used on the air in *Make Up Your Mind*, with three possible solutions to help the panel make up their minds.
2. Print your name and address on the coupon below. Write your situation clearly on a separate sheet of paper, using one side of paper only.
3. Send your entries to: RADIO-TV MIRROR Contest, P. O. Box 1760, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
4. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, Tuesday, March 5, 1954. Winners will be announced in the July issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR. The winning entry will be discussed on a broadcast of *Make Up Your Mind*.
5. A \$100 U.S. Savings Bond will be awarded for the best situation submitted. Second and third prize winners will receive \$50 and \$25 U.S. Savings Bonds, respectively. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. (All prizes are in addition to the \$25 U.S. Savings Bonds which are regularly awarded by *Make Up Your Mind* for use of situations on the air.)
6. Situations will be judged on their provocativeness, originality and neatness. The decisions of the judges will be final. All entries become the property of *Make Up Your Mind*. Program and contents used only by permission of the copyright owner, Make Up Your Mind, Inc.

RADIO-TV MIRROR Contest, P. O. Box 1760, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed please find my entry for a *Make Up Your Mind* situation.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS (or Box).....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

who's who in

IN THE ROLE of Patricia Bennett, female star of *Foreign Intrigue*, Anne Preville makes her first appearance before American audiences. Although she was born in California and lived in the film capital of the world, Hollywood scouts never gave her a tumble. Actually, they didn't have much of a chance to witness Anne's talents because, when she was fifteen, her family moved to France, where within a year she was chosen "Miss France." After that, Anne modeled in exclusive French shops and studied dramatics at night. In 1939, she received the Rejane prize as the outstanding young talent in the French film industry. Anne appeared with international stars such as Michele Morgan and Claude Dauphin in over twenty major French films and in several British films, including "The Dancing Years." She is always in demand when producers of French and Italian pictures want to dub-in English voices for films being sent to America. After starring in several plays in Paris, including "Don Juan" and "French Without Tears," and now in *Foreign Intrigue*, Anne keeps alive the hope that she someday will do a Broadway play. Says she: "I know American audiences will see me now that I'm in *Foreign Intrigue*. And if they like me, who knows. . . ." From all reports, Anne doesn't have to worry about being liked in her native land, and chances for her getting to Broadway are good indeed.



Anne Preville



James Daly

WHEN OTHER children his age were learning nursery rhymes, James Daly—who stars as Michael Powers in *Foreign Intrigue*—was having Shakespeare, Ibsen and Shaw read to him by his mother. As a student at Wisconsin Rapids High School, he shared acting honors with his brother and two sisters. And, after attending Carroll College, the Universities of Wisconsin and Iowa, and receiving his degree from Cornell College, Jim had the experience of a seasoned veteran. His promising future was interrupted by World War II when he served in the Infantry, the Army Air Corps and the Navy. It was while he was a Navy man that he married Hope Newell, who was an actress, but who now devotes her time to their three daughters: Pegeen, 10; Tyne, 7; and Glyn, 5. A short, post-war business career convinced Jim that he was always meant to be an actor, so he moved on to play many roles in winter and summer stock. For his work in "Mary Rose" and "Major Barbara," he won the Daniel Blum Theatre Award for "Most Promising Personalities on the Broadway Stage." He also played in "Born Yesterday" with Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas and toured the country with Maurice Evans in "Man and Superman." After achieving fame in many top TV drama shows, such as *Studio One* and the *Kraft Television Theatre*, people wondered why Jim decided to leave New York with all its stage and television opportunities to work on a single show—*Foreign Intrigue*—abroad. Said Jim: "There are many reasons—but maybe they can all be rolled into one: a dream my wife and I have always had, spending an entire year in Europe, and the chance to do what I like most—act."

TV adventure



Mark Stevens

TELEVISION'S oldest adventure program, *Martin Kane, Private Eye*, has starred several well-known actors, but none more well-known or more personable than Mark Stevens. It's hard to believe that he had to run the gamut of jobs—from dishwasher to salesman to truck driver—before he found the niche that suits him most, acting. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Mark spent his boyhood moving from state to state. At 13, he joined the Attebury Players and later toured the country as a song-and-dance man in night clubs. During this time he also attended night school, studying commercial art, shorthand, bookkeeping and typing. In 1944, after alternating between acting and radio announcing and working in a steel mill, rubber factory and department store, Stevens' travels brought him to California, where he finally broke into movies. After six months at Warner Brothers, he was fired, but soon bounced back with a seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox, which starred him in such hits as "Snake Pit," "Street with No Name," and "Dancing in the Dark." Broadway theatre-goers also saw him as the lead in "Mid-Summer" last year. . . . Mark is married to Annelle Hayes, who was Miss Texas of 1944, and they have two children, Mark Richard, 7, and Annelle, 2. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens lead a quiet life and, when he has time, Mark pursues his hobbies, which include tennis, golf, polo and painting.

TOM CONWAY, the suave, intriguing star of *Mark Saber*, has lived both a scholarly and adventurous life. Born Tom Sanders in 1904 (screen star George Sanders is his younger brother), Tom and his family lived in Russia until he was 13. Then, with the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, they fled back to their native England. After he had graduated from Brighton College, Tom set out to conquer Africa, where he worked as a laborer in the gold, copper and asbestos mines, and tried his hand at African ranching until a bad case of malaria sent him back to England. There he became an engineer, then a salesman for a safety glass company. While holding the latter job, he was offered a part in a little-theatre play. This, in turn, led to a job with the Manchester Repertory Company, followed by several years of touring companies and numerous radio appearances for the British Broadcasting Corporation. During this same time, Tom's brother George was making a name for himself in America. Finally, in 1939, he persuaded the hesitant Tom to come to this country, too. Upon arrival in Hollywood, Tom was tested and given a contract with M-G-M, then signed by RKO to star in the "Falcon" films and later in other movies such as "Cat People" and "Confidence Girl." Now in television, Tom's varied background proves that, as the star of *Mark Saber*, he is every bit as cultured and cosmopolitan as he sounds. And he is just as capable as he looks when he swings a punch, for in college he was heavyweight boxing champion and still is a great sports enthusiast. In fact, Tom is known as one of the few Englishmen in Hollywood who enjoys—and understands—both baseball and football.



Tom Conway



Perfect relaxation by their own fireside is paradise for Jan and Toni—who waited five long years to see their dreams come true.



Comedian's holiday: Jan reads the comics to daughter Celia. At right, a wayside stop on one of Jan's more "strenuous" days off.

Jan Murray—

After the dark days,

Jan finds a special joy in

his first real home,

his growing family, and

the show of his life

By **GLADYS HALL**



"I'VE ALL I'LL EVER ASK FOR"



Celia and Howard play in the big back yard—and will soon be sharing it with a baby brother or sister.

WHEN YOU watch Jan Murray on his Du Mont TV network show, *Dollar A Second*, Sunday nights at ten o'clock, you tingle with the excitement he generates. You share every bit of the contestants' suspense as they match wits with the quizmaster. As you look and listen, exhilarated by the zest, the warmth, and the ingenuity of this seemingly indefatigable young man, you wonder: Is

he really like this? All the time? Or are there two Jan Murrays?

Yes, there are.

There is the high-powered headliner of *Dollar A Second*. There is also the quiet young man who sat across a table from me at Danny's Hide-a-way in New York and said gratefully, "Marrying Toni and founding a new family has (Continued on page 76)

Jan Murray emcees the game-and-stunt show, *Dollar A Second*, over Du Mont, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Mogen David Wine.

TODAY with Garroway



He once wanted a Rolls-Royce more than anything



Dave gets an eyeful of his publicity—along with a mouthful of coffee—in a chat with Coleen Hoeffler of the NBC press staff.

See Next Page →

By PAUL CHASE

DAVE GARROWAY was a junior in a St. Louis high school when he met a girl named Lou Ann (last name long since forgotten) and fell teen-age, pit-in-the-stomach-type in love with her. Dave was enamored of Lou Ann, but the attraction was not mutual. As a matter of fact, Lou Ann, with teen-age disregard for her fellow men, had eyes for only one boy—the son of a St. Louis millionaire.

Now this was the height of the Depression, and the St. Louis millionaire had had the bad taste in those times to give his son a robin's-egg blue Rolls sport car for Christmas. And it seemed, about this time, that the young man had caught the gleam in Lou Ann's eyes and responded in kind.

One afternoon, Dave walked home from school. His head was filled with thoughts of his newest chemistry experiment he was trying out in the basement of his home. He stepped off the curb and now hear what the "villain" did! Driving right up behind Dave in the silence that can be achieved only by a hand-made Rolls and, a yard from Dave's ear, he sounded his special Klaxon horn. A Klaxon delivers a number of decibels designed to crack an eardrum. Dave did a record high jump. But, even as he moved across the street in the embarrassment

The Dave Garroway Show is seen on NBC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, for Pontiac Dealers of America. *Today* is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 7 A.M. EST and CST, under multiple sponsorship.



Rude awakening at 4:30 A.M. is made easier by an alarm which turns on his radio and starts cooking breakfast! But that view from his penthouse, Dave thinks, is worth early rising and a busy schedule.



in life—here's how he got it!

Today with Garroway

(Continued)



Dave has a barbecue on his penthouse terrace and likes to play chef in his spare time at home. When he gets a few free moments at the office, however, he prefers to catch up on his sleep—an eyemask helps him to pretend that it's nighttime.



which only the young can have, he caught a glimpse of Lou Ann sitting beside our villain.

Dave Garroway made a vow. Someday, he, too, would own a Rolls-Royce.

Dave swears the rest of this story is true. Years later, when he was a great success and had the money to indulge his fancy for rebuilding wonderful old cars, he bought a Rolls in a Chicago junkyard for \$75. He worked on it for months, finally sanded off seven coats of paint until he came to a color he recognized as a special robin's-egg blue.

Forthwith, Garroway contacted the motors division of Missouri and checked the motor number of his junkheap with all previous owners. And, so help him, it was the same car!

Dave made a thing of beauty out of that Rolls. One day, he drove to St. Louis and looked up Lou Ann just to see how she was doing.

"She was a staring fright," Dave recalls. "I drove back to Chicago humming happily to myself. I had the so-and-so's Rolls, and he was stuck with Lou Ann. . . ."

IN A WAY, this great story of ultimate triumph is typical of Dave Garroway. His closest associates will tell you that Dave has always managed to capitalize on every break or opportunity that Fate gave him, and has made each little stroke of luck pay to his advantage. It isn't that he is cold or brutally hard; he just knows his show business and is completely competent in every assignment.

Somehow, no matter how badly things start off with him, he eventually manages to be riding the crest at the end. At present, his assignments are a daily morning TV show called *Today* and a resurgence of his evening show, of fond memory, lately out of Chicago. And you know how competently he handles these shows! Dave is still working with many of the people who started with him in the old days. He started with a "family," and is still surrounded with most of it.

The current Garroway Friday-night hour is based on the format Dave used in his Chicago days, except that everything is bigger and more expensive now. Four years ago, the Chicago end of NBC was ordered to produce two hours of network TV, and Dave was literally the only talent in the local stable. They gave him a studio and a very few bucks and told him to get busy.

Sometimes, his only props would be a ladder, or a flight of stairs. But his rich, inventive mind got together with that of writer Charlie Andrews and turned out a product that captivated audiences across the nation. (Continued on page 82)



Barbara Stanwyck

co-starring in

EXECUTIVE SUITE

An M-G-M Picture

YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
 use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



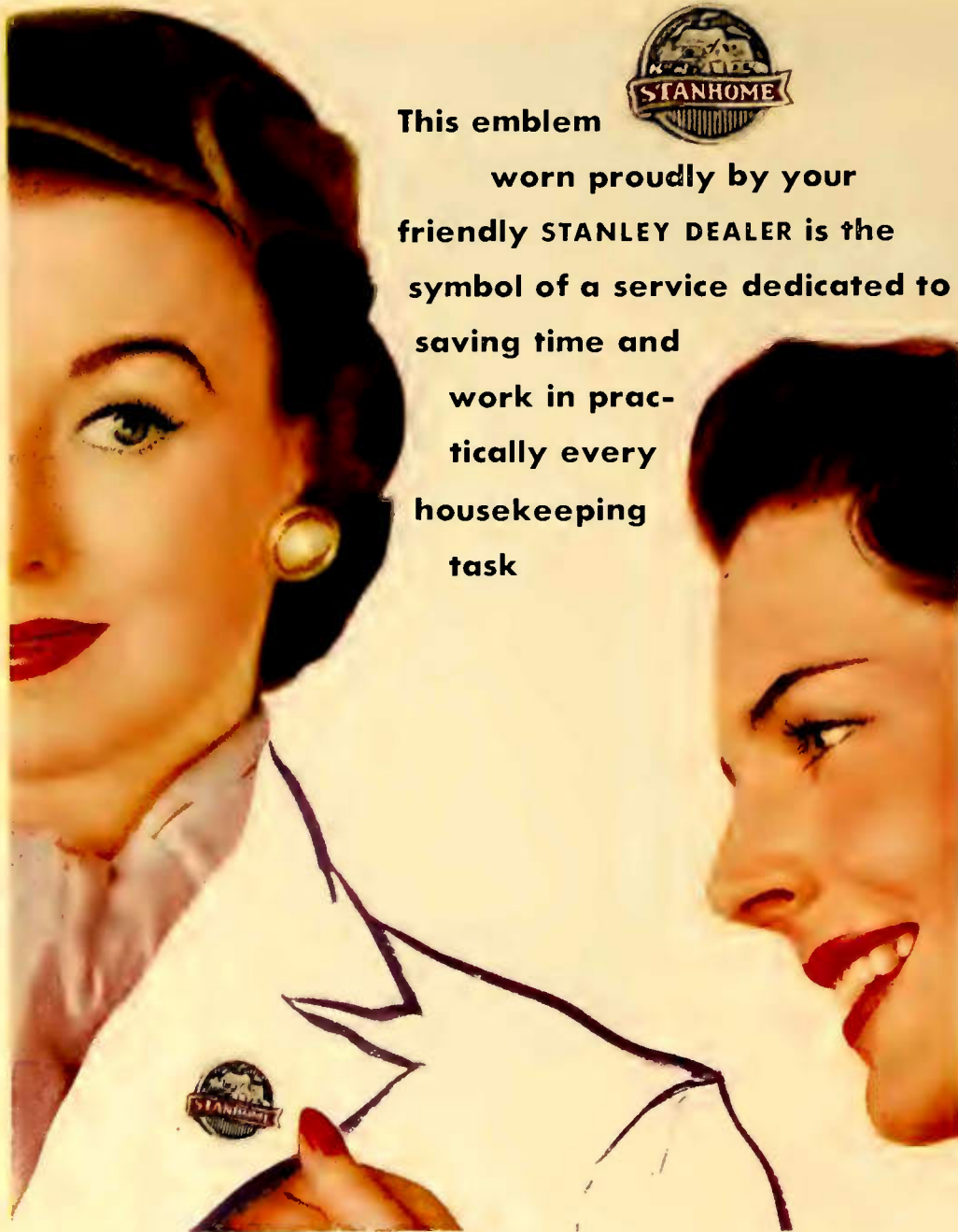
Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!

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



NOW in new
 LOTION FORM or
 famous CREAM FORM!

Pour it on . . . or cream it on! . . . Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to \$2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to \$1.



**This emblem
worn proudly by your
friendly STANLEY DEALER is the
symbol of a service dedicated to
saving time and
work in prac-
tically every
housekeeping
task**

This emblem, worn by each STANLEY Dealer, is much more than a mere badge of identification. It is a pledge to you that the man or woman who wears it is in every respect the kind of person you are glad to welcome as a guest in your home. And, as millions of homemakers know from happy experience, it is also the trademark that stands for STANLEY'S many value-leading, QUALITY PLUS Products. Products that let you with less effort keep your home cleaner, more sanitary, more beautiful. Products to guard the health and improve the personal grooming of each member of your family. Why not invite in your STANLEY Dealer to demonstrate these Products at a fun-filled STANLEY Hostess Party in your home soon?

Most Popular

STANLEY Dealers demonstrate STANLEY QUALITY PLUS Products at more than 12,000 STANLEY Hostess Parties like this every single day. To arrange for one of these fun-filled shopping parties in your home, phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY Home Products Branch Office, or communicate direct with STANLEY'S Main Office in Westfield, Mass.



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STANLEY HOSTESS PARTY PLAN**

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STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LTD., LONDON, ONT.
(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1954)

Ozzie and Harriet

(Continued from page 21)

were enough in any family. Little did they know.

The more I learn about show business, however, the more I'm convinced that many more people get into it by accident than by design.

Both my parents feel very strongly that a basic education is not only an asset but a necessity for a good actor, in these days especially, when the competition is so keen.

My father has often referred to himself as "well-schooled and badly educated," although I think he is kidding just a little.

He was graduated from Rutgers University with a Bachelor of Letters degree, majoring in English and Political Science, and then spent three more years studying law and received a law degree from Rutgers. Although he never practiced law, he has often said that he feels his law training has been of great value to him in the business and legal aspects of show business. In fact, he has convinced Ricky and me to the extent that we both would like to study law also.

Since Ricky and I both have six more years to run on our radio and television contract with the American Broadcasting Company, we will go to a college near home. I hasten to add that our contracts, since we are minors, are cancellable on our parts, but we, of course, have no intention of exercising this option. In fact, although we do the usual griping to poor old Mom and Dad, we both think that show business is a darn nice way to make a living, or have I already said that?

Speaking of making a living in show business reminds me that, when Ricky was eight or nine years old and had just started to play his own part on the radio show, he gave Mom and Pop a big argument about going to school one morning.

"Why do I have to go to school?" he protested. "I'll probably always be a radio actor, and I can read well enough for that right now."

This was the first time we heard Pop's "Need for an Education" speech.

"Show business," insisted Pop, "should always be considered a means to an end. A spot in the limelight is not only a temporary thing most of the time, but it is also no guarantee of happiness." He then went on to point out many people who were successful financially and careerwise but who were never happy because they hadn't learned how to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

We have some very fine colleges here in Southern California. At the present time, I am not sure whether to apply for admission to one of the smaller schools, like Pomona or Santa Barbara, or one of the larger universities, like U.S.C. or U.C.L.A.

My mother and father are both firm believers in allowing boys and girls to choose their own schools without interference, so the decision is entirely up to me. At the present time, Cotton Warburton, former U.S.C. All-American quarterback, is one of our film editors, so I must confess I am leaning a bit toward the Trojans. Ricky, however, is a strong U.C.L.A. rooter, so we have some pretty heated arguments.

Meanwhile, our being in show business is never allowed to interfere with our getting ready for college. If we are watching TV and Mom comes in and says, "What about your homework, boys," we can always answer, "This is just like studying to us, Mom. After all, we're actors, and it's necessary for us to watch other performers to improve our own techniques." We can always say this, but I'm sorry to report it hasn't worked so far. Mom didn't graduate from Rutgers, but she sure knows an awful lot about boys.

Nancy du Pont Bruns
*lovely young member of the
well-known Wilmington family*

She and her husband will celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary this spring. Like so many attractive young wives, Mrs. Bruns feels her best beauty insurance is Pond's Cold Cream. "I notice the difference it makes in my skin *immediately*," she says. "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses my skin really thoroughly—better than any other care I know."



"It's simply amazing
how quickly
your skin looks
clearer, finer!" says Nancy du Pont Bruns

to take care of the deeper dirt that ordinary and less effective cleansings skim over.

Its unique oil-and-moisture formula quickly softens and *floats out* hardened, embedded dirt that encourages large pores and blackheads. This is why each Pond's Cold Creaming leaves your skin *flawlessly* clean. And—you'll see—your skin looks finer, so much clearer.

**Replenishes oils and moisture
that keep skin looking smooth**

Every day—outdoor exposure and dry stuffy indoor heat rob your skin of its natural oils and moisture. You must replenish these softeners every day, or your skin gets a coarse look . . . a dry, rough "feel." Each Pond's Cold Creaming supplies the oils and moisture your skin needs

—keeps your skin appealingly smooth.

**This way of using Pond's Cold Cream
can transform your complexion!**

1. *Every night*, circle fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream briskly up and out from throat to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing frees embedded dirt. It brings up fresh color. Tissue off this first creaming *well*.

2. Now—a snowy, beautifying "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This time, tissue off *lightly*—leaving invisible traces of cream for softening your skin overnight, protecting it by day.

"Never, never have I had so many compliments!" say girls who have adopted Pond's Cold Creamings. Get Pond's Cold Cream today in the *large jar* . . . compared with the smaller jars, you average a *third more cream for your money!*

STAND CLOSE to some girl you know; take a good look at her skin. So often you'll find that her complexion is spoiled by large pores that even careful make-up can't hide. You'll wonder "Why doesn't she *do* something about her skin?"

Your own face gets this "third degree" many times during the day. Do people think the same about you?

What many girls don't realize is that most complexion faults are caused by nothing but *hidden dirt*. Look at your skin *carefully* after your usual clean-up. Do the pores still look dirty? Now, pass your fingers over your face. Are there little roughnesses? Then your face care isn't cleaning deeply enough.

Quickly—clear your skin
Pond's Cold Cream is specifically designed

Secret of Happiness

(Continued from page 43)

for the doll-like size, it was generally agreed that the thirteen-foot width would be highly acceptable—in fact, darling, in Greenwich Village—but in Brooklyn . . . well, it just didn't seem appropriate, somehow.

"Yes," smiles Patsy, "we certainly supplied our CBS pals with ribbing material. And, when the news leaked out that we were personally going to do a good part of the renovating, redecorating and rebuilding, you've no idea what amusement the studio got out of the operation. The helpful hints were right out of this world. For instance, they went into the question of how best to bruise a thumb with a tack hammer. They said very seriously that any amateur could do it with a man-sized implement, but perhaps we had not given sufficient study to how to achieve the same effect with the tack hammer. I should be particularly concerned, they said, since I would undoubtedly be in charge of the shelf-covering department. In this same dead-pan style, the CBS talent also went into the many ways there were of messing up a paint job, and anything else we might be tackling."

Despite all the heckling from the sidelines, Patsy and Al went to work on their house. For certain things, they needed professional assistance—such as the laying of new flooring and the installation of a new gas furnace. But once such major jobs were completed, the Campbell-Reilly combo buckled down.

"We made our friends promise not to come visit," continues Patsy. "Ordinarily, I love company. But, at this point, I wanted none of it, for three reasons. First, company—even the 'willing-to-help' kind—would interfere with our work. Second, I didn't want even our dearest friends to see the house until it was in respectable shape. And third, I didn't want to become known as the girl in the dirty bluejeans with the blobs of blue and green paint on her nose. The color scheme of the entire house is sky blue and deep green—and I was spattered to match it."

"Now that the worst is over, I marvel at us—particularly at Al. Some of the things he did are just short of miraculous. For instance, the guest bedroom, which is tiny. One complete wall space is now a unit of shelves, dressing table, closet and storage space, designed by and built to the specifications of my husband. Downstairs, we tore out an unattractive closet in the hall leading from the living room to the dining room and turned it into book shelves. Besides being esthetically more satisfying, this alteration gave us more footage in the hall, and when you live in a dollhouse every inch counts. The original staircase hallway was most peculiarly designed so that it sort of stuck out into the living room. Al and our contractor got together, and between them managed to work out several more feet of wall space in the living room for us."

"The house is what is called an 'attached' house. Its side walls are also those of the adjoining houses. Therefore, the hammering and noise-making operations of our renovations had to be reserved for the daytime over the weekends. At night during the week we would sandpaper, fill in cracks and niches, and paint. And, on nights when we were too tired from our day's work, we would just relax. We didn't push ourselves unnecessarily. We wanted working on our first real home to be fun—as it was—and never become a nightmare of too much work. So what if it took longer than we anticipated? We never forced ourselves, and the work never became too much of a hardship. As for the

mistakes we made . . . well, next time we'll know better. Like the electric light fixture in the completely renovated kitchen. After Al had rewired for a ceiling light, I innocently—or is the word 'ignorantly?'—rushed out and bought a fixture, only to find that my purchase and Al's wiring were not made for each other. Fortunately, Al was able to rectify the situation—at some cost to the new paint job—and next time I'll know there is a difference between a light that switches on from a wall and one that pulls on. That's what Al gets for not going shopping with me. Together, we make fewer mistakes."

