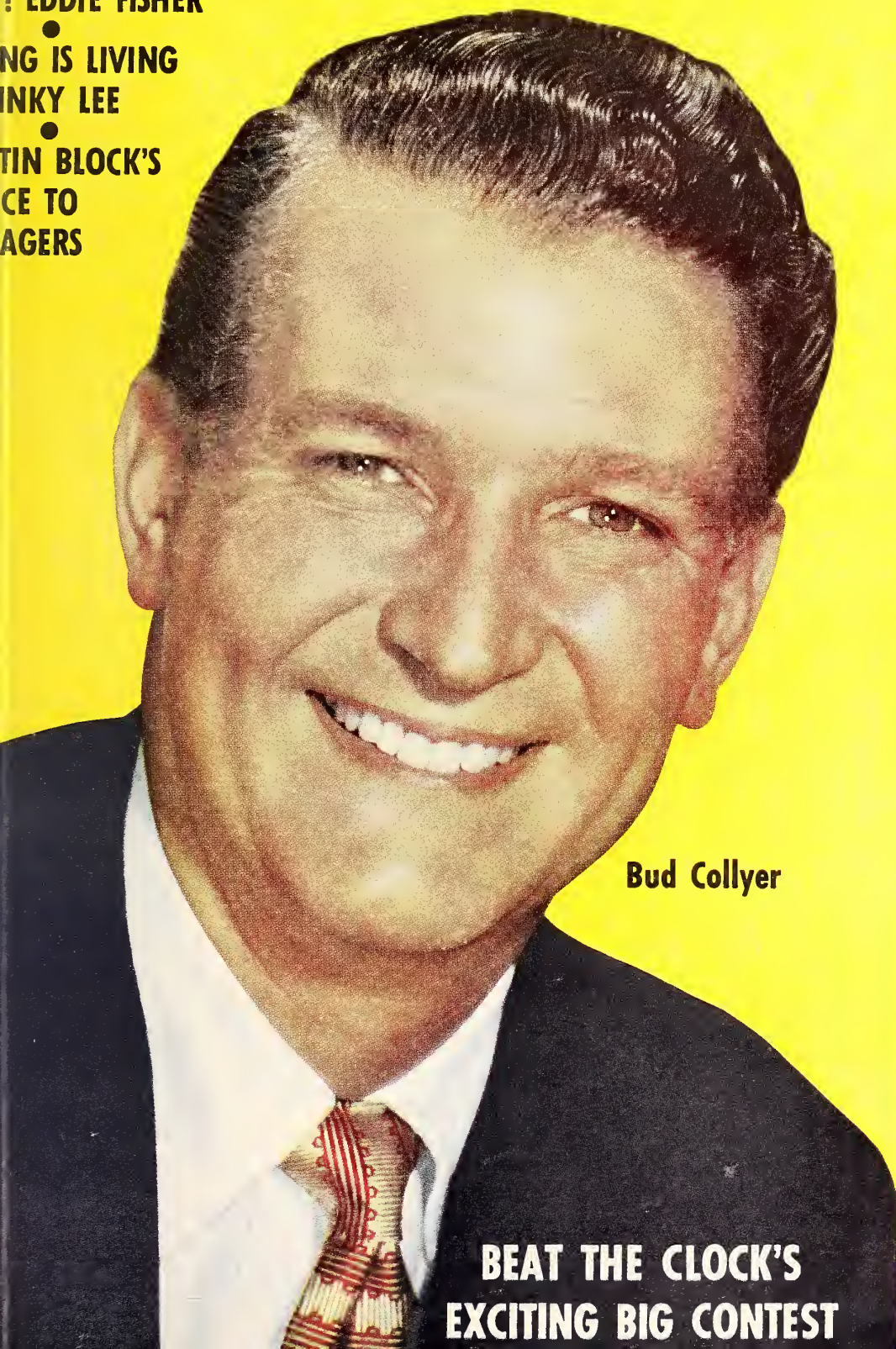


★ TV RADIO MIRROR

OCT.
• EDDIE FISHER
• NG IS LIVING
• INKY LEE
• TIN BLOCK'S
• CE TO
• AGERS



Marion Marlowe



Bud Collyer



Art Linkletter



Susan Douglas



Donald Buka

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with long-
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OCTOBER, 1954

TV RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 42, NO. 5

Regular Edition

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Cover portrait of Bud Collyer by Jay Seymour

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What's New From Coast to Coast



Vaughn Monroe has been spending most of his time at home in Massachusetts, but he may soon start a TV show.



He married Joan's daughter: Lt. Alan Grossman and his bride, Beverly Wills, get Mother-in-law Davis' best wishes.

By JILL WARREN



Columnist Earl Wilson presents the Brascars Award to Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy McGuire in honor of their recent record hits.

ONE OF THE most popular quiz shows of all time, *Stop The Music*, is back with us, both as a radio show and a television show. The TV version is seen Tuesday nights over ABC-TV, as an hour show, with your old friend Bert Parks in his familiar role as emcee. On radio, the program is carried by CBS. It's virtually the same format, with orchestra, singers, popular songs, but with a couple of new merchandising gimmicks thrown in with the prizes, which will include cash, bonds, a mink coat and a car.

There's a wonderful new dramatic series coming up on CBS-TV called *The Best Of Broadway*. This series, to be seen the fourth Wednesday of every month, will present the outstanding musical-comedy and dramatic hits of the past three decades from the Broadway stage. The premiere production, September 15, is "The Royal Family," the well-known comedy by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, and features a brilliant

(Continued on page 7)

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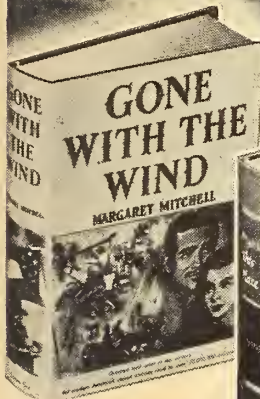
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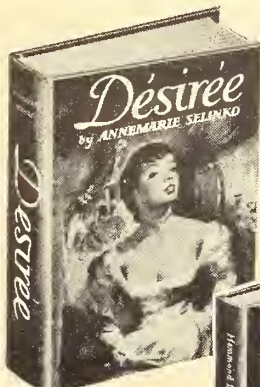


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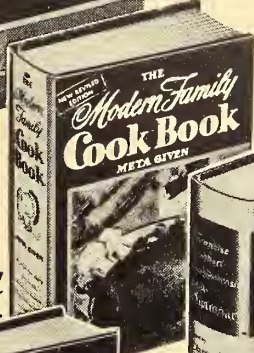
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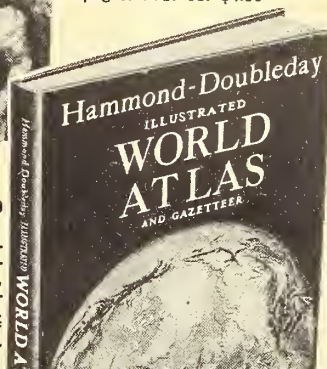


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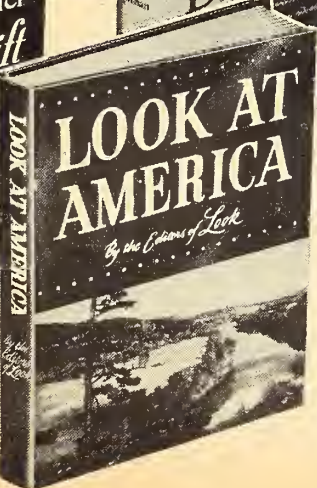
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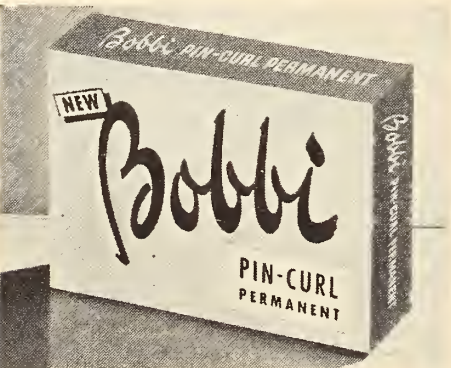
Bobbi is perfect for this new "Martini-que" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking waves. No nightly settings necessary.



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



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



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



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Cherie" style. Bobbi is so simple to give—no help 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.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 4)



Diana Lynn has a starring role in the premiere of CBS-TV's new series, *The Best Of Broadway*.

cast. Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Diana Lynn and Charles Coburn will play the leads. Incidentally, this show will be done in color as well as black and white.

Movie star Peter Lawford is making his bid as a TV star in a new situation comedy, *Dear Phoebe*. Peter has completed the filming of this program in Hollywood and NBC-TV is scheduling it for a Friday-night spot.

September 17 is the starting date for *The Ray Bolger Show*, over ABC-TV. Ray was most unhappy with his show last season and has changed his format, in hopes for a better rating this year.

Also to be seen on ABC-TV this fall is a new dramatic entry, *The Elgin Hour*. This will be an hour-long program on Tuesday nights, starting October 5, and will alternate each week with *The United States Steel Hour*.

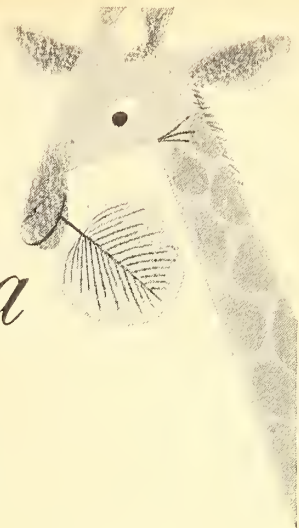
Sports fans will be interested to learn that ABC-TV is going to cover the National Collegiate Athletic Football games every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 5 P.M., beginning September 18 and running through the pigskin season. And NBC-TV will carry the National Basketball Association contests each Saturday afternoon throughout the 1954-55 season, starting October 30.

Following *I Love Lucy* on Monday nights over CBS-TV, there'll be another Desilu Film production, *December Bride*. It's a half-hour situation comedy starring Spring Byington, and it tees off on September 20.

The Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall debuts this month over CBS Radio. This will be a Monday through Friday night show, running twenty-five minutes, with the popular gentlemen

(Continued on page 14)

I dreamed I went on a safari* in my maidenform bra



Look who's after big game... me!
... the most dangerous figure in the Congo.

Completely ambushed by admiring glances for my fabulous form.

No girl on the hunt ever had more fatal ammunition than a Maidenform bra.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette* in acetate satin with lace. Also in nylon taffeta and in broadcloth with lace... from 1.50



Girl about town

Maggie Wulff presents WXEL audiences with an exciting woman's-eye view of Cleveland



ANYONE visiting the Cleveland Stadium these days can clearly detect a strong female chorus amid the chanting of "We want a hit!" Much of this increasingly lively feminine interest in baseball has been engendered by winsome Maggie Wulff via her *Fan Fare* program over Station WXEL. Prior to the Cleveland Indians' out-of-town games, Maggie and the WXEL cameras rally in front of the downtown WXEL studios. Maggie goes to bat dressed in the old #32 uniform of former Indian outfielder Barney McCoskey, as she gives the

squaws a chance at "grandstand managing" and quizzes them on diamond doings.

A baseball autographed "I'm sorry—Maurice McDermott" is Maggie's unique souvenir of a warm-up practice when one of Mickey's fast balls landed squarely on her noggin. Maggie passed out, came to and did the *Fan Fare* show . . . passed out again, came to and was taken home . . . turned up next day to do her morning show and passed out a third time. The next time she came to, she was in a hospital being treated for a brain concussion.

Maggie's morning show, seen daily at 10 A.M., is the report of her tour, armed with a Polaroid camera, of Cleveland and its outstanding events. Local and national celebrities also stop by for a coffee klatsch.

Maggie has been adding sparkle to the broadcasting scene since 1934. Since then, her colorful career has seen her as a Civil Service information officer, organizing first-aid programs for the Red Cross, singing with bands and choirs, appearing with the D'Oyle Carte Gilbert and Sullivan troupe, and heading the women's activities at Station WERE. At home, Maggie's life is made extra-hectic by Crazy Bessie Bug, His Nibs and Pal Joey, three rather belligerent cats. Whenever there's time, Maggie does five-finger piano exercises, enjoys listening to jazz and Beethoven, or rounds up friends for some gin rummy. Currently, she's also combining knitting a bedspread with TVing because "you don't have to look—at the knitting."

"About my work," says Maggie, "I love it! People are stranger than fiction and reporting on the things they do . . . is to have all the fun and tears there are." That's why Maggie and Cleveland are a team—a grand-slam hit for all TV fans.



Maggie proves a baseball diamond is a gal's best friend as she interviews fans on her pre-game show. Even males vie for a turn at the microphones.

Everybody's Talking About...



Revlon's 'LOVE-PAT'

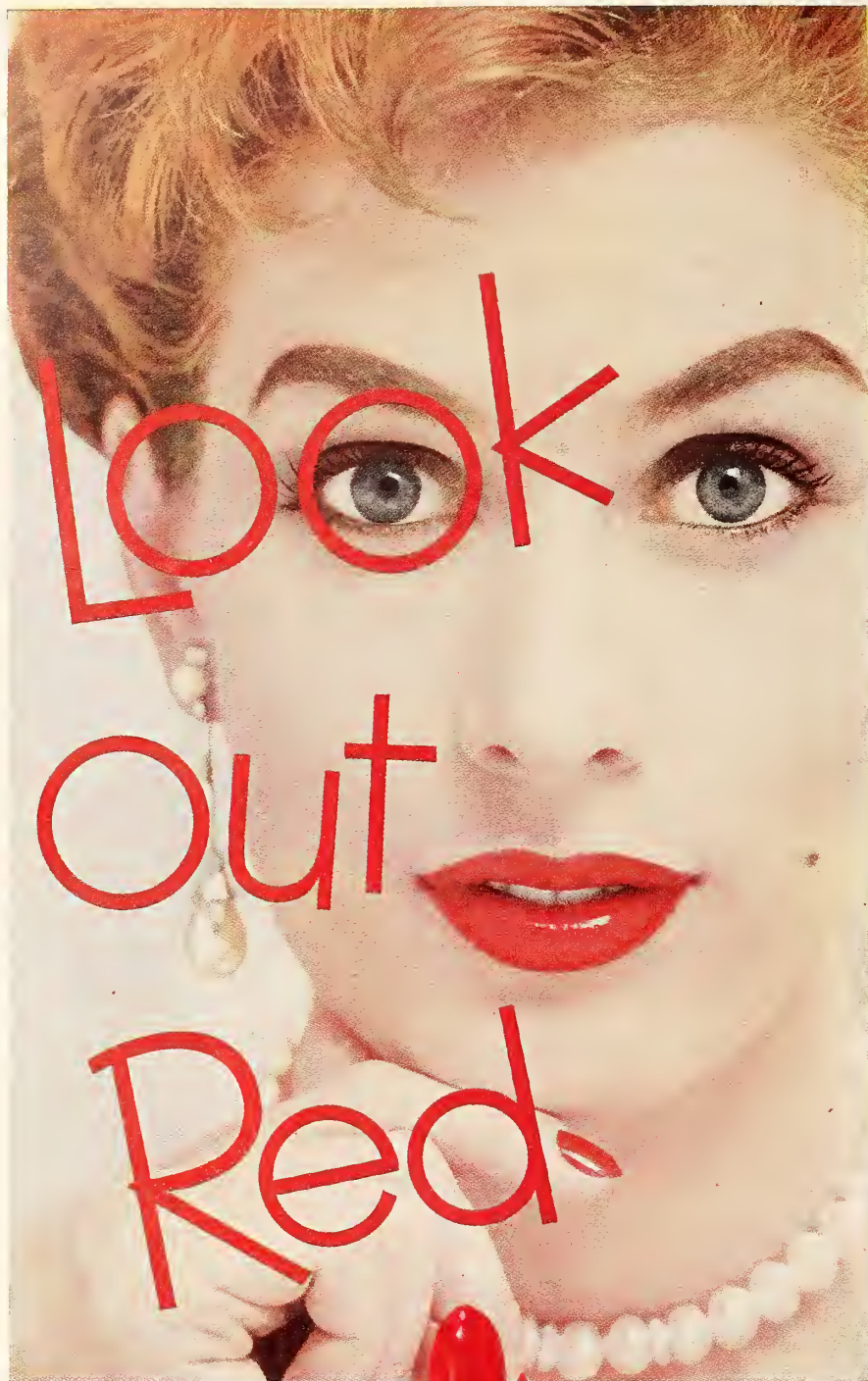
the miracle makeup with the face-powder finish

IMAGINE! You puff on powder and makeup all-at-once! Instantly your complexion takes on new radiant color, a new younger look! Once you've tried this new way of powdering your face, you'll never go back to loose, spilly

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MOLLY BEE

Ask your questions—

Dual Role

Dear Editor:

Is Fran Allison of the Kukla, Fran and Ollie television show the same woman who plays Aunt Fanny on Breakfast Club?