In that word "together"—lies the secret of happiness for Patsy and Al. They've had that happiness together for quite a few years now. They first met in January, 1939, when they were both studying dramatics at the Goodman Theatre School of Drama in Chicago. Theirs was not a case of love at first sight, probably because both were much too intent on their studies and the building of individual careers. But they soon became fast friends. Then, in 1941, Patsy came to New York to further her career. Some months later, in 1942, Al followed—under the auspices of the armed services.

"This sudden turn of events brought us up sharply to the fact that, in reality, we were more than just good friends," Patsy reminisces, "and in 1942, in Post Chapel Number One at Fort Dix, I became Mrs. Alfred Reilly."

"As for my acting career," she continues, "well, let's put it this way. I was one of the most active and versatile auditioners New York City ever saw. I tried out for everything—baby cries, tap dancing, singing, dialect, comedy, dramatics. Oh, just everything! For a girl who thought she would make a terrific singer, it came somewhat as a shock to have a director select me to take a small acting role on a radio show. Not that this was a disappointment, mind you . . . but, after two seasons of stock work in Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, I had sort of thought my chances of becoming a singer were better than those of becoming an actress."

For a girl who came to New York to be a singer, Patsy has set a record that many an actress would gladly claim for her own. Since January, 1944, no week has ever passed in which she has not had at least one job. Even two of her total of seven weeks' vacation since 1944 were accounted for by program recordings made in advance.

After the war, Al returned to acting and directing, and eventually settled down as radio program director for the Brooklyn V. A. Hospital.

"This is the real reason we moved to Brooklyn—so that Al, whose working day starts hours before mine, would not have to leave the house at the crack of dawn. We consider ourselves very lucky to have found a house within actual eye-shot of the hospital. By car, it takes Al no more than ten minutes, door-to-door. And, speaking of cars, you've no idea what a saving it is to have your own garage and not have to pay New York's fantastic garage rents. Of course, the garage on our tiny plot of land practically eats up what should have been the back yard. But, with all the work we've had on our hands doing the interior of the house, neither one of us would have had the time nor energy to take care of a sizable back yard."

"And when it comes to savings—this was, and is, another great beauty of our little house. We moved into five rooms with substantially the same furniture we had in our three-room apartment in Manhattan. I'll grant you we were a bit crowded in the apartment, and I'm happy now that I have walking space. It does make entertaining so much easier. And we do enjoy giving occasional dinner parties, particularly at times such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, when we invite our friends who are away from home to gather under our roof for family-style dinners. By now, these affairs are something of a tradition—we've been giving them for quite a few years. And now that we have a real dining room, to say nothing of a real home, everything's perfect."

"Fortunately," continues Patsy, "Al and I have always been able to work well together. We don't quibble, and we have great respect for each other's ideas. In the line of our professions, Al knows a great deal more about the technical and production end than I do, but he has yet to make me feel like an idiot child. In daytime radio there's apt to be something with which I'm more conversant than he, at which point he willingly accepts my suggestions."

"In the extracurricular fields, we're apt to run into subjects about which neither one of us knows too much, and together, with the assistance of whatever reference material we can lay hands on, we arrive at what we hope is the correct conclusion. Of course, sometimes it takes a bit of doing. Like, for instance, the subject of plumbing. One of our most hysterical experiences in our dollhouse had to do with a breakdown in the bathroom plumbing. In profound ignorance, but with intense willingness, we studied the subject at hand, arrived at something of a conclusion, and proceeded accordingly. Finally, all was set for a test run. Al happily descended to the cellar to turn on the water and give me the signal to set the wheels in motion. Boing! Our geyser was second only to Old Faithful! After considerable mopping-up operations—once Al came to realize that my screams were not those of ecstasy over a job well done—we proceeded again . . . this time with me reading directions from an encyclopedia, and, I might add, this time with somewhat more gratifying success. Well, as I always say, live and learn—and next time, more than likely, we'll call the plumber!"

Next time they may call a plumber, next time they may not make the same mistakes, and next time it may be a large house in the country rather than a "dollhouse" in Brooklyn, but whatever their future experiences may be, Patsy and Al will always have fun—because they now know that whatever tasks they set for themselves, regardless of the heckling that may take place on the sidelines, together they'll make the grade.



Mutual makes music...



Your MBS Radio Station presents:

**CURT MASSEY
MARTHA TILTON**

for Alka-Seltzer
over the coast-to-coast
Mutual Radio Network

(for airtime on your
MBS station, see
local radio listings)

*Monday
through
Friday
12-12:15 pm EST*



YOUR ZOO PARADE

Meet Pudgie, who refuses to accept any responsibility for the meaning of her shadow on Groundhog Day

SHE CAME to Lincoln Park Zoo a soft-furred, bright-eyed little bundle of mischief cuddled in a young girl's hands.

On arrival, Pudgie flirtatiously glanced around the circle of admiring humans who welcomed her, then hid her face behind her protector's fingers.

Now, to grace a calendar bedecked with hearts, flowers and sentimental verse extolling bashful boys and blushing maidens, Pudgie—by legend the most coy, if not the most romantic, of creatures—becomes Animal of the Month.

For Pudgie laid claim to February by being a groundhog. According to popular belief, this animal is so shy it hides from its own shadow. Further, the legend asserts, if that hiding takes place on February 2, six more weeks of cold weather will ensue.

While, in some sections of the nation, people made a small ceremony of keeping watch to determine whether some of Pudgie's relatives saw their shadows, R. Marlin Perkins, director of Lincoln Park Zoo, offered no predictions based on Pudgie's behavior. Visiting her glass-fronted home in the Small Animal House, he merely remarked, "She'll never replace Weatherman Clint Youle on John Cameron Swayze's *News Caravan*."

Being so discredited bothered Pudgie not a particle. Groundhog Day to her was remarkable only because an unusually large number of people gathered to stare through her picture window into her living room. For their entertainment, she frisked around the branch—which is the major decoration in her living room—took dainty nibbles from its bark and struck a pose holding the morsel in her paws.

Pudgie has liked people ever since young Barbara Erwood of Tower, Minnesota, rescued her in 1952, brought her home, and later presented her to Lincoln Park. In a letter accompanying the Christmas gift which she sent her pet, Barbara recalled how it happened.



Pudgie loves to entertain her many visitors at Lincoln Park Zoo.

She wrote: "Hello, Pudgie. I'll bet you never guessed when I took you to Mr. Perkins' zoo what a wonderful life you would have. We think of you often and remember how well-behaved you were on the long auto ride to Chicago. This present is to remind you of Minnesota and your old friends who found you when you were a lonesome baby."

Pudgie's "wonderful life" centers around an abundant supply of edibles—vegetables, apples, celery, alfalfa and whole wheat bread. She also eats small pellets of super-energized foods and vitamins such as are fed to chinchillas.

Were she living in the wild, her diet also would be vegetarian and consist of alfalfa, corn, roots and tubers.

A member of the woodchuck or marmot family, Pudgie is related to the whistling marmot of the Rockies and the prairie dog of the Great Plains. Some form of these burrowing rodents is found nearly everywhere in the world.

Groundhogs usually live in a field

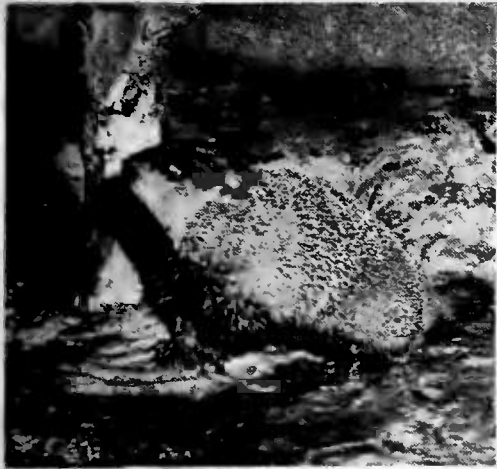
or in woods near a field, for, above all else, they value a view.

To extend that view, the groundhog, in digging a burrow, constructs a sort of front porch by throwing up a mound of earth at the entrance. For the female, this mound becomes a watchtower from which she stands guard over her young.

Cute as kittens, the young ones play games of their own invention, but, when the mother signals there is danger, they scurry for the safety of the burrow's depths.

The attacker which left Pudgie an orphan probably was a hawk or an owl which swooped down to snatch the vigilant mother from her perch. Other enemies are eagles, foxes, coyotes, wolves, bobcats and, of course, small boys.

The great battle of wits between groundhogs and small boys probably has been going on throughout all the ages which each has existed. To attempt to dig out a groundhog is always fascinating, always a challenge to the Nature lore of young followers of Daniel Boone, but an effort



She gaily nibbles at some bark . . .



Then strikes a pose for camera fans.

that seldom proves successful.

For the groundhog—to outsmart such invaders—builds the very mansion of burrows. Its many rooms are connected by a maze of tunnels and there is usually, as young excavators discover to their sorrow, more than one escape hatch.

While these burrows are often found in groups or villages, each home is a unit. Unlike their relative, the prairie dog, groundhogs do not connect their homes by an interlacing network of tunnels.

Pudgie—warm, secure and well-fed at Lincoln Park—shows no yearning to indulge in tunnel-building. She eyes visitors with interest and her keepers with friendliness. To Pudgie, people are most satisfactory creatures invented to provide her with comforts.

And, if anyone believes that nonsense about shadows and Groundhog Day, Pudgie is bound to disappoint them. Like Marlin Perkins, she makes it clear that she's quite willing to yield all honors as a weather prophet to Clint Youle.



Never let them go!



Beauty Bargain! 9-oz. DeLuxe bottle with handy pump dispenser . . . 69¢; other sizes, 25¢ and 47¢

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" 'Specially formulated to vanish instantly. . . leaving no sticky feel, no oily film . . . just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

cashmere bouquet
HAND LOTION

Two Hearts Are Better Than One

(Continued from page 33)

to Coney Island and ate hot dogs and walked the deserted boardwalk along the ocean, in the nipping wind, and I felt warm and happy all through."

Jim is James Lipton, who plays Dr. Dick Grant in both the radio and television versions of the daytime dramatic serial, *The Guiding Light*. He's also well known as a stage and screen actor and for many other roles on radio and TV. Back in his home city of Detroit, he planned to be a lawyer, and started on radio playing the nephew of *The Lone Ranger* only to help see himself through college.

Nina (who pronounces her name as if it were spelled Neena Fahsh) is the hostess and moderator of her own weekly Monday-evening TV panel show, *Let's Take Sides*. She's noted for her roles on television and radio dramatic programs, and for her movie roles (her favorite to date was the part of Milo Roberts in "An American in Paris"). She was born in Leyden, Holland, daughter of a distinguished Dutch musical conductor and a beautiful "Ziegfeld Follies" star, but has lived in this country since she was eight.

They had met, Nina and Jim, when both played lead parts in the Pulitzer Prize Playhouse TV production of "The Skin of Our Teeth." That was some thirteen or fourteen months before the incident of the birdcage—because merely meeting and working together had not brought them any closer at first.

"I didn't pay much attention to Jim then," Nina says, "except to get the impression that he was good-looking and dark and slightly taller than I am. (Nina is 5'8" and Jim is close to 5'10".) "I doubt that I even noticed the way his eyes change oddly from green to blue. Really, we hardly spoke to each other, did we, Jim?"

"No, but that's not to say we didn't get along well. We were just too busy with our respective jobs of acting."

"We got along well," she agrees, "but we didn't have anything to say apart from our work."

"You didn't say anything, but I noticed you just the same. I thought you were very pretty and had lovely blue-gray eyes, and the second-best figure of any girl I knew."

"You did? Who had the first-best?"

"I don't remember now, because I have subsequently decided it's you."

At which point, to get the story back on a more serious level, Nina picks up the original theme. "We didn't have much to say to each other, but we did make a great

effort about our scenes, so they would be just right. I always feel that if you make this effort to share another person's work problems, in acting or in any other field, it must be because you respect that person's ability. And we did, right from the first. Jim felt it as much as I, although he may not have analyzed it at the time. I realized right away what a good actor Jim is, and he brought out the best in me."

Then rehearsals were over, the broadcast finished, and that seemed the end. A year and a month went by before they laid eyes on each other again. Nina had been in California doing a movie part. Now she was back in her apartment in New York, nursing a dreadful cold and feeling as if total oblivion would be the best thing that could happen to her. Her head was bursting, her eyes were swollen and sore, her nose was demanding constant attention, and she almost didn't answer the telephone when Jim called.

He had been thinking about her, he said, and heard she was back in New York. He was sorry she was ill. Could he come over and do anything to help? Could he send anything? Nina thanked him but felt too uncomfortable to talk. Maybe he would like to call again sometime?

"Just think what might have happened if he hadn't!" she says. "That day, I didn't care at all. In fact, when he did call again one afternoon, I almost said no once more. I was still lying around the house, but he came with some brightly painted tin soldiers to stand on top of my cover, and a child's coloring book and crayons. 'Everybody should have these when they're sick,' he told me. Another friend was there at the time, and I thought they would leave together, but Jim out-stayed him."

"Yes, and out of the kindness of her heart, because it was getting late and I looked tired, Nina pulled herself up from her couch and, looking very pale and ethereal, cooked me a perfect dinner. She served wine hamburgers, the most wonderful I have ever eaten. I'm a guy who likes simple, bland foods—but Nina is an original and creative cook who uses seasonings superbly, and never cooks anything exactly like anyone else does—and that night I ate like mad. I left fairly early, with apologies for having stayed so long, but probably only an early rehearsal the next morning got me out before Nina collapsed from fatigue. It was hardly calculated to make it easy to get a second date with her. But, when I called a few days later, we did make a date to go out to dinner."

"I was still too exhausted to care enough to dress well, even for a first real date with a new beau," Nina says.

"I thought you looked beautiful," Jim insists.

They went to a little French café in the West Forties, where the food is good and not too terribly expensive, and the atmosphere friendly and quiet. (They go back now quite often.) "It was the first time I had looked at Jim carefully, sitting across from him that night. I decided I liked what I saw. Up to then I had felt ill and indifferent, but now I was beginning to notice little things about him. When he talked about seeing me the next night, because it would be another of his rare free evenings, I felt awful, because I was committed to having some people in for dinner whom I had asked long before."

"Yes, and she prepared her famous bouillabaisse—and I don't like fish. So she had to cook specially for me again—more wine hamburgers."

"I was also committed to going to the country over that weekend," Nina recalls, "and now I was furious with myself, because Jim said he would be free on Sunday. I called him from where I was visiting. He had stayed home and was working, so I felt better about it."

They both had their jobs to keep them busy all the next week—until the weekend of the birdcage and the Coney Island trip. Since then, their whole story is told in weekends, because that's about the only time they had for dates. Except for meeting twice a week at 11:30 at night to work with a group of other young actors, under the direction of Harold Clurman in his acting workshop. Or perhaps at a ballet class, or coming and going from their respective voice lessons.

Beautiful little cards kept arriving at Nina's house, however, sometimes attached to gay little gifts. "With such lovely things written on them," Nina sighs. "To me, who can never think of anything more inspiring to say on a card than 'Hope you're feeling better,' or 'happy birthday,' or something equally banal. And the presents that showed such care in the choosing! Like the old map of Italy and Capri, with all the printing in Dutch—Jim knew how it would please me, because of my Dutch ancestry. And the two little antique angels that I have hung on my bedroom wall. The handsome cloth Easter Egg. The guitar he gave me for my birthday—which I hope someday to play as well as he does. He's even building bookshelves for my new apartment, and designing them to fit the space! There are dozens of thoughtful, nice things he's given me or done for me. I can't possibly compete with them."

At which point Jim brings out his gold lighter, on which is engraved the date Nina gave it to him: February 14, 1953. "Her first present to me." And the ring he wears, with the inscription inside the band: 7/3/53. M.D. "From Nina, the day I 'graduated' from medical school in *The Guiding Light* and started my internship as Dr. Dick Grant. Nina thought it called for a celebration." (So did the cast and crew of the program. They gave him a graduation party and a cake and presented him with a toy "doctor's bag.")

"I still can't compete with Jim's thoughtfulness," Nina says firmly. "Although 'competition' is hardly what I mean. There never has been any feeling of that kind between us. In our careers, or in any other way. No pretending to be out when the telephone rings, so neither has to wonder whom the other one might be out with or where. If Jim is going to be out, he tells me. If I'm out when he calls, I tell him where I was and with whom, if he wants to

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Thursday

7:45-8:00 pm EST



know. We're interested in each other's work, but neither tells the other what to do—except when there's a problem it helps to talk over. We make our own final decisions, but talking over the things that bother us does break us out of our separate jobs occasionally . . . especially when Jim has to learn a script over a weekend, as he almost always does, and I am working on something, too . . . and we might as well be in different cities for all we can say to each other! Sometimes it's a relief then to stop and turn to someone who understands your problems but won't impose his ideas on you if you don't want them. Basically, we think alike, yet our ideas do clash now and then. Jim is kind enough always to try to see my side of things—anybody's side. It's one of the reasons I respect him so much."

"Nina is the one who is kind, and never lets a fellow down," Jim interjects. "She's not particularly interested in some sports but, when I get enthusiastic about my favorite team's chances of winning, she can feign just the right amount of interest to humor me."

"I don't feign it. I really am interested. I think it's only *adult* to get interested in the things that interest the people I like."

"Like water skiing?" he teases, knowing that she is scared to death of it and only keeps on bolstering up her courage to try because he loves it. As for her own specialties, Nina is a painter of professional skill—but on her living room wall is a little sketch done by Jim in Central Park last summer. Hardly a work of art, but an attempt on his part to understand the thing she loves to do.

Jim has, however, studied sculpture and knows about art as a collector, mainly of Daumiers. Nina has a precious small Renoir etching, an overpainting of half a dozen small etchings (called a "palimpsest") from the same workstone. She also treasures an original Staats Cotsworth oil of a sleeping man, which hangs on another wall of her living room.

Other pictures—which she refers to rather deprecatingly as "Oh, those? Those are mine"—are a series of excellent small oils, several of them self-portraits, one with decided surrealist overtones being a particularly fine likeness. (Ask her what the symbols mean and she says, "Nothing.") Most of her best work has been sold, including her favorite still life. She studied with the great Japanese painter and teacher, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and with Paul Clemens, the portrait painter.

Besides this common interest in artistic

things, in the theatre, movies and playing Scrabble, Jim and Nina have "pooled" their separate interests. Like Jim's pleasure in exploring parts of New York that Nina had never seen. "Jim likes to do things that didn't exist for me until I knew him. Like going to the lower East Side, around Orchard Street. Being part of the teeming world of pushcarts, the funny little stalls and stores. Hearing the many different languages and accents. Watching the varieties of people. Sniffing the smells and feeling the pulse of a life that seems far removed from uptown New York. I have learned to love it now, too, but all this never appealed to me as fun until Jim showed it to me."

"Nina is teaching me to paint, and to eat better," Jim adds, "and I have taught her about Orchard Street and getting out into the country when the leaves turn in the fall, or the first spring green begins to appear. I'll never forget how she broke down, during the first weeks I knew her, because she had worked all afternoon to prepare her most famous chicken dish—the one everyone else is just crazy about—and I just picked at it. She didn't know then that I had acquired the European habit of eating my big meal at noon, when I was making a motion picture abroad, and that I rarely ate very much at night. But I'm learning now to save my appetite for her cooking!"

The new apartment is one Nina moved into late last fall. It is still in the process of being turned into the home she wants it to be. There is a small foyer, papered in white and gold, with a white bearskin rug on the floor. Books and ornaments are still being unpacked, in between rehearsals and broadcasts and readings of movie and play scripts (always on the chance there may be just the right part in the right script). Living-room walls are white, with just enough Venetian red added to the paint to give it a slight glow, especially under lamp-light. "It's kind to skin tones," she says. So are the blue-white ceilings throughout. "They give the illusion of air and sky." Once, in her childhood, she had a royal-blue room—because it was then considered "chic"—and it has made her sensitive to the colors around her. "I didn't want to admit I didn't like it after I got it, but I know now why I didn't."

The living-room rug is a soft green. There is a long green couch at one end of the room, under a large mirror with a heavy antique gold frame. The base of the coffee table is a huge wood cube, surmount-

ed with a circular slab of marble. A cabinet with handy shallow shelves was picked up on one of their "antiquing" jaunts for a few dollars and will be fitted later with a marble top. There are comfortable chairs and lamps and an air of homeyness.

Nina's bedroom has coral walls, and scattered around are the little treasures that have come down through her family and the things she and Jim have found in their browsings around New York. There is a handsome Delft lamp, a family heirloom. An Egyptian cosmetic box. A red china heart that was attached to one of Jim's little presents to her. Pictures she treasures, a few photographs.

The small kitchen is bright with pots and pans and all the paraphernalia of a cook who really works at her job. The corner cabinet is something they picked up for ten dollars in an antique shop, Moorish in design, made of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl and a mosaic of fine woods.

A home in New York is a fairly recent acquisition for Nina. She spent seven years under contract in Hollywood, except for a year in a hit show, "John Loves Mary," in which she made a decided personal hit on Broadway. Jim did one film in this country, "The Big Break," and one in Europe which hasn't been shown in this country. He started acting in earnest when he came out of the Army Air Force and was waiting to be admitted to Columbia University Law School in New York. It's true he had been a successful radio actor in Detroit, but always he thought of it as a sideline. During the wait in New York, he auditioned for radio again and success came so quickly that he never did get to law school.

He has played roles in most of the daytime dramas and appeared on many TV shows, such as *The Web*, *Danger*, *Medallion Theatre* and *You Are There* (in which you may remember him as Michelangelo). Now he is devoting most of his time to being young Dr. Dick Grant on *The Guiding Light* TV and radio programs, with an occasional nighttime dramatic show and also the filmed *Inner Sanctum* series, soon to be released.

Both Nina and Jim feel that they have learned lessons from acting that apply to their own lives. "We think it has taught us to deal more objectively with our own problems," Jim says. "We can stand aside a little and judge things apart from our impulsive personal reactions," Nina adds. "It has given us both a broader viewpoint. Perhaps we see ourselves a little as actors see the characters they portray. All this is a help to us both."

"This is what I like about Nina," Jim breaks in. "She's so terribly pretty, so extraordinarily charming, yet so very intelligent in her whole approach to life. Perhaps I admire her most, however, for being such a terrific *try-er*, if you know what I mean. Even when it's something she wouldn't have chosen to do, she strives so hard to make a success of it. It's a kind of wonderful courage, a drive she has that makes her stick to anything she has started and to battle her way through."

"I think what I like most about Jim," Nina says thoughtfully, "is this business of being able to respect him so completely. It's not something you notice all at once. It has to build and build, until you recognize how it overshadows everything else. In the beginning, when Jim was so kind to me when I was ill, and when he brought me the wonderful, imaginative flower-birdcage on which he had put so much time and work, I thought I already knew the best of him. I have learned there is so much more."

So, even though this is a romantic and gay story, you can see it has its serious undertones. And through it all is the warm laughter of two people who are finding that problems shared are cut in half—but joys shared are doubled.



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The Lady Is Valiant

(Continued from page 36)

bewildered and shattered by this staggering blow, Helen realized that she faced the world alone in her struggle to bring up her three children without their father, with little money, with nothing but the knowledge that somehow she would marshal the strength and faith necessary to cope with whatever the future might hold.

The heartbreak, the sensitivity, the emotion portrayed so dramatically that day by Nancy Coleman, who plays Helen Emerson, was poignant and real. For Nancy had only to relive again those dark moments when her own father died, to remember her mother's sorrow and courage. To remember, too, that somehow her mother, in spite of the fact that her world had crashed around her, had kept things going for seventeen-year-old Nancy and her sister, two years younger.

"My mother," says pretty red-haired Nancy, "was a valiant lady if there ever was one. There was never a time when her courage faltered, when she wasn't a tower of strength for my sister and me to lean on. So, in the part of Helen Emerson, I keep remembering how wise mother was—and still is, for that matter—how she was never too maternal nor too sisterly, but somehow managed to walk exactly the right line between the two."

Nancy, a charming, blue-eyed, slim-waisted woman of Irish descent, is married to Whitney Bolton, a newspaperman. She has nine-year-old twin daughters of her own and a stepson who is now twenty-three. So it is easy for her to bring understanding and warm, heartfelt sympathy to Helen Emerson's children. When she bends tenderly to comfort nine-year-old Kim, played by Lydia Reed, it is as if she were giving solace to one of her own daughters who is exactly that age. When she seeks the right words with which to guide her impetuous, sports-loving son, Nancy has only to remember the problems and yearnings of her stepson, whom she has known since he was thirteen.