E.A.B., Lewiston, Me.

Yes. Incidentally, the charming friend of Kukla and Ollie debuted with Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* seventeen years ago. She invented the character of Aunt Fanny quite accidentally one day when an announcer turned to her and jokingly said, "Well, well. And here's Aunt Fanny. Say something, won't you, Aunt Fanny?" Fran did just that and has been playing the sharp-witted small-town gossip ever since.

Teen Talent

Dear Editor:

My friends and I have been wondering about the age of Molly Bee, the singing star on the Pinky Lee Show seen on NBC-TV. Can you tell me something about her?

M.P., Jacksonville, Fla.

Molly Bee is only fourteen but viewers and critics agree that she has the poise of veterans three times her age. Oklahoma-born Molly was taught to sing and yodel by her brothers but, back when she was six, her ambitions were for a dancing career. When her family moved to Tucson, Arizona, Molly danced in children's shows and recitals and, when she was ten, the half-Indian youngster was heard in a school play by Rex Allen, who invited her to sing "Lovesick Blues" on his radio show. It was then Molly decided singing was

Information Booth



RICHARD CARLSON



FREEMAN GOSDEN and CHARLES CORRELL



LILLIAN RANDOLPH

we'll try to find the answers

more fun—and less work—than dancing. Later the family moved to Hollywood and the song "Lovesick Blues" paid off again. Western recording and TV star Cliff Stone heard Molly sing and, with his help, her career began to gain momentum. Soon she was starring on her own television show in Los Angeles, making records on her own and now singing coast-to-coast with Pinky Lee. A very busy young lady, Molly has time for neither boy friends nor hobbies, for after school, there is the show, and after the show, there's homework.

Three Lives

Dear Editor:

Would you tell me something about Richard Carlson, star of I Led Three Lives?
D.D., Seminole, Okla.

Besides starring as Herbert Philbrick—the advertising executive, F.B.I. agent and pseudo-Communist on NBC-TV's *I Led Three Lives*—Richard Carlson leads eight lives of his own. Now that other activities have forced him to sell his ticket agency, Richard continues to shuttle between his jobs as husband, father, television star, movie actor, producer, director, magazine writer and scenarist. But Richard is used to juggling many jobs at one time. He began his career at the University of Minnesota where he wrote, acted in and directed his own plays, and contributed short stories to the *Minnesota Quarterly*. At one time he planned to teach but ended up by taking his M.A. degree, his Phi Beta Kappa key and \$2,500 in scholarship cash and opening his own repertory theater in St. Paul. When this failed, he went to

Broadway and then moved to Hollywood where, to date, he has made forty-two pictures.

Amos 'n' Andy

Dear Editor:

Would you tell me who plays the part of the Kingfish in the CBS Radio version of Amos 'n' Andy?
J.H., Valrico, Fla.

In the radio version of *Amos 'n' Andy*, Freeman Gosden takes the roles of Amos, the Kingfish and Lightnin', while Charles Correll plays Andy and Henry Van Porter.

Birdie

Dear Editor:

Please tell us something about the woman who plays Birdie on NBC's The Great Gildersleeve.
A.R.K., Omaha, Neb.

Lillian Randolph has been playing Birdie, cook and general housekeeper for Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve's household, for almost twelve years. Before that, Lil's career kept her on the move, taking her from her native Cleveland to New York, Detroit and Hollywood. That career began when Lil was a choir singer in the church of her father, a Methodist minister. When Lil was seventeen, her sister Amanda, who was playing in "Lucky Sambo's Show," became ill suddenly and Lil went on in her place to make her professional debut. In 1930, she went to Detroit to work for George Trandle, originator of *The Lone Ranger*, and to learn the dialect which characterizes her role as Birdie. Lil also worked with Al Pearce, Joe Penner and

Billie Burke and, in 1935, went to Hollywood to make her first picture, "Singing Kid" with Al Jolson. Her other film credits include "Little Men," "Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer," and "Dear Brat." When not making films or rehearsing for *The Great Gildersleeve*, Lil sings ballads, blues and classics in night-club appearances. Off-stage, she is president of Les Dames, a Los Angeles business and professional women's club which does philanthropic work for delinquent children and needy families.

School Days

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some information about Tony Randall, who appears as Harvey Weskit on Mr. Peepers over NBC-TV?
J.C., Adams, Mass.

Tony Randall, who plays the affable teaching colleague of Mr. Peepers, got his own schooling at Tulsa High, then at Northwestern University, where he met and later married an attractive co-ed named Florence Gibbs. The couple moved to New York, where Tony continued to study drama at the famed Neighborhood Playhouse School and then make his debut in the Chinese classic, "The Circle of Chalk." Next, he played opposite Jane Cowl in "Candida" and opposite Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn Is Green." After serving four years in the Signal Corps, he became staff director of the Olney Summer Theater in Maryland, then went on to star in two plays with Katharine Cornell. Tony made his debut in radio on Henry Morgan's show and has (Continued on page 27)

Marshall plows a good, straight furrow, whether he's handling a tractor, a plane, or a mike.



GOODWILL FARMER



*As the "Voice of Agriculture,"
Marshall Wells informs,
delights and inspires thousands
throughout the Midwest*

ALL THE WAY from Michigan to Ohio, the answer to the query, "How you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm," is easy. Four out of every five barns are "radioed" for wit and wisdom as propounded by Marshall Wells, one of the few people in the country who gets up earlier than the farmers themselves. Marshall is up and about his chores as farm editor for Station WJR by 2:30 A.M. By 6:30, Monday through Friday mornings, farmers can tune in to his down-to-earth delivery of livestock and produce quotations, weather reports, up-to-the-minute news and pungent personal observations on *Voice Of Agriculture*. Saturdays, genial Marshall broadcasts *Farming Marches On* at 7:30 A.M. and his *Farm Digest* at 12:30 P.M. Sundays, he's back with more insight and sharp observations on rural problems on the *Weekly Farm Review* at 6:30 A.M.

A member of the Flying Farmers of America, Marshall frequently flies himself to some of his 150 yearly personal appearances at fairs, grange meetings, 4-H clubs, farm sales and auctions. Or, he hops into the WJR mobile studio to originate his program from smaller towns, farms or rural shindigs.

Born in Dubuque, Iowa, Marshall learned his way about crops and cattle on a South Dakota farm, a Montana ranch and in the California orange groves. As an engineering and journalism major at the University of Iowa, Marshall pledged for the Delta Upsilon fraternity and, in the round of Greek letter activities, met and later married Kathryn Kane, a Kappa Delta gal. He joined the WJR news staff more than ten years ago and, for some time, continued to run a farm as well. By the time he was named farm editor in 1946, Marshall had realized that farming and radio were both full-time jobs and he and his family moved to Birmingham, Michigan. The family consists of Marsha, a 20-year-old Bryn Mawr junior; Toby, 16 years old and a three-letter man at Birmingham High; and Ben, a 6-year-old second-grader and swimming enthusiast. Aside from family fun, Marshall spends his hobby time in a greenhouse which he has just built and where, he says, he is diligently experimenting in raising "square watermelons." If and when he succeeds, Great Lakes farmers can look forward to a full report in the easygoing, quick-witted style of their "Goodwill voice of farming," Marshall Wells.



Your hair is romance...

keep it sunshine bright with *WHITE RAIN*

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight . . . leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain . . . you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

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



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI



It's Lanolin magic!

ENRICHES YOUR HAIR WITH BEAUTY!

Twice as much lanolin gives your hair twice the twinkle! Leaves it amazingly manageable. So soft, so clean . . . radiant to behold!



Helene Curtis
**lanolin
shampoo**

Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢, \$1
Lanolin Creme Shampoo—49¢, 89¢, \$1.69

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

heading the music proceedings, and will include top songs of the week, complete with orchestra and singers, and guest stars.

My Friend Irma won't be returning to its TV spot this fall. In its place CBS-TV has scheduled a new series called *The Line-Up*. It starts September 24, and stars Tom Tully, who also played the lead in the radio version.

Puppet Films Productions have made a wonderful TV film called *Stop And Go—The Safety Twins*, done in co-operation with the National Safety Council, and sponsored by the J. C. Penney Stores. It's a most entertaining way to teach children safety, indoors and out. The movie is currently being released around the country to local television stations and is also available, through the Penney Stores, for showing to such groups as the P.T.A. and women's clubs.

This 'n' That:

Steve Allen, TV RADIO MIRROR's new record columnist, and actress Jayne Meadows were married in a private family ceremony, in Connecticut, on July 31. Because of their heavy TV schedule, they couldn't take time off for a honeymoon.

Also on the bride-and-groom list are

Lu Ann Simms, Godfrey's little singing gal, and Loring Buzzell. They were married in a church wedding in New York a few weeks ago and plan a Hawaiian honeymoon this month when Lu gets her vacation.

And congratulations to Joan O'Brien, Bob Crosby's cute vocalist, who married William "Bill" Strange, of the *Tennessee Ernie Show*.

Polly Bergen, who replaced Dorothy Collins on *Your Hit Parade* while Dorothy made preparations for the stork's visit, will stay with the program until Dorothy returns—which she plans to do shortly after her baby's birth.

Art Baker, the well-known film and TV actor, and his wife, Alice, have separated. Art is suing his wife for divorce, charging cruelty.

Rumors were flying about Betty Grable and Harry James, but in the middle of the break-up talk the Jameses signed a contract to do a Mr. and Mrs. disc-jockey series. The program, which will be transcribed, will be syndicated about the country and will be heard, for the most part, over local stations. The first one should be broadcast this month.

The show-business world was saddened by the death of radio actress Barbara Weeks a few weeks ago in

New York City. Barbara played Anne Malone on the *Young Dr. Malone* daytime serial for years, in addition to having appeared on hundreds of radio shows during her successful career. She is survived by her husband, actor Carl Frank, and their daughter, Roberta.

Bette Davis, who hasn't made any professional appearances for some time, because of her long illness, is practically set for a new series on NBC Radio. She will co-star with her husband, actor Gary Merrill, in a comedy-drama titled *The Lady Yields*. Both of them will play members of Congress. The show is now in the works and may be on the air almost any day.

Ruth Gilbert—who plays Max on Milton Berle's show—and her husband, Emanuel Fineberg, are expecting their first child shortly after Christmas. Ruthie hopes to do a few of the early fall Berle shows if she can, and then vacation from television until after the baby arrives.

Also on the expectant list is Pat Meikle, the charming gal of *The Magic Cottage* show. She and her husband, Hal Cooper, have been married for ten years and this will be their first child.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. J.C.P., Ithaca, New York: No, Lucille Ball is not quitting television this year. I'm afraid you mis-read the interview Lucy gave out in Hollywood. What she did say was that she would probably retire in 1956 when her current *Lucy* contract expires, so she could devote more time to her home and children. . . . Mrs. E.B., Modale, Iowa: Yes, both Phyllis and Christine McGuire, of the McGuire Sisters, are married. Phyllis has no children, Christine has two. Dorothy McGuire is separated from her husband and is still dating Julius La Rosa. . . . Mr. M.L., Providence, Rhode Island: Yes, Virginia Gregg, the actress often seen on the television of *Dragnet*, is also in the movie of the same name with Jack Webb. . . . Mrs. E.P., Jackson, Michigan: Jerry Lester is on TV now, but his late-evening show is only seen locally in the New York area. . . . Miss D.J.H., Cincinnati, Ohio: You could write Gary Crosby c/o CBS in Hollywood. Gary, by the way, may be signed by his pop's studio, Paramount, and if so will make his movie debut following his graduation from Stanford University. Father Bing has insisted on Gary's finishing college before he continues with his career. . . . To all the readers who are still asking about Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker: No, they are not engaged; yes, they are good friends; and yes, they do sing duets together—and happily—whenever they are assigned them by the boss-man, Arthur Godfrey. . . . Mr. R.N., Kansas City, Missouri: Rosemary Rice, who plays Laura on the *Ma Perkins* program, is married to John B. Merrell, a young insurance executive. They became Mr. and Mrs. a few weeks ago in Upper Montclair, New Jersey. . . . Mrs. W.E., Denver, Colorado: *The Romance of Helen Trent* is the oldest daytime serial on the CBS Radio Network, having started July 24, 1933.

(Continued on page 25)

INTRODUCING

Playtex *living* Bra

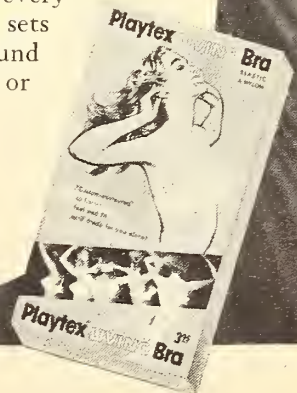
Now... the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!

*"Custom-contoured" to flatter,
feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!*

Playtex gave new meaning to fit, flattery and freedom in a Girdle. Now they've done it again—with the exciting Playtex Living Bra! It's elastic and nylon, "custom-contoured" for upmost *uplift* in utmost *comfort*! Criss-cross front dips low, divides divinely, supports superbly. Exclusive bias-cut sides self-adjust to your every move... without "gripping" or gapping open. Back sets lower... stays lower. Cups are *nylon*, sculptured to round and raise. And the straps are doubled... can't cut or slip. Never any bra like it!

LOOK for PLAYTEX LIVING BRA*
in the blue package at department
stores and specialty shops everywhere.
In gleaming WHITE, never needs ironing!
32A to 40C.....\$3.95

*U.S.A., Canadian and foreign patents pending



FRIENDLIEST MAN



Kup gets together with Alan Ladd for dinner and an informal chat at Chicago's famous Pump Room.



Harry James and Betty Grable honored Kup by making their TV debut last Thanksgiving Eve on his show.



All the Windy City is Kup's beat and the passing parade includes such celebrities as Betty Hutton.

Genial Irv Kupcinet works

TO CHICAGOANS, the name Irv Kupcinet is to show business what Elsa Maxwell is to parties, Ike is to Washington, or Marilyn Monroe is to movies. Five nights a week, 10:45 to 11, Kup stars on *The Chicago Story* over Station WBBM-TV, presenting the latest news from the entertainment world, and each day his popular syndicated column is read in the *Chicago Sun-Times* and other newspapers throughout the country.

The reasons why Chicagoans like Kup are not easy to list, because there are so many. His graciousness and courtesy with everyone—from janitress to judge—is completely genuine. His best friends include cab drivers, ushers, waitresses, policemen, and he gets some of his best tips from them. Another big reason why Kup is so well liked is because he's always eager to help with charity drives. To date, it has been estimated that he has personally raised over \$1,000,000 for three charities. A recent Cerebral Palsy telethon saw him on-camera for twenty-nine hours, helping to raise \$600,000.

Anyone who lunches at Fritzel's, dines at the Pump Room, or catches the floor show at Chez Paree is bound to run into Kup. These are just a few of the places he calls his beat and visits daily. There you will find him stopping at various tables, constantly sipping coffee and

IN TOWN



The Kupcinet family—Irv, Jerry, Essie and Cookie—spent a well-earned vacation in Honolulu last spring.



A TV session with Kup is guaranteed to be jam-packed with news and information about top celebrity doings.

hard and happily to make life pleasanter for Chicagoans

gathering items that will appear in his column or on his show. Any top celebrity who stops in Chicago always calls on Kup and, if it is at all possible, he invites them to appear on his show. The list of his guests is almost endless and includes show-business greats, literary figures, clergymen, politicians, scientists, sportsmen and educators.

Although he lives in the world of celebrities and glamorous events, Kup's private life is similar to that of any other devoted husband and father. Kup and his wife, best known to his followers as Essie, have two children—Cookie (nee Bobby Lynn) who is 13, and nine-year-old Jerry. Kup avoids all early evening cocktail parties and dinners in order to have dinner with the family. Then, after the children have gone to bed, he returns to his beat. Kup's day is a long one which starts at 10 A.M. and continues on until two or three A.M. the next day.

Now in his middle forties, Kup is an impressive man any way you look at him. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs 220 pounds, and looks the ex-football player he is. He attended Northwestern University and the University of North Dakota, where he played varsity football. After graduation in 1934, he made the College All-Star Team, then turned professional and played with the Philadelphia Eagles until a broken shoulder forced him to quit. Kup

had studied journalism in college, so after his injury he applied for a job with the *Chicago Sun-Times*. He began as a copyreader, then wrote a sports column. When, in 1943, the paper decided to have a theatrical news and chatter column, Kup won the assignment and has been going great guns with it ever since.

Both at the newspaper and the TV station, Kup has free rein in what he wants to do. If he feels a news event in another part of the country warrants his presence, off he goes. He also makes yearly visits to Hollywood, Miami and New York. Besides the people he meets, Kup relies on the telephone for gathering information. Everywhere he goes, waiters are certain to bring a phone to the table along with the silver and napkins. Kup makes long-distance calls the way most people make local ones. And, unlike most name columnists, he has no assistant to prepare his columns or shows.

Kup has been starring at WBBM-TV for almost two years now, and television critics are predicting that before long his show will go network for all the country to enjoy. This additional laurel will certainly come as no surprise to Kup's friends and fans who have always been proud to consider him their favorite columnist and friendliest, best-liked citizen.

STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



HELLO AGAIN. Well, summer vacation is just about over and fall is almost with us, so happy back to school, back to work, or back to whatever you have to do. As for me, I haven't been anywhere, really—at least not very far away from television and music, which is the way I like it. And the recording boys and girls have been working right through the summer, too, waxing lots of good things. So let's dig into the platter pile and see what we have this month.

For a starter, we have something terrific! It's an album called "Bing"—Mr. Crosby, of course—and it's truly one of the greatest albums ever recorded by Decca, or by any company, for that matter. Decca is celebrating its twentieth anniversary as a disc corporation this month, and in honor of the event they made "Bing." The Groaner sings eighty-nine songs on five twelve-inch LP records, and the whole thing adds up to four hours of something wonderful. Back when Decca started in business, Bing was the first artist they signed, so he starts off with the very first record he ever made, "Muddy Waters," and sings his way through the years right up to his latest release. Crosby talks in between each tune, doing sort of a narration of his fabulous musical career. Besides his solo hits of the past, they have included many of the fine records he made with Mary Martin, Johnny Mercer, Connee Boswell and others. It's a sentimental musical autobiography of one of the greatest personalities of our time. And don't be afraid of the price—\$27.50—because it's worth every cent of it. The album comes boxed in a beautiful package, with lock and key, and will make an excellent gift for that certain person in your life, especially if he or she is a Crosby fan, and who isn't?

Patti Page is a lass who has a way with a lyric. And she always seems to make hit records, too. Her newest one for Mercury will probably sell plenty of copies, and deservedly, because Patti is in her usual good voice. She sings "What a Dream" and "I Cried" for Mercury.

Remember Jan Garber, the "Idol of the Air Lanes"? Jan hadn't been making records for a while, but he's back on the Dot label now, and still plays good dance music. His new release couples two fox trots, "I Love You Because" and "How Long."

Tony Bennett usually picks a ballad to baritone but the "A" side of his latest is a beat thing called "Cinnamon Sinner," all

about a "marshmallow mama with a jelly roll heart—a sweet juice squeezer who can really play her part." (Why, Tony!) On the reverse, Tony is back to a slow tempo with "Take Me Back Again." Percy Faith's orchestra accompanies on both. (Columbia)

If you like your music Western style, try Earl Songer's "Whoopie Baby" and "It's a Cold, Cold Love." They'll probably spin this one a lot, 'way out thar. (Imperial)

Connie Russell, the little girl with the big voice, has an interesting new twosome for Capitol. She sings a lively novelty ditty, "One Arabian Night," about a night in the land of the sheiks, backed up by a moody tune, "Foggy Night in San Francisco." You'll be hearing this melody as background music in the forthcoming movie "Dragnet." *Dum-da-da-dum.*

Another little gal with a big set of pipes is Eydie Gorme, who also does the thrushing on my WNBT television show. She's done two songs which you've probably heard her do on the program—"Chain Reaction" and "Sure," with musical assistance by Neal Hefti's orchestra and chorus. (Coral)

Ah, children—here's some thing for you. That funny, funny man on *The Jackie Gleason Show*, Art Carney, has been signed by Columbia to record kiddie discs. And his first is a lulu. Art renders "Them," a little thing about some unusual animals and a cute thing entitled, "The Dodo Bird." The younger set should go for this, especially the whimsical combination of sound effects they've gotten together.

THERE'S also a brand-new album called "20,000 Leagues under the Sea," which should interest the small-fry. It has been adapted from the RKO movie of the same name, and with orchestra and voices it effectively tells the tale of life underneath the ocean and what happens in the briny deep. (Victor)

Bob Stuart, the new baritone hopeful of M-G-M Records, is moving right along in his crooning career. His new record, the third one he has made, may be *the* one for young Robert. He has done a good job on two novelties, "Said" and "Dance of the Hours." You'll recognize the melody of "Dance of the Hours" from "La Giaconda," but wait till you hear the gagged-up lyrics they've put to it. Incidentally, you folks in the Midwest probably know Bob's singing very well from his long-time stint as

a favorite on Station WLW in Cincinnati.

Mambo music seems to be the thing these days, and there's lots of it around this month. On Capitol you'll find releases by Chuy Reyes' group and The Rico Mambo Orchestra. And Victor has a whole slew done by the combinations of Perez Prado, Noro Morales, Tito Rodriguez, Al Romero and Tony Martinez. So pick your own, and even if you can't dance it, it's darned good fun to listen to.

"Cat Music Album"—what a title!—is for the lindy hoppers and jitterbugs, whipped together by The Cat Men, featuring Sam Taylor on tenor sax. It's an Extended Play set of good old standards—"This Can't Be Love," "Please Be Kind," "My Reverie," and "S'Posin'"—all instrumentals and all played in most danceable tempo. (M-G-M)

GENE AUTRY journeyed all the way from Hollywood to Nashville, Tennessee, America's folk music capital, to record his latest release, and the result should please the many Autry fans. Backed up by a fine group of country musicians, Gene sings "You're the Only Good Thing (That's Ever Happened to Me)" and "20-20 Vision (And Walking around Blind)." (Columbia)

Tony Travis is a new boy on wax, and with a nice style. He has chosen a ballad, "It's Easier Said Than Done," and a clever Calypso tune, "Mama, Mama, Mama," about "mama with a big cigar" (Victor). Tony, by the way, was discovered by Dinah Shore, and made his first professional appearance on her TV show a few months ago.

"Malasierra" and "Lamento Borincano" are two selections from the Italian movie, "Hell Raiders of the Deep," and they're now on a record, with the same arrangement and vocal as in the film. But here's the difference. In the movie, the star, Eleanora Rossi Drago, "sang" them, but actually a young Italian belle named Nilla Pizzi did the vocalizing. She does it on the record, too, though Eleanora's name is also on the label. Confusing, isn't it? But the songs are interesting to hear, especially the good guitar background, and "Malasierra" may very well turn out to be another "Anna." (M-G-M)

And the printer may very well turn me right off the page if I don't stop the typewriter, because my space is up. So long for now, and I'll be spinning back at you next month.

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

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

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

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

CAKE?

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



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

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

Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP

7 shades—33¢, 65¢, \$1.00



CREAM?

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



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

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

Magic Touch
CREAM MAKE-UP

6 shades—43¢ and \$1.00



LIQUID?

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



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

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

Sheer Magic
LIQUID MAKE-UP

6 shades—only 79¢



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

Ohio mothers and children have been having the time of their lives, thanks to WBNS-TV's delightful Fran Norris



Whether it's goblins in one of her tales or gobblers on the drawing board, Fran and her fans always have fun.

Everybody's Aunt Fran



Aunt Fran waves a traditional "Happy go-bye face."

HELPING the child adjust to his environment in everyday problems" may sound like a ponderous mouthful, but that's exactly what imaginative, fun-loving Fran Norris does every weekday at 4 P.M.—and in an atmosphere that, on both sides of the television screen, is filled with music, dancing, drawing and peals of delighted laughter from her young fans. Televised over WBNS-TV, *Aunt Fran And Her Playmates* gets off to a gay musical start, as kindergartners sing and dance in their own homes, then rollicks through fables and nursery rhymes. With crayons and such items as marshmallows, string and grocery sacks, the children follow Aunt Fran in creating a "Mr. Jumpy Man" or a "Miss Snowflake" or in interpreting by drawings the stories and songs they have heard. Mothers often join the romper set to watch the "Funny Bunny" cartoon episodes. These mothers also know that the best treat of all for the young ones is being one of the six or eight who gather around the "Birthday Bush" each day.

Behind Aunt Fran's skill with "learning through play" is a major in speech at Ohio Wesleyan University, work with little theater groups, as a librarian, and "my own children's early interest in my story-telling and handicrafts." A native of Zanesville, Fran met her husband, DeWitt Norris, by wangling an introduction to the man who wanted to buy "the fastest car on wheels" from her father, an automobile distributor. The Norrises and their children, Marilyn, 8, and George, 15, live in Plain City, where DeWitt owns a hardware and appliance store. "There would never have been an *Aunt Fran* show," Fran says, "if it weren't for the interest, enthusiasm and patience of my husband."

Aunt Fran's younger fans—kindergarten through second grade—recently took part in a survey and voted her tops in Central Ohio. Another poll placed her show among the first ten multi-weekly shows in the area. But, more than the surveys, Fran treasures a letter from a mother whose five-year-old had been discussing the marvelous fact of God's creations and then went on to say, "Goodness, He certainly does have a special craft. I'll bet even Aunt Fran couldn't do that."

Now! Magic "Fingers" to Control those "Calorie-Curves"!



As if your own fingers were lifting and firming your body muscles—that's how the hidden "finger" panels control those "Calorie-Curves."

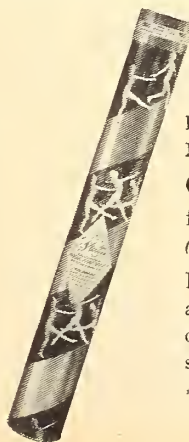
New Playtex[®] Magic-Controller!

has fabric next to your skin... hidden finger panels that firm and support you for fall's slim look!

From new non-roll top to adjustable garters, Playtex Magic-Controller smooths away those extra inches at waist, at hips, at thighs without a single seam, stitch or bone.

And you've never known such a combination of comfort and control! Because it's all done with latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric—completely invisible under the sheerest, most figure-hugging clothes! What's more, it washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry!

Playtex is the only girdle with latex on the outside, fabric on the inside. Whether you wear extra-small or extra-large—see what a difference Magic-Controller makes in your figure.



Playtex fabric lined Magic-Controller* \$7.95

Other Playtex Girdles from \$3.50

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

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending



Exciting things happen
when it's

Evening in Paris



Today, Tonight— wear it and
see why more women use
Evening in Paris than
any other fragrance
in the world!

Cologne, \$1.00, \$1.75
Perfume, \$1.00 to \$15.00
Improved-formula Face Powder
in 6 stylist shades, \$1.00
(all prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS Created in France... Made in the U.S.A.

DAYTIME

AUNT JENNY There is much kindness to be found in a town like Littleton, where neighbors have every chance to really know each other and no newcomer is a stranger for long. But snobbery and gossip are also active in small towns, and one of Aunt Jenny's recent stories gave that side of the picture as she told how a girl's future was almost wrecked by the secret marriage that concealed her child's legitimacy. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Desperately anxious to preserve her marriage to matinee idol Larry Noble, his wife Mary exposes herself to terrible dangers by allowing gambling king Victor Stratton to gain her confidence. Is Stratton as dangerous to her happiness as actress Elise Shephard, who has ruthlessly won Larry's whole-hearted concern by convincing him that she has only a short time left to live? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY First love can be wonderful or shattering, and Grayling Dennis' Aunt Emily watches with concern as beautiful Sandra Talbot insinuates herself into his life. What will happen when Grayling learns who Sandra's powerful "Uncle Bert" really is? Meanwhile, Grayling's sister Patsy wonders if she dare let herself respond to Dr. Randy Hamilton. Will his love erase the unhappiness she has tried to forget? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE A successful actress, seeking a more contented, peaceful life than she can lead in the theater, tries her hand in a new field. Meg Marlowe's friends are skeptical as she tries to turn her back on glamour and achievement—and so, in her heart, is Meg. Why is she afraid to admit that her real desires are the same as other women's? What are her real feelings toward Bill, who has always loved her? NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE Not even the devoted love of his wife Laurie can erase from young Zachary James' memory the impact of the tragic years he spent as an unwanted child, shunted from aunt to aunt until he was old enough to strike out on his own. Will the single-minded, driving need to establish his own importance, which resulted from that searing childhood, damage the marriage that means everything to Laurie? NBC-TV.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL As a star reporter for the *New York Daily Eagle*, David Farrell's specialty is covering crime stories, and his wife Sally is always at his side to help track down the odd clues, often ignored by the police, that have so often led to a quick, surprising solution of a baffling case. But in a recent adventure even the intrepid Farrells were shaken as

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

DIARY

a fanatical killer, on the edge of escape, almost took David's life. NBC Radio.

GOLDEN WINDOWS Do the young welcome security—or is there an irresistible urge toward the untried, toward adventure, that must be satisfied before security can be appreciated? Julie, a talented young singer, hesitates on the brink of marriage to a man who offers all the emotional and material solidity a girl might want. Is it what Julie wants? How long will it be before she learns the true answer to that question? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dan Peters' homicide trial is followed with concern by reporter Joe Roberts, who, instrumental in bringing Dan to justice, knows the psychological background which caused the crime. Meanwhile Joe's wife Meta observes with equal concern as her brother Bill and his wife Bertha learn some shattering truths about themselves from a psychiatrist. Will Bertha now be better able to advise Peggy Regan, who loves Dan? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS When Dr. Floyd Corey married Lona, he knew she was capable, efficient, and well supplied with money, and he objected to none of those things. But suddenly Floyd's uneasy feeling that he is not carrying enough of the financial load of their marriage leads him into an action that is, for him, surprisingly imprudent—and into a tangle that begins as a mere embarrassment and turns into something far more serious. NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE The orphanage's summer camp experience leads to a strange adventure for the children and for Julie herself as Henry M. finds an unexpected friend in the woods, and becomes involved in a long-standing family feud. Meanwhile, Julie gives a surprising amount of thought to her husband Reed's new partner, a young man named Carl Burnett. Is he destined to play an important part in the future of the Nixons? CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL The dreadful experience with scheming Thelma Nelson has finally made Bill Davidson somewhat more wary of strangers than he likes to be. But nothing can stop Bill from trying to help another human being who is—or who appears to be—in trouble. Is it from such a source that new danger will come to the friendly, open-hearted barber of Hartville—danger such as neither he nor his daughter Nancy can even anticipate? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle Jones is distraught as the tangle of intrigue weaves more closely about Lorenzo, who is still unable to prove that Phoebe Larkins was never his wife. Who is Phoebe's friend Roger Caxton, the man who is so fascinated by the wealth in the Basil Dunbar mines? What is his significance in the dreadful scheme that prevents Belle and



CAN'T CUT
CIRCULATION
Anywhere

Made of
CREAMY LATEX
Non-Allergenic

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

SOFTER
SMOOTHER

WATERPROOF
Everywhere



MIRACLE STRETCH!

No other baby panty has it.
Let your own hand prove it.

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

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

*T. M.
©1954 International Latex Corp'n, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del.
In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario

CHARLES ANTELL NEW SUPER LANOLIN!

GREATEST BREAK FOR YOUR HAIR SINCE LANOLIN ITSELF!

For damaged hair that's been dyed, fried, bleached, broiled... Charles Antell has now perfected *Super Lanolin*! Not just a new and better lanolin... but actually *3 times more effective* than any lanolin product for absorbing and holding vitally-needed moisture!

Tonight, *saturate* your dried-out hair with amazing new *Super Lanolin Formula 9*. Give it a chance to drink up precious moisture. In the morning, shampoo with Charles Antell's specially created lanolin shampoo. *See the difference instantly!* See your hair come back to new life — healthier-looking, more beautiful, more manageable than you dreamed possible!

Charles Antell

NEW SUPER LANOLIN FORMULA 9



(60-day supply)

BOTH
FOR
ONLY

98¢

PLUS TAX

NEW LANOLIN SHAMPOO

Look for combination package at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere.