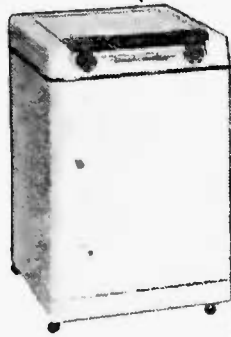
Then, too, her manner of living is as domestic as that of Helen Emerson. For Whitney and Nancy live in a charming old-fashioned Victorian house in Sea Cliff, Long Island. The house is high on a hill overlooking the wide blue stretch of Long Island Sound, and Nancy loves it. The twins, Charla and Grania, love it, too. They find it far less confining than a city apartment. But commuting means a whirlwind schedule for dynamic Nancy, who fortunately possesses all the energy red-heads are popularly supposed to have.

The idea of a star getting up each morning at 5:15 and going to work via the Long Island Railroad is a little startling. But that is just what Nancy does. She gets to the CBS studio in New York by 7:00, starts rehearsing with other members of the *Valiant Lady* cast by 7:30 and keeps at it until about a half-hour before showtime, which is 12 noon.

The only bad feature of this schedule, so far as Nancy is concerned, is that sometimes she and Whitney do not see each other for days at a time. He is a drama critic for a New York newspaper and, when there is an opening night, he doesn't get home until 1:30 A.M. By this time, Nancy has been sound asleep for about four hours. It's lights out for her at 9:15 every night except weekends.

"I try to get home by 2:30 in the afternoon," says Nancy, "but occasionally business appointments prevent that. When I arrive home, I go directly to my room to study the script for the next day. I don't see or talk to anyone until 5:30, when I

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come down to spend some time with the girls before dinner. They get home from public school around 3:30," Nancy explains, "but they study or play with their friends until I come down. They are wonderfully understanding about this topsy-turvy life and adjust to it without any difficulty. But I suppose if you are born to an actress-mother and a newspaperman-father you are conditioned to the unusual from birth!"

Nancy and Whitney, on the nights he is not working, always have dinner with the twins. "Whitney is a wonderful father," his wife says. "Whenever I have had to be away because of my work, he spends all his free time with them. And the twins adore him, naturally."

Nancy is fortunate, too, in having Cora, a wonderful housekeeper who lives and works at the Boltons' five full days a week, but then takes off for the weekend. When she is on duty, Cora does everything from watching out for the twins to marketing, cooking and keeping the house shipshape.

But, on weekends, the family takes over. Whitney likes to cook. "He's wonderful with roasts," says Nancy. And, from Friday to Monday, the Boltons live like any other suburban Long Island family. The twins dust, help with bed-making and dish-washing, and Nancy and Whitney putter around the house. They have done almost everything in the house themselves. They like nothing better than to haunt the auctions or secondhand shops and find what Nancy gaily refers to as "a marvelous bargain." They pick up old furniture, rub it down and re-upholster it themselves. Actually, says Nancy, "Old furniture is much more satisfactory when you have children. It seems to have been built to weather their attacks on it."

Neither Nancy nor her husband is very good at gardening, so they have a man who comes once a week to tend the small vegetable and flower gardens.

All their energy and enthusiasm go into the house. And it is hard to believe that no interior decorator had a hand in the decor. For the color schemes are unusual enough to have sprung from the brain of the most expensive decorator in the country. The living room, for instance, has walls of soft plum and a ceiling of pale pink. Nancy's and Whitney's bedroom is in a green so dark as to look almost black, with dazzling white accents. And in the domain of the twins, who share a room, the predominant color is American-flag blue. The furniture is mostly built-in.

Nancy evolved these schemes herself and did battle with the bewildered painters in the manner of housewives everywhere. "The painters thought I was a bit touched," Nancy says, with a shake of her red curls, "but they did what I wanted."

The only major remodeling done to the house is the installation of a huge picture window which overlooks Hempstead Harbor. "But someday," says Nancy, "we are going to do over the attic into a suite for the twins."

Asked for an explanation of the twins' unusual names, Nancy explains that "Charla is an adaptation of my father's name, Charles, and Charlotte, which is my sister's name. Grania is the Gaelic word for Grace, which is my mother's name."

The little girls are identical twins and sometimes, even their mother has difficulty in telling them apart. A particularly homey episode, which illustrates just how much of an everyday life this petite actress leads, is the story she tells of hearing one of the twins "whoopsing," as she put it, in the bathroom late one night. Nancy went in to help and put the little girl to bed. A little later she heard her again. So once again she went in and put the child to bed. The

next morning she asked Charla how she felt. "All right," said Charla. Then another little voice spoke up. "I feel all right, too," said Grania. Both little girls had been ill, but Nancy had thought it was the same one each time.

But there are differences in temperament and talent. "Grania, for instance, is the better dancer of the two," says Nancy, "and Charla is the better actress." Their pretty red-headed mother, who has spent most of her life acting, doesn't know whether or not they'll follow in her footsteps in the theatre. "It's too early to tell what they want to do," she says sagely, "and, besides, I don't believe in pushing things. There's plenty of time for the girls to make up their own minds."

Nancy Coleman herself is happy anywhere, so long as she is acting. Like most youngsters, she got the acting bug early. But, unlike the majority who get bitten, she never got over it. And it was her mother's courage and vision in pulling up stakes and moving—from the small city of Everett, Washington, to San Francisco—which enabled Nancy to get her first break in radio. For her mother never doubted Nancy's talent.

Nancy's father had been a newspaperman. He was managing editor of the local paper. Nancy and her sister grew up in Everett, went to grammar school there and then to high school, after which Nancy spent a couple of years at the University of Washington—where, as she explains it, "I acted, every chance I got, and read all the plays I could get hold of." Her sister had no interest in a career at all. "It's funny," Nancy laughs. "She worked in an advertising agency in San Francisco and was very good at it, but she just wanted to get married and have a home of her own. I used to tell her she wouldn't meet many beaux if she quit her job. But I was wrong. She got just what she wanted."

When the Colemans moved to San Francisco, Nancy took a job at a local department store, The Emporium. First she ran an elevator, then was promoted to the millinery department where, as she puts it, "they tried to make an assistant buyer out of me." One day she was riding in an elevator when a sorority sister, whom Nancy didn't know, saw her pin and struck up a conversation with her. Learning that Nancy really wanted to act, she offered to introduce her to the casting director at NBC. "I didn't think anything would come of it," says Nancy, "but it did. I was called for an audition which I couldn't make and, believe it or not, they called me again. This time I went, and got a part in *Hawthorne House*, a serial drama which was on one night a week. So I kept my daytime job—until the store decided my mind wasn't really on millinery and fired me."

After that first show, Nancy got more radio parts and gathered some stage experience with the Federal Theatre. But always in her mind was the dream of New York and the Broadway stage. Everything she had done was leading up to the big moment when she would arrive in Manhattan. "My goal was to save \$1000," she says seriously. "I finally made it in January, a time of year when, according to all the experts, nothing is happening on Broadway. But I was afraid if I waited I'd spend that money and my dream would never come true. So I came to New York in style. I took a first-class cabin on a ship through the Panama Canal, bought myself some wonderful new clothes and landed in New York with about \$600. A friend of a friend of my mother's met me and took me to the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, and there I was."

Nancy's luck held all the way through. She got a room at the hard-to-get-into Rehearsal Club, an inexpensive residence for young stage aspirants, which usually has

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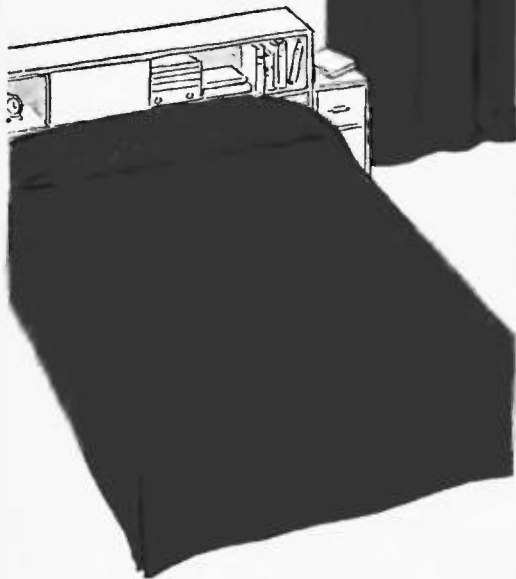
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a mile-long waiting list. And it wasn't too long before the pretty redhead got a part in the successful Gertrude Lawrence play, "Susan and God."

When the play ended its Broadway run, Nancy went with the road company—and the very first city she played was San Francisco, whence she had come just six months before. "I came back to New York after the road run," she says, "and went into radio, where I was in *Young Dr. Malone, Death Valley Days*, and a dozen other radio dramas." Then she was asked to read for the lead in a new play by the well-known playwright Philip Barry, and got it. Her first starring role was in "Liberty Jones," a play the critics found interesting but the public found merely baffling. But it brought Nancy a Hollywood offer and off she went to Warner Brothers, where she stayed for five years.

It was at Warners' that she met her husband Whitney Bolton, who had just become publicity head of the studio. He was sitting at a table in the commissary, where all the stars eat their lunch, when Nancy and a writer friend of hers, Jerry Asher, came in to keep a date with Olivia de Havilland. They were late and Olivia, being a lady of temperament, had gotten tired of waiting and had left a symbol of her annoyance on their table. It was a *gris-gris*, a little figure made of wax and stuck full of pins. The

gris-gris is a voodoo charm made by the Haitian Negroes when they wish harm to their enemies. Of course, Olivia left it as a gag. But Nancy didn't know what it was.

"I was so dumb," she admits, "I had never heard of such a thing, so I blurted out at the top of my lungs that I didn't know what a *gris-gris* was. Well, the man at the next table called out and said, 'I'll tell you what it is.' He came over, and I was introduced to Whitney Bolton. In fact, Jerry Asher said, 'Here's Whitney Bolton, a real charm boy.'"

Nancy readily agreed with Jerry. She and Whitney were married the following September.

Their life together is happy because each understands and has respect for the other's work. When asked whether Whitney doesn't find her current schedule a little rugged, Nancy explains: "Whitney says that he knew what he was letting himself in for when he married an actress and, so long as I am working and happy, it's all right with him."

And Nancy is happy working. She likes TV because it gives her a chance to use what she calls "the tools of my trade." Says she, "Acting is a trade like any other, and if you don't keep working you lose your skill." So that's why this attractive redhead keeps to a schedule that would make many a strong man quail.

"I've All I'll Ever Ask For"

(Continued from page 59)

been like a rebirth to me. Like the coming of spring. I live for Toni. I haven't any thoughts that don't include her."

There was a charge, both in the words he used and in the way he spoke them. Another kind of charge.

Right now, happiness is in the ascendancy in Jan's life. And, because there was so much unhappiness, struggle and heart-break in his early years, Jan has an especially keen appreciation of his present state.

"This," he tells you with a glow in his voice, "is the happiest I have ever been."

And he tells you why. He has his first real home, in Woodmere, Long Island, a house so old that Jan says, "When I first opened the front door, two old men tumbled out yelling 'Run for your life, the British are coming!'"

He has Toni. Toni, who waited five years for him. Toni, of whom Jan says, "When I first saw her, I thought she was the loveliest looking girl I had ever seen! Now, after five years of courtship and four years of marriage, I still think so. I have loved her through all sorts of vicissitudes and," Jan laughed, "all shades of hair!"

He has his children: Warren, the son of his first marriage, who is eleven; Celia, so special to Jan, who is three; Howard, the baby, who is just two. And, in May, there will be another baby, a fourth.

"Toni wants a big family, terribly big!" Jan beamed. "I get scared sometimes. I'm thirty-five . . . and I see all these tots running around the house. No relaxing for me!" he said, looking as though he couldn't be more pleased.

He has his show. His suspenseful, fun-and-frenzy show now telecast over approximately 120 stations, including such far-flung spots as Hawaii and Alaska.

"The only thing I ask for now," Jan said, "is that my show, still pretty much in its infancy, be a big hit; that I can create enough excitement, develop enough new gimmicks so that it will survive forever—and there's no reason I know of why it can't. If this comes off for me, that's all I'm ever going to ask—and, of course, that

my wife and kids stay happy and healthy and my home as it is, just exactly as it is today. I seem," Jan summed up, "to have reached port—or heaven, I should say."

So he does. A snug heaven, and secure. But he reached it the hard way.

Jan was born in the Bronx, New York, one of two children. "We started off in life fairly well-to-do," he smiled. "Comfortably off" describes us. And then, in 1929, I saw my dad go bankrupt overnight, but not bankrupt of spirit. He was a big man, a courageous man. One of his remaining assets was a vintage Packard limousine which he converted into a taxicab, and drove, just so we kids could eat. That took guts. He had 'em.

"I'd like to think that I inherited my father's courage. But, for a time, it didn't seem as if I had. From the time I was born, my main ambition was to make people laugh. Early in life I showed a knack, I've been told, for the fast patter, the swift ad lib. After high school, I landed my first job as social director in charge of entertainment at a big hotel in the Catskill Mountains. In the first show I put on, I made my professional debut. Acting then, as now, as my own gag writer, I gave it all the pace and patter, the wit and will, at my then untutored command. But I seemed to click with the paying customers. That did it. Then and there I decided to make show business my life work, my career.

"As with Danny Kaye, Imogene Coca, Moss Hart, Van Johnson and so many others, I served my apprenticeship on the 'Borscht Circuit.' Soon after I graduated from the Circuit, I began to get bookings in burlesque, honky-tonks, night clubs, small vaudeville theatres, and gradually progressed to the plush Copacabana, the Martinique, the Paramount Theatre. But, all during this time, I was followed by great personal tragedy.

"My mother, brother and father all died within six years. They all died tragically. None of it was easy. My mother first. Then David, my kid brother, six years younger than I, was shot down overseas. He was a pilot in the Second World War. I'd been

rated 4-F by the Army because of a punctured ear-drum and was in Europe with the USO when it happened.

"I'd gone to my brother's camp in England to visit him. . . . I had some time off, and eagerly anticipated a reunion with him. It was evening and his commanding officer sent for me immediately. He said, 'Mr. Murray, I don't know how to tell you this. You must understand there's a war on—and Davey didn't get back tonight.' We learned that he had bailed out, and this gave us a kind of hope that could only be called forlorn. Still, hope. He might be in a hospital somewhere. Or perhaps a POW. I stayed overseas a year hoping to get some word. Finally I did. The Red Cross notified me that the German Government had notified them that Davey was dead. I finally located his body. It's a long story," Jan said, "and too bizarre, too unhappy, to dwell on here.

"The next blow fell when my dad began to fail. There were doctors, diagnoses, treatments—but no improvement. Finally, I took him to the Mayo Clinic. He didn't want to go. 'I'm only in my fifties. I should be working,' he'd say. 'I don't want to be any further expense to you.' I tried to kid him along. 'I'm not feeling too good myself,' I told him. 'We'll both have a check-up and get the score.' At the Mayo Clinic we were given the correct diagnoses. Except for my punctured ear-drum, I was fine. My dad had lung cancer.

"All this happened in my twenties, the formative years. They would have been good years if so many bad things hadn't happened. As an entertainer, I'd started to move. It had begun to look as if I was going to make the grade. Then—boom! That was one of the times when it didn't seem as if I'd inherited the stuff of which my dad was made. After the doctors pronounced what was virtually the sentence of death over my father, I just sat and drank—and I'd never had a drink in my life before! I just couldn't get with it. This went on until a friend—one of those real friends who lets you have it when you've got it coming to you—said to me, 'Give your father something to root for, why don't you? One son is dead, another sitting here with a bottle . . .' He really laid it on the line, and I listened.

"That really shook me up and made me face things. I quit drinking, cold, and went back to work. While I was performing at the Martinique in New York, my agent booked me for Ciro's in Hollywood. But I never got there, because I received word that my dad had collapsed. I cancelled out of Ciro's, came home and told my agent to accept no bookings for me. I just stayed with my father. Seventeen weeks later, he died. Those seventeen weeks seemed like an eternity to me. . . .

"So much for personal tragedies. Professionally, like all other actors, I have had my ups and downs. I'll never forget my first terrible disappointment in my career. It was back in 1940 . . . I got my first booking on Broadway at the Hurricane Restaurant. Boy, was I thrilled! My first Broadway appearance. Murray was on the Main Stem at last! But not for long. They cancelled me after one week. Gee, I was just heartbroken.

"Then I joined a unit booked to play two weeks in Des Moines, Iowa, preparatory to going into the Oriental Theatre in Chicago. While we were playing Des Moines, the booker for the Oriental came out to look us over. 'I don't like this guy Murray,' he told our unit manager, 'I don't want him in the show.' The night I was to open in Chicago, I was on a train going back to New York, crying my eyes out.

"The next booking was at the Saks Show Bar in Detroit. But Detroit at that time—these were the war years—was converting

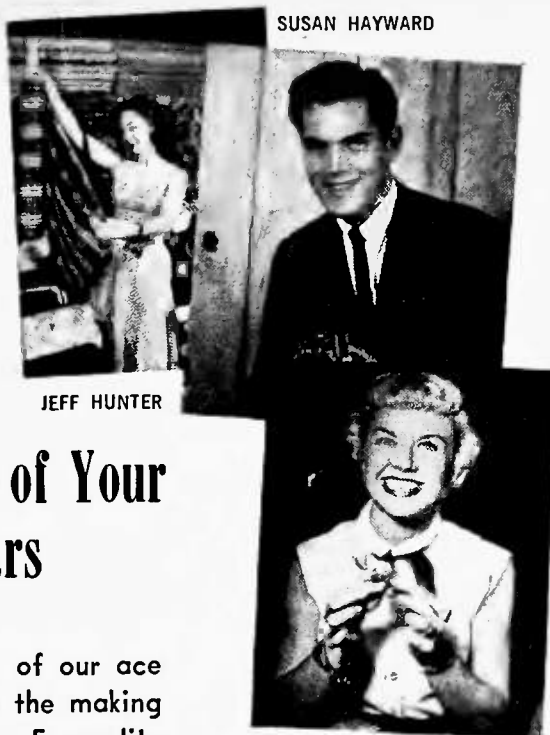
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its automobile industry into aviation and the good people of Detroit didn't have time, just then, for Show Bars or show people. I didn't realize this until later. All I knew was that, all at once, I was playing to three or four customers. I wasn't very funny. Even if I had been, it wouldn't have counted. Empty chairs can't laugh. "I came back to New York. Came home. *I'm no good, I brooded, I have no talent. I'm through. I'm dead.*

"That's the kind of thing I was thinking during that all-time low of my life. I had to live and learn—learn the simplest facts of life, the ABC's of a constructive philosophy. The cloud I'd been living under had to have a silver lining. Somewhere within me I had to find a spark of the faith and spirit that had carried my dad through troubles far greater than mine. And, as soon as I began to find that spark of faith, things began to happen.

"Leon, of Leon & Eddie's famous New York night club turned out to be my 'silver lining.' Leon sent for me. He said: 'Eddie Davis has just gone into the hospital for an operation. We need someone in here to make the customers laugh. I saw you at the Hurricane last month and I think those guys were nuts to let you go. I think you're great. Come in here and you're going to be a hit!'"

Jan went in there, stayed eight weeks, and was a smash! The smash produced the kind of repercussion such smashes usually do. At the end of the spectacular eight weeks, Jan was booked into Loew's State Theatre. Then the Paramount management said, "Hey, let's get this guy!" Since then, Jan has played virtually every top spot in the country and has been hailed as an expert and polished monologist, a wit, a wag, a laughmaker extraordinaire.

But the real high point of Jan's life came four years ago, when he and Toni were married.

"It was during the war years, in 1943, that I first saw Toni," Jan said, and happiness glowed in his face as he spoke. "I met her when she was a glamour girl, who'd been described as 'America's most beautiful show girl,' at the Copacabana here in New York. I walked in there one night with some friends. One of the friends knew Toni, introduced us, and we danced. As we were dancing, I asked Toni if I could see her again. She didn't say no. But practically the next day I went overseas, sooner than I'd expected, with the USO. I was gone for more than a year. When I came back, I opened at the Copa. Toni was still there. That was it! We both knew it. But—because of my first marriage, which had failed but was

not legally ended—there was nothing we could do about it but wait. We waited. For five years. During those years, Toni stood by. She was wonderful.

"We were married in Washington, D. C., which is Toni's home town," Jan told me. "I was appearing there at the Capitol Theatre. When the All Clear sounded, so to speak, we streaked off to a Justice of the Peace like lightning. To get married—never mind where, or how, or what we were wearing—that was the thing!"

In the past three years, Jan has been the sparkling emcee of such high-rating radio and TV shows as *Songs For Sale*, *Sing It Again*, *Go Lucky*, *Meet Your Match*, and *Blind Date*.

And then, in the autumn of 1953, along came *Dollar A Second*. It was adapted from France's most popular radio-TV quiz, *Hundred Francs A Second*, which was invented and popularized by Jean Vital, the Arthur Godfrey of France. The American version is budgeted at a cost of \$2,000,000 for a 26-week period. Jan hopes, with all his eager heart, that to this 26-week period there will be no period.

"I'm having more fun with this," Jan said, "than anything I've ever done in my life. Before TV, I lived or died by what I, myself, did with an audience. But here's a whole show, a mixture of many talents. It's fun to do. Most of my ingenuity now goes into developing gimmicks.

"For instance, there are the chance elements which are involved—the time a plane lands at La Guardia, or a baby is born in a certain hospital, or a car passes through the Lincoln tunnel. These are all real happenings, and selecting such events is a challenge in itself, for they must have both suspense and originality. And then there are the stunts which contestants perform, when they've missed an answer to a question but still want to stay on stage earning a dollar a second.

"On this show, I'm of more value behind the scenes, creating these gimmicks, than I am on camera—and I love it! I eagerly look forward to the writing sessions. And I can't wait to get home, where, with Toni's help, I pre-test the stunts I use on the program. These shenanigans, home-tested to make sure they will 'play' before a studio audience, include such stunts as getting Toni to carry a tray of dishes while balancing a glass of water on her head, or whirling a hoop in each hand in opposite directions at the same time. Sunday nights, Toni comes in to town, we have dinner together, and she watches the show.

"Of all the things I've ever done on TV," Jan said, "this is the most satisfying. In addition, I'm deeply grateful to TV for

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enabling me—because of its set schedule, only one performance a week and no traveling—to be the family man I try to be, and want to be, and a normal father to my children. To spend an hour with my children, I'd rush—not walk—out of the most important conference. I'll go home now, for instance, and, as I do every evening but one, put the little fellow to bed and read to Celia. Celia, by the way, was named for my mother and Howard for my father. We're hoping to have another boy, so we'll have another David.

"After our dinner Toni likes to read, and I'm a TV bug. Naturally, I love to watch comedians—just to see if I can learn anything or if they've stolen anything. On days when I'm not working, either I do violent physical exercise—mow the lawn, work out in a gym—or just collapse, sort of. I'm not much use, I'm afraid, around the house. I can't cook. I'm not a handyman. I don't like to tinker.

"We have a lot of fun together at home, all five of us (soon to be six). The fun comes naturally. We laugh when we feel like it, cry when we feel like it. The keynote we strove for in our home was to make it relaxed and relaxing. In every single room, for instance, there is a rocking chair. Even the more formal rooms just have more formal rocking chairs.

When we moved in, we didn't have a napkin. Within three weeks, the place was furnished from top to bottom. We did it all ourselves. In furniture departments and shops. 'We'll take this,' we'd say, 'and this, and this and those!' And there we were. I was against having an interior decorator. It would take too long and, besides, we weren't building a showcase. We knew we had little tots. Just to make it livable, to furnish it so that if the kids destroy something it won't cause an upheaval, that was our aim. I think we accomplished it. Outside, it isn't much to look at, but it has an acre of fenced-in land out back, which is important for the children—we just open the door and let em go! But, in spite of the fenced-in yard and a governess for the kids, Toni is in a frenzy all the time. She has that anxiety about kids that's common, I suppose, to all mothers.