Money Back Guarantee



Daytime Diary

Lorenzo from returning to one another and to the marriage that was once so perfect? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul Raven's dearest wish is to marry Vanessa Dale as quickly as possible and settle down to the happiness he knows they will enjoy. But he makes the mistake of relying on a lie to blot out certain facts in his past which might complicate the engagement—and that lie is one of the biggest mistakes of his life. Will Van's strong principles and simple code enable her to condone Paul's conduct? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Ma's trusteeship over the money left by Al Pierce involves her and her friends in a web of intrigue such as Rushville Center has never before encountered. Is Billy Pierce's hard-boiled, young wife Laura really prepared to carry through the despicable plans she has made to get control of the Pierce money? Is it possible that anyone, even a girl as tough as Laura, can remain untouched by Ma's love of humankind? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Reluctantly, the Barbour allow their children to go off into the world, seeking the freedom and independence children inevitably demand as they feel themselves grown up. Is Father Barbour right in suspecting that Hazel is not really ready to go off on her own? Is her judgment of men as naive and faulty as she herself used to believe—or will instinct and good sense supply what she lacks in experience? NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Kevin Bromfield's death, tragic though it was, might have brought renewed contentment to Sunday and her husband if Lord Henry found himself able to forget that Kevin died loving Sunday—and if Sunday herself were able to forget that Kevin gave up his life to save hers. Will the evil forces that are trying to sever Sunday's marriage be able to use these memories to their advantage? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Dr. Grayson's plan to gain control of oil-rich lands beneath Father Young's farm is so well worked out and so indirect that he is well on his way to a successful climax. But Pepper and Linda—and Mother Young, as well—have never trusted either Grayson or Father Young's excited dreams of great wealth easily come by. Is there any way in which they can force Grayson into the open before he ruins Mr. Young? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON Knowing Kate Beekman to be innocent of the murder of Gordy Webber, Perry and his assistants doggedly pursue the thin, wavering trail that Perry is certain will lead them to the real killer. But Gus Jansen holds the big advantage of knowing who his pursuers are, and thus being able to stay one jump ahead. Will he manage to do this long enough to ruin the Beekmans once and for all? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE The strange quirk of fate and law that results in

Portia's defending Morgan Elliot on a charge of murder has another, and more ominous, effect on her life. Her husband Walter, outwardly proud of Portia's talent as a lawyer, finds himself unable to face her public success, which puts his own achievements in the shade. Can the most modern marriage and the most understanding love survive this test? CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The marriage of Carolyn and Miles Nelson survived an ingenious effort to part them during his term as governor of the state, and Carolyn has high hopes that the future will see their deep, strong relationship re-established on its old, satisfying basis. But a new, unexpected strain throws a frightening light on the future. Will Carolyn's determination and faith be enough to carry her through the time ahead? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Family loyalty can be a tragic thing, as young Hugh Overton realizes when he tries to protect his sister Sybil from the consequences of her own unbalanced attitude toward the world—and from the desperately twisted plan conceived mainly to bring distress to Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn, of whose happiness Sybil is so insanely jealous. Can Hugh decide between his loyalty and his knowledge of right? CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen Trent, Hollywood gown designer, has arrived slowly and carefully at the decision that she would like to marry wealthy Brett Chapman, and is so happy in her new, hard-won peace of mind that she does not heed the warnings of her friends about her young assistant, Loretta Cole. Has Loretta really formulated a plan of her own with regard to Brett Chapman—and his money? Is she clever enough to carry it out? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY With active help from Rosemary, young Lonnie gradually readjusts and begins to put his humiliating experience with Monica behind him. But he cannot accept his sister Anna's happy marriage to Larry, somehow feeling it as a desertion of him by another person he loved. What happens as Rosemary, concentrating on Lonnie's unhappiness, unwittingly leaves her husband Bill too much to himself? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW V. L. and his lieutenant, Mr. Higbee, are certain that they will be successful in getting control of Joanne Barron's valuable land, for their scheme involving a false "wife" for Jo's fiancé, Arthur Tate, gets off to a brilliant start. But Arthur's lawyer friend, Nathan Walsh, understands that one can fight fire with fire. Will Nathan's clever counter-scheme bring the plot to a halt—or to an unforeseen tragedy? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan and Terry are delighted when Stan's sister Marcia and her new husband, Lew
(Continued on page 92)

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 14)

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Vaughn Monroe, the popular singer-orchestra leader? Vaughn has done little television or radio lately, but is still very active and spends most of his time at his Massachusetts home. He comes to New York City to make records, and at the moment there is talk of his possibly having a TV show of his own sometime later this fall.

Joe Laurie, Jr., who was such a favorite on the *Can You Top This?* program a few years ago? Sad to report that Joe passed away about four months ago in New York City, following surgery for a serious stomach ailment. He was known and loved as the "Grand Little Guy of Show Business."

Bill Slater, former emcee of *Twenty Questions?* With the announcement of the program's return to the air, many readers have inquired if Bill will be back on the show. Unfortunately, the answer is no, as he is still on the slow road to recovery from his long illness. But if the best wishes of his fans can speed things up, he'll be back sooner than is expected.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 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.



Included among this fall's new situation comedies is *December Bride*, starring Spring Byington.

Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New "Puff Magic" is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—comes in 5 flattering new shades



My dear friends,
Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don't cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

Natural Magic—a stardust finish for your skin.

Honey Fair—for that "lit-from-within" look.

Honey Brunette—flattering as candlelight.

Bridal Pink—soft and natural as a blush.

Tan Magic—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

NEW

Puff Magic

by LADY ESTHER

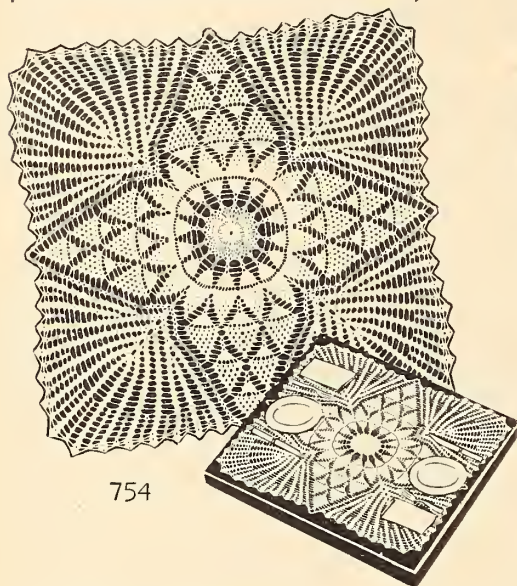
PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

Mirrored case. \$1⁰⁰ + Tax • Scroll case. 59^c + Tax

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

New Designs for Living

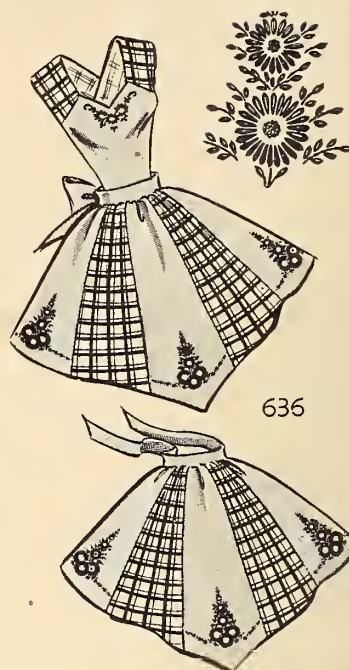
58-INCH SQUARE



754



7198



636

754—Inspired by priceless tablecloths one hundred years old, this heirloom beauty combines simple-to-remember stitches in a dramatic design. Tablecloth, 58 inches square in heavy cotton. 25¢

7198—Bottle caps with crocheted covers make these gay hot-plate mats. Protect table tops—put them under hot casserole dishes, coffeepots. Use mercerized crochet and knitting cotton. 25¢

636—A gay apron, bright with daisy embroidery, designed to cheer up chores. Easy to sew, embroider. Use scraps. Make whole or half-apron. Tissue pattern, embroidery transfer included. 25¢

775—Add a touch of luxury to your home with this pineapple chair-set, designed for larger chairs. Makes a handsome buffet set, too. Directions for chair back, 13"x19"; arm rest, 7"x11". 25¢

580—Iron-on roses in combination of two shades of red, green. Washable. No embroidery. Transfer of 14 motifs; four roses 4"x4½"; four, 1¼"x2¼"; six, averaging 2½"x4". 25¢.

728—Rickrack jewelry—so easy to make. Looks so expensive, too. Use rhinestones, pearls in center—have a matching necklace, earrings. All directions included. 25¢



775

IRON-ON COLOR
DESIGNS IN RED,
GREEN



580



728



Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to:
TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service,
P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York
11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern
for first-class mailing.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET OR BO NO.....

CITY OR TOWN.....

STATE.....

Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)

since been seen in many top radio and TV programs. The brown-haired, five-foot-eleven star and his wife enjoy collecting modern paintings and classical records, mostly Italian operas. He first met Wally Cox five years ago and they have been regular partners at paddle ball ever since.

Road Of Life

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me where the Road Of Life has moved to? I used to hear it over NBC and would like to know if it is still being broadcast.

L.E.P., Unionville, Mo.

The *Road Of Life*, which formerly was heard over both NBC and CBS, is now broadcast only over the CBS network.

The Missing Violin

Dear Editor:

I would like to know a little bit about Gisele MacKenzie, whom I see each week on NBC's *Your Hit Parade*. Where can I write for a picture of her?

E.H., Destrehan, La.

Brown-haired, brown-eyed Gisele MacKenzie set out originally to be a violinist, and it was only after her priceless Ceruti violin was stolen that she devoted herself entirely to singing. Gisele was three years old when her mother, a pianist and concert singer in Winnipeg, Canada, discovered her picking out tunes on the piano. From then on, she studied all phases of music, becoming an accomplished concert violinist. She sang for fun and was heard by Bob Shuttleworth, a bandleader who hired her as a triple threat—pianist-violinist-vocalist. The same week that her violin was stolen, Gisele's first vocal recording came to the attention of the directors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, who starred her on her own *Meet Gisele* network show for four years. Featured spots on Bob Crosby's *Club 15*, *The Mario Lanza Show*, and now, *Your Hit Parade*, followed and Gisele has never had time to be a violinist since. Gisele now lives in a New York apartment which she decorated herself and shares with two dachshunds, Wolfgang von Bagel and Brunhilde. Her chief recreation is cooking. For a picture, write to her c/o NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

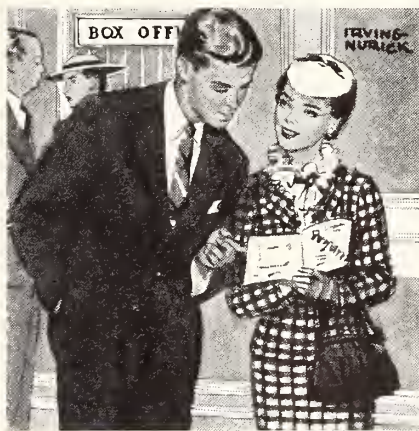
FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this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



Should the hostess be served—

- First Last In turn

If you lived in the days of the poison-dealing Borgias, you might want to de-jitter your guests! So—you'd be served first, to prove no cyanide lurked in the soup. But today, etiquette scowls on "me first" hostessing. Here, service should start with the femme in foreground (at right)—continuing clockwise; hostess to be served in turn. Being sure builds poise. That's why, on *those* days, you choose Kotex—assured no outlines show, thanks to special *flat pressed ends!*



To dress up a plaid suit, add a —

- Frilly blouse Faille purse Tam

All wrong—the answers above! It's a sad plaid that's teamed with ruffles, a silky purse; instead, add an elegantly simple blouse or sweater, good leather handbag. Smart *tailored* accessories are what's needed. And for certain needs, try the 3 sizes of Kotex—there's one just "tailor-made" for you. P.S.: No mistakes with Regular, Junior or Super, as Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!

Are you in the know?



What's a good wampum-magnet?

- Your piggy bank A bureau

Need extra mazuma? Have Mom help you set up an after-school-jobs bureau. Neighbors phone you for help wanted (to rake leaves, wash cars, run errands). Job minded kids apply to you, pay you 15% of their earnings. And at calendar time, let Kotex keep you *comfortable*. That chafe-free softness *holds its shape*; and you get non-fail *absorbency!*



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

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



Know someone who needs to know? Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster *now* who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send for new *free* booklet "You're A Young Lady Now". Written for girls 9 to 12, tells all she needs to know, *beforehand*. Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 12104, Chicago 11, Ill.



never
before a lipstick
so red...

New from *Toni* — a lipstick in SIX of the most vivid shades any woman has ever worn!

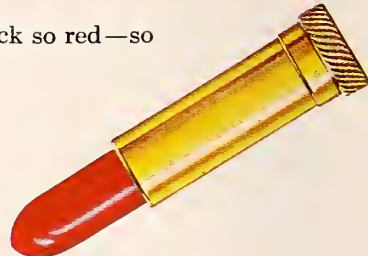
Here's a new depth of color for your lips! There just never has been a lipstick so red—so wonderfully, so excitingly red, as this new VIV lipstick by Toni!

VIV comes in a range of six vivid shades from pink to plum, shades that make you feel and look vividly alive. Each is more vivid than reds have ever been before because Toni has found a way to add a new *depth* of color to lipstick.

Long-lasting colors stay on—keep lips soft and moist. New VIV is the *comfortable* long-lasting lipstick. Choose your favorite shade and see what VIV, the really vivid lipstick, can do for you.

© THE GILLETTE CO.

the comfortable long-lasting lipstick



new **VIV** by *Toni* \$1¹⁰

Here's Why I Love Lucy!



By VIVIAN VANCE
— (“Ethel Mertz”)

I'VE HAD so many people ask me how I feel about working with Lucille Ball, I believe I'll tell 'em. Am I ever jealous? Do I get that “second fiddle” feeling? Do I wish I were the star of the show?

No.

“But there must be a great rivalry,” a friend of mine remarked one day, “between two women—both actresses, same show.”

See Next Page ▶

HERE'S WHY I LOVE LUCY!

(Continued)

We're even better friends off TV than on.

Who wouldn't adore the Lucille Ball I know?



Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz—Desi and Lucy—beamed when I received the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences award as "best supporting actress." But anyone could win an "Emmy," acting with such a grand star, on such a show as *I Love Lucy* (below).



Confidential



I can't say about that "must be," but—we haven't got it.

Now, mind you, I might not feel this way if I worked with anyone less talented. To work with someone less good than you are could be pretty frustrating. But, when you work with talent like Lucy's, it's the exact opposite of frustrating—whatever the exact word for the opposite of "frustrating" may be!

We're the best-known "best friends" in the country, I guess, Lucy and I. We're the present-day feminine version of Damon and Pythias, and it's "for real," off-screen as well as on. Our friendship is just as real and cozy and next-door-neighborly as that between Lucy Ricardo and Ethel Mertz. And a heck of a lot more peaceful. For Mrs. Ricky Ricardo and Mrs. Fred Mertz have had their fallings-out, but Mrs. Desi Arnaz and Mrs. Philip Ober have yet to have their first one!

How could you "fall out" with Lucy? How, above all, could I!

Know what she gave me for Christmas last year?



I'm prouder of being Mrs. Philip Ober than Vivian Vance.

An album, all leather-bound, tooled in gold, initialed, and titled "*This Is Your Life*." In the album were childhood pictures of me, pictures of my childhood playmates, male and female; of my pets, cats and dogs, male and female; of my four sisters and one brother, my aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces; a wedding picture of Philip and me, made in 1941, on our wedding day; a picture of my psychiatrist; of everyone, in short, who ever had anything to do with my life.

Included in the album was a "comedy" contract of which the last two paragraphs read: "It is advisable that Miss Jones will never strive to look younger than she is which, as we all know, is old enough.

"Miss Jones is directed never to allow her hair to come within five shades of Miss Ball's tresses in either direction. Signed, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz and Al Jacoby." (Continued on page 85)

I Love Lucy returns to the air Oct. 4—CBS-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.



Above, with my real husband Phil (who movie-acted as Deborah Kerr's mate in "*From Here to Eternity*"). Below, with my TV hubby, William Frowley—alias "*Fred Mertz*."



HERE'S WHY I LOVE LUCY!

(Continued)



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what every LINKLETTER should know



My dad, Art Linkletter, believes in people doing things for themselves. He really had me learning all the angles when I "helped out" on his *House Party!*



Above—more research. Right—Dad's latest portrait.



Mother and Dad have taught me a way of life—which includes all the facts such as "the birds and bees," etc.

By JACK LINKLETTER

YOU WOULDN'T think that French "ladies of the evening" would have much to do with a young man's philosophy of life, would you? Well, in most cases, you're right, but I'm Jack Linkletter, Art's seventeen-year-old son, and in my case it's different. When my mother and dad and I were in Paris last summer, I met one of the ladies of Pigalle, and the meeting has become an example, granted an *extreme* example, of what I call the "Linkletter way of life" in action.

Let me hasten to explain that this meeting took place under the eyes of my watchful parents. I was walking along the boulevard with Dad a few steps behind me, purposefully hoping to meet one of these interesting people, when suddenly my elbow was clutched and before I knew it, I was sitting at a sidewalk café. After observing this episode from behind the lamppost, Dad joined the table after a few seconds and the three of us started talking. I was so (Continued on page 72)

Art Linkletter's *House Party*, M-F—CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M.; CBS Radio, 3:15 P.M.—is sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Kellogg Co., and Dole Pineapple. His *People Are Funny* is heard on CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Amana Food Freezers. The TV version of *People Are Funny* starts Sun., Sept. 19, NBC-TV, 7 P.M., under sponsorship of The Toni Company. (All EDT)





As Juliet Goodwin, Leila is both singing star and dramatic actress.

When Miss Martin became "Mrs.," she found a shining future in both marriage and her career

LEILA'S



Grant Sullivan—as John Brandon—plays a romantic part in Juliet Goodwin's life.

IT WAS May in New York, and Leila Martin (now best known to NBC-TV audiences as the lovely Juliet of *Golden Windows*) was just twenty and working in a hit musical, "Wish You Were Here," and she had a date for after the show. Life was wonderful in a pleasant, easygoing way, and she hadn't the faintest indication that destiny had tapped her that night.

Gaily, after the show, she changed clothes and rubbed off make-up, and took a cab to the address her date had given her ("I may be late, but it's a big party," he'd warned, "so make yourself at home"). She rang the bell and the door was opened by a dark and personable young man, who surveyed her with frank admiration.

"I'm Leila Martin," she said, smiling her prettiest. Perhaps the smile did it. . . .

"I'm Lennie Green, and I'm the host, and you're the first guest to show up. Will you have dinner with me this week, your first free evening?"

"Why," she answered, "if you'll let me come in, and (Continued on page 89)

GOLDEN WINDOWS

By HAROLD KEENE



True story: Lennie fell in love with this painting before he ever met Leila, always hoped he'd find a girl to "match"!



Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Green: They met by accident, got engaged in spite of themselves, then parted—they thought—forever. But love taught Lennie and Leila a lesson they were more than happy to learn.

Leila Martin stars as Juliet Goodwin in *Golden Windows*, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, and sponsored by Cheer.

BEAT THE CLOCK'S

Bud Collyer and Roxanne admire the handsome Chairside Theater with Sylvania's new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube.



BEAT THE CLOCK CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

The faces on the opposite page are:

LIMERICK

There was a young man from Dundee
Who spent all his time watching TV;
Said his wife with a smirk,
When he stayed home from work:

YOUR NAME. _____

STREET OR BOX NO. _____

CITY OR TOWN. _____ STATE. _____

Last Line _____

EXCITING BIG CONTEST

Here's your chance to win one of Sylvania's revolutionary Chairside Theaters

HOW WOULD YOU like to be the proud possessor of the beautiful Sylvania Chairside Theater with the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube Bud Collyer and Roxanne are admiring on the opposite page? Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? And it's so easy! All you have to do is cut apart the three faces pictured below and rearrange the sections so that they form the original portraits of three outstanding personalities in radio and television. After you have matched up the faces, paste them on a piece of paper and write the name of each one in the coupon on the opposite page. Then make up a last line to go with the limerick printed on the coupon. *Be sure the last line rhymes with the first two.* For example:

There was a young man from Dundee,
Who spent all his time watching TV;
Said his wife, with a smirk,
When he stayed home from work:
"You're causing me much misery."

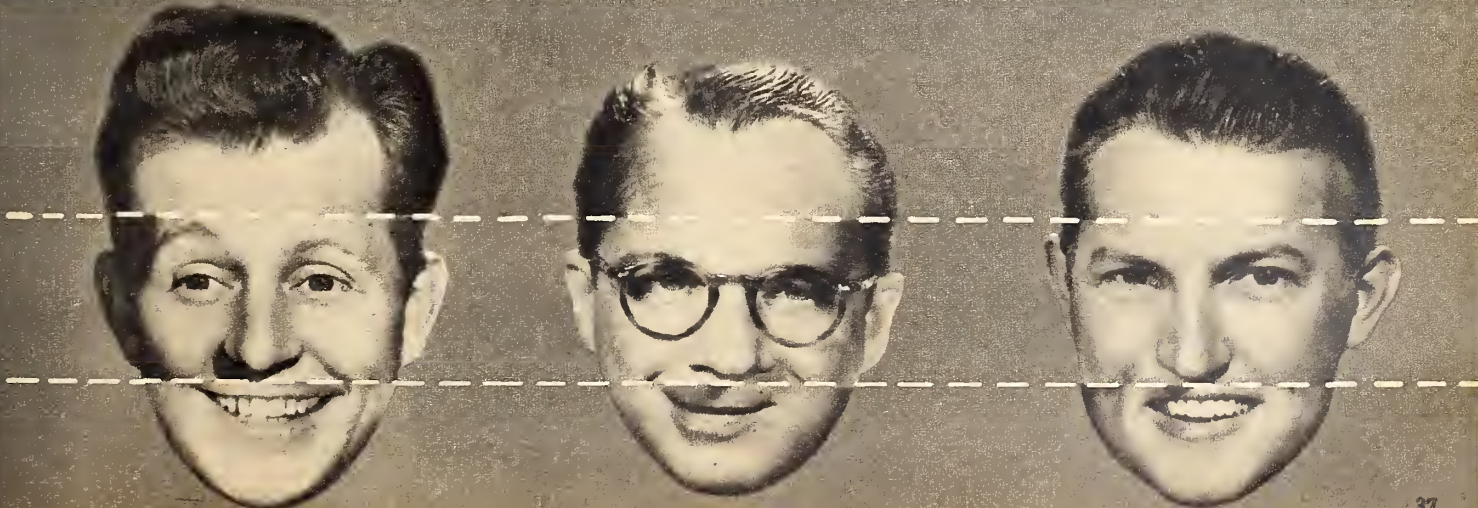
That's all there is to it. You'll have fun doing it, and you might win yourself a Sylvania Chairside Theater with the new "Silver Screen 85" picture tube—or a handsome Sylvania radio clock. And be sure to be on the lookout next month, for there will be new faces to guess, another limerick to complete, and *another* chance to win yourself a TV set or radio clock. So don't delay—start right now and be among the first to enter this exciting contest.

Beat The Clock, with Bud Collyer as emcee and Roxanne as hostess, is seen on CBS-TV, Saturday, 7:30 P.M., as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

The four runners-up in the contest will receive this attractive Sylvania radio clock.



Who are they? Rearrange the sections of these three mixed-up faces to form the original portraits of three outstanding radio and TV emcees. Just cut them apart on the dotted lines and paste them together in the right order.



CONTEST RULES

1. Each entry must include your filled-in coupon, as printed on the opposite page, and your paste-up and identification of the faces shown below.
2. Address entries for this contest to:
BEAT THE CLOCK CONTEST, TV RADIO MIRROR,
P.O. Box 1835, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.
3. This month's contest ends midnight, October 5, 1954. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.
4. The winner of this contest will receive a Sylvania Chairside Theater, which includes a television set with a 27-inch screen and a remote control unit. The next four runners-up will each receive a Sylvania radio clock.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of accuracy in rearranging and identifying the faces and originality in completing the limerick.
6. You may submit more than one entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final.
7. This contest is open to everyone in the United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc. and Sylvania Electric Products Inc.
8. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence can be entered into in regard to entries. Winners will be notified as soon as the judging has been completed.



Jarrin' Jack Jackson (Eddie) tries to imbue his son (Gil Stratton Jr.) with his own philosophy.

Small town guy

"That's my boy" is more than a phrase to Eddie Mayehoff—it's the symbol of a proud heritage

By **BUD GOODE**

BE PROUD OF WHAT YOU ARE. That's Eddie Mayehoff's philosophy of life. On screen and off, Eddie—who is Jarrin' Jack Jackson in Cy Howard's *That's My Boy*, over CBS-TV—lives the life of a typical middle-class American. He's representative of every brotherhood—the Elks, Moose, Rotary, and Lions—all rolled into one Junior Chamber of Commerce. He's a symbol of America's backbone—small-town life—and proud of it.

"You bet I'm proud of it," says Eddie. "Small towners have got what it takes. They give meaning to the word *democracy*. What happens when a house burns down in the Big City? Ever see the neighbors get together for a house raising—or a barn raising? Seldom. Yet it happens every day in small towns across the country. As for charity bazaars—that's practically another word for 'small town.' Those folks really know the meaning of giving.

"And take organizations like the Elks and Rotary—sure, they sometimes produce back-slappers—but they are men with hearts, they are men with jobs (Continued on page 103)



Eddie himself enjoys the sports pages—but also takes an interest in everything else going on in his community.

Eddie Mayehoff stars in *That's My Boy*, CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, for the Plymouth Div. of Chrysler Corp.

Alice Jackson (Rochelle Hudson) acts as referee in conflict between her sports-loving hubby and book-loving son.





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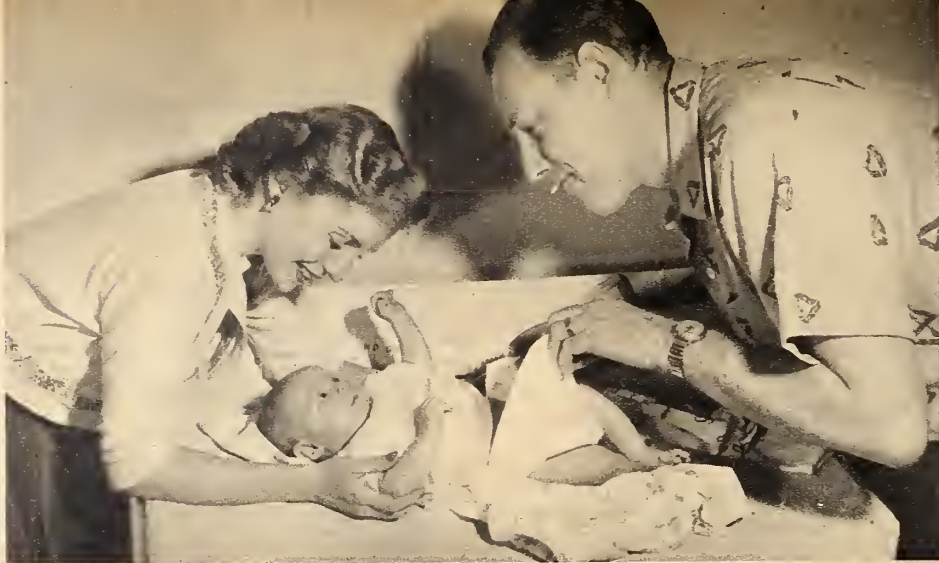


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Susan has a **BOY!**

Susan Douglas and Jan Rubes
find the true Guiding Light in
the eyes of their first-born

By LILLA ANDERSON

SHE KNEW exactly what kind of a husband she wanted. And, whenever she described him, fragile, blonde Susan Douglas took on all the determination of a woman whose mind is made up.

In dressing-room gossip with other young actresses on Broadway, or perched on a drugstore stool near the broadcasting studios (though this was before she became so familiar to radio and TV audiences as Kathy Roberts—now Kathy Lang—in *The Guiding Light*), Susan listened politely whenever another girl exclaimed over some newly-met actor who was just too, too dreamy.

When it was her own turn to talk, however, Susan almost invariably said: "Actors are all right if you like the type. But they're not for me. When I marry, I want a man who is in a substantial profession—a doctor, a lawyer, or something like that. I want a husband who is settled."

Susan had more than the usual reasons for day-dreaming in substantial terms, for—while her own shining star had risen steadily through stage, screen, radio and television roles—the memory of having been torn up by the roots never left her. Born in Czechoslovakia and brought up in a cosmopolitan family ("My father owned theaters in Vienna; my aunt was a film actress in Berlin; another aunt lived in Paris and we often visited her"), Susan was only thirteen when, with her mother, she fled from the Nazis. . . .

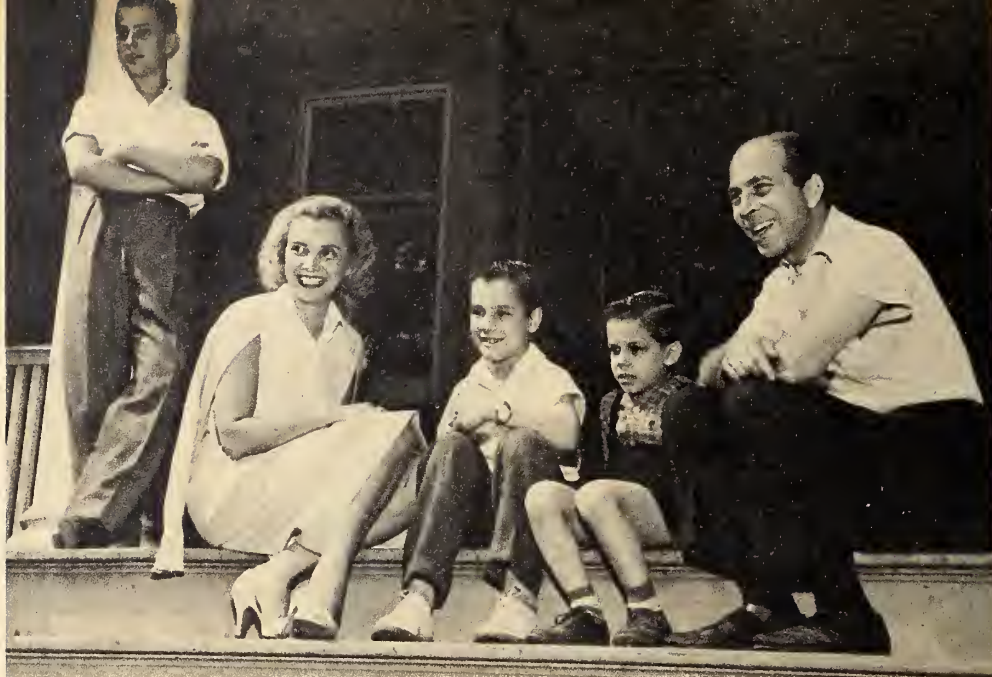
Show business was fun, she happily conceded, and being an actress was the only thing in the (Continued on page 93)



One thing Jan and Susan are sure of is that tiny Christopher will have lots of music in his life. Jan is a fine concert artist and sings on his own program, one of the most popular heard in all Canada.

Susan is Kathy in *The Guiding Light*, M-F—CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.; CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—for Duz, Ivory Soap, Ivory Flakes. Jan stars in *Songs Of My People*, CBC Trans-Canada, Fri., 9:30 P.M. (All EDT)





Straight talk to teenagers



One of my weekly high school get-togethers in New York.

A PRETTY teen-aged girl named Terry sat quietly while her parents and I discussed juvenile delinquency. Suddenly, Terry blew her top. "I'm getting so tired of hearing this kind of talk. I'm beginning to think I'm Public Enemy No. 1."

She's right. That's the way it sounds. You read about teen-age gangsterism, vandalism, drunkenness and teen-age orgies with sex and dope. You hear complaints of teenagers being disrespectful, ill-mannered, indifferent and irresponsible. Well, what is the truth about our teenagers—are they human beings or monsters?

I have two children who have (Continued on page 81)

They're not embarrassed to ask the questions. I'm not embarrassed to give honest answers

By MARTIN BLOCK



Above and at top of page, my wife Esther and three of the five youngsters I should know best—because they're my own! —Martin, Jr., 13, Joel Christopher, 9, and Michael, 6.



WABC

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
SPECIAL TURN
DO NOT REMOVE
FROM
THIS LOCATION

a very **R**omantic fellow



Donald is proud of his theatrical collection—such as the Shakespearean prints, above—but takes an even greater delight in his lively nephews, baby Richard and David.



Both Stella Dallas and Helen Trent could testify that Donald Buka shouldn't be a bachelor, but he is—for now!

By FRANCES KISH

THE HANDSOME young man with the lively dark eyes—and the new crew cut—grins as he talks. "On radio and television," he is saying, "I am quite a romantic fellow. As myself—well, I am still Donald Buka, bachelor."

His eyes travel around the living room of the pleasant bachelor apartment, to the pictures he has collected, the books and the many little personal treasures. "I like a home," he continues. "I had a nice home in my childhood and I wanted one when I grew up. It seems important to me. Even when I was away from New York, working in Hollywood, making motion pictures and television films in Europe, playing in summer theaters and on tour in plays that traveled across the country, I kept this little apartment. I like the feeling of coming home to it."

The apartment is a compact arrangement of living room, bedroom, bath and tiny kitchen, in a tall building in the heart of New York, with a private terrace shadowed by other tall buildings which huddle closely around it. An awning-covered terrace planted with shrubs and flowers and gaily furnished to give the illusion of country living. A pleasant place for late afternoon tea or cocktails, for the lazy evenings of early fall, for morning sunning while studying a script.

In fact, a couple of scripts lie on a near-by table, tossed aside as visitors arrived. One is *Stella Dallas*, in which Donald plays the part of Stanley Warrick, romantic young English

He often dates with pretty actress Janet de Gore.

Continued →



a very **R**omantic fellow

(Continued)

diplomat in love with Stella's daughter Laurel. The other is *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, in which he plays another romantic young man, of Spanish origin, in love with Cynthia.

"See what I mean?" he asks. "Take a look at these scripts. In them, I'm really a very romantic fellow. In others, too. I sometimes appear in the television drama, *Three Steps To Heaven*, in the role of a sentimental and ardent artist. I am a swashbuckling and incurable romanticist in a series of TV films made recently in Rome and now ready for release here. I play intermittent roles on several other daytime serials—and all of them romantic. But, comes evening, I am just another fellow who likes to date a pretty girl. And is still a bachelor."

One of these pretty girls is young actress Janet de Gore, a petite and piquante redhead with sparkling brown eyes and a shapely figure. She and Donald met some years ago, when she was fifteen and he was a few years older. "I thought of him then as a fascinating older man," she says of him now. "He thought of me as a kid." After a while they lost track of each other, until a day last winter when she saw him on the street and yoo-hoed to him to stop and tell an old friend what he had been doing all those months. It seemed to take quite a while—through dinners for two at little restaurants that have now become their favorites . . . at movies and the theater, when they could take time out from their respective jobs . . . sometimes at parties . . . and, as spring came

on, at sunny tables on the terrace at the Central Park Zoo, where you can dine to the music of a lion's roar or the splash of a playful seal. But both insist it isn't romance. Rather, that it's a case of two hard-working people who are attracted to each other by mutual interests.