"Otherwise, we keep it pretty light. All the kids have a sense of humor. Toni has a very dry wit—she's a character. I got a girl," Jan laughed, "who's been a glamour girl in show business, yet what she wanted all her life was a home and children. Now she's got what she wanted. Her career is her home and her kids, and doing everything she can to please her husband. Very old-fashioned—for instance, in this respect: If I ever comment on a pretty blonde, my wife is a blonde the next day! So in order to keep the beauty parlor bills down, no comment! This is what I meant when I told you I've loved her through all shades of hair. A blonde with dark eyes when I met her, she's since gone from blonde to her natural shade—which is dark—to red, and back to blonde again!

"When I told you that marrying Toni and founding a new family has been like a rebirth to me, I meant it," Jan said, "with all my heart. My only fear now is the fear of not being able to raise the children right. I feel a great responsibility toward them which makes me want to keep working hard until I'm stable enough, financially, to make them safe.

"A marriage like mine, a good solid TV show to go on with—if things can only stay just as they are," Jan said, "just exactly as they are, what more could any man ask of life, of God?" The answer is a humble and a grateful, "Nothing. Nothing more."



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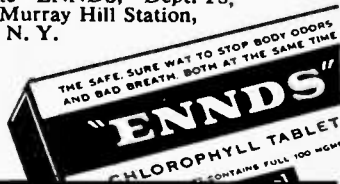
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Robert Q.—Spectacular Spectacle Man

(Continued from page 52)

Robert not playing chef for his friends, or doing the rounds of clubs, or generally living it up during his off-duty hours, would strike a sane man as being as silly as you can get.

But what Robert Q. was saying was absolutely true, for—during his three straight months of subbing for Arthur Godfrey while Godfrey was recuperating from that famous hip operation—Robert Q., by just being himself, had become one of the biggest properties CBS had. Carloads of mail came in. Sponsors began nibbling around, asking CBS to have Lewis sell their products—sponsors that conflicted with Godfrey's, furthermore.

There was only one thing to do. Robert Q. Lewis must have an afternoon show. "And what's there about that to knock you out?" anyone could ask him.

"Man," yells Robert in reply, "you just come along with me for a couple of days and you'll ask no more silly questions!"

When you watch Robert and his "little family of friends," afternoons from now on, remember what you have read here—remember the drudgery, the aspiration and heartbreak, the high inspiring moments, the momentary despair, and the endless amount of talent and work that were required just to set up this half-hour, get it "on the road."

Take a look at what happened that last day of auditions for R. Q.'s new afternoon show. They're being held in a brick-and-fancywork monstrosity known as Lederkranz Hall, over on East 58th Street, and Lewis is reaching the end of looking at and listening to some five hundred applicants.

A small, smoke-filled control room is crowded with people: secretaries, sponsors, producers, directors. Now this isn't for fun, you understand. Lewis is sitting at one end of the control board, his coat off, his collar unbuttoned. He has been running his fingers through his hair, and he looks tired.

Outside in the hall, we have had to push our way through a crowd of waiting people. They all look pretty wonderful, as-if they'd just come from a barber shop or a beauty parlor, and so they have. Their future depends on how they look and what they do this afternoon. Most of them have good, well-paying jobs, so there is no question of their starving.

But whoever hits today with Robert Q. and the grim-faced people in the control room is pretty sure of becoming a star. Much fame, much money, much future.

So now the screen in front of the board lights up. It's a 17-inch job, just about as big and clear as the average viewer has in his living room. On it the first contestant appears. She has a cute haircut and photographs nicely, and when she sings her ballad the effect is pleasant. Lewis, at his control mike, pushes a button and says, "That was lovely, dear, really lovely. Tell us a little about yourself, and then do a jump number, hey?"

The girl, on the spot, gives a brief resumé of her background and throws a grin that tells us all about her. She is young, she is scared, she wants this job like she wants her front teeth, and yet she is a little belligerent, too, trying hard not to ham it up or overplay.

"Now the fast number, honey," Robert says, and she nods to the accompanist and starts. After two bars, it's obvious she won't do. She flings around too much, she strains on the top notes, she's too sexy for a daytime show. "Hey, what d'you think?" Lewis asks of the others. One, a sponsor, shrugs. Another, a producer, drops his head. "Nothing happens," he says.

"Thanks so much, honey," Robert says when she has finished.

"Thank you," she answers—and Robert calls out another name.

Now a young man appears on the screen. He looks like an old-fashioned collar ad, with the darndest assortment of teeth and brilliantined hair you ever saw. He launches into a song and he is consistently a half-tone flat. Not only that—he overworks embarrassingly, he mugs too much, he is just all the way terrible.

Robert Q. takes one look and slips outside for a breath of air. But his timing, his good taste and his friendly understanding of people somehow bring him back to his control mike just as the man finishes his number.

The routine goes on: "Tell us a little about yourself, where you come from, what you've been doing," Lewis says.

The man leers at the camera. "Well, I'm from Brooklyn," he says. Then he flashes all those store teeth at the camera.

After a long pause Robert punches the button on his mike. "Thunderous applause," he says. "Proceed."

"I've been working in burlesque for some months," the man says, "and I may add that I'm the only singer who ever stopped the show."

"Good Lord," someone mutters. "Not that again."

Lewis finishes laughing and then pushes the button on the mike. "You hold onto that line," he suggests amiably. "That'll make your fortune. Now, how about a ballad?"

It is almost two hours later when a girl turns up suddenly on the screen. The cameraman is playing around, shows us her feet first, then a bit of her skirt, finally concentrates on the girl's face. The girl is worrying about her song with the pianist. "I've got two choruses," she tells him, "with no break—just a slow job between."

"Hey," says Robert Q. softly. Everyone else in the room leans forward, interested. Here is Something. Here is youth and beauty and personality. Okay, we've seen a lot of those three things this afternoon. But this girl has a fourth, curious, inescapable quality.

"I saw her downstairs," Robert mutters. "She looked like nothing. But look at her on the screen!"

"I'm looking," says one of the sponsors.

"Lord, let her have a voice," Robert says prayerfully. He punches the button on his mike. "Look, dear, give us the jump piece first, okay?"

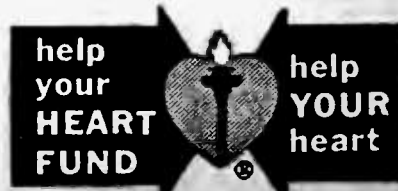
The girl grins back from the screen in just the way you'd like your sister or your sweetheart to look. She starts the number. Gee, she's so good! Everything about her is nice to see, and she has a voice, and the way she uses everything (her lovely young body and all) is thoroughly pleasant.

Now Lewis is leaning forward, grinning. The sponsors and producers and directors are on the edges of their chairs.

A false note comes from the piano, and the girl stops. She shrugs at us. "No," she says quietly. "Two choruses."

Lewis hastily flips on his mike. "Relax, honey, relax," he says. "Take it from the last chorus."

She does. She's great. It's obvious everyone in the control booth thinks so, too.



When she gives the little talk about herself, she is honest, cheerful, and has perfect stage presence.

Finally, she sings her ballad. She looks directly into the screen and says, "I'm gonna do the same one you heard before, but a little slower. Okay?"

"Okay," says Robert Q. meekly. He is enchanted, and who can blame him? She sings the ballad, and now there is electricity in the air in the small smoky control room. Something has happened to each person. A spark, a kind of beauty, a little chill up the backbone, a shiver all over, like when fifty violins soar up to the top in the "Liebestod"—that's the way it is.

Lewis calls her back for a final chat, while he motions to an assistant to run down to the audition studio and ask her to stay for more talks.

"And why did you say you left California to come here and tackle TV?"

The gay, exciting face looks at us from the screen, and the mouth twists into a frank, honest grin. "I need the money," she says.

By the time you read this story, you will already know who won out on the audition and what people are starring on Robert Q. Lewis' afternoon show. The next day, when I talked to Robert Q. again, I'd taken the trouble to learn that girl's name. "Is it really Jaye P. Morgan?" I asked him.

"It is indeed," he grinned. "With a name like that, she says she needs money!"

"Are you going to put her on the show?"

"We're negotiating," he said, "so of course I can't say."

"The first big break," Robert said fervently, "was getting our own theatre—finding a home. Look, do you by any chance remember about three years ago when we tried an afternoon variety show, a whole hour, called *Robert Q.'s Matinee*?"

No, of course you wouldn't. Hardly anyone does. We even had Rosemary Clooney on that show, but nobody was ready for daytime TV, neither the audiences nor the performers. We clunked.

"Everything's different now. We have some idea of what people want, because they've started TV during the daytime."

"In other words," I said, "Mom has moved the ironing board into the living room and you're welcome to come in and visit just as long as she doesn't have to take her apron off and make company out of you."

"That's just it—that's why it's so tough to create an afternoon program. Look, how many people do you know that you'd invite into your house every afternoon for a half-hour, glad to see them, amused by them? People who'd entertain you, but not be so talented and glamorous that they'd finally make you feel like a slob in your own house?"

I could answer that. "Nobody, and that's for sure."

"Okay, then suppose everybody who works on a show like this one—producers and directors and writers and, above all, the talent—all are geared to fast nighttime work?"

"You were saying something about finding a home . . ."

"Yes. In the old days, we carted scenery and props all around New York. Now we can follow Garry Moore every day into the Mansfield and we'll be home. And we have a budget, a real good budget. Mostly, I'll do the show ad lib, let it happen as it happens. But there will be days when I feel bad, when I haven't had a chance to worry myself to sleep the night before. Then I'm going to need a script—and it better be written by sharp guys who are paid enough to handle the job. Ray Allen

and Bob Cone are already in. We'll see how it goes from there."

At this point the office was swarming with people. Agents were presenting clients, other agents were representing sponsors who wanted to know what the deal and show were, and outside the long hall was lined with people anxious to find a place on Robert's new show.

I grabbed my coat and started to put it on. Robert said, "Fed up, Buster? Seen enough?"

"All right," I told him, "you've made your point. Good luck with the show."

He looked after me wistfully as I walked away. "Wish I could walk out of this just like that," he said.

A few days after I'd finished suffering through the creation of a show with Robert Q., I was walking along Third Avenue past the crazy, dusty old antique shops, when I saw a familiar figure, laden with bundles, pushing a door open with his elbow. I followed him in, and watched, grinning, while he chose a special candlestick, paid for it, and wrote lengthily on the card that would accompany it.

Finally he took the new package, added it to the mound of gifts he was carrying, and turned to go.

"No private life, hey?" I said. "Darn it all," he said, "it's a birthday. A guy has to buy a few presents."

"But you're so busy now," I said, "your secretary could order your presents for you."

The big, wide smile came back, and suddenly his armful of bundles seemed lighter.

"Aw, no," he said, "I wouldn't do that to anybody on their birthday. My friends are special. The gifts I send have to be right. Know what I mean?"

I knew what he meant. Even though his private life was wrecked, he'd find a few hours now and then in which to be human.



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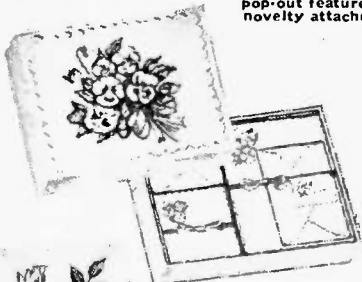
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Today With Garroway

(Continued from page 62)

I remember seeing one of those shows, laughing myself sick, and next day trying to explain it to a friend. I had to give up after a few false starts. I couldn't remember what Garroway had talked about, except that it was refreshing and funny, and I couldn't describe the sets, because there were hardly any. Well, there was—a hallway with a lot of doors in it, and people kept running in and out of them in the most hilarious way—but I couldn't just say that and prove my point. Perhaps it was the very absence of distracting scenery and lots of high-priced talent, and the very need for ingenuity and originality, that made it so good.

Dave's present show is rapidly becoming as sharp as the Chicago offerings, but you can't help feeling, as you look at the bigger orchestra, the many sets and all that talent, that Dave and Charlie Andrews might be better off—and happier—with a bare studio, a stepladder and a merely brilliant idea.

Dave Garroway himself is a fascinating guy. The more you learn about him, the more you respect him as a human being and as an artist. I'd never met him until I went to a rehearsal of one of his once-a-week evening shows. On the way up Park Avenue to the 106th Street studio where he was rehearsing, I passed the building where he has his penthouse. I thought about that, and the very comfortable way his original "family" were living now. Charlie Andrews, his writer and producer, was ensconced in something just as smart in Beekman Place, and others who had stuck with Garroway were "roughing it" on lower Fifth Avenue.

I watched Dave rehearsing his Friday night show for a while, talked to Andrews and other people intimately involved with the show. I strolled into a control booth and watched how the rehearsal looked on the camera. One of the writers struck her forehead with her fist as the rehearsal progressed, and cried out, "Oh, Lord; it's not right! Nothing is right!"

I agreed with her. Brian Aherne, the guest star of the show, had been asked to make a funny by showing his face in the face of a clock and having a tic, one eye blinking, as a comedy finale. When I left, Mr. Aherne had said, dubiously, "Well, I don't know."

The director had countered, "Try it, huh? Let's see how it looks." The show turned out all right. I'm blessed if I know how. In all probability, Dave Garroway was the one who managed to pull it together. This is his forte. That day, he had been wandering around the studio as unconcerned as if everything were going smoothly and the director wasn't a new one, with only a week on the job. The whole place was a madhouse. Sound booms turned up in the middle of a haunted-house set, nobody seemed to know what he was supposed to do, and you couldn't take a

step without tripping over some cables.

Yet, out of the melee emerged Dave, shirt-sleeved and rumped but smiling and charming. His was the only voice that wasn't raised. He remembered the hallway with the doors the minute I mentioned it. "Yes, that worked beautifully, didn't it? That was the Slipping Around number. Actually, this haunted-house thing today is much like that, only this is vastly more complicated. Now people have to go in and out of fireplaces and Lord knows what-not."

It was all a far cry from the evening in March, 1948, when Dave and three friends met in his one-room apartment in Dearborn Street, Chicago, to create something out of nothing. Of the friends—Charlie Andrews, Edie Barstow and Bob Banner—who gathered there, one was an English instructor, another a dancer, another an advertising man. Together they created the Dave Garroway TV show which eventually landed the "family" in New York.

But, just as that initial conference created a show which delighted everyone, it was growth for Dave, from out of his original beginnings, when a stroke of luck took him out of the straight announcer category into the "entertainment" side of radio. That period came for Dave two years before when NBC casually tossed him a late disc-jockey show because he was the only staff announcer who didn't live 'way out in the suburbs.

Dave has always been a jazz lover—and just how much of a jazz lover is borne out by the fact that when the Hot Club of Chicago, an organization of jazz aficionados with lots of enthusiasm but a low entertainment budget asked him to emcee their concert for a fee of \$15, he jumped at the chance.

"I remember that evening," one of his oldest friends said the other day. "Gene Krupa was the guest of honor, and he simply took over the stage. Dave didn't get a chance to open his mouth all evening. He retired to a spot in front of the bandstand without \$15 worth of resentment, and enjoyed himself immensely."

The limelight is not something Dave Garroway has to have.

At forty, Dave lives a bachelor existence. Once married to Adele Dwyer, a girl whom he had known previously in college and whom he later married in Chicago, he has a daughter named Paris. It was a war marriage and, during the period when Dave was in the Navy, the two grew apart. Because Dave is a serious, thoughtful good human being who takes the marital vows for what they are—the pledge of two people to live and be together the rest of their lives—he has not re-married. When the right person enters his life, he undoubtedly will.

Meanwhile, Dave Garroway concentrates on the shows that bring you pleasure—*The Dave Garroway Show* and his *Today*.

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DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 7)

health mean to these two girls to whom he is so important? 11:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY With the sudden, shocking death of her husband, Helen Emerson faces the necessity of working out not only her own adjustment but of helping her children. Nine-year-old Kim, eighteen-year-old Diane and twenty-one-year-old Mickey will react to their changed life in different ways. Can she help all three equally, or must one suffer for the family's benefit? 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN Ever since the failure of Mark's last play, Wendy has known that her brilliant, unstable husband was headed for another psychological crisis. But even though she herself cannot help, she feels that Mark's willingness to confide in Dr. Weber is an important step. Meanwhile, the strange personality of Mr. Magnus casts its shadow over several lives. How will he affect Wendy's? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Ever since Clair O'Brien came into her life, Joan Davis has discovered that she herself is capable of stern, almost ruthless actions which she would never have dreamed of if she had not been forced to defend herself against Clair's wickedness. Even if Joan's sister Sylvia escapes the net cast by Clair's lies, can Joan's life ever be the same as it would have been if Clair had never touched it? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The more the Carter family changes, the more it remains the same. As the children have grown up and widened their interests, somehow the family's interests have widened along with them. Instead of going outside the family as they make new friends, or as they marry, the Carters have brought their friends and spouses into the group. But is it an unmixed blessing for family feeling to be so strong? 4:45 P.M., NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Ever since Tracy Adams first appeared in Three Oaks, Dr. Paul Browne has felt that she would have an important impact on the life of his friend, Dr. Jerry Malone. Paul doesn't know if good or bad will eventually come of it, but Jerry's confusion troubles him greatly. Meanwhile, Sam Williams and his daughter-in-law Crystal face a curious, and dangerous, situation. 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Though she concentrates desperately on her tear-room and her children, Ellen Brown cannot forget the heartbreak of losing the man she loves, Dr. Anthony Loring, to another woman. Memories of Anthony prevent her from turning to Michael Forsyth, an eligible bachelor who admires her. Ellen struggles hard for her outward composure. What will happen to it when she must meet Anthony and Millicent as man and wife? 4:30 P.M., NBC.



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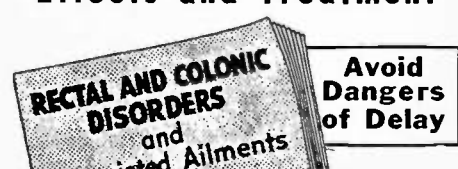
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When Faith and Love Walk Together

(Continued from page 23)

fun-loving, restless girl, got up too soon and overtaxed her strength. This tragic error resulted in a heart condition which has shadowed her life and Todd's ever since.

When her teen-age girl friends were going to parties, having lots of dates, skating, dancing, skiing, and enjoying all the fun of youth, Edna was lying in a hospital bed. From the time Edna was nineteen until she was twenty-one, her greatest thrill was to have her friends visit her in the hospital room, and occasionally to be allowed to sit up in a chair. She had to learn patience early, she had to accept the life of an invalid while her friends were marrying or starting careers. She had to have more than the ordinary amount of courage.

During those years, it was Todd who helped her most of all. When she became restless and railed against her illness, it was Todd who consoled her, gave her a reason for continuing her fight. He brought the world to her in that colorless little hospital room. And he was often with her even when he could not be there in person, for he was breaking in as a radio announcer, and Edna could listen to him. Whenever he could, between shows, he came to see her. He read aloud to her, played cribbage with her, told her jokes, brought her amusing little gifts. He kept her hope alive. He was the reason for her determined fight. He was the sustaining force in her life then, as he is now. "I always could count on him," she says.

Todd was determined to marry her as soon as the doctors would let her leave the hospital. Their engagement celebration was held while she was still in her high white bed. They knew it might be months or even years before they could be married, that they could not have all the fun that young engaged people usually can count on. But, when Todd put the engagement ring on Edna's finger, they asked for nothing more than the love and trust they shared.

The heart ailment from which Edna suffers is known as mitral-stenosis, a narrowing of the valve which pumps the blood from the pulmonary artery to the lungs. It is a condition which causes breathlessness and an inability to exert the slightest physical effort. It requires rest, unusual care and patience to adjust one's life to this impairment for which, until recently, there was no alleviation. Unlike some of the more usual forms of heart disease which strike out of the blue, Edna's condition is chronic, and there has never been a day when she has not been conscious of her limitations.

Both Todd and Edna had given all these things serious thought before they married. Both of them, in a sense, were mature and thoughtful for their years. Not every young man just starting out on his career would be so unselfishly devoted as to propose marriage to an invalid for whose illness there seemed to be no cure. But Todd was not an ordinary young man. He was in love with Edna, and the life he wanted was a life with her. Friends, relatives, doctors advised against their marriage.

"We don't know how long Edna has to live," said the specialists. "You can't have children. She'll never be able to live a normal life." Their friends cautioned them, too. "You're young, Todd, an active man. You like to play, to go places, to do things. Edna won't be able to keep up with you."

But they were in love. It was as simple as that. They would work it out—and, for fifteen years, they have. Neither has a

moment of regret. Neither sees anything extraordinary in their life together.

Todd says quietly and with great sincerity, "It has not been difficult at all. I don't know whether I can make you understand that. Our life together has been a partnership from the very moment we were married. We have built our existence around Edna's capacities." And he continues earnestly, "We have never thought anything about it, it's part of us. It never was a hardship. We loved each other. We wanted to be together and that was all that mattered." Edna, too, never had any doubt in her mind that it would all work out. In her soft, shy voice, she says with such feeling that there isn't any doubt she means it, "I would have been the most surprised person in the world if it hadn't worked out."

If there have been occasional moments of doubt and loss of hope, neither of the Russells admits it to himself or each other, nor to the world. It is hard to believe that there have not been dark times, when Todd had to call on all his love and faith: times when Edna had to summon all her courage in order to keep going. But keep going they did, because basically they had what few people in this world have. They had what they wanted.

If outsiders wonder how they made their marriage work, it's no mystery at all to the Russells. The mystery to them is that anyone should think it had to be made to work. It has been their life, the one they were willing to settle for, and they see nothing extraordinary in it at all. Their social life, of necessity, has been geared to Edna's strength. And many a night they have spent alone, with Todd reading aloud to her. He got in the habit of reading to Edna during her early days in the hospital and he has kept it up ever since. It is characteristic of Todd and his attitude toward their marriage that he finds it no chore at all. In fact, with his wonderful ability to see the bright side of everything, he says, "Reading aloud to Edna through the years has been wonderful for my voice. It has helped me to learn voice placement."

If Edna wasn't up to cooking dinner—well, Todd is a pretty good cook himself, and many a time he has brought dinner to Edna on a tray. What did it matter if Edna couldn't go dancing? They could go to an occasional movie or a show. Or, if she couldn't go out, they could play cards together. It didn't matter, either, that part of each day Edna had to rest in bed. She couldn't work and Todd was out of the house, so she geared her hours of rest to his work day. Fortunately, too, his job and its unusual hours enabled him to spend more time at home than the average businessman. Nothing mattered to the Russells except that they were married and happy together.

The thread of continuity running through their marriage is their faith in God and in each other. When they were married, Todd was just breaking into radio. He was making the tiny salary—even for those days—of \$22.50 a week, which meant that Edna had to use ingenuity that would have taxed many a strong, robust housewife. Their rent, Edna recalls was \$20 a month and, says she, "My marketing budget was \$5.00 a week, and I made out on it, too."

Todd's salary didn't leave much margin for emergencies, as they found out when Edna's heart condition forced her to go back to the hospital not long after they were married. This was the first of a series of staggering set-backs which would have daunted anyone less ebullient and optimistic than Todd. But they took it in their



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stride, even laughing when she came out of the hospital on the day before Thanksgiving, and there was no money for a festive dinner. Their doctor, on discovering this, went right out and bought them a chicken, all the fixings and a bottle of red wine.

But Todd didn't stay at \$22.50 a week for long. He got one radio job after another, doing, as he puts it, "everything there is to be done in radio—announcing, acting, disc jockeying, singing and commentating." He worked hard. Not only because he had the normal ambitions of a young man but because Edna needed all the care and help he could earn for her. And Edna did her part to keep their marriage happy. It would have been easy for a young and attractive girl who had to lead the life of a semi-invalid to turn into a nagging, complaining woman in spite of herself. But Edna didn't let this happen. Todd says that she has always been cheerful, always courageous, always happy to listen to his programs and advise him on them, to help in any way her limited strength would allow. Her faith and belief in him carried them through the years.

Todd of course deserves a great deal of credit for keeping Edna's spirits up. The average woman who can't persuade her husband to do a thing around the house will appreciate what it meant for Todd when Edna couldn't make a bed, sweep a floor, run down to the corner store for a forgotten loaf of bread—little things which make up the fabric of everyone's daily life. Todd had to do them all, if they were to get done. These things are outside the scope and patience of most men. But Todd Russell had married the girl he wanted to marry and thought nothing at all of doing chores that would gripe the average husband. "It was a partnership," he repeats.

Their faith in each other, and in people, led the Russells to take gambles that would terrify others even without the hazard of Edna's heart condition. For example, eight years ago, when they left Canada and came to New York, Todd didn't have a job. But talking it over, as they always do with anything major in their lives, they decided that the moment had come for him to try the big time. They had a house near Toronto which they had furnished and paid for. They were without financial worry for almost the first time in their married life. But one night Todd looked around him and said "I feel settled." That was enough for Edna. "It's time for us to be on our way," she told him. And they sold the house and came to New York. Todd



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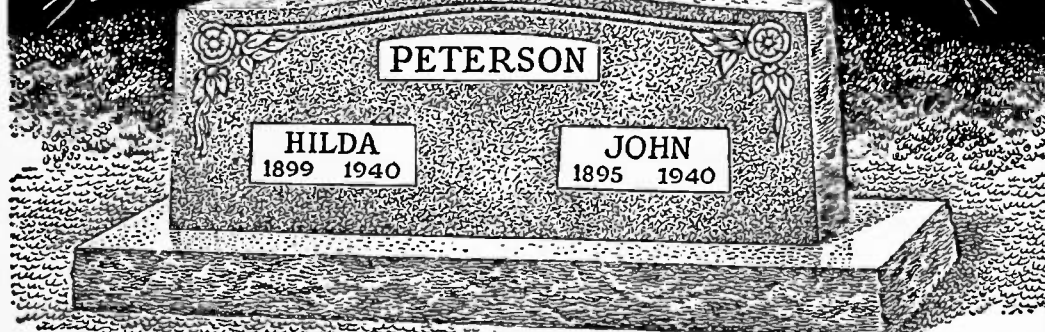
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had been here for a short time earlier, as substitute for Dick Stark on some of the Ivory Soap shows, and he loved the city.

Once again their faith was justified, for Todd got a job as master of ceremonies on *Double Or Nothing* just a week before Christmas—after being in New York only two weeks. "Our friends in Canada wouldn't believe it wasn't a put-up job. They never have been convinced that I didn't have that spot all lined up before I quit Toronto," laughs Todd.

He has been with *Rootie Kazootie* since the show started three years ago. To Todd, the puppet characters are real. He loves them—and the children who watch the show—and his youthful audience responds with an affection for Big Todd as great as his own.

Todd and Edna would have liked to have children, of course. And an occasional doctor or two (their lives have been full of doctors) gave them hope that maybe someday it would be possible. At one time they thought of adopting a baby. They talked about it at great length but they decided that, while it would be fine when the baby was little, a sturdy toddler with a penchant for getting into everything would be too much for Edna to cope with, and that it wouldn't be fair either to the child or to themselves. Now they have given up the idea, and do not brood about it. This is part of the secret of their existence—their ability to adjust to and accept the circumstances of their lives. They have so much, they think, that it would be ungrateful to complain about the things that are denied them.

Edna's father died when she was seven and, when her mother had to go to work, she placed Edna in a convent until she was seventeen. "I loved every minute of it," says Edna, "although I am not a Catholic." But there is no doubt that she retains some of the serenity and discipline of convent life. It shows in her quiet speech, her calm approach to things.

Todd was born in Manchester, England, but grew up in Canada and lost every trace of his English accent. He is the opposite of Edna, being quick, ebullient, rather explosive. Although the Russells do not consider themselves very religious, their life has been built on prayer and faith. "Yes," says Todd, "I pray a great deal. I never pray for myself or anything unimportant like a job or money. But I have prayed for Edna, and I have had occasion to thank God many times. A few years ago, Edna got virus pneumonia, which, because of her condition, became crucial at once. Our doctor called in a heart specialist and a diagnostician. The heart man gave Edna only a fifty-fifty chance and thought I was callous when I said to him that that was good enough for me. I knew that, given an even break, Edna, with the help of God, would make it. And she did.

"During that time, I was astonished at the number of our friends who called me up and told me they were praying for her. We had Catholic friends, Jewish friends, Baptist and Episcopalian friends, all of whom were praying in their own way to the same God. Our two Negro maids were Christian Scientists and they brought a practitioner to the street in front of the house. When Edna got better, as I never lost faith that she would, I told the doctor that I didn't know whether to thank him or God, and the doctor looked me straight in the eye and told me to thank the Man Upstairs.

"You know," says Todd, "Edna has courage. She has a searching mind, too, and demands the truth from the doctors. But that time when she had pneumonia she called me into the bedroom and said, 'What's the big production? We have three

doctors, what's going on?' So I told her she had pneumonia. Edna looked at me and laughed. Then she said, 'Is that all? I thought it was something serious.' And the next day she was better."

Four years ago, the Russells were given a new hope. They were in Hollywood for a brief nine months, but in that time they heard of a new operation which was then being studied for people with Edna's condition of mitral-stenosis. Hollywood doctors told them that they might possibly, just possibly, look forward to the day when Edna, too, could have this operation performed.

When they came back to New York, they talked to doctors, went to specialists, spent weeks, months, years of hoping. And, just four months ago, Edna underwent the operation at New York's Beth Israel Hospital. So new is this heart surgery that Edna Russell was only the twenty-second patient upon whom it had been done at that hospital. But such was their faith that never for a moment did they hesitate before this, the greatest gamble of their lives.

They do not say, of course, what each of them may have been thinking in his innermost heart during those fateful weeks of tests before the surgeons and specialists decided that she might have the operation. Nor did they even voice to each other the thought that maybe it was their biggest gamble. But that it was a gamble there could be no doubt. For, when the moment came for the surgeon to enlarge the swollen and calcified valve with his finger, he suddenly said, "I can't do it." He had found something unusual in her condition. Her own doctor, attending the operation, and the surgeon's assistant walked away from the table. A moment later, the surgeon chanced it and the operation was over. Successfully.

The night before the operation, so secure in their love and faith were Edna and Todd that their good night was no different from any other night. Edna just said, "See you tomorrow," and Todd said, "Sure."

They won their gamble. Although the operation is only four months back of her, Edna can walk a few blocks without gasping for breath. She can make her own bed. And this, she says, is the greatest thrill of all. That simple little act, perhaps more than any other, illustrates how Edna and Todd have lived all these years. Things, ordinary little humdrum chores, were impossible for Edna, and her joy in now being able to do them is touching.

Touching, too, is the little motion she makes every now and then to feel her heart beat. "You see," she explains softly when she sees she is observed, "for years, whenever I sat in a chair I could feel my heart thumping through my back. Now it is so silent I have to feel it to know it is still beating."

The surgeons, the specialists, the doctors attribute part of Edna's recovery to her courage and tenacity. Even surgical miracles can fail to come off unless there is faith and will to bolster them. Now, the doctors say that Edna will be able to lead an almost normal life by the end of a year. But the Russells are not surprised. Of course the operation was going to be successful. Of course Edna would be almost completely well again. They never doubted it for a moment.

For their love story is more than a love story. It is the story of a partnership in courage and faith. Todd could not have done the things he has done without Edna. And Edna could not have beat a crippling heart condition, bouts of pneumonia and a drastic operation without a reason for living. Edna Russell is alive today because she wanted to be. Because she had faith, courage and above all—Todd.

Richard Denning

(Continued from page 34)

size of its home.

Dick knows this from experience, for—in eleven years of marriage—he and Evelyn have lived in eight different homes: three apartments, large, medium, and small; four houses which they built partially or entirely; and in one house trailer. Says Dick, "Evelyn and I were happiest in the trailer."

Their life in a trailer came shortly after Dick's release from the Navy—a four-year hitch when his income was mighty slim. He worked briefly when he came back to civilian life. But then followed an eighteen-month "dry spell." That's why they turned to living in the trailer.

"Money was very hard to get," says Dick. "It was like trying to pick fruit out of a season. There just wasn't any. We had some savings and a small profit on an old house we'd bought, repaired, and resold. But, as the months went by, our cash reserve went down the drain like the garbage disposal chews up beet tops. Poof!

"Yet we were never happier. The baby, DeeDee, was only two years old. She didn't need much room to run. Our trailer had a shower, radiant heat, and TV. Besides that, I built a patio and a barbecue wherever we stayed (rent—a dollar a day).

"We spent winter in Palm Springs and summer in Paradise Cove. I fished at the Cove and smoked the fish on the barbecue. How does the poem go... 'A loaf of bread, a smoking fish, and thou beneath a trailer's awning'? What else can a man ask for? That's what I call real living!

"Our trailer started a trend in my family. When my parents came to visit us at the Springs, they fell in love with trailer life. They bought one of their own. With my brother, just out of the service, the three of them hit the road. They traveled for a year and a half through Mexico, Canada, and the United States.

"When they stopped in Florida, my brother met a lovely girl. He made the folks park the trailer for a couple of weeks while he courted. When he and the girl were married, they bought a trailer and lived in it for two years. I was so impressed with all this trailer activity that I thought, for a while, I'd go into the business. I could have made a fortune selling trailers to my own family!"

Dick never planned to live in a trailer, build a house—or, for that matter, become an actor. He studied accounting at Los Angeles' Woodbury College, received his CPA degree (cum laude), and expected to join his father's garment business.

Then one day he was cast in a little-theatre show. He was immediately bitten by the acting bug. Though he tried to tell himself it was just a hobby, he found that he was spending all of his time studying scripts and none of it calling on his father's customers.

In 1936, he auditioned for the Haven McQuarrie radio show, *Do You Want To Be An Actor?* The weekly winners were given a screen test by Warner's. No one was more surprised than Dick when his name was announced as a winner. "My teeth were crooked, my hair was too short, and my voice cracked. I did get the screen test—but that was all. On McQuarrie's radio show, nobody could tell what I looked like. But, on film, my fifteen-foot head—on the projection screen—left little to the imagination. Needless to say, I didn't get the contract!"

But, in 1937, Dick did get signed at Paramount. ("I'd let my hair grow and had been to a dentist.") He also got himself



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a girl and a bowling team, called "Dick Denning's Demons."

Two days before the bowling-league finals, Dick had a spat with his girl—and a press-agent friend figured he'd capitalize on Dick's new free-lance situation, romantically speaking. He intended to get Dick together with Evelyn Ankers (then a Universal starlet), hoping to get some publicity in the columns.

He came up to Dick the day before the finals and said, "I've got a gal over at U-I who's crazy to meet you."

If he expected an enthusiastic reply from Denning, he was disappointed. After his break-up with the other girl, Dick was bitter and ready to face life as a bachelor.

"Not interested," said the captain of Denning's Demons.

"The gal's a real looker," persisted the press agent, "and she thinks you're the greatest! Whaddaya say I bring her over to the alley . . ."

"You win," said Richard, but his heart wasn't in it.

The press agent made the same approach to Evelyn Ankers at U-I.

"I've got a friend over at Paramount who's dying to meet you, Evelyn."

Evelyn, a practical girl with an English background, asked, "Who?"

Said the press agent with great enthusiasm, "Richard Denning!"

"Oh . . ." said Evelyn. She, too, was unimpressed, but agreed to meet Dick that night at the bowling alley.

Dick was in the middle of the last game when Evelyn came in with her mother and the agent. He didn't bother to go over and say hello, thinking, *I'll just finish the game. She'll wait.* So, with a wave of his hand, he acknowledged the entrance.

During the next fifteen minutes Evelyn sat thinking, *If he's so anxious to meet me, why doesn't he come over and speak!* After another fifteen minutes, she was ready to walk out. The press agent practically had to hold her with one hand as he desperately motioned to Dick that the time to come over was *now!*

Fortunately, the game was finished before the agent was completely exhausted. When Dick came up, he saw that Evelyn had on a black sheath dress, high heels, and a picture hat. "She'll never be able to bowl in that outfit," thought he. "I'll be able to brush her if I ask her to join me."

"Would you like to bowl?" he asked.

"You bet!" said Evelyn with a vengeance. She kicked off her shoes, handed her picture hat to her mother and, with a set of rented shoes, headed for the alley. To say that Dick was surprised would be an understatement.

Evelyn threw the first ball so hard it split the black sheath dress eighteen inches up the side—strike! Dick was impressed. He was more impressed at the end of the game. Evelyn had waxed him!

When Mrs. Ankers suggested they go up to the house for a cup of tea, Dick jumped at the chance. Here was a gal he wanted to see more of. The session lasted till 5:00 A.M.!

Dick didn't want to appear anxious, so he didn't call Evelyn for three days. When he did, he kept the conversation casual by asking, "How are you? How's your Mother? Didn't we have fun bowling the other night . . . and, oh, by the way, what are you doing tonight?"

Evelyn wasn't deceived. She had been smitten, too. They made a date that night and, from then on, saw one another every day and every night for seven months!

Says Richard about their courtship, "I lived in Leimert Park. Evelyn lived in Coldwater Canyon. I was tired of traveling back and forth. Besides, my tires were so thin it was dangerous! So I decided we should get married.

"In a half-hour conversation we decided to: (1) get married; (2) in a church; (3) in Las Vegas; (4) right away. We started for Vegas with a friend and his bride. We were driving through a little town halfway between Hollywood and Vegas when Evelyn realized she had on a black dress.



Happiest home-life days for Dick and Evelyn were when daughter DeeDee was two and they lived in this trailer—just one of their *eight* homes.

She didn't want to get married in black. "It was 11 at night and we could see only one light on in the town. Our good-luck angel must have been sitting on our shoulder, because that light was in a dress shop. Evelyn went in. The only white dress they had was a size 12. She was a 14. But she bought it, paid \$6.50—the highest-priced dress in the shop—and we were on our way again.

"We arrived in Vegas Sunday morning. We had a few minutes of rehearsal at the church before we realized we didn't have a ring. We found a jeweler decorating his window. I pounded on the door till he let us in. There was only one wedding band in the house. Believe it or not, it was just the right size! With things falling into place like that, I was beginning to think that this was one wedding that was made in heaven. It was just meant to be!"

When the bride and groom got back to Hollywood they found a small apartment. "Every morning, I had to fold up the bed before I could get out the door," says Dick. "I didn't need to do any calisthenics. It was always: 'One, two, bed up! Three, four, out the door!'"

The Dennings didn't stay in the small apartment long. The best man at Dick's wedding was going into the Army and offered his apartment to Dick and Evelyn if they'd buy his furniture. They didn't need a second invitation. They bought the furniture and moved in.

Then three things happened: The apartment was sold; Dick had enlisted in the Navy and was about to be sent overseas; Evelyn discovered she was going to have a baby. They needed a house and they needed it fast!

"We bought the first thing we came to," says Dick. "It was an old place on Crescent Heights in Hollywood. It was so ancient even the termites had beards. But we thought it had possibilities. We started tearing out walls and remodeling. Every time I came home on leave, I knocked out more plaster. Ended up by tearing out one wall and building on a room. Finished with the same number of rooms as when we started!"

It was his success with that thirty-year-old house that interested Dick in building. After his discharge from the service, the couple sold the house and bought a trailer. Then came the eighteen-month dry spell—no work. They had intended using their savings as a down-payment on a new house. But Dick's unemployment kept them in the trailer.

Then Dick started working again. His first job was with Lucille Ball on the radio version of *My Favorite Husband*. As soon as he and Evelyn were back on their feet financially, they began looking for a house. They found one in Brentwood partly framed-in. Again they saw the possibilities. Dick finished the house.

Dick and Evelyn had no sooner settled in the Brentwood house than they spotted a place in Encino which they liked. "Again it was only framed-in," says Dick. "I guess you could describe us as the family that sees possibilities. At any rate, we bought it and finished it.

"On the way, I made a few changes. I enclosed the original garage. Made a playroom out of it, 25' x 40'. Then I added a three-car garage in the back.

"Like Topsy, that house just grewed. We ended up with 3600 square feet under roof. We were 1000 feet high and had a picture window large enough to see all of the San Fernando Valley. It took me an hour and a half just to drive down the hill to work. Believe me, there was *nothing* small about that place!

"We had three gardeners. But that wasn't enough. I found I spent all my spare time carrying bricks and trimming shrubs.

"If we had a party, it took me a day and a half preparing for it. The least I had to do was clean the pool, get the yard in shape, and set up the barbecue. Then I was too tired to swim or enjoy our guests. After they'd gone, it took me another day to clean up.

"We soon realized we were living exclusively for the house. So we started looking for 'something with possibilities.' We didn't find a house, but we did find a hill with a view that was being graded. We bought two lots before we were finished. We'd seen the possibilities.

"We sold the Encino place and moved into an apartment not far from our site. It was just like camping out. We stayed in the apartment until I'd finished the house—the first one I'd contracted for all by myself."

This new house of Dick's and Evelyn's sits high above the Sunset Strip. It has a view that runs from Los Angeles on the left to the blue Pacific Ocean on the right. Though the house has only 2000 square feet, it's designed for real living.

"For one thing," says Dick, "we don't have a formal dining room. We feel that entertaining is becoming more informal. So when we're finished, we'll have a drop-leaf table against the dining-area wall."

The living room and dining room are combined to achieve a wonderful spaciousness. Every night, Dick burns his scrap lumber in the fireplace. Says that, with his garbage disposal and the fireplace, he's happy again.

There's a half-wall between the combination living-dining room and the kitchen. Evelyn finds this convenient since she can be preparing for guests and still not be cut off from the conversation.

The house is furnished in Early American. Evelyn is the decorator and has haunted auctions ever since the day they sold the Brentwood house with the modern furniture. After she'd lived with *that* for a while, she wasn't sure she liked it. Dick is not yet sure *he* likes the antiques.

One day recently, Evelyn interrupted his script-reading when she came in with a new purchase—an old cane-bottomed chair with shorter legs in back than in front.

"Look what I found!" she cried. "What is it?" asked Dick with a raised brow.

"It's an antique," said Evelyn. "We're going to use it as a telephone chair."

"It doesn't look very strong," said Dick. "We better not get too many calls."

"Don't be funny. The chair's good as new—it's only 200 years old!"

"Don't you be funny," said Richard. "If anyone sat in *that* chair, they'd have to be ready to give up living. If I made a chair with short legs in back you'd say, 'What's wrong with it?' We oughta go back to modern—at least you could sit in it."

Evelyn put the chair by the phone.

"Well . . . how much did it cost?" asked Dick.

"Four-fifty." "Guess it's not such a bad chair after all," he said and went back to his script.

Though Dick has just finished his new house, he's already planning another on the lot next door. "We'll build one pretty much like this. While I was working on it, I had a lot of people come up and ask if it were for sale. Since they think so much of my building, I might just as well sell it—that way, we'll be able to pick our neighbors.

"After that, I think there'll only be one other house in our future. Of course, it's just a dream because it's ten years away. But when DeeDee gets married and there are only the two of us again—we'd like to get another trailer! Evelyn says they're easy to keep clean. What else could a man want?"

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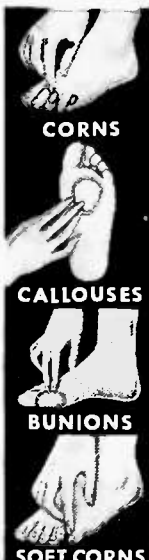
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Win With Your Questions

(Continued from page 54)

awards may appear most intriguing, but we know that—to those who earlier discovered the program—the prizes, pleasant though they are, will be far outbalanced by the prospect of hearing what the panel has to say.

For the regular listeners have been comparing their opinions with those of the panel ever since last August, when the show went on the air. Letters attest that sometimes a listener agrees, sometimes she differs, but almost always she silently joins in the argument. Many a woman has absent-mindedly poured a second measure of soap into the dishwasher or dusted a table twice while contemplating what she herself would say on the subject if given a chance.

What's more, she's well aware that her opinion could be just as valid as that of the panelists—for, to the questions of *Make Up Your Mind*, there are no ready-made answers in the back of the book. Charting its course away from that of the quiz specializing either in international affairs or in encyclopedia information, this show spotlights baffling human relationships.

When he's being formal about it, the show's originator, Arthur Henley, terms it, "Opening up new avenues of thinking for people."

But Arthur Henley seldom has time to be formal. Slim, dark-haired, wiry, he possesses both quick, alert eyes and a quick, alert mind. Together, they produce radar-fast reactions. He can sense a person's intent before that person finds words to voice it.

Therein lies the reason why so many facets of each question can be expressed by the panel members in the brief minutes allotted to each topic on the air.

Standing in front of the group like a musical conductor, he watches the expression on each panelist's face, the set of each one's shoulders, the tension of each one's hands. He can tell the instant his regular members, Edith Walton or John S. Young, have a quip to contribute. He can also tell when the less experienced and more timid audience member or celebrity guest has something worth saying.

Each member has a number. They watch for Henley's hands to flash a signal. Edith Walton, in the number-one spot, may be well started on a dissertation in which she holds a strong opinion. But, if she sees Henley gesture toward number four—the celebrity guest—she wraps up her idea swiftly and gives the visitor a chance to talk. Thus Henley provokes, paces and produces a heated discussion.

That it also turns out to be a well-balanced discussion is due to the make-up of the panel.

Henley's anchors are Miss Walton and Mr. Young. He discovered Miss Walton, a writer, book reviewer, editor, critic, on *The Author Meets The Critics*. Impressed by her clear, terse statements and firm opinions, he also found they were soundly based on wide experience and observation.

John S. Young, too, is a person of many talents. He has combined the careers of radio commentator, Navy officer and diplomat, and has served the United States as ambassador.

In Jack Sterling, Henley found a master of ceremonies whose radio experience is both wide and deep. He can cope with any situation which arises on the air, state his questions with authority and move to the next question in a few quick words.

To this sound construction, Henley adds another factor—the psychologist. Says Hen-

ley, "Differing opinions are fine. But any discussion, to sustain interest, must get somewhere—it must have direction. After our panel members have expressed their views with wisdom, feeling and—we hope—with wit, it's a good thing to know what the professional student of human emotions and relations has to say about it."

To express that view he has chosen four who are recognized leaders: Mrs. Lee R. Steiner, teacher and consultant in personal problems who is the author of *Where Do People Take Their Troubles?* and *A Practical Guide For Troubled People*; Dr. Fred Brown, professor at New York University, chief psychologist at Mount Sinai hospital, and distinguished holder of many honors; Dr. William J. Eliot Crissy, also on college faculties and a specialist in the field of vocational guidance; and Dr. Allan Fromme, author, teacher, and child psychology expert.

In the field of psychology, Henley himself is no amateur. In his few precious spare moments, he furthers his "psychology major" by reading the latest tome on this subject. To this he adds the practical observations gained in twelve years of radio and writing.

From the total he evolved a pet theory. There's the force of conviction in his voice when he says, "You've heard for years that the ideal radio program should be directed toward the twelve-year-old mind, that the audience is unintelligent. That's wrong."

He gestures with a decisive hand. "People like to think. They want to think. The trouble with some of us is that we've given the audience too little to think about."

He proved his theory in practical fashion. An earlier local New York show of his titled *Press Box* was scheduled into a period prior to baseball broadcasts.

"Don't make it too heavy," he was warned. "This is a sports audience. They don't care about anything except batting averages and who's going to win the pennant."

Henley ignored the advice, talked to men and women from all fields and, in their interview, encouraged them to speak about serious subjects rather than trivia.

At the end of the baseball season when his show, too, went off the air, he asked his listeners one favor. "Send me," he requested, "a postcard telling me just one thing: What do you do for a living?"

Promptly, the postoffice delivered proof of his point. There were more postcards from taxi drivers than from toxicologists; more from housewives than from historians, and the total quantity of all was most satisfactory.

It was these cards, carefully tabulated, which, after he had plotted *Make Up Your Mind*, convinced a sponsor he would be wise to risk his money on a "think" show.

Every day, letters from listeners add to this proof. To potential questions submitted for the show is added a large quantity of mail which says in effect, "This happened to me, too."

But the letters which Henley really cherishes are those which also say, ". . . but I never saw the humor in the situation until after I'd heard the panel kick the idea around. You people gave me a new viewpoint."

Which is another way of repeating Henley's aim, "We want to open up new avenues of thinking."

How's about trying it yourself? Everyone knows at least one question which will make the panelists, psychologists and, most of all, the audience, apply all their experience, wit and wisdom to the solution.

Haleloke—Hawaiian Doll

(Continued from page 27)

and plays, just like many others. But Hawaii, as Arthur Godfrey has said over and over, is still a veritable paradise. The climate is incomparable. The beaches, hills and tropical plants are breathtaking in their beauty. The islanders, though they can jitterbug and sing our pop tunes, have never given up their wonderful culture, their love of native dance and music. The islanders are happy people who live to share their happiness.