Those interests are primarily a love of acting—and everything connected with it—and an ambition to learn more and more about its techniques. They both have continued to take lessons in dancing, and in singing, and to work with little groups of professionals in actors' workshops. Both have a background of solid professional experience in theater, radio and television. Janet played the older sister in "The Member of the Wedding" during its Broadway run, toured with Shirley Booth in "The Time of the Cuckoo," has been seen in dozens of leading roles on the big TV dramatic shows ("I play nice girls on television"). She is heard in many radio dramas ("I'm usually cast as the gun moll or some other unpleasant kind of dame on radio, oddly enough").

Donald admits a bias toward career girls, probably because he sees them more often than any others. "I like a girl to be natural and not assume any poses," he says, "and this applies to actresses, as well." He teases Janet about her cooking: "She's much too brilliant an actress and much too decorative a girl to worry with pots and pans, so it's all right if she *can't* cook."

"He used to cut out recipes and give them to me to try," she teases in return, "but now he gives them to other (Continued on page 100)

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46 **Snapshots** of a busy day and date: Donald waits as Janet prims . . . Janet watches doubtfully as he gets that famous crew cut from Gus Purman of the Sherry-Netherland . . . then they drop by for a visit with artist Andre Duranceau at his studio.





Performers' holiday: Actress Janet de Gore poses for actor (and amateur photographer) Donald Buka.

So what if Janet can't cook? They have a lot of interests in common, practice their voice lessons together . . . take a few moments' relaxation in nearby Central Park . . . then back to work, as Donald redecorates the terrace of his apartment.





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(Continued)

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DREAM PRINCESS

Marion Marlowe, of the Godfrey shows, lives in two exciting worlds—and one of them is real

By MARTIN COHEN



Working for Arthur Godfrey isn't really work to Marion, who sings as naturally as breathing.

How's your dream reception—are you getting dreams in color? And how's the programming—would you like to screen a couple of new features starring Marion Marlowe? One of Marion in a sarong, perhaps, as "The Queen of the Jungle"—or would you prefer "A Royal Romance," with Marion courted in a castle by a

mysterious, handsome prince? Marion has these dreams frequently, you see, and it's just a matter of your tuning in on the right frequency.

"Honest, my reception is terrific," Marion says. "The color is so vivid, and it's in 3-D. I even have hi-fidelity smell—you know, I can actually smell flowers or food (*Continued on page 98*)

Marion Marlowe sings on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—*The Arthur Godfrey Digest*, CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Frigidaire, and The Toni Company. (All times given EDT)



Marion's proud of the loyal family who helped make her biggest dreams come true, loves to show them off at New York's Harwyn Club during their long summers together. That's her beloved mother, Mrs. Marion Townsend, second from right, flanked by Mrs. T's own parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hofmeister.



JACK BARRY

KIDS ARE LIKE THAT

Little Jeffrey's learning to laugh and to share—just like the young followers of *Winky Dink And You*



Above, Jack shows *Winky Dink* fans how to draw right along with the program. Right, he and his lovely wife, Marcia, show Jeffrey how to get along with pets—including the Siamese.



Jack should be an expert on children, after eight years of *Juvenile Jury*! Below, with a typical group of tiny panelists: Front—Carol McDonald, Ellen Elfenbein, Stevie Goldberg, Joe Ward; rear—Laura Mangels, Ronny Molluzzo (see story).

By JUNE L. AULICK

LAUGH and the baby laughs with you," claims blue-eyed Jack Barry, whose latest program, *Winky Dink And You*, keeps the small fry entertained in a unique fashion, Saturday mornings over CBS-TV.

"Trouble is," confesses the new father, "it's not always easy to laugh!"

Jack and his wife, the former Marcia Van Dyke, became the parents of Jeffrey Van Dyke Barry on March 5, 1953, and have had as many problems to solve as any other family—despite the fact that Jack thought he knew a lot of answers, after interviewing some 25,000 boys and girls since he first introduced *Juvenile Jury* in 1946!

There was the time, for instance, when Jeffrey was ten months old and his mother had gone to visit friends in Springfield, Connecticut. For a few days, Papa managed all right with the routine of feeding the baby and putting him to bed after the nurse had left. (Continued on page 104)



Juvenile Jury is seen over CBS-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M., for Geritol. *Winky Dink And You*, on CBS-TV, Sat., 11 A.M. Jack Barry's *Life Begins At 80* returns Sept. 24—Du Mont TV, Fri., 9 P.M., for Serutan. (All EDT)



Search for tomorrow

FOR EACH and every one of us, life holds within its vast and mysterious realms many secrets. And each day, as we pursue the business of living, we are all filled with the hope of awaking to a better, happier tomorrow. . . . For Joanne Barron and Arthur Tate, tomorrow had seemed to be overflowing with bright promises as they approached the threshold of their long-awaited marriage—until, on the very day of their wedding, all their hopes and plans were disrupted with tornado violence by the appearance of the woman who claimed to be Arthur's first wife, Hazel, who had been presumed killed in a hotel fire years before. It was ten years ago that Arthur, lonely and unhappy, had married Hazel, only to learn she had not been the kind of person he thought she was. Now, with the reappearance of Hazel, all those unhappy memories returned with even greater vengeance to wreak untold havoc on both his and Joanne's lives . . . for, in posing as Arthur's wife, Hazel claimed the right to sue Joanne for alienation of Arthur's affections. To successfully carry out her suit, Hazel approached Henry Shotwell, Henderson's leading lawyer and, after pleading tearfully with him, persuaded him to take her case. This was only the first step in what was really a carefully plotted scheme to cheat Joanne and Arthur out of ownership of the Motor Haven. After announcing publicly that she was Arthur's wife, Hazel took up residence at the Motor Haven while Joanne, still trusting completely in Arthur but fully aware of the awkward position she was in, was helpless to stop her. . . . In spite of the doom that was gradually engulfing them, Joanne and Arthur were determined to take action themselves. With the expert guidance and help of Arthur's lawyer-friend, Nathan Walsh, they prepared to wage a fight to the finish. . . . Right from the start, Nathan had suspected Hazel was an impostor and that someone, for some devious reason, was behind her well-timed appearance in Henderson. So, he had hired Harry Morton, a detective, to investigate and find out all he could about Hazel's mysterious background. . . . Meanwhile, Hazel—well



1. On the day Joanne Barron plans to marry Arthur Tate, a woman named Hazel appears, claiming to be Arthur's wife. She moves into Motor Haven, announcing she has a right to do so.

Search for tomorrow

(Continued)



2. Hazel presents her case to Henry Shatwell, Henderson's leading attorney, who agrees to represent her in a suit against Joanne for "alienation of affections."

settled at the Motor Haven—offered to drop her suit against Joanne, provided the Motor Haven would be turned over to her. The proposal seemed preposterous but, surprisingly, Joanne was tempted to agree to it. Perhaps, she thought, it might bring her some measure of happiness, bring her closer and more quickly to marriage with Arthur. But the wise Nathan, still suspicious, finally convinced Joanne that this was not the way—that happiness could not be bought by blackmail. . . . This decision proved to be the best one, for Harry Morton's investigation had met with success. He had uncovered absolute proof that Hazel was *not* Arthur's wife but his dead wife's *twin sister*, Sue. . . . Like sunshine after rain, the world suddenly seemed bright again for Joanne and Arthur as, with this proof to rely on, they eagerly planned to be married immediately. But, said Nathan, that joyous occasion would have to be postponed—for the resourceful attorney had indisputable evidence that, behind "Hazel" and her nefarious activities, there was a powerful and ruthless group of gangsters trying to get the Motor Haven for criminal purposes—though he didn't know that Mortimer Higbee was a prominent member of this gang. Nathan realized



3. Meanwhile, Nathan Walsh—Arthur's law

that Joanne's and Arthur's happiness would always be in jeopardy, until this evil threat to the Motor Haven had been overcome for all time. With Joanne's and Arthur's help, Nathan planned to capitalize on their knowledge of the false Hazel's real identity and use her to lead them to the higher-ups in the gang which was threatening the security of the Motor Haven. In the face of Nathan Walsh's powerful arguments, Joanne and Arthur finally gave in. . . . Nathan promptly proceeded to set the trap for "Hazel" by placing the real Hazel's diary in "Hazel's" room. The plan had its desired effect, for when "Hazel" came upon the diary she was filled with terror at the thought of being found out, and her conscience began to plague her as she recalled how her sister had died—when she, her own flesh and blood, could have saved her and didn't. Frantic, "Hazel" tried unsuccessfully to contact Mortimer Higbee, who had been responsible for bringing her to Henderson. But Nathan foiled her plans and, to further his own, supplied her with a bottle of whiskey, "Hazel's" greatest weakness. He knew this would loosen her tongue and induce her to confess—but he also knew there had to be some greater impetus to initiate that confes-



Having found proof that Hazel is an impostor, plans to expose her.

sion. . . . With the help of an actress who closely resembled the real Hazel, Nathan waited until "Hazel" had gotten herself into a drunken stupor, then put his plan into action. He simulated a fire at Motor Haven—to remind "Hazel" of the one in which her sister died—then had the actress appear, posing as the real Hazel. In her delirious state, the ensuing scene became all too realistic to "Hazel." She was terrified almost to the point of madness, vividly recalling a similar incident some ten years in her past. Frenzied and desperate, she dashed out of the Motor Haven, trying to escape the horrible reminder of her evil doings. As "Hazel" headed into the woods near the Motor Haven, the thoughts of her guilt and fear of being captured swirled about her, causing her to thrash about aimlessly like a hunted animal. . . . Meanwhile, Joanne and the others went after "Hazel," intent upon catching her while she was in the mood to confess. Joanne was the first to discover the deranged woman, lying on the ground, writhing in pain. As she bent over "Hazel," Joanne realized suddenly that the woman was in serious condition . . . she was dying! Desperately, "Hazel" tried to tell Joanne something, but her incoherent words made no sense. Be-



4. Part of the proof—the real Hazel's diary—is placed in "Hazel's" room. Upon finding it, she becomes panicky, fearing she will be found out.



5. Afraid "Hazel" will talk, Mortimer Higbee—who brought her to town—sends his henchman Clarence to take her away from Motor Haven.

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that Joanne's and Arthur's happiness would always be in jeopardy, until this evil threat to the Motor Haven had been overcome for all time. With Joanne's and Arthur's help, Nathan planned to capitalize on their knowledge of the false Hazel's real identity and use her to lead them to the higher-ups in the gang which was threatening the security of the Motor Haven. In the face of Nathan Walsh's powerful arguments, Joanne and Arthur finally gave in. . . . Nathan promptly proceeded to set the trap for "Hazel" by placing the real Hazel's diary in "Hazel's" room. The plan had its desired effect, for when "Hazel" came upon the diary she was filled with terror at the thought of being found out, and her conscience began to plague her as she recalled how her sister had died—when she, her own flesh and blood, could have saved her and didn't. Frantic, "Hazel" tried unsuccessfully to contact Mortimer Higbee, who had been responsible for bringing her to Henderson. But Nathan foiled her plans and, to further his own, supplied her with a bottle of whiskey, "Hazel's" greatest weakness. He knew this would loosen her tongue and induce her to confess—but he also knew there had to be some greater impetus to initiate that confes-



3. Meanwhile, Nathan Walsh—Arthur's lawyer—having found proof that Hazel is an impostor, plans to expose her.

sion. . . . With the help of an actress who closely resembled the real Hazel, Nathan waited until "Hazel" had gotten herself into a drunken stupor, then put his plan into action. He simulated a fire at Motor Haven—to remind "Hazel" of the one in which her sister died—then had the actress appear, posing as the real Hazel. In her delirious state, the ensuing scene became all too realistic to "Hazel." She was terrified almost to the point of madness, vividly recalling a similar incident some ten years in her past. Frenzied and desperate, she dashed out of the Motor Haven, trying to escape the horrible reminder of her evil doings. As "Hazel" headed into the woods near the Motor Haven, the thoughts of her guilt and fear of being captured swirled about her, causing her to thrash about aimlessly like a hunted animal. . . . Meanwhile, Joanne and the others went after "Hazel," intent upon catching her while she was in the mood to confess. Joanne was the first to discover the deranged woman, lying on the ground, writhing in pain. As she bent over "Hazel," Joanne realized suddenly that the woman was in serious condition. . . . she was dying! Desperately, "Hazel" tried to tell Joanne something, but her incoherent words made no sense. Be-



4. Part of the proof—the real Hazel's diary—placed in "Hazel's" room. Upon finding it, she becomes panicky, fearing she will be found out.



5. Afraid "Hazel" will talk Mortimer Higbee—who brought her to town—sends his henchman Clarence to take her away from Motor Haven.



6. After Clarence fails to get "Hazel" out of the way, Nathan Walsh proceeds with his plan to make her confess. He simulates a fire to remind "Hazel" of the one in which the real Hazel—who was the impostor's twin sister—died, then has an actress, who resembles Hazel, appear. The plan works. "Hazel," thrown into a state of shock, flees from the Motor Haven



7. "Hazel", terrified by the reminder of her evil doings and afraid of being captured, runs into the woods near Motor Haven, searching aimlessly for a means of escape.



8. Joanne pursues "Hazel" and finds her almost dead. "Hazel" starts to confess, but before she can utter the secret Joanne wants to know so desperately, she dies.

9. An investigation reveals that "Hazel" was murdered and the finger of suspicion is pointed at Joanne and Arthur. Will they, with Nathan's help, be able to disprove the charge?

Search for tomorrow

(Continued)

fore Joanne could learn the secret she had been so eagerly waiting to hear, "Hazel" died. . . . Instead of writing the end to a tragic chapter, "Hazel's" death has only paved the way for even greater misfortunes. For the ensuing investigation has pointed the finger of suspicion at both Joanne and Arthur! And why not? *Their* lives were the ones which had been most threatened by "Hazel's" presence. *They* would benefit most by having her out of the way. The motive was there . . . now, only the proof is needed. . . . Although their deep love for each other has never waned, Joanne and Arthur know it will take more than that love to see them through this crisis. Can they, together, find the strength, the wisdom and courage to vindicate themselves in the face of this preposterous charge and once again hold their heads high? Even if they succeed, will they be able to fill their tomorrow with that elusive something called happiness which, a short time ago, they almost held in their grasp?

Pictured here, in their original roles, are:

Joanne Barron.....	Mary Stuart
Arthur Tate.....	Terry O'Sullivan
Hazel.....	Mary Patton
Nathan Walsh.....	George Petrie
Henry Shotwell.....	Reese Taylor
Clarence.....	Boris Aplon

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



He thinks with his heart

Galen Drake can tell others how to be happy, because he's already proved what he preaches

By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE GIRL was lonely. While her days were filled with the activity of her secretarial job, her evenings stretched blank and monotonous, with only a radio to fill her room with human sound.

A voice caught her attention. In it, she sensed both zest and contentment, but the speaker's words needled into her own restlessness: "This is Galen Drake again. Are you doing today exactly what you want to do? If your answer is 'No'—why aren't you? Be honest with yourself. Are there any valid reasons why you cannot do it?"

A few days later, the girl wrote him, "You reached me at the psychological moment. I sat down and thought it out. The one thing I really wanted was to go to South America. Yet I'd always felt I was tied to my job and couldn't afford it. You made me think deeper. I knew some Spanish. I had six hundred dollars in the bank. Today I drew out that money and bought travelers' checks and a steamer ticket."

Her second letter bore a Buenos Aires postmark: "I'm here . . . I found a job . . . I met a fine man who really is quite well off. . . . We fell in love and married. We're wonderfully happy."

This is but one of the many instances where listeners have written that Galen Drake's convincing voice and pithy comment have changed their lives.

He also is credited with having halted at least one would-be suicide and with having put many an alcoholic on the wagon. About the field of marital relations, he has remarked, "Most husbands who are *henpecked* might try increasing their wives' *chickenfeed* allowance"—and persuaded a stingy spouse to loosen the purse strings. (Continued on page 70)

The Galen Drake Show, on CBS Radio Network, Sat., 10:05 A.M. Galen is also heard on this network (except WCBS), Sat., 9:15 A.M., and Sun., 8:55 A.M. On WCBS Radio (New York), he is heard in *Starlight Salute*, seven nights a week at 11:30 P.M., and *Housewives Protective League*, M-F at 4:00 P.M., Sat. at 9:30 A.M. (All times are EDT)



Armchair strategist: Galen believes in exploring new worlds through reading — and in relaxing whenever possible.



Variety impresario: He enjoys his new show with Arlene James (of *Three Beas and a Peep*), soloist Betty Johnson, orchestra leader Bernie Leighton and singer Stuart Foster.





Galen appreciates and respects the individuality of each family member—his wife Anne, young Galen Jr. and Linda.



The date starts—right on *Coke Time*. Hope Lang saw the show, then met Eileen Smith and Faith Zierler of Erasmus Hall High (Brooklyn), members of the "Eddie's Dreamers" fan club.

Fans took pictures

a date with Eddie



Both Eddie and Hope are fascinated by TV.

Just tag along with Mr. Fisher and Miss Lang, and see why it's a help to have a name like "Hope"!

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

WOULD ANY of you gals out there in the audience settle for a date with Eddie Fisher? Oh, you would?

Okay, come on along. But—as it says on the big signs held up at the close of each Fisher song on his TV program—*Please do not scream!* You may want to scream, before this evening we've arranged for you is finished. If you last that long, you'll either have to, or you won't have the strength . . .

You are about to embark with us—specifically, with a lovely blonde named Hope Lang, a New York model and TV actress—on an honest-to-Pete date with Eddie. Hope met him some months ago when she was on his show and . . . since she's one of those lovely creatures with beautiful manners and taste, plus a certain indefinable something . . . Eddie caught up with her at the end of the program and asked if he could take her out. She was just leaving on a skiing trip (*Continued on page 96*)

Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher is seen on NBC-TV, Wed. and Fri., 7:30 P.M. EDT, and heard on Mutual, Tues. and Thurs., 7:45 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Coca-Cola Co.



after the telecast.

Evening's highlight was a party at La Vie en Rose, where Hope met three important men in Eddie's life—Paul Grossinger, Harry Akst, Monte Praser—and had some dances with Eddie.

It's all been fun—particularly these quiet moments together at their own table in the popular night club.







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Both Eddie and Hope are foscinated by TV.



Dynamic Young Dad



Take the word of his wife—Fran Carlon, who's also a dramatic star—life with Casey could never be boring!

By ELEANOR POLLOCK

IT TAKES someone with a deep understanding of people—and what makes them act the way they do—to portray a hero convincingly at noon, and then to be equally realistic as a heel three hours later. That's the dual existence lived by tall, handsome Casey Allen in his professional radio life, five days a week.

As Bill Roberts—in *Rosemary*, late each morning—he's the warm-hearted, sympathetic editor of the local newspaper, a leading citizen interested in the community, founder of the local boys' club, a family man completely devoted to his wife Rosemary. Then he undergoes a complete character change. "I start think-

ing differently the minute *Rosemary* is off the air," he says, "and, by mid afternoon, I'm the scheming, conscienceless father, Philip Wallace—in *Hilltop House*—whose main object in life is to get the custody of his small daughter so that he can have the use of her inheritance."

It's a tribute to Casey's acting ability that he can portray an unsympathetic father . . . for, in his third existence—his own real life—he's the most understanding and sympathetic father imaginable. Adored by his two children, Kerry, 7, and Kim, 5, he treats them as individuals, respects their (Continued on page 76)

Casey Allen is Philip Wallace in *Hilltop House*, CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, for Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer. He is Bill Roberts in *Rosemary*, CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory Snow.

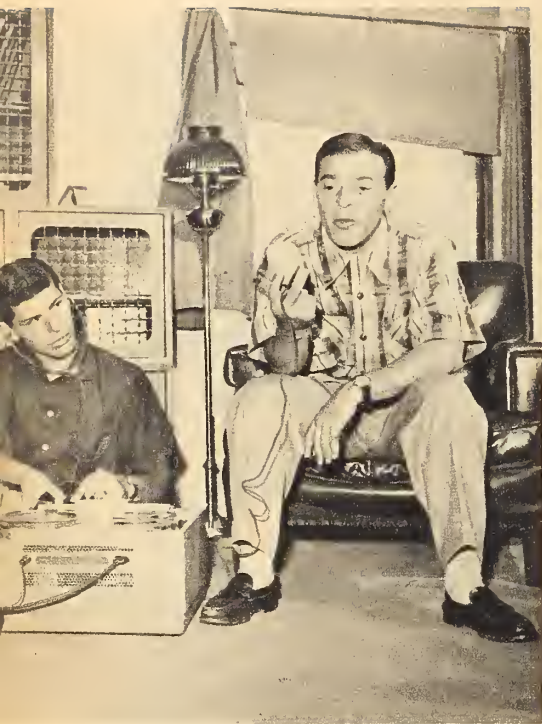


Vicki studies hard. That's how a "local girl" wins national success.



A homeloving person, Vicki finds that familiar household chores can help ease even a youthful heartbreak.





Above, my son Morgan tries out the record machine. Right, he photographs my wife Bebe, daughter Patty—and me.



Bebe Danois is exactly the wife I ordered—thanks to that introduction through her sister and brother-in-law.

LOVING is

By PINKY LEE

I'VE FOUND that love is the greatest medicine . . . especially with children. If they're sick physically or mentally—and I consider a mental or emotional problem a sickness—then love is the best thing for them.

The only authority I have for speaking on this subject, however, is my own personal experience. Though I only have two children, I've met thousands of others since my new show has been on the air . . . and they've all responded to love.

Some people ask me, "Pinky, how do you manage children so well on your show? You get the best out of them. Around you, they lose all inhibitions. How come?" I don't know the whole answer. But in part I think it's because I love them; they sense I'm not a threat; they feel I'm one of them.

Little things that we adults take for granted can be big problems to children. Every day, they run up against a hundred problems they find hard to solve. For example, climbing up on a chair to eat dinner—in their small (Continued on page 74)

The Pinky Lee Show is seen on NBC-TV, M-F 5 P.M. EDT: multiple sponsorship.

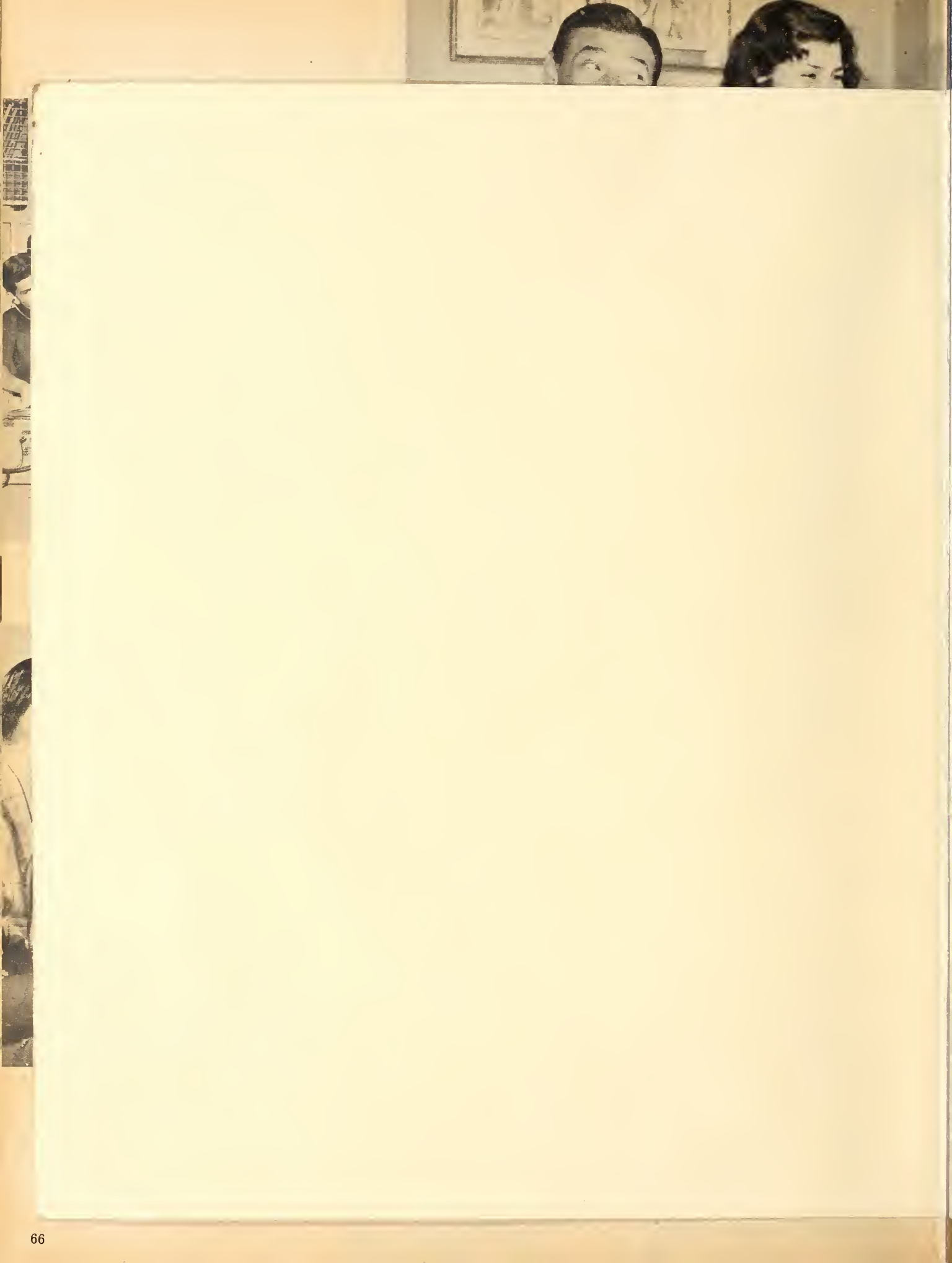
Children are God's pure thoughts,
but it takes human help and understanding
to lead them to complete fulfillment



LIVING

Picture above shows me making like the kind of parent I think a dad should be—though I don't know how much I help Pat with her art! Scripts are more in my line.





Children are God's pure thoughts,
but it takes human help and understanding
to lead them to complete fulfillment



Above, my son Morgan tries out the record machine. Right, he photographs my wife Bebe, daughter Potty—and me.



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The Pinky Lee Show is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 5 P.M. EDT: multiple sponsorship



delightfully in Love

Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander are two people who want to spend every hour of every day together



Catching a dish seems a bit harder for Rod than catching Bambi herself!

By GLADYS HALL

WE MET while we were ghosts," Rod Alexander said, and he laughed at Bambi Linn across the table. Two young people very much alive and very much in love. . . .

"We met in the Broadway show, 'Great to Be Alive,' in which all the dancers were ghosts and all the live people were singers and actors."

"Dancers are sort of ghosts," Bambi said. "I mean, you have to practice hours and hours every day—you dance all evening, too, when you're in a show—and then you sort of disappear . . ."

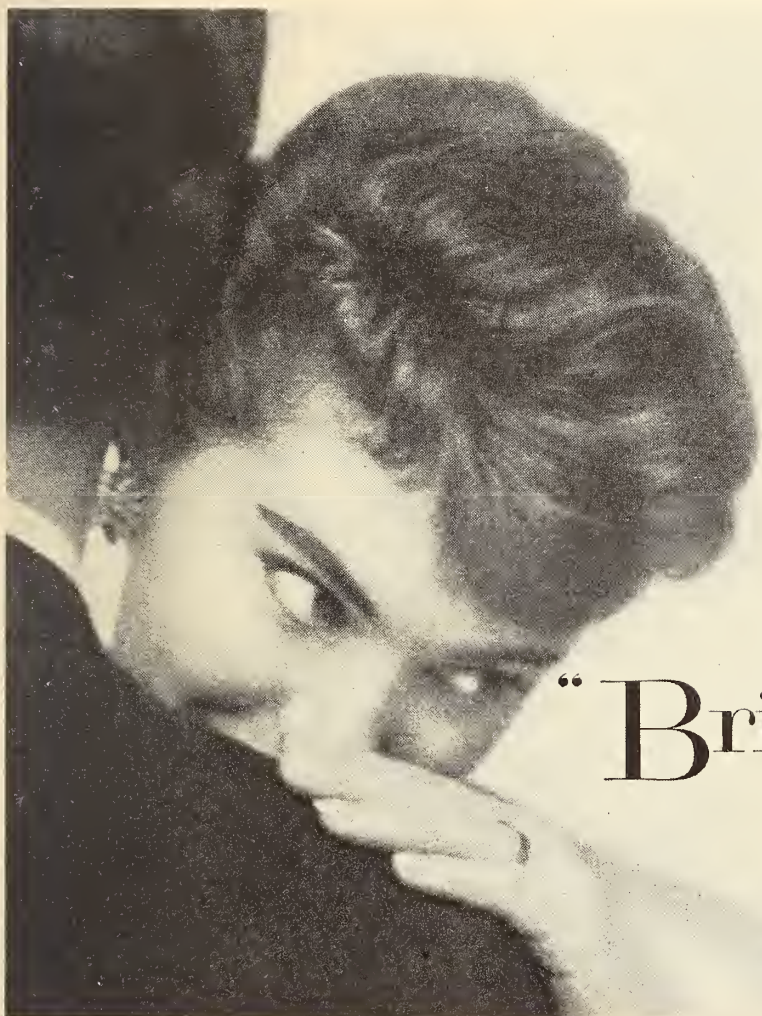
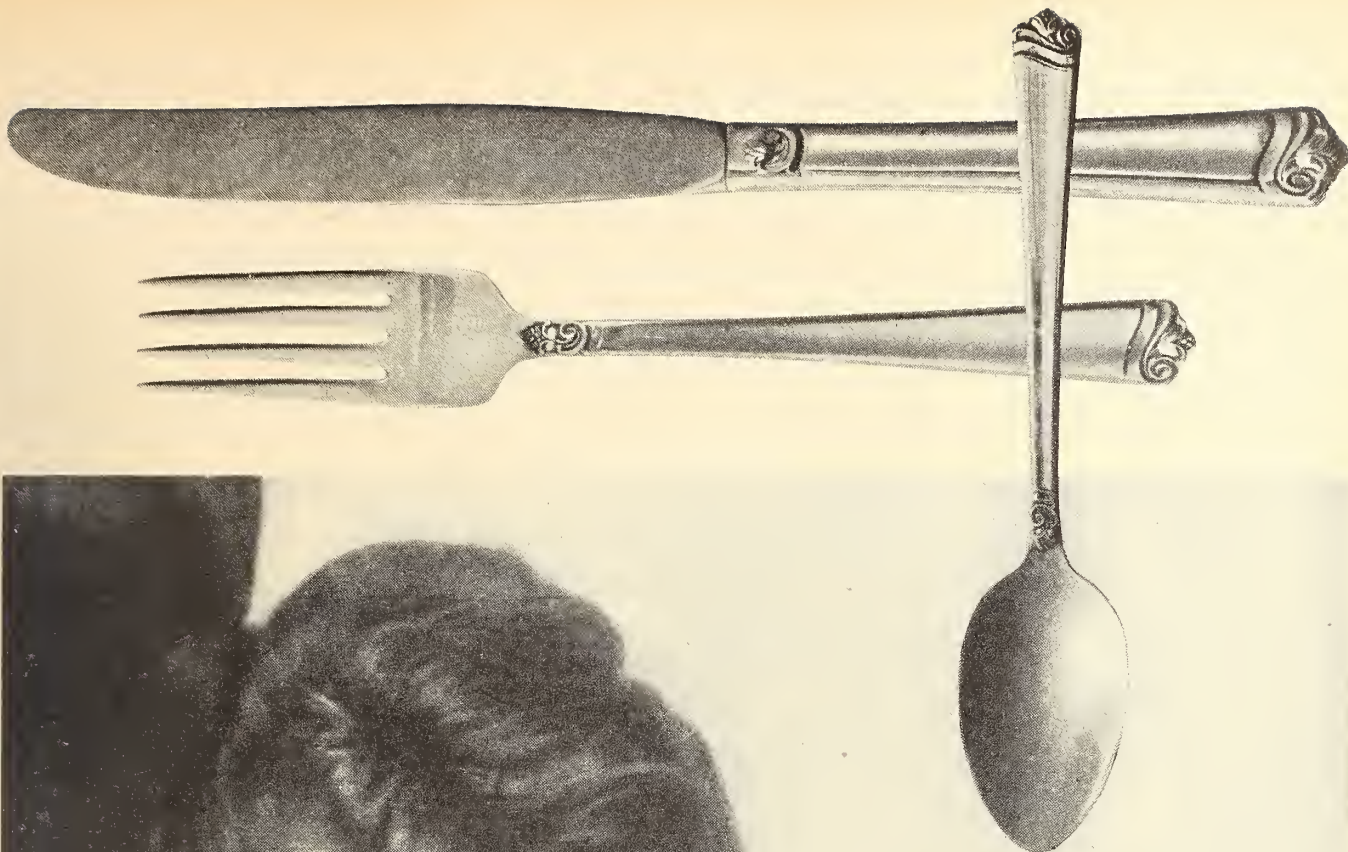
"But not to a (Continued on page 87)

Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander will be seen this season in Max Liebman's ninety-minute "color spectaculars" over NBC-TV. Consult your local paper for time and day each month.



All their interests are shared—theatrical news in the papers—plans and sketches for their dance numbers—even that hooked rug is one which they made "half and half."





New!

“Bright Future”

...the first truly modern
pattern in silverplate

As a special introduction,
get 8 complete place
settings for the price of 6!