"And there was no home anywhere happier than the one my mother made," Haleloke says.

Their home was located in a garden of flowers, and roses were in bloom when Hale was born. Her mother named her Haleloke, meaning "house of roses." Hale was the youngest of the children.

She was seven or eight years old the time she came home all excited about a silver Christmas tree decorated with blue balls that she'd seen in a store window. Always, the family had put up a green tree. That year, the day before Christmas, the garage door was closed to Hale while the family went secretly about its business. Christmas morning, Haleloke found a pine tree that had been hand-painted silver for her—with blue balls, too.

"I've never forgotten how pleased and touched I was," she says, "but that was just one of many things. It was Mother's aim in life to make others happy."

Haleloke's mother loved to entertain and her parties were always gay. But she could be deep and serious. She was intelligent and helped Hale with school work. Because the other children were much older, Hale was frequently alone with her mother and so learned the attitudes and reasonings of an adult.

"I owe everything to her," Hale says simply. "She was the greatest person in my life."

Haleloke's four sisters—there is about twenty years difference in their ages and Hale's—went to the University of Honolulu and became schoolteachers. Hale, when she graduated from high school, went up to Honolulu to live with a sister and follow the same course.

She never even finished her freshman year. Her education literally exploded on December 7, 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

"We lived in the heights but not more than five miles from Hickman Field," she says, "and we slept through the entire attack."

She, like the other islanders, was accustomed to the Army's target practice and thought that was what the noise was.

"No one could believe it," she recalls. "It took hours for the local radio station to convince us we were at war."

The world was stunned and lives were changed. Hale gave up school and found a job in an Army ordnance office. She was there eight years, until Arthur discovered her.

That Haleloke should become a star entertainer was the one thing in life she had never expected, hoped for, or even thought of. No one in her family had ever been a professional entertainer.

"And yet all Hawaiians are in show business," she says. "Everyone sings all the time. We breathe music."

So Haleloke was working in the ordnance office and singing no more, no less than any other girl. She made some home recordings one evening while visiting a friend. The friend played the records at a party and they were heard by a guitarist from the Alfred Perry group. Hale was asked to join the group.

Alfred Perry's musical aggregation is

well-known in the States. His program, *Hawaii Calls*, has been broadcast over the networks for many years and is presently heard on Mutual every Sunday evening.

During the war, Arthur Godfrey, then in a naval uniform, met Alfred Perry and his wife. They became fast friends, although Mr. Perry had no idea of Arthur's prestige in radio. Arthur promised to come back to Hawaii for a vacation after the war, and he did—in 1950.

Alfred Perry took his dancers, singers and musicians to the airport to meet Arthur and Mrs. Godfrey and their son. The music festival began at the airport, crossed country to Arthur's vacation cottage and continued into early hours of the morning.

And, when the group left, Arthur grinned and said, "How about everyone coming back again tomorrow night?"

On the second night, Arthur singled Haleloke out of the group and asked if she would come to New York and sing on his show. Now this is the amazing part, much more amazing than the tale of being discovered in a canoe. Any other young entertainer asked to go on a Godfrey show would probably double the speed of sound in getting to New York. Hale merely murmured her thanks, smiled and walked away. When Arthur repeated the offer, Hale again was non-committal.

"Two things frightened me," she remembers. "New York itself, and the distance it would put between me and my friends. When you have happiness, it doesn't make sense to leave it."

A month later, the entire *Hawaii Calls* group went to Yakima, Washington, to take part in a civic celebration. There Haleloke found a telegram from Arthur.

He enclosed fare for the trip to New York and suggested that, since she was already in the states, she extend her stay—long enough to see what show business was all about in the big city.

"I still didn't want to go," she says, "but Mr. Perry and my friends insisted. At the last moment, I gave in."

She was met at La Guardia Airport and it was explained that Arthur was in rehearsal. She got to her hotel and, a few minutes later, Mrs. Godfrey phoned and invited her to dinner. An hour later, Arthur called for Hale and took her back to the studios. He told her that she was to relax and watch the rehearsals and shows the first week.

Haleloke was mightily impressed by the performance, studios, the cast, Arthur and the city itself. Mrs. Godfrey invited her to the farm for the weekend. The Little Godfreys asked her to lunch and dinner. Janette Davis took Hale under her wing and showed her the sights of the city.

The second week, Haleloke began singing on Arthur's radio program. Arthur, who pulls neither punches nor praise, made it quite clear that he wanted her to stay on permanently. Hale said no. She made reservations to fly home after her appearance on a Wednesday-night telecast.

Arthur turned that night into a big Hawaiian show featuring Hale. He brought in Hawaiian entertainers from the Lexington Hotel. He even flew Duke Kahanamoku, a singer and ex-Olympic swimming champ, in from Hawaii. On the morning of the telecast, Mrs. Godfrey phoned Haleloke and asked if she wouldn't put off her departure until the following Monday. She wanted Hale to spend the weekend in Florida with the family. Duke Kahanamoku was going along and Hale could fly back to Hawaii with him.

"I gave in that much," Hale remembers. "I agreed to stay on three more days." Haleloke was thrilled by the telecast.

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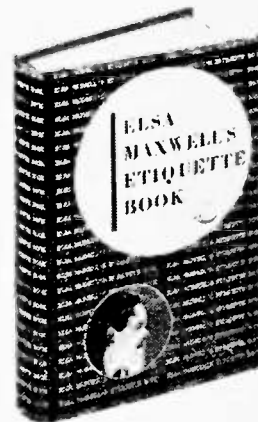
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Not only by the honor done to her but in the tribute paid to the real culture of the islands. She knew by then that Arthur did not have a narrow understanding of her people's dance and music. She found that he truly shared her love for the subtleties and beauty of the island's culture.

They flew out of New York's October frost into the mellow warmth of Florida. Haleloke thawed. She and the Duke and Arthur talked for hours. And Haleloke signed on with the Little Godfreys. It had been a hard-fought battle, but everyone won.

"That was three years ago," she says. "Since then I've come to love New York, show business and my new friends."

The first year was bad—lonely, confusing and bitterly cold. But Janette Davis didn't let Hale down.

"Jan and I became close friends," she says. "Jan invited me to dinners and took me to parties. She showed me Manhattan and taught me how to get about the city. And she taught me how to move fast."

In Hawaii, no one runs or walks fast. People stroll. In New York, it is rush and run.

"Walking fast, trivial as it sounds, was one of the most difficult things I had to learn."

Then Hale moved out of the hotel and into her own apartment. She has three comfortable rooms furnished with blond, modern furniture. The walls are predominantly cool green and she has decorated them with driftwood collected in Florida. The driftwood reminds Hale of home. Another reminder is a picture she took of waves crashing on the Canadian coast. Hale is a camera bug and she has one wall covered with snapshots of the Godfrey cast.

She also has a large collection of records. Crosby is one of her favorites, but she likes symphonic as well as popular music.

"When I feel a depressed mood coming," she says, "I just pile on the records until it is over."

Her closet is stocked with dresses, skirts and suits in different shades of blue. She dresses conservatively and prefers delicate costume jewelry. Her favorite shoes are "spectators" and she's sorry she can't wear them year 'round here as she did back home.

"Frankly, I'm the world's unhappiest dresser-upper," she says. "I'd like to wear jeans all of the time."

Her social life (on weekends only, like all the other Godfreys) is full. She has visited almost every eastern state as a house guest of the many friends she has made. When she goes out dancing, she likes soft lights and soft music.

Hale has discovered that New York is not cold. She has friends here as warm and sincere as those back home.

"But now the shoe's on the other foot," Janette Davis says. "It's the surprise ending to a real story. Haleloke is the rock that her friends cling to when they feel low."

Haleloke is loved by all who know her. What everyone in the cast and office has to say about her is out of this world: "She's the most sincere person I ever met." "She's not show business, she's just people." "When you ask Hale a question, you get an honest answer." "She's the kind everyone wants for a friend." "Hale is tops."

"Hale must take after her mother," Janette says. "She lives for the sole purpose of making others happy." And she adds, "Maybe that's why Hale is such a contented person herself."

The Lifetime We Share

(Continued from page 41)

He doesn't earn all that fame—and money—without working hard for it, and spending most of his time at that work. It isn't just the rehearsal time, or the actual hours when the shows are on.

Of course, I'm often there for rehearsals, and for actual performances, too. No wife could be prouder than I am, when I watch my handsome, talented husband going through his paces. Then there are the interviews. When writers ask me about Dennis and seem to want my opinions and views, I even get a little proud of myself, just for being part of his life and knowing so much about him. (And, when RADIO-TV MIRROR asks me to do a whole piece like this, I'm really awed!)

These are work experiences I can share with Dennis, just as I go with him—at his request, thank heaven—whenever he leaves town for an outside job.

One afternoon a couple of months ago, he walked into the living room of our New Rochelle house, kissed me briefly, and said, "It's on again. Another one next week in Philly."

I knew what he meant. The first of the yearly series of telethons for the Cerebral Palsy Fund was coming up, and once again our whole lives would be turned upside down for a week. For all the tremendous spiritual lift I get each time we have the opportunity to be of service in a wonderful work of this kind, I couldn't help giving a big sigh. I knew only too well what was ahead of us both.

You see, about five years ago Ed Sullivan called Dennis and asked him to go upstate to a hospital and put on a benefit for the patients. Dennis didn't know what kind of a hospital it was, or anything

about the patients, but he agreed, in his good-natured way, and, the next thing he knew, he was trying to be gay and lively and funny in front of the most heartbreaking audience he'd ever had.

Afterwards he said to Ed, "What's the matter with these poor kids?"

Ed shook his head. "Cerebral palsy. They can't help it. They're born that way."

"But couldn't something be done?"
"If we had some money, sure. But these kids are the forgotten children of our time. Nobody cares about them."

When I married Dennis two years ago, the telethons for CP were already as much a part of his life as his regular work. We had decided, when we were married, that we just didn't want to be separated, ever, for any reason—so I started going along on the trips to Philadelphia, Texas, Miami.

Now, once again, we were off to Philadelphia. "I'll start closing the house Friday afternoon," I said, "and I'll bring the dog to town in the car—say, about two hours before we're ready to leave?"

Dennis couldn't answer that. Was there ever a husband who could handle all the details of closing up a house, for a quick trip out of town? Was there ever a wife who could explain why there's so much to be done, in so short a time? Our jewel of a maid doesn't like to be left alone—she loves "company" in the house—and arrangements had to be made so she could go away for the weekend. Candy, our boxer dog, would have to be left in town with my mother. The right clothes for our trip must be ready and packed.

By now, I should have known better than to go into all this with Dennis. He had enough on his mind, with his own work. Besides, he'd been on a diet for

two months and lost twenty-five pounds (very becoming, I thought). However, it added to the strain he was under, and I wasn't a bit surprised when the only comment he made was: "I'm hungry."

"Would you like something different tonight?" I suggested.

He bravely shook his head.

I sighed. "All right, steak tartare, with the trimmings."

At dinner, Dennis sat working egg yolk and chopped onions into the raw ground steak, and chomping away. I tried not to watch too openly, but he'd been on this raw-steak kick for weeks now and I was fascinated. He caught me staring.

"I like it," he said, defensively.

"I'm so glad."

"But I'm hungry," he added, looking miserable, "for some spaghetti."

I grinned, and touched the buzzer with my toe. "That, at least, figured," I said. A minute later, the maid came in with a steaming platter heaped high with spaghetti. Together, she and I had figured out that little problem six hours before.

We had to leave immediately after his TV show on Saturday. I took Candy to town in the car, made all the necessary arrangements with Mother, then started repacking all the stuff I'd already packed once, back at the house. Now I had to squeeze things into smaller suitcases. I'd barely finished when Dennis arrived to take over the wheel for the trip.

Of course, I got some rest while Dennis was driving. For Dennis, however, there was no let-up until almost twenty hours later, when the telethon was over and we went to our hotel in Philadelphia. I'd been on the switchboard, and Dennis had been in front of the cameras, for eighteen hours straight, without a pause.

"Wasn't it wonderful?" Dennis asked, as we ate our belated dinner. "When I brought those kids on who, last year, couldn't even speak—and, this year, they talked so well and looked so nice and everything. Baby, that's progress!"

"The audience promised a quarter of a million," I said. "That's progress."

"How was it on the phones?"

"Easy. They called in and wanted to talk to you. I told them I was your wife, and they right away started asking me if you wear pajamas in bed, what you like for breakfast, the works. I answered away, and everything was fine."

"You told them what I wear in bed?"

"I wasn't lying," I said, smiling. "You've still got those old pajama tops in the bottom drawer of your dresser. I just said you had pajamas."

"Speaking of bed," he said. "Hey?"

"By all means," I said.

Ten minutes later, we were both fast asleep. We slept for ten hours. This is our routine on telethons, no matter what hour it is when we finish.

Actually, \$400,000 came in to the Cerebral Palsy Fund from that telethon, about 112 per cent of what was promised over the phones. I think the response is so good (some other telethons don't collect much more than half the promised donations) because Dennis presents the evidence of improvement, which has been bought with donated money, on his show. You can't look at a child who was helpless last year, then watch him walk and talk the following year, without seeing the good your money has done.

That's what makes it so rewarding, when Dennis and I make these trips. That's why it will always be worthwhile, closing the house for a little, leaving Candy with my mother, and taking off for Texas or Florida or wherever they need Dennis's help. It will be hard work and great fun, and I'll be with Dennis. And I'll love him a little more each week because he hasn't a

selfish or unkind bone in his whole body.

I didn't know what kind of a man Dennis was when I first met him in Florida.

The first time I ever saw Dennis James, he had just been pointed out to me as the guest of honor at a party given by a famous radio executive at the executive's winter home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. That was three years ago, and I was living in Miami, where the television coaxial cable was still just something that "might" get there someday. Thus the name Dennis James meant nothing to me.

But a little later, as I went to get something from my coat, I caught him slipping out. He stared at me in surprise.

"Leaving so soon, Mr. James?" I asked.

He pulled a pad of paper and a pencil from his jacket, and hastily scribbled a few words. "Throat operation, can't talk. You a guest at this party?"

"Why, yes," I said, when I'd read his message. "I'm Marjorie Crawford."

He scribbled again. "Thought stag, no girls. Just sneaking out. Hate stags."

I laughed. "There will be lots of girls, and besides, you can't leave. After all, you're the guest of honor."

He raised his eyebrows and pointed to himself, shaping the word: "Me?"

"Of course."

"Nobody told me," he wrote. "Hell of a note. Thanks for saving me. Will sneak back in. See you later?"

"I hope so." I did see a lot of him, that night and later, and a year later I married him.

Just before the party was over, Dennis handed me another slip of paper. "Drive you back to Miami?"

It was only a twenty-five-mile drive along Highway No. 1, one of the prettiest rides in the country—especially when there is a big moon and a few white clouds in a light balmy sky. For part of the way, you drive with the ocean on your left and it is about as romantic as you can get. But, with his hands on the wheel, Dennis couldn't write. And there I was, riding with a man I knew was handsome and charming and a terrific dancer, completely without communication. What would his voice sound like if I could hear it? Would he really have something to say, or would his conversation be limited to clipped half-sentences, like his notes?

It was like talking to a robot with three answers: a smiling nod, a frowning shake of the head, and a raised eyebrow for maybe. I turned on the radio, finally, and we rode in a companionable silence.

As he took me to my door, however, out came the pad and pencil again. "May I see you tomorrow? Please!"

By the time, two or three weeks later, that I finally did hear Dennis's voice, we'd learned how to share those companionable silences where you can be happy together without needing to talk, and we'd learned to understand and appreciate each other without having to put everything into words.

I had already discovered that Dennis was a big man, full of humor and surprises and talent and heart. Dennis is a very glib gent, as you who watch his shows already know. Furthermore, he prefers to play down the special qualities in himself that I most love in him—especially the fact that he really has a heart. He's afraid people will think him a ham with a ready tear in his eye.

Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if he'd been able to give me a spiel during those first days in Miami. I might never have had the chance to learn that he was exactly the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

The silence that cost Dennis so much in lost shows turned out to be a golden break for me.

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Front Page Farrell

(Continued from page 25)

strongly composed weathered-red freight trains, vividly highlighted by a shaft of sunlight. Some muted and low-keyed, like the study of an old derelict in Bowery surroundings, or of torn billposters waving in a dreary wind.

Many, many pictures, all beautifully executed, all of them the work of the successful and sensitive professional painter named Staats Cotsworth, who is also the successful and sensitive professional actor known to radio listeners as *Front Page Farrell*, in the daytime dramatic serial of that name. (Listeners remember him, too, as the fellow who played Casey, the *Crime Photographer*, for eight years on radio, and as an actor who has appeared in many other radio and television roles. And on the stage—most recently in José Ferrer's distinguished production of "Richard III" at New York's City Center.)

The big studio easel, set at the many-windowed north end of the room, is where Staats works at home. The pots of brushes, the tubes of casein paint (which he now prefers to the usual oil colors), the waiting palette and clean white gesso board in readiness for any time free from scripts or the hundred-and-one details of an actor's job. Waiting for free time, because acting comes first with Staats, although painting runs it a close second.

"I have no such conflict of interests," Muriel Kirkland Cotsworth tells you, as you sink into the comfortable sofa facing the fireplace—and David L. Swasey's portrait of her above it, the one picture in the room not painted by her husband. "I'm an actress—and a housekeeper, of course. Staats is interested, and expert, at so many things. Painting, photography, even cooking—and designing things, like these bookshelves on each side of the fireplace, with the little arched recesses for ornaments. That was his idea. He painted the lamp shade to match the antique base we found, reproducing the little cherubs and the design. He planned the cabinets that are built around the radiator, to conceal it and also to hold his art materials neatly and keep the room from looking messy, since he has to use that end of it for his studio.

"We like having the easel there, sometimes with an unfinished piece of work on it. Friends come in and take a peek, give it more attention if they're interested, or they can sit with their backs to it! Since we moved to this larger apartment Staats has been able to get far more work done because his tools are always set up and waiting. He finished enough paintings for his one-man exhibition in New York in 1948, for another one last year and, since then, for the January exhibiton this year at the Art Alliance in Philadelphia."

(Some of his fellow performers who are proud owners of Staats Cotsworth pictures are Nina Foch, Shirley Booth, Karl Swenson, Richard Stark, Paul McGrath, Henry Jaffe—and Florence Williams, the girl who plays his wife Sally Farrell. Florence has one of his watercolors, a view of her house in the country, made during a visit of the Cotsworths.)

Staats and Muriel have been married since 1936. At that time she was already well known on the stage as Muriel Kirkland, who made her first big hit as the ingenue in the hit play, "Strictly Dishonorable." They met in the summer of 1935, on the boat going up to Magnolia, Massachusetts, to their respective jobs. Muriel, arriving a second before sailing time, came dashing up the gangplank as it was about to be removed. Staats was one of the four other members of the cast, already aboard, who cheered her on. She wasn't

sure she liked him too well at that first meeting. He had seemed just a shade too noisy in his cheering, and just a shade too sure of himself as she got to know him better that evening. She thought he talked rather knowingly about art, for a fellow who was an actor, not realizing it was the other half of his life he was already beginning to share with her.

She learned that, while she was to play the leading woman in the play, "Private Lives," it was not Staats who would play opposite her, but another actor in the group whose previous experience had been chiefly in singing roles. Staats was to play the second lead but, as rehearsals got underway, it became only too apparent that the men's roles should be reversed. Staats was given the lead, opposite Muriel, and the other man took over his part, a happier arrangement for all concerned. Much, much happier for Staats, who had always secretly hankered to play this role and already knew enough about it to learn quickly. Much happier, too, because he was getting quite interested in the petite, auburn-haired girl with the soft brown eyes and quiet voice.

"We studied and rehearsed our scenes together on the rocks along the Magnolia coast, with the sea stretched out before us, the sun, the wind and the sand all around us. An enchanted place. An enchanted week," Staats says. "Enchanted, because all this started there. And an enchanted engagement."

"He means theatre engagement," Muriel breaks in. "I don't think we ever did have what is known as a formal engagement. We were terribly in love, we wanted to get married, but it seemed out of the question until Staats had a job we could depend on, at least for longer than a summer-theatre engagement. Or so we thought then. We were to find out later that this wasn't true!"

Late summer separated them. Staats stayed in New York, playing Shakespearean roles in a Philip Merivale-Gladys Cooper company. Muriel got into a play called "Squaring the Circle," and by Christmas was having a lonely time of it between matinee and evening performances, in a Chicago hotel. But spring finally came again, and on May 24, 1936, they were married in the Little Church around the Corner in New York, with their families and a few friends present to wish them happiness. They seemed to have happiness, right from the beginning, but it wasn't tied up with the economic security they had been waiting for all those months. The day after their wedding, Staats had to tell his bride that his show was closing and that another flop had been added to the growing list of discouraging plays that had come his way.

Muriel wasn't working, either, so it seemed a little grim—"except that Staats and I both felt that what had happened, our getting married, was right and good, and therefore everything would work out. It always does. And it did. We got some summer-theatre jobs, and in the fall we were both cast in the touring company of "Pride and Prejudice," which lasted for twenty months. We saved some money and began to furnish an apartment. I had wanted to live near the East River and, although the first apartment we had was tiny, it was where we wanted to be, and we were together, so nothing else really mattered.

"Radio is wonderful for happy marriages," Muriel tells you. "We have been separated only twice for any length of time since we were married—when I was on tour in 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois,' playing Mary Todd to Raymond Massey's Lin-

coln (Staats took a bus out to Chicago to surprise me one weekend), and a second time when Staats was on tour with Maurice Evans' production of 'Macbeth,' with Judith Anderson. If it hadn't been for the way radio came into our lives, however, there would probably have been many more separations."

The Christmas that found Muriel touring in "Abe Lincoln," with Staats working in New York, posed a Christmas card problem. How to get them to her for addresses—how to plan a card together in the first place. "Just make one little card for me," she told Staats. "We'll have to forego the fun of sending them to our friends this year." The card he made now hangs, framed, in the bedroom, among his wonderful little pen-and-ink sketches and some of his finest watercolors. It's a small card, lovingly detailed. The doorway of the brownstone where he was living while Muriel was away. There is the sign hung on the front: "Rooms." The lace curtains in the front parlor window. The figure of a lonely man on the steps, his arms opened wide. And flying over it all a white dove, bearing a holly branch.

Staats' career as an actor, although it's first with him now, is really his second career. "We moved from Oak Park, Illinois, where I was born, at the time I was three, and settled in Philadelphia. In grade and high schools, I showed an aptitude for drawing and it was a toss-up whether I should go on to college or to an art school. The deciding factor was a scholarship I won to the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art."

When Staats was graduated he went to Europe for more study and to think seriously about earning a living with his art. Eventually he went back to Europe a second time with an assignment to illustrate a book, and there was another trip, to Honolulu, with art assignments to finance him. When he came back, and his money began to get low, it proved to be another turning point in his life. He had helped organize a little-theatre group during his school days and had acted some of the leading roles and now, on a sort of hunch, he decided to try out for Eva Le Gallienne's apprentice group at the old Civic Repertory Theatre in New York. It was a good hunch. He was taken on. "There never was a time when I wouldn't drop a paintbrush for grease paint."

He became a regular member of the company and played his first Broadway role in "Alice in Wonderland." He was

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Tweedledee. Then he went on tour. Now, of course, he was a professional actor. He went into the Theatre Guild production of "Rain from Heaven," which starred Jane Cowl. Into a succession of acting jobs as time went on. Good parts in short runs. Some awful parts, also in short runs. "When I met Muriel, that self-assurance she saw at first was really a cover-up. She was already a successful actress, who had made a much bigger name for herself than I had. Even after we were married, she did much better than I for a long time. She played a season in 'Life with Father,' as Mother. And of course she was *Mary Marlin* for a year, on radio, and has been in many other radio shows, plus TV shows like *Lux Video*, *Hallmark*, *Philco*, *Kraft*."

Radio actually began for Staats in 1941, with some invitation appearances. After a full season in New York and on tour with the Evans "Macbeth," he suddenly began to get calls for leading roles in dramatic radio productions. Then, when Muriel was doing *Mary Marlin*, he sometimes filled in a supporting role. And soon, when a new show originated—first called *Flash Gun Casey* and later changed to *Crime Photographer*—he got the name part. It turned out to be an eight-year assignment. He later replaced Dick Widmark as *Front Page Farrell* when Dick went into a play and then on to motion pictures. Of course, he is still doing the role and *Crime Photographer* has just returned to the air, with Staats in his old part. He would like to do other roles, but his daily stint as Farrell interferes with other rehearsal times.

"Staats dreams of having more 'painting vacations,'" Muriel says. "We once had nine magic days of complete vacation for both of us. Three days in New Orleans, with my husband painting like mad. Three in the Mayan ruins of Yucatan. And some fast flying in between. We got back not an hour too soon for his rehearsals."

When he isn't painting, his love of beauty sends him out searching for old things he can combine with the already lovely things they have in their home. There are the solid oak cherubs, beautifully carved, hung high above the bookcases on each side of the fireplace. There is an antique console, handsomely ornamented, a graceful Victorian red plush settee and chairs, crystal candlesticks on a mahogany drop-leaf table, and a graceful chandelier suspended from the living room ceiling.

"Staats came home one day and told me he had seen a chandelier that was a beauty. He wanted me to go to the shop with him, and then he added that he was so afraid it might be bought by someone else that he had already taken it. 'What's the point, then, in my going to look at it?' I asked. But I went. Here was this old gaslight fixture. My husband and the shopkeeper thought that only the middle cluster of lights needed to be wired for electricity, but that seemed impractical to me. So Staats had the whole thing wired and made it black touched with gold, had it strung with tiny glass prisms and fitted with tiny clusters of candles. It works fine and is a lovely, graceful thing, but only Staats could see possibilities in things like that. Only he would know what to do to make them beautiful.

"I think he knows a great deal about how to make life beautiful, as well. Perhaps because he is one of those naturally good persons who seems to do the kind thing instinctively—and, if this sounds corny, I can't help it. What's more, he never expects to meet unkindness in others. When he does, he forgets it quickly. In fact, all the bad of yesterday—all the disappointments, all the unhappiness—is forgotten. This makes life with Staats very comfortable, and very pleasant."

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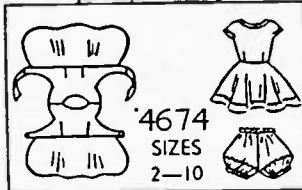
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When a Guy Needs a Friend

(Continued from page 45)

have seen no sign of a ghost since they moved in).

The success story was too obvious, too good to be true. With evident delight, Ken showed me the secret shelved wall that swung out to reveal a wine cellar (then occupied only by the new English bike he was hiding from his son until Christmas), the panel of Italian walnut in the living room that opened with an authentic creak to allow access to a safe. The door of the safe was half open, and there was nothing in it except a few old recordings, stuck there fondly late one night after a party.

Ken conducted our tour with a sort of pleased amazement, as if he himself were seeing the place for the first time. On the second floor we looked at the master bedroom, the guest room where his mother-in-law stays—and obviously sews, since the dominant piece of furniture is an enormous sewing machine. We saw the two children's rooms, separated by a bath. In his daughter's room, he picked up a battered doll, turned a key in the back, and we waited as a tiny melody sang from within its faded plush tummy. There was a touch of the magic of childhood in the room as we stood listening, and we both felt it. Then the spring ran down, and Ken tossed the doll against the pillows on the bed and grinned.

"She never goes to bed without it," he said. "How about some coffee?"

While we were fixing it, the house suddenly came to life. Kitsy, Ken's wife, and a young woman with true flaxen hair—the kind you can't get at Elizabeth Arden's—ran into the kitchen. Kitsy Carson (real first name, Coy) was dressed in levis and a turtle-neck sweater. The girl beside her was done up in a spangled dress, the highest of heels, and a shy look of pride in her appearance.

"Gee, you look wonderful," Ken said to the party girl.

"Hi, I'll be right back, give me the car keys," Kitsy said, all in a breath.

After they'd gone, Ken and I took our cups into the living room.

"Your niece or something?" I inquired, referring to the girl.

"The maid. She's off to a wedding, been planning on it for three months."

While Kitsy was away, Ken and I rolled up our sleeves in the living room and started playing records, some of his own recordings and some solid jazz—a long-play concert of Benny Goodman's, Nat King Cole, and so on. And we talked, not so strangely, of Garry Moore.

I'd remarked about the fact that there wasn't a piano in the house. "The kids didn't show any interest in it," Ken said, "so I let it go back. I'd only rented it for a party for Garry and the other guys, anyway. We had a jam session."

"A piano for Garry?"

"No, no. You know he plays drums. He brought along some wire whisks and played on an empty suitcase. Real solid. I had my guitar. We jammed it up till about five in the morning."

He was off on a train of memories. There was the time when Garry invited him to act as crew on his boat. They went out, just the two of them, for a sail on the Sound. They caught the wind on their faces and sang, and talked, and just sort of sailed along in pleasant companionship. Neither crew nor skipper had an eye out for a sudden darkening of the sky or a fast squall. It hit them somewhere between the third and fourth round of "Blow the Man Down."

Hastily, they hauled in mainsail and jib, started the auxiliary motor, and made for home. But the squall struck while

port was only a spot in the deeping dusk before them. Then came rain, wind, and a kind of blind haze filling the air around them with spray and confusion.

"I'll never know how we got in," Ken said. "Garry was at the wheel and somehow got us into port, and I was on that bronco of a bow with a line in my hands, trying for the buoy. Somehow, I made the cast that finally caught and secured us." He shook his head, remembering. "I was dead beat. Garry felt fine. He threw the whole thing off the minute we were ashore, and never mentioned it again."

During that hour, Ken talked about Garry from his heart. He had forgotten, for a little while, how important Garry was, not only to him but to CBS and to millions of viewers.

It was during that time that I began to understand Ken's relationship to Garry. Not to the show, since Ken is an increasingly important part of it, and certainly not so far as Ken's personal hour-long afternoon cowboy show is concerned. But just as Ken Carson relates to Garry Moore. I began to understand about the boy from Oklahoma who had met Garry in 1939 in Chicago, who had met him again in Hollywood a few days after Tom Breneman had died.

Ken had been singing on Breneman's show when the boss died. Now he had a new boss. Garry and Ken talked together. They understood each other. Garry asked him to stay on and Ken agreed.

Somehow, through all the years that followed, they continued to understand and respect each other. When Garry came to New York to start his TV shows, Ken came along, too. In a way, they both felt that Ken's future was tied up with Garry's and, as time went by, there developed in Ken not only a liking for Garry but a kind of fierce loyalty.

There came a moment in Ken's life and career when he had to make a terrific choice. He'd been with Garry for so many years that he couldn't even conceive of the idea of leaving him. But, back three years or so, Garry called all of his artists together and had a little talk with them.

"Things aren't going right," Garry told his assembled friends. "We have to face it. Everybody's scared—all the sponsors. We're being covered financially by the network, we're on for an hour a day, and only a fourth of the time is paid for."

"But what's wrong?" a secretary asked.

Garry shrugged. "We're playing with a new medium. Who knows? I just want you to have it straight, that's all."

It was one Saturday afternoon, while this problem was besetting Garry Moore, that Ken Carson received an offer from the biggest, highest-paying show in radio and television.

"I went to Garry," Ken said, "and asked him what I should do."

"Would you mind if I came along on the audition?" Garry asked.

"It was the one thing I'd hoped he'd say."

"Together we took a cab and went to the huge studio where my audition had been arranged. A lot of big names were present. I sang at least thirty songs. At the end of the audition, the sponsor nodded in my direction.

"An agent came over to us, grinning with the sign that told me I'd made the grade. A moment later, a representative of the outfit said to me, 'Okay. Everybody likes you. The sponsors agree. Do you want to sign?'"

"I hesitated. I looked at Garry. He shrugged. 'Go ahead,' he said. 'Here's your chance—don't wait on me.'"

"What's the deal?" I asked the agent.

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And the biggest TV show in America laid it on the line. 'We want you,' they said, 'but you'll have to be exclusive with us. You'll have to leave the Moore show.'

"I turned to Garry. 'Then that's settled, isn't it?'"

"Garry grinned at me. 'I'd never stand in your way. What do you want?'"

"I'll stay with you."

"He laughed, put his arm around my shoulder. 'I hope you're right.'"

That's all Garry ever said to Ken about that decision. Ken watched another singer take the offer he had refused and become a national star of great importance. But now Ken knows he was right in his choice. Slowly, steadily, as one of the stars on the Moore show and with his own program, Ken is emerging as a great TV personality. Not fly-by-night, but solidly and with good foundations. His fan mail is not a spurt of letters today, an empty mailbag tomorrow; viewers are not discovering Ken for just a week or a month. He is becoming part of the lives of the people who catch the Moore show, an endearing personality who, once known, will never be easily forgotten.

"Sticking with Garry was the smartest move I ever made," Ken said gravely. "I know it sounds like a whole crib of corn, but I owe all I've got to him. If it's the truth, you don't have to be embarrassed to say so."

"You don't indeed," I said.

At about this time, Kitsy came home from taking the maid to the wedding, grinned at us from the hall, and ran upstairs to dress for the evening.

"I ever tell you how Kitsy and I met?" Ken asked.

It is one of those stories you may not believe, but I pass it on just as it was told to me. Ken was singing with the Sons of the Pioneers in Chicago when, one evening, a group of high school fans came to visit him backstage. Among them was sixteen-year-old Kitsy, wide-eyed and very lovely and just a baby as fans go.

But something about her caught Ken's heart, and he asked if he could take her home. *Could he!* Kitsy was in seventh heaven. Her very young, hungry dark eyes stared up at him adoringly all the way to her mother's apartment. Her mother was a widow, supporting her children by working as a corsetiere in a Chicago department store.

Ken's courtship of Kitsy began then and lasted three years. It was a wild and woolly wooing. They had each lost their hearts to one another that first evening, but thereafter nothing seemed to go well with them. They loved and fought, alternately. Eventually, Kitsy got a job and an apartment of her own. Ken decided that marriage would someday be a good idea, and one afternoon after finishing a show he went out and bought, with his latest check, a tremendous 185-piece set of china. Spode, no less. He ordered it delivered to Kitsy's apartment.

She was in transports of delight when he arrived that evening. It was not only a stunning set of service, it was a symbol. This was the beginning of their future, something of beauty and security around which they could make their plans.

Unfortunately, the next evening they had a terrific battle. Ken arrived the next

day, sobered and contrite, ready for arbitration. On the landing in front of Kitsy's apartment all 185 pieces of Spode were piled, and topping the mound a note. "You can take your china—" the note read, in part. Signed, "Love, Kitsy."

One hundred and eighty-five pieces of Spode are not the easiest things to move, especially when not packed in excelsior or in anything. Ken spent a whole day carting the fragile stuff across Chicago to his own apartment. He was just getting it stacked in some sort of order when his phone rang.

"Oh, darling," Kitsy wailed, obviously weeping. "I'm so sorry. I hate myself!"

The next week, he carted the Spode back to her apartment in a taxi—or rather, two taxis. Once again they were in love and at peace.

The following Sunday morning, the Spode was again on the landing. Not even a note, this time.

"I took that set of China back and forth across Chicago no less than sixteen times," Ken said. He gave a big, whooping sigh. "I married her because my legs gave out." "Ha!" said Kitsy, stepping down into the living room.

Kitsy is small and dark and gay, with bright eyes under her Clara Bow bob. Where Ken is shy, halting in his speech until he relaxes or hits upon a theme that he can lose himself in, Kitsy is all open, all free and happy, completely self-assured.

This afternoon, as they have on hundreds of other days, they were working together on a common plan, with many common denominators. The maid had to be attended to, the children had to be disposed of with affection and kindness. One child was staying with a friend, another with some relatives; the maid was away at the wedding, for which she had planned these long three months, and Ken and Kitsy were to dine in town and see a play.

"Do you know," Kitsy said to me, "that tonight will be the first in almost two years that Ken and I have been alone in the house?" We were in the car, now, driving along the Henry Hudson Parkway with the magic lights of Manhattan looming before us in the quiet night. "I won't know what to do."

"Ha!" Ken muttered to himself. It was now his turn.

Kitsy ignored him. "Every time I think I'm going to have a few hours with him, he goes out to the golf course. Plays golf right- and left-handed, and gripes if he's two over par."

"You like golf, too," Ken said.

"I'd better. I'm a dud, but that's nicer than sitting at home."

"She's a dud," Ken said—then suddenly, fondly, threw his arm around Kitsy's shoulders and drew her close to him. "But, thank God, she plays with me. And she listens to my stuff on recordings, and . . ."

I leaned back in the seat and allowed them this moment together. I had a hunch that in their busy lives there wouldn't be time for too many such moments.

I leaned through the window of the car after I'd stepped out and said, "Have a nice night—I mean, after the play."

Ken's hand was fastened on Kitsy's, and they both laughed. They said in unison, "Don't worry, we will."

MARCH 10

Circle the date on your calendar!

That's the day the newsstands will get first copies of the

APRIL ISSUE of RADIO-TV MIRROR

It Pays to Be Married!

(Continued from page 31)

he's languishing while waiting for her to show up. The fellow gazes at you out of candid blue eyes and admits, "Ladies? Oh, sure. There are plenty of 'em!"

He looks like Joe College, maybe off the campus a few years—time enough to have added solidity to those built-in muscles. His light hair is cropped in the shortest crew-cut in existence, but it doesn't bristle—because, no matter what he tries, he can't discourage the curl. A husky five-foot-ten and 175 pounds, he's the solid type all the way through.

Though Stewart is not a bachelor by choice, he copes with the situation very handily. "I have to make the best of it," he says. Jay, like most men, likes his groceries. What's more, he likes to cook them. To the saying that men make the best cooks, he adds his own observation: "Most of the good cookbooks used by women are written by men." Jay's favorite recipes, and the tricks he's gathered along his culinary way, would add a good chapter to anybody's book of kitchen lore.

Take good fried chicken—a matter which, Jay claims, is like good coffee. Either you have a knack with it, or you haven't.

"The secret is one I learned from my grandmother," Jay cheerfully reveals. "About fifteen minutes before your chicken is done, you pour a little water into the skillet. You'd think it would make it soggy, but the steam makes it crisp. I don't know why it does, but it does."

What are some of the other bachelor specialties *Chez Stewart*? "Well, things like baked lamb chops with wine sauce . . ." But it pains him to go on. "The trouble is that most of the things worth bothering with are fattening. Take Beef Stroganoff, now . . . aw, what the heck, let's forget it!"

So, you ask, if weight is a problem, what does he do about it? Jay answers glumly, "Very little. Just go on a diet a few times a year."

"You know," Jay says as an afterthought, "I took a cooking class in high school." As you raise your eyebrows, visualizing a fourteen-year-old boy busily peeling vegetables among a class of girls, he adds hastily, "It was a cooking class for boys, of course. My high school in Indiana had 7,000 students. You could learn anything from plumbing to watch repairing." The high school also offered a radio course, and, out of those 7,000 students, Jay was one of a mere sixteen who, as he puts it, "experimented with it."

Jay was born in Summerville, Indiana, pop. 1,000, on September 6, 1918. Eight years later the family moved to Indianapolis. Jay is an only child, which he claims is not the only reason that prompts him to describe himself as "a spoiled brat."

He remembers, "In the third grade, they demoted me a half-year, which was disastrous. Taking that half-year over, I got my work done that much faster, which gave me more time to get into mischief." After that they tried a different technique and *skipped* him, so that he was a high school graduate at fifteen, and finished his college course in three and a half years.

At Indiana's Butler University, where Jay was graduated in 1939, he hewed to the line of being an individualist. "I majored 'in business administration,'" he says, "and minored in speech and radio courses. I really wanted to do radio, but thought I better have something else in case I couldn't make it!"

His fraternity voted him one of the outstanding Sigma Chi's in the country, but his parents didn't exactly share this enthusiastic outlook. They had first met in college dramatics and gone on to playing the Chautauqua Circuit. Jay's mother had sub-

sequently gone into teaching and his father into business, and they felt their only offspring should map out a secure future as a solid businessman.

But upon graduation, Jay says, "I couldn't see myself as a stock clerk working up to be president of some big corporation. So, instead of looking for a job as a future business tycoon, I'd spend my time in a movie. My parents really got the impression things were tough all over that summer."

Actually, Jay was marking time, waiting for answers to the letters of application with which he was blanketing all the radio stations in Indiana. The fledgling found himself up against the old story: If you can't get a job without experience, how do you get the experience? Finally, a station in Evansville admitted it could use a writer. This was close, but not close enough. "Will you let me do some announcing on the side?" the neophyte demanded. The station soon gave him the answer: They had found a writer who wasn't interested in announcing, and he had experience, too, thank you!

But came September of 1939, and Jay landed at WBOW (NBC). "I held the job three months and was fired three times," he says, explaining, "We worked seven days a week. Split time, of course, a few hours at a clip. But I was such an eager beaver I hung around the station all the time—and did nothing but get into mischief."

"One day," he recalls, "it was real cold—cold as it can get in an Indiana November. I never wear a hat, because I have a big head and a hat only makes it look bigger. I froze the edges of my ears as a child from the same mulish stubbornness and they've been sensitive ever since. Anyway, my ears were starting to tell me it was cold, and I tied my scarf around my head walking to the station. When I walked in, the receptionist started to laugh. She got such a yak out of it I thought she'd have hysterics. So I dashed right up to the announcers' booth to gladden their day, too. Well, there was the boss. Naturally, he had his most important advertiser with him. I won't exactly call my first boss stuffy, but he got pretty red-faced about my having a little fun like that. This time, when he fired me, it stuck."

This led to batting around stations in small Indiana towns for a few years, until Jay decided he wasn't getting anywhere much with his radio career. About the same time, a girl friend of his had to leave for Cincinnati for a new job. "It was 200 miles," says Jay, "so I decided to drive her. And, so long as I was there, I thought I might as well talk to the chief announcer at WLW-WSAI, and that's where I stayed for the next nine months, going like a house afire."

It's typical of Jay Stewart, who doesn't fall into conventional patterns about anything, that he was in and out of the Army before Pearl Harbor. "I was in the first batch that registered," he says, "and they called me before the ink was dry on my contract!" He had registered October 15, 1940, and up until November, 1941, he was a member of the 147th Infantry Band, 37th Division. Jay had played sax and clarinet since he was eight years old. Later, he had put himself through college playing in a band, but it came as a surprise even to him that he spent his Army career making music. "That's the extent of it," he says, a little wistfully. "Then I got a medical discharge—for a minor physical thing that doesn't bother you in private life as Joe Citizen, but makes you ineligible for military service."

So it was back to Cincinnati, where, after

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fifteen months, he suddenly decided to pull up stakes and come to Hollywood. Looking back on the amazing list of show credits which have piled up for him since 1943, Stewart says, "I was lucky, again! Things just happened. Like I'd be walking down the hall, and somebody would say, 'We're auditioning for a new show in Studio C. Come on in.'"

Jay Stewart was in the big town and the big time, with—to mention a few—*Take It Or Leave It, What's Doing, Ladies?, Duffy's Tavern, The Great Gildersleeve*, plus two shows of his own, *Surprise Package* and *Carnation Family Party*.

You can take the boy out of the country, as they say, but you can't take the country out of the boy. Announcing *Hollywood Barn Dance*, he claims, "was just like when I was dispensing hillbilly and rural entertainment more than ten years ago over WLW." And he's still doing it with *Town Hall Party*—beamed to the West Coast only, on both radio and TV. Aside from NBC's *It Pays To Be Married*, Jay has another West Coaster, a TV panel show, *Your Claim To Fame*, for CBS.

"I always did as many shows as I could," he says, "so if I got the ax one place, there would be something left!" But in 1951, even this philosophy backfired. "Suddenly," he says, "inside of six weeks' time, my big show and three others folded. It was a clean sweep. Jay Stewart was a bum!"

Up to then, the story had been the steady rise in the radio fortunes of Jay Stewart. He had even played a movie part, pure type-casting, as a radio emcee in the James Stewart picture, *Jackpot*. And he remembers, "Three events of that period stand out in my life..."

One was entertaining the boys in the Air Lift with Garry Moore. "We entertained the guys and played all over Germany in twelve days," Jay says proudly. Another was taking his own show, *Surprise Package*, to Honolulu for two weeks. And the third was going to Alaska. "We went to Anchorage and Fairbanks and all over, and it was cold—but I even forgot I didn't own a hat, doing twelve shows for the Armed Forces," Jay says.

But January, 1952, ushered in what looked like a pretty dull year. True to form, things aren't dull for Stewart for too long. Al Pearce came back on TV, giving Jay a steady thirteen weeks' work. Then there were another thirteen weeks, as a summer replacement in New York.

It was the first time the boy from Indiana had been there, and he says, "I was really living it up. I lived in a penthouse overlooking the Hudson, with Stefan Hatots, who happens to be the producer of *It Pays To Be Married*. Weekends, I'd be on Long Island Sound in Garry Moore's thirty-five-foot sailboat. It was the real man-to-man kind of sailing, where you'd open a can of beans, throw some bread on the table, and you're in business!"

Sailing is something Jay Stewart can really wax ecstatic over. "Being on the water, you're in another element," he says. "You can't feel the same on land, or in the air." Stewart, whose usual athletics in Hollywood consist of walking from NBC to the Brown Derby, a brisk block-and-a-half away, can get really strenuous about hoisting a mainsail. "I don't own a boat, as I wish I did," he'll tell you, "but I am a pretty good crew hand!"

Jay left summer and sailing behind in New York to come back to Hollywood in October of 1952 for *Anybody Can Play*. And last June came the big payoff, when he went on the air with *It Pays To Be Married*.

"This," he starts out, "is a program with a purpose—" and he can go on talking about it until you get the idea that this is something which intrigues him even more than sailing.

"Any story told on the show," says Stewart, "is told for a purpose. A couple comes to us not only to tell how they have solved their own problem, but because they feel it will help someone else with a similar problem. There is no tremendous loot for an incentive, although we do have prizes. Actually, each couple is up there in front of the mike because they want to tell why they have found it pays to be married."

Ten couples a week appear on the program. To select them, Jay talks to fifty or more. "The only thing we've learned to avoid," says Jay, "are those people who just enjoy their own misery. The others have basic problems of family and home, ranging from the tragic and the elemental to the humorous. We had one couple who started their marriage with an unusual problem—the church burned down just before the ceremony!"

"On the other hand, there was the couple who came to tell us how they had rebuilt their lives not once, but three times. Maybe someone else who was listening was going through a similar problem. It certainly would have given them courage to realize that, even when things looked blackest, someone else had found a way out. It isn't easy for people to tell their innermost thoughts and emotions. But it's a nice feeling that they will do it—to help others."

Jay goes on: "We go into the show four hours ahead of time. But we can't rehearse a thing like this. We can't tell people what to say when we want their stories straight from the heart. We just try to put them at ease, and let them talk naturally."

A lot of the program's preparation time goes into selecting the right stories—mainly, explains Jay, "to find out why it pays to be married as far as this particular couple is concerned. Henry Hoople, Bert Nodella and Vic Whitlock do the preliminaries on that—and, without them, the program wouldn't even be possible."

Story ideas come from newspaper items, questionnaires, social agencies and letters from listeners. "There are," says Jay, "even letters of a personal nature. Like: 'Are you the fellow who's name was Jay Fix?'"

That's the name he started life with in Indiana—Jay Fix. "CBS didn't think it sounded important enough," says Jay, "so after kicking it around, they came up with Jay Stewart."

Since Jay has scored such a solid success in radio, his parents have changed their early opinion of his choice of career entirely. His mother teaches English at Tech High School in Indianapolis, but recently decided to branch out into other subjects. When she went to California to visit Jay last summer, she wound up taking radio and TV courses at the University of Southern California. Now she's teaching them in Indianapolis.

How does Jay feel, being a bachelor while doing a program called *It Pays To Be Married*? He says seriously, "Naturally, doing a show like this has to affect you, married or not. Meeting as many people as I do, with overwhelming obstacles to overcome, it kind of sets you back on your heels and makes you realize how wonderful people are, after all. It's not the kind of program you can close the office doors on; it's sort of always with you."