Two place settings are
absolutely free.

Bright Future gives you a rare and priceless simplicity . . . at a price that lets you own every precious piece this minute. And what's more, for a limited time (until October 15th), you get a complete 52-piece service for 8 for the price of a service for 6 . . . \$69.95! Meet your own Bright Future now; it's waiting for you at your favorite store.



Holmes and Edwards is the beautiful silverware with the extra helping of silver. Only Holmes and Edwards Silverplate gives you 2 blocks of sterling silver inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces for longer lasting beauty.

HOLMES & EDWARDS

A DIVISION OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

T
V
R

He Thinks With His Heart

(Continued from page 58)

Flattering though such results may be to a parlor pundit, the acid test of the philosophy Galen propounds comes—not through its effect on his listeners—but in its effect on his own life. Listeners, whom he challenges into giving a personal answer to the questions he asks on the air, are also entitled to ask a most penetrating question of their own: "How well does Galen Drake follow his own advice?"

The answer to this must come, objectively, from his friends, family and business associates. Querying them, you get the consistent response, "Galen Drake truly practices what he preaches." They further testify that the result in his own life is satisfyingly pleasant.

The pleasantness starts at home. Although Galen is always urging members of every family to enjoy and appreciate each other's good qualities, he's a bit reticent on the air in speaking about those who are dearest to him. This, friends will tell you, is due not to a contradictory state of being, but to the fact that he leans over backward in order not to set himself or his own family up as a shining example. This, he feels, would be presumptuous.

In face-to-face conversation, however, this reticence vanishes and Galen reveals himself as a more than usually appreciative husband and father. There's affection in his voice as he tells you that his wife Anne continues to be one of the most beautiful and successful Powers models. "She enjoys working," he explains, "and, besides, she's one of those rare women who can manage both a family and a career."

You gather, too, that he does not shift the household responsibility to her shoulders alone, for he says, "I'm lucky. I can arrange my work so that I do most of my reading at home in the mornings. That way I have more time with Anne and the children. Also, if she's out on an assignment, I can baby-sit."

Delighted with his children, Galen also recognizes that already they have distinct personalities of their own. Describing Linda Anne, who is three and a half, and Galen Jr., who is two, he says, "They're as different as day and night. Linda Anne can't stay still a minute, but the boy already is bookish. Set him down with a book, and he'll happily look at it for hours and never tear a page."

His parents, too, come in for a sound share of appreciation. Galen says, "They came from Indiana (I was born in Kokomo) and, when they moved to Long Beach, California (where I grew up), they retained that typically Hoosier love of conversation. We all enjoyed talking with each other. Why, I can remember how, after we were grown up, my brother would drive twenty-five miles in an evening just to sit around and talk with the folks."

Galen credits his father with starting him on the course of omnivorous reading which provides the rich background for his broadcasts. It happened when he was eight and supercharged with small-boy inquisitiveness. Inevitably—as it does to all parents—the time arrived when the older Drake ran out of answers and said, "You ask more questions than Socrates!"

"Who," inquired Galen, "was Socrates?" "A man who went around Athens asking questions," his father retorted. "Here's a book. Find out for yourself." Galen dipped into it, found it pretty good reading and has been reading ever since. Today, more than ten thousand volumes line the walls of his East River apartment.

He has only one rule about reading: "Never read a book just because someone says you should. Read only those things

which interest you. Then one will lead to another, and they'll open up a whole new world for you."

Galen himself has explored numerous worlds. He has been an amateur boxer good enough to consider turning pro. He has also sung opera and conducted an orchestra. He has studied law, medicine and psychiatry. Boxing originally seemed to him a way of earning money in order to study at the Paris Conservatory. But, when he was persuaded to stay out of the ring, he soon found that radio could also be lucrative. He began singing professionally at thirteen.

A bit later, his program acquired a sponsor who wanted soft music interspersed with something to maintain the mood. The station manager had an idea: "Our boy can talk, too." That suited the sponsor. "Good enough," he decided, "let him talk a little."

Galen did not need to be told twice. All the knowledge he had already gained from his reading and observation was pressing for expression. His talking, plus his singing, provided the dollars needed to take him through the University of California. There he studied both medicine and law. "I never wanted to practice, either as an attorney or a physician," he explains. "I just wanted to know about both fields and to tell others about them."

He also investigated the drama. As director of plays at the Long Beach Community Playhouse, he had in his casts such not-then-notables as Roy Rogers, Laraine Day and Robert Mitchum.

Throughout all his exploring, music remained a major interest. He fulfilled one heart's desire when he conducted the Southern California Symphony. "That's when I first grew a mustache," he says. "They wanted someone at least thirty, so I lied about my age and tried to look older."

But, out of his multiple interests, radio emerged dominant, for radio alone permitted him to employ the full scope of his knowledge gained in other fields.

Galen's first experimenting with the talk-about-everything kind of broadcast came in San Francisco ("Still my favorite city," he says). It proved so successful that he turned the program over to a friend, Paul Gibson, and moved to Hollywood to set up a duplicate show there.

The immediate result of that move is another proof that Galen Drake already was living by some of the principles he today expounds so eloquently on the air. He chuckles as he recalls, "Within a short time, Paul had alienated every sponsor, lost every account and run the show into debt." To this problem he applied a typically Galen Drake solution. "I recognized that the fault was mine. Paul simply wasn't ready to carry such a broadcast alone. So I brought him back to Hollywood for more training."

His success as a teacher is attested by the fact that today the highly successful Paul Gibson does similar shows for WBBM, the CBS station in Chicago, and the two men remain fast friends.

Logically, Galen's next move was to New York. He arrived in 1944 and shortly began turning up all over the CBS schedule.

Currently, he broadcasts almost twenty programs a week, including the hour-long Saturday morning *Galen Drake Show*. This is a large production program with Stuart Foster, Betty Johnson, Three Beaus and a Peep, and the Bernie Leighton orchestra. Despite the rehearsal time it takes, this is a favorite of Galen's: "It gets me back into a music show instead of just talking all the time."

To many, that could sound like an overpowering schedule. Said one of the CBS staff members, "No one has ever admitted that Galen Drake was triplets, but I fully expect to drop into his office some day and find two hitherto-concealed duplicates. No one man could possibly accomplish all he does with so little fuss."

Said another, "He's an island of calm in the hassle of broadcasting. I asked for a fifteen-minute interview and you'd have thought when I arrived that he had nothing else to do all week. What's more, he got me into the same frame of mind. I positively jumped when his secretary reminded him he had only two minutes until air time and he'd better start for the studio."

For Galen Drake, it isn't a state of multiple being—it's those many years of multiple interests which now provide the means to achieve both satisfying accomplishment and that deep serenity.

Drawing on his fund of reading and experience, he walks into the studio with only a few notes scrawled on slips of paper. He says, "I never prepare a program in advance. If I did, I'd lose the feeling I have of talking directly to a listener. As it is, I advance an opinion, then I think of what attitude someone else might take toward it, so I examine the opposite point of view. Then I think of something else I'd like to say. It's strictly old-fashioned, Indiana cracker-barrel style. Maybe I'm trying to revive the lost art of conversation."

His attitude toward his own job is rooted even deeper in his own basic philosophy. "I believe in people doing what they want to do. When you do what you choose, that's fun. When you don't, it's work. And, right now, I'm doing exactly what I would do if I had fifty million dollars and freedom to follow whatever I chose. The one thing I want is to learn more and more about different fields—and then tell some one about them."

In line with this attitude, Galen Drake has recently found a significant new field of interest. Along New York's Madison Avenue—that street which is lined with high-pressure advertising agencies and hectic radio and television studios—some of the boys, in ironic protest against the pace, formed the Relaxation Club of America and named Galen its president.

Far from regarding it as a gag, Galen has taken it seriously and has published a little booklet to state his views. A key section begins, "Since the days of the Puritans, we have been goaded into incessant labors. . . . We have been led to abhor indolence and to shun idleness like the plague. Witness the plethora of slogans which have exhorted us toward unending striving toward goals. We are urged to 'behold the busy bee' as 'he improves each shining hour.' 'An idle moment is the devil's workshop.' . . . Nonsense! An idle moment is the best thing in the world if you use it right—if you use it to relax."

The fact that Galen Drake can find such idle moments—while carrying what many would consider a backbreaking schedule—may be due to another more terse bit of wisdom which he has stated over the air: "He who keeps his nose in the direction he wants to go need not worry about his feet finding the right path."

TV RADIO MIRROR

gets in ahead of Columbus!
Your favorite newsstand will
have your November issue

OCTOBER 7

Women Astounded By Make-Up Miracle On TV

MODEL SHEDS 10 YEARS IN 10 SECONDS

Now Available For The First Time! — The SECRET That Famous Screen, Stage, TV Stars Learned From Their Make-Up Artists

Why Do Famous Actresses Look So Young and Glamorous So Long?

Your own common sense will tell you a multi-million dollar movie can't be held up because the star comes on the set with dark circles under her eyes or because nature was mean enough to make a pimple pop out on her nose.

You always assumed that nature played favorites—or else that they did it with make-up. But the truth is make-up alone cannot do it because make-up must be translucent enough to let your skin show through. Otherwise, you'd look as if you were wearing a mask.

If the stars used make-up alone, their dark circles, blemishes, lines would show.

The Secret That the Stars Had to Learn

After all, they can't touch up motion picture film. So they must touch up the stars themselves. That's why the make-up artists in Hollywood had to develop a new cosmetic.

Before any make-up artist thinks of applying make-up, he first touches up all imperfections. Then and only then does he apply make-up. That is what keeps stage, screen and television stars looking so young.

Remember When Only "Hussies" Used Lipstick?

Remember—actresses used cake make-up, lipstick, eye make-up and mascara long before the general public did. And they never shouted from the housetops that they owed all their glamour to make-up secrets.

Charles Antell hates to give away their last and most carefully guarded secret. But business is business. So now, at last, Charles Antell is making this secret cosmetic available to everybody. We call it Touch-Up Stik.

The Cosmetic the Whole Family Will Use

In the morning, if you're in a hurry, a touch of Charles Antell's Touch-Up Stik, a touch of lipstick—and your husband will look at you, instead of the morning paper.

For the beach, Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik will conceal unsightly broken blood vessels on your legs.

Teen-agers use Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik to hide the blemishes and pimples that always seem to pop out just before a date.

ALWAYS TOUCH-UP BEFORE YOU MAKE-UP



WITHOUT TOUCH-UP STIK



WITH TOUCH-UP STIK

Make this miraculous difference as easily as applying lipstick.

Your Friends Will Think You Found "The Fountain of Youth"

To look your glamorous best, blend your make-up over the Touch-Up Stik. Instead of looking more made up, you will look less made up—because it takes far less make-up to give you the smooth, even, creamy-looking complexion that every woman wants and every man admires.

Remember—Touch-Up Stik is invisible. People see the results—not the Touch-Up Stik itself. And it's actually good for the skin. The ingredients have been blended together with beautifying, softening lanolin. It will not flake, peel, crack or rub off. It will stay on until you wash it off or cream it off.

STARS' SECRET NOW YOURS DURING FREE INTRODUCTORY BARGAIN OFFER

Is it expensive? No. A Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik that will last you up to a year is only \$2. But to induce you to try it now, to see for yourself how easy it is to shed ten, fifteen or even twenty years from your appearance, here is what we are going to do.

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In other words, you get the \$2 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik, the \$1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin, plus the make-up lessons—for the cost of the Touch-Up Stik alone. Only \$2.

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You must look ten years younger in 10 seconds or you get more than your money back. Keep the \$1.50 matching Liquid Make-Up with Lanolin. Keep the Make-Up Lessons. Send back only the Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik and your full purchase will be refunded immediately, no questions asked.

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Many of you have seen the miraculous demonstration on TV where a model shed ten years in ten seconds right before your eyes. You know that a touch-up stick has been working for years for stars of stage, screen and radio.

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\$2.00 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik (up to a year's supply)

\$1.50 Charles Antell Matching Liquid Make-Up

A \$3.50 Value for only \$2.00!

PLUS — a set of FREE Beauty Lessons!

If your dealer is sold out, write to Charles Antell, Dept. C, Baltimore 3, Md., enclosing \$2.00 plus 50c for handling and we'll mail your kit to you. Be sure to specify your complexion shade—Fair, Natural, Medium, Light Brunette, Brunette, Suntan (very dark).

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"Certain Time"
Odor Problem

with
"ENNDS"
containing
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That absorbs odors within
the body—before they start!

Biologically most women, during certain calendar days, emit a particular odor. This has been so since pre-historic times—and the deodorants and perfumes of civilization have sought to cover it.

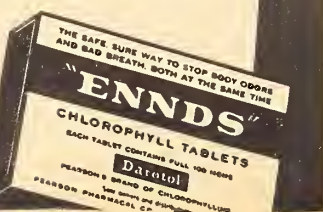
Now, however—after many centuries—a substance has been found that absorbs "certain time" odors *within* the body. This substance—DAROTOL—is found only in ENNDS tablets.

DAROTOL works by entering the blood stream through the digestive system. It is thus carried to all parts of the body—where it removes the odor from certain organic compounds before they are excreted through the pores as perspiration or as other waste material.

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For the assurance of personal daintiness every day of the year, no woman should be without ENNDS. Ask for ENNDS at drug counters everywhere. Trial size only 49 cents. Larger sizes even more economical. Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About a Woman's Problem of Odor Offense" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS", Dept. TS, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.



What Every Linkletter Should Know

(Continued from page 32)

confused that my conversation was mostly stuttered English, Dad talked in fairly unbroken French, and our companion spoke a mixture of fractured everything.

What's the point of all this? Just this: My mother and dad are always trying to teach us kids, by example, a way of life. I guess you could say *honesty* was a good description of our way of life—that is, being honest with yourself. It seems that if you are honest to your own conscience you'll find happiness and peace of mind, you'll never hurt anyone, and the golden rule takes care of itself.

So Mom and Dad set this philosophy down in an atmosphere of understanding. You can talk about *anything* at our house and you're guaranteed to get all the information on the subject that the folks have at their command. That's what they want. If the kids have questions about first dates, who and when do you start kissing the boys or girls, what about sex, where do babies come from—all those questions fall into their domain. They'd much rather we come to them with our questions than go somewhere else to get answers which are not reliable.

So that was their reasoning in regard to the French sidewalk-café episode. Here I am, a young buck of seventeen, and they figured it was time I learned, close-up, about some of the things that go on over on the other side of the street, so to speak. Just meeting the lady in question was interesting enough. In talking to her, Dad, like the great emcee he is, got her to tell us the story of her life. Poor, and even kicked out of her father's farm house because there was so little to eat, she had had to fend for herself. There was no work in the big city, Paris; so she was forced into the streets.

In that conversation, I learned as much about the life of France as I did about the life of the girl. It was made very clear to me that the culture of France is entirely different from our American way of life; they think differently about things; they're mostly farmers; they're not mechanized as we are—so I really learned a lot.

As for the girl, I felt sorry for her. It was very obvious to me, too, what the lesson was my dad was trying to drive home. He was showing me as close up as he dared what happens to people when they sink in life. Another point was obvious to me, too: I was a young man; I'd soon be away at college, out on my own. There'd be great stretches of time when I'd be out of the sight of my parents. I'd have to make all my own decisions.

Dad was simply making it easier for me to be honest with myself. He didn't say it, but he was thinking: "There may be opportunities for you to make the acquaintance of this sort of person. You've had your chance to see her up close. You may someday ask yourself, 'Do I want to be identified with this sort of thing?' And if you are *honest with yourself*, as we have taught you, then your only answer can be 'No.'"

This last summer, you know, I worked with Dad on *Art Linkletter's House Party*. He set it up so I'd get experience helping him with the commercials, then later working on stunts with the audience. The first day I went into the studio to do the bit with the commercials, Dad sent me straight home instead! Why? Because I didn't know the first thing about Pillsbury Cake Mix, the product we were going to sell. He said, "How do you expect to make an *honest* presentation if you've never used the product? Have you ever bought any Pillsbury?"

"No," I said, thinking that he knew Mother did all the shopping.

"Well, do you know that Pillsbury is the biggest-selling cake mix? Have you ever used any?"

"No-o-o-o," I said.

"Okay," he said, "then the first thing I want you to do is go down to the market; stand by the flour table and make a tally for the first fifty boxes of cake mix that are picked up. Then I want you to buy a box of the brand that sold most, take it home and bake a cake."

So I did. Pillsbury won by ten lengths. I took some home, baked the cake. Maybe you saw it on the show. If I do say so myself, it was terrific.

Believe me, I can now *honestly* say that Pillsbury is the greatest; and that's what Dad was after.

There's a great "do it yourself" wave breaking across the nation. If I may say so, I think Dad made the first splash: He was a do-it-yourself man when the wave was just a ripple. For teaching us kids the philosophy of "be honest with yourself," my dad thinks "do it yourself" is the ideal tool.

Of