"As for 'batching' it, well I can cook up a pretty good meal for a group of friends. I can't do much in the way of interior decorating, but my apartment is comfortable, as apartments go. Of course, a bachelor's life is a lonely life—and you don't find it much fun opening the door to an empty apartment. But, without being facetious, when my state of bachelorhood changes—don't you think I should have an answer to whatever comes up?"

your local Favorites



BETTY ANN HORSTMAN

Beautiful small-town girl with big ideas. (Page 105)



BILL MAYER

He's Cleveland's most successful
campaigner. (Page 103)



CREATIVE COOKERY

It's a family affair with the Popes. (Page 102)



MAUREEN BAILEY

"Goodwill Cavalcade's" youngest star.
(Page 104)

● FOR PROGRAM LISTINGS SEE PAGES 106-108

Francois Pope (center) believes a good cook is a neat cook. He and his sons, Frank and Bob, prove it by refusing to wear aprons while cooking.



*Meet Francois,
Frank and Bob Pope,
the brains behind*

CREATIVE COOKERY

TIME WAS when even an accomplished cook had to attend a high-priced school to learn the secrets of stylish cooking. Nowadays, however, NBC-TV viewers have the good fortune of learning taste-tantalizing tips gratis from one of the nation's top chef-teachers, Francois Pope, via his half-hour program, *Creative Cookery*. Chicagoans get their baking, braising and stewing lessons Mondays through Saturdays, and viewers in New York, Cleveland, and Washington can attend classes Saturdays.

Creative Cookery is strictly a family affair with chief chef Francois being ably assisted by his sons, Frank, 27, and Bob, 24. And Francois' wife, Antoinette, contributes behind-the-scenes help with original recipes.

Although the dishes the Popes whip up so deftly on the show may sound complicated, each operation is explained with such detail that the most timid kitchen novice can understand. And there is always a grand variety offered—from fancy paté de fois gras to hearty bean soup—and each is always attractively decorated.

Francois Pope—whose favorite dish is plain roast beef, rare—was born in France, the son of a chef, and has devoted his career to culinary teaching, lecturing and writing. And, at an age when other lads were learning to toss a baseball, sons Frank and Bob were being taught how to toss a salad. Although the boys have trod the same path as their father, each has made his own individual footprints. Frank works with a flourish, while Bob bows to the detailed precision of a perfectionist. And, while Frank enjoys fixing up old cars, Bob prefers to design miniature autos and planes.

In spite of their individuality—or perhaps because of it—the entire Pope family always works in complete harmony. And every day, the great enjoyment they derive from sharing their work with others is reflected in the outstanding TV fare that is *Creative Cookery*.



R
M The younger Popes enjoy their favorite pastime. Left to right: Frank, Bob and wife Dolores, Lucille, Frank's wife.

Mayor of the Morning



Friendly rivals? Bill's brother Joe (right) is also a deejay—at WDOK.

AT STATION WGAR, there's a fellow who can claim one of the least hectic, yet most successful, political careers in recent Cleveland history. He has never had to make a campaign speech, never had to sweat out an election—and doesn't even belong to a party. His platform is simple enough. He tells his constituents he'll provide some listenable music and certain public services, then fulfills his promise.

Who is this amazing "politician"? Why, none other than WGAR's Bill Mayer, who is known in and around Cleveland as "Mayor of the Morning."

Hizzoner presides six mornings a week from 6:00 to 9:45 A.M. He spins popular tunes, gives advice on the weather, and

announces civic matters of current interest.

Bill regards his unofficial office with greater seriousness than most people might suspect. One of his favorite recollections is of the time he urged listeners to hurry and get their state license stickers on their car windshields. A few days later, he received a note of thanks from a family that had heeded his advice immediately—and had wet their sticker in the first available mud puddle! "We'd no sooner gotten back on the road," the letter read, "when we were stopped by a road block where summonses were being issued to cars not properly licensed."

Bill, who's a lively 38, is an unassuming sort of a guy. He and his lovely wife, Elaine, have been married for fifteen years and have two daughters, Beverly, 14, and Brenda Ann, 3. There's also Mister Triumph of Vacek, a six-year-old Great Dane weighing 185 pounds. He's the largest of his kind registered with the American Kennel Club, Bill says. The Mayers call the dog just plain "Mister" for short, and they mean all the respect the name implies.

Bill has been at WGAR since 1945 and has had his present show for seven years. Actually, he's a frustrated actor and still has a yen for the legitimate stage, which he is satisfying at present by taking an active part in little-theatre groups around Elyria, not far from his home at Avon Lake.

How does he like being a fellow who, by 3:45 each work-day morn, is up and out exercising his dog? "Most certainly there are times when I'd like to be up around midnight," he replies. "But when summer rolls around and I'm home enjoying my family and the weather by one in the afternoon, I figure I've got a pretty good deal, after all."

Likewise, WGAR listeners feel they have a *very* "good deal" in Bill Mayer—everybody's choice.



The Mayers at home: Elaine and Bill with daughters Beverly and Brenda.

WJR favorites: Bud Guest (center), surrounded by the Spellbinders and backed by songstress Renee McKay, Max Lief, Music Director, and tenor Fred Kendall.



WJR scores a big first with its

GOODWILL CAVALCADE

DECEMBER 10, 1953 marked a memorable day for 75 talented entertainers from Detroit and almost half a thousand New York advertising and radio executives. The occasion was Station WJR's "Goodwill Cavalcade." The purpose was to present a cross-section of WJR's talent solely for the entertainment and enjoyment of its distinguished audience. The result was greater than ever expected; WJR scored a big, successful first that had New York bigwigs buzzing with praise.

Transporting such a large group to New York City had never been done by a station before, and the undisputed success of such a venture could never have been achieved without the

imagination, courage and fine sense of showmanship that are symbolic of all WJR's operations. When they arrived in New York, the "Goodwill Cavalcade" immediately took over the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria—where the presentation was held—for last-minute preparations and rehearsing. Then, after the guests had arrived, the entertainment began. Highlighting the evening were: Sunnyside Reporter Bud Guest as lead-off man; Don Large and his exceptional *Make Way For Youth* chorus; Jimmy Clark and his catchy combo, with songs by Judy Carroll; tenor Fred Kendall, and songstress Renee McKay. Providing a western tang were Casey Clark and

his Lazy Ranch Boys, along with May Hawks and her guitar.

Those who were fortunate to witness WJR's great evening of entertainment were amazed by the ease and efficiency displayed and the fact that no "secret weapons" were used in presenting the show. On the contrary, WJR listeners throughout the Midwest have long been enjoying such expert performing.

There's no doubt of the lasting impression and fine feeling "Goodwill Cavalcade" created in the show center of the world. Because of its worthy success, perhaps others across the land will someday have the opportunity to enjoy this good will and talent that is a vital part of WJR and its members.



Under the direction of Don Large, the *Make Way For Youth* chorus sings with zest and expertness.



*In Dayton,
Betty Ann Horstman is*

Queen of the Coffee Club

SHE'S HAD Hollywood offers, she plays to WLW-D's cosmopolitan audience in and around Dayton, and her talent and beauty are surpassed by few. Yet, says Betty Ann Horstman, femcee of *Coffee Club*, seen each afternoon from 2:00 to 3:00, "I'm a small-town girl." With all her sophisticated charm, this is hard to believe, and Betty's devoted

fans prefer to think of her instead as a *home-town* girl who likes the bright lights in their admiring eyes better than those on Broadway or in Hollywood.

Dayton has always been home for Betty, and for the past two years she has shared it most happily with her husband, Jim Venable. When they were just-marrieds, Betty and

Jim lived in an apartment. But soon they had to move to larger quarters for lack of closet space. (With all the changes in clothes and costumes Betty needs for her show, apartment closets were just not enough.) So now they live in a white frame, four-bedroom house with their two dachshunds. They are particularly proud of their Early American furniture, most of which Jim, an avid antique collector, refinished himself—while Betty watched.

Although *Coffee Club* is primarily a woman's participation show—which may include anything from an egg-rolling contest to helping Betty deliver a commercial—there are many other features to make it a grand hour of variety. Songs by Nancy Rifner, instrumentals and vocals by Arvie Recore and Dick Shafer, interviews with civic leaders or visiting celebrities and, of course, Betty's wonderful pantomimes. Or, proving she's completely uninhibited, Betty may decide to give a skating lesson—or jump into a tub of water to demonstrate the non-shrinkable qualities of a dress she's wearing. Whatever she does, Betty loves every minute of it, and so does her audience.

Perhaps Betty really is a small-town girl, as she says. But, true or false, viewers love her just as she is and because she shares her time and talents with them.



As uninhibited as she is pretty, Betty Ann will accept any dare—within reason—such as "getting into the swim of things" in an 1890 bathing suit.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	Jack Hunt
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurlough Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope Break The Bank— Bud Collyer	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time News	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Wonderful City 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Modern Romances Paging The Judge Double Or Nothing	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Curt Massey Time		Wendy Warren
12:15		Capitol Commentary with Lees Higgin	News, Don Gardiner 12:25 Jack Berch Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:20 Guest Time	Bill Ring Show	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30		Cedric Foster 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45		1:55 News		The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45	Dave Garroway Jane Pickens 2:55 News, Banghart	Ladies' Fair	Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Wizard Of Odds
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	News Music Welcome Ranch, Vic Bellamy	Jack Owens Show 4:25 Betty Crocker† Music In The After- noon	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson ¹	Big Jon And Sparkie	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	Wild Bill Hickok ² 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Art & Doty Todd Lum 'n' Abner John Conte	Curt Massey Time
		¹ T, Th—Sgt. Preston ² T, Th—Sky King	†T, Th—Beth Holland	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Programs		Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Lowell Thomas Family Skeleton Beulah Les Paul & Mary Ford 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Under Arrest	Henry J. Taylor Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Suspense Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Reporter's Roundup	Metropolitan Opera Auditions Decision	Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Youth Wants To Know	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Deems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill	Vaughn Monroe News, Robert Trout] 10:35 Cedric Adams

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Starr Of Space 7:55 Lee Griffith,	Family Skeleton Beulah Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Singe Barrie Craig	Mickey Spillane, Mystery High Adventure, George Sandere 8:55 Lorne Greene	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet News, Swayze 9:35 Rocky Fortune	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ende	America's Town Meeting Of The Air E. D. Canham, News	Johnny Dollar My Friend Irma
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Stars From Paris	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat State Of The Nation 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 United Or Not	Louella Parsons Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Lee Griffith,	Family Skeleton Beulah Lee Paul & Mary Ford 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile Quiz Great Gildersleeve	Night Mare, with Peter Lorre Deadline	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	FBI In Peace And War 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30	You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry Mutual Newsreel Family Theatre	Philco Playhouse Mystery Theatre	Crime Photographer Onstage—Cathy & Elfiot Lewie
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Report From Wash- ington	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Sounding Board 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Orchestra	Rogers Of The Gazette Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Thursday Evening Programs

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

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Lee Griffith	Family Skeleton Beulah Lee Paul & Mary Ford 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Sings Bob Hope Show	Starlight Theatre, Madeleine Carroll Take A Number	Three-City Byline Sammy Kaye Hollywood Romance Mike Malloy	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Loet Persons Godfrey Digest
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Phil Harris—Alice Faye Show News, Swayze 9:35 House Of Glass	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Great Day Show	Ozzie & Harriet Corliss Archer 9:55 Sport Report	Godfrey Digest (con.) That's Rich
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Can You Top This? Listen To Wash- ington	Frank Edwards Put It To Pat Deems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Cavalcade Of Sports Edwin C. Hill	Capitol Cloakroom Robert Trout, News 10:35 Cedric Adams

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Howdy Doody	Local Programs	News Summary	Renfro Valley
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Howdy Doody Egbert & Emily		No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate 9:40 Les Paul & Mary Ford
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Breakfast In Hollywood Mary Lee Taylor Show	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	No School Today (con.) Space Patrol	Galen Drake 10:55 Les Paul & Mary Ford
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Secret Story Woman In Love	Helen Hall, Femme Fair Tiny Fairbanks Farm Quiz	Front And Center Little League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Marine Band Army Band	Man On The Farm Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Theatre Of Today Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour All Star Parade Of Bands	Music Symphonies For Youth	Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital Music With The Girls 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Road Show	Symphonies For Youth (con.) 2:25 Headline News Ruby Mercer	Metropolitan Opera	Les Paul & Mary Ford 2:05 Alfredo Antonini Orch. Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Road Show (con.)	Ruby Mercer (con.) 3:25 News Sport Parade	Metropolitan Opera (con.)	Report From Overseas Adventures In Science Farm News World Assignment
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Road Show (con.)	Mac McGuire	Metropolitan Opera (con.)	The Chicagoans Soldier Serenade
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Road Show (con.)	News 5:05 Show Shop 5:55 H. B. Baukhage	Tea And Crumpets Paulena Carter Club Time	Washington, U.S.A. Sport Roundup News, Schorr

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News H. V. Kaltenborn People	Dance Orch. Dinner Date 6:55 Cecil Brown	Labor And Management Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Theatre Royal The Big Preview	Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go 7:55 News	Disaster Strikes Three Suns Dinner At The Green Room	Johnny Mercer Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 3:45	The Big Preview (con.)	20 Questions Virginia Barn Dance	News 8:05 ABC Dancing Party	Gunsmoke 8:25 Win Elliot Gangbusters
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	The Big Preview (con.) Grande Ole Opry	New England Barnyard Jamboree Lombardo Land	ABC Dancing Party (con.)	Two For the Money Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dude Ranch Jamboree Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theatre Of The Air	Anonymous Orchestra	Country Style (con.) News

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup Never Walk Alone	Wings Of Healing Back To God	Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	The Music Room World News Roundup Galen Drake E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Conversation Piece	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	Message Of Israel College Choir	Church Of The Air
11:00 11:15	Conversation Piece (con.)	Frank And Ernest English Cathedral Musir Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News 11:35 Invitation To Learning
11:30 11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Conversation Piece (con.) The Eternal Light	College Choirs News, Bill Cunningham Music Box	News Gloria Parker Time Capsule	Let's Find Out Howard K. Smith, World Affairs News Report
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Heritage Over The Land Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Keep Healthy Merry Mailman Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth National Vespers	Man's Right To Knowledge Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour American Forum	Bandstand, U.S.A. Sammy Kaye	Healing Waters U. S. Military Band Wings Of Healing	Symphonette N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Golden Voices, with Lawrence Tibbett Show Tunes	Top Tunes With Trendler Author Meets The Critics	Marines In Review Hour Of Decision	N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Counter-Spy, Don MacLaughlin Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Twentieth Century Concert Hall The World Today
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	News 5:05 Evening Comes Greatest Story Ever Told	Stage Struck

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	College Quiz Bowl NBC Symphony, Toscanini	Bulldog Drummond, Sir Cedric Hardwicke 6:25 Cecil Brown Bob Considine	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News George Sokolsky Don Cornell	Gene Autry Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Symphony (con.) The Marriage 7:55 News	Rod And Gun Club 7:25 Titus Moody Chamber Music	This Week Around The World What's The Name Of That Tune?	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Six Shooter 8:25 News Sunday At Home 8:55 News	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour 8:55 News	American Music Hall	Bing Crosby My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	NBC Star Playhouse 9:55 News	Oklahoma City Symphony	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant Call Me Freedom	Hallmark Playhouse Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Last Man Out Meet The Press	News, Hazel Markel Men's Corner	Paul Harvey Elmer Davis Outdoors, Bob Edge	Man Of The Week News 10:35 UN Report

TV program highlights

CHICAGO AND SUBURBS FEBRUARY 11—MARCH 10

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 ⑤ Today—Dave Garraway
- 9:00 ② Godfrey And Friends—Variety
- ⑤ Ding Dang Schaal—Miss Frances
- ⑨ Paul Fagarty—Exercises
- 10:00 ⑤ Hawkins Falls—Serial
- ⑨ A To Z Of Caakery—Menus
- 10:30 ② Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
- ⑤ The Bennetts—Serial
- 11:00 ② Valiant Lady—Serial
- ⑤ Bride And Graam—Wedding
- ⑦ Danny O'Neil—Variety
- 11:15 ② Love Of Life—Serial
- 11:30 ② Search For Tomorrow—Serial
- ⑨ Earl Nightingale—Comments
- 11:45 ② Guiding Light—Serial
- 12:00 ② Luncheon With Billy—Variety
- ⑨ Hi, Ladies—Interviews
- 12:30 ② Garry Maare—Variety
- ⑤ Animal Playtime—Win Stracke
- 1:00 ② Double Or Nothing—Quiz
- ⑤ Francois Pape—Caaking
- 1:00 ⑦ Ruth Crawley—Baby Care
- 1:30 ② Linkletter's House Party
- 2:00 ② Big Payoff—Quiz
- ⑤ Kate Smith Show
- ⑨ Paul Dixon—Music
- 2:30 ② Bob Crosby—Music
- 3:00 ⑤ Welcome Travelers
- ⑦ Turn To A Friend—Contest
- 3:30 ⑦ Ern Westmare Show
- 6:00 ② Austin Kiplinger—News
- 6:45 ② Music

M, W, F: Cama; T, Th: Framan

Monday

- 7:00 ② Burns And Allen—Camedy
- 7:30 ② Godfrey's Talent Scouts
- ⑤ Voice of Firestone—Music
- 8:00 ② I Love Lucy—Camedy
- ⑤ Dennis Day—Camedy
- 8:30 ② Red Buttnans—Camedy
- ⑤ Robert Mantgamery—Drama
- 9:00 ② Studia One—Drama
- ⑨ Baxing
- 9:30 ⑤ Wha Said That?
- ⑦ Racket Squad—Drama

Tuesday

- 7:00 ⑤ Milton Berle
- ⑨ Bishop Fulton J. Sheen
- 7:30 ② Red Skelton—Camedy
- ⑨ Pantamime Quiz
- 8:00 ② This Is Show Business
- ⑤ Fireside Theatre
- ⑦ Danny Thomas
- ⑨ Badge 714—Police Drama
- 8:30 ② Suspense—Drama
- ⑤ Circle Theatre
- ⑦ Motorola TV Hour
- 9:00 ② Danger
- ⑤ Fred Allen—Quiz
- M 9:30 ② See It Naw—News
- ⑦ Name's The Same—Panel

Wednesday

- 7:00 ② Godfrey And Friends
- ⑤ I Married Jaan—Camedy
- ⑦ Stu Erwin—Camedy
- 7:30 ⑨ Chicago Symphony—Concert
- 8:00 ② Strike It Rich—Quiz
- ④ Kraft Theatre
- 8:30 ② I've Got A Secret—Panel
- 9:00 ② Baxing
- ⑤ This Is Yaur Life—Edwards
- 9:30 ⑤ TV Playhouse—Drama
- ⑨ Liberace—Music

Thursday

- 6:30 ⑦ Lane Ranger
- 7:00 ② Meet Mr. McNutley
- ⑤ Graucho Marx—Quiz
- ⑦ Quick As A Flash—Quiz
- ⑨ Through The Camera Eye
- 7:30 ② Four Star Playhouse—Drama
- ⑤ Treasury Men In Action
- ⑦ Ray Bolger—Camedy
- 8:00 ⑤ Dagnet—Police Drama
- ⑦ Dr. I. Q.—Quiz
- 8:30 ② Big Tawn—Drama
- ⑤ Ford Theatre—Drama
- ⑦ Kraft Theatre—Drama
- 9:00 ② Playhouse of Stars—Drama
- ⑤ Martin Kane—Drama
- 9:30 ② Part The Face—Quiz
- ⑤ Foreign Intrigue—Drama
- ⑨ Bastan Blackie—Drama
- 10:00 ⑦ Ask The Man—Kiplinger

Friday

- 7:00 ② Mama—Drama
- ⑤ Dave Garraway Show—Variety
- ⑦ Ozzie And Harriet—Camedy
- 7:30 ② Tapper—Camedy
- ⑤ Walt's Workshop—Crafts
- ⑦ Playhouse—Drama
- 8:00 ② Playhouse of Stars—Drama
- ⑤ Big Story—Drama
- ⑦ Paul Hartman Show—Camedy
- ⑨ Life Begins At Eighty—Panel
- 8:30 ② Our Miss Braks—Camedy
- ⑤ TV Saundstage—Drama
- ⑦ Comeback Story—Interview
- 9:00 ② My Friend Irma—Camedy
- ⑤ Baxing
- ⑦ Dangerous Assignment—Drama
- ⑨ Chance Of A Lifetime—Quiz
- 9:30 ② Person To Person—Ed Murraw
- ⑨ Dawn Yau Ga—Panel Quiz
- 9:45 ⑤ Greatest Fights Of The Century
- 10:00 ⑦ Courtesy Hour—Variety
- ⑨ Feature Film
- 11:10 ⑦ Tam Duggan—Comments

Saturday

- 2:00 ⑨ Professional Basketball
- 5:00 ⑤ Mr. Wizard—Science
- 6:30 ② Beat The Clack—Quiz
- ⑤ Ethel And Albert—Camedy
- ⑦ Leave It To The Girls—Panel
- 7:00 ② Jackie Gleasan—Variety
- ⑤ Spike Janes—Camedy
- ⑦ Talent Patrol—Variety
- 7:30 ⑤ Amateur Hour—Talent
- ⑦ Meadowbrook Music
- 8:00 ② Two For The Maney—Herb Shriner
- ⑤ Yaur Shaw Of Shaws—Variety
- ⑦ Baxing
- 8:30 ② My Favarite Husband
- ⑨ Wrestling
- 8:45 ⑦ Tam Duggan—Sparts
- 9:00 ② Medallian Theatre—Drama
- 9:30 ② Mirrar Theatre—Drama
- ⑤ Yaur Hit Parade—Music
- 11:30 ⑤ Faces In The Window—Nardine

Sunday

- 9:30 ② Farmtown, USA—Interviews
- 11:30 ⑤ Live And Learn—Lectures
- 12:30 ⑤ Frantiers Of Faith—Religion
- ⑦ Amateur Hour—Variety
- 1:30 ② Amas 'n' Andy—Camedy
- ⑤ American Farum—Discussion
- 2:30 ② Man Of The Week—Interview
- ⑤ Kukla, Fran And Ollie—Whimsy
- 3:00 ⑤ Excursion—Yauth Program
- 3:30 ⑤ Zaa Parade—Animals
- 4:00 ② Omnibus—New Harizons
- ⑤ Hall Of Fame—Drama
- ⑦ Super Circus—Acrobats, Clawns
- 5:00 ⑤ Meet The Press—Discussion
- 5:30 ② Yau Are There—Historical Drama
- ⑤ Ray Rogers—Western
- ⑦ George Jessel Show—Variety
- ⑨ What's The Answer?—Quiz
- 6:00 ② Life With Father—Drama
- 6:30 ② Private Secretary—Camedy
- ⑤ Mr. Peepers—Camedy
- ⑦ TV Teens—Paul Whiteman
- 7:00 ② Taast Of The Tawn
- ⑤ Camedy Hour—Variety
- ⑨ Press Conference—Discussion
- 7:30 ② Fred Waring—Music
- ⑤ TV Playhouse—Drama
- ⑦ Walter Winchell—Gossip, news
- ⑨ Racky King, Detective—Drama
- 8:15 ⑦ Orchid Award—Celebrities
- 8:30 ② Man Behind The Badge—Drama
- ⑨ The Plainclathes Man—Drama
- 9:00 ② The Web—Drama
- ⑤ Letter To Laretta—Drama
- 9:30 ② What's My Line?—Panel
- ⑤ Victory At Sea—Documentary



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



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Why did you change to Camels, WILLIAM HOLDEN?



"Good Smoking"
William Holden

"With so many people smoking Camels, I figured they must be good! So I tried them — found their cool mildness and swell flavor suit my taste to a T! You ought to try Camels yourself!"

WILLIAM HOLDEN, star of "Forever Female", is another on the big list of Hollywood personalities who prefer America's most popular cigarette, Camel!

Some others are John Wayne, Lizabeth Scott, Maureen O'Hara, Alan Ladd, Maureen O'Sullivan.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winaton-Salem, N. C.

for Mildness and Flavor

CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE
than any other cigarette!

Make your own
30-day Camel
mildness test —
you'll see how well
Camels' mildness
and flavor suit you.



YOU, TOO, rate the cigarette that rates *best* with the *most* smokers! After all, Camels' costly tobaccos *assure* you a cool, cool mildness, a rich, exclusive flavor that other brands can't match! So *try* Camels — today. Smoke only Camels for 30 days. Let your own sense of good taste tell *you* why Camels' flavor and mildness agree with more people than *any* other cigarette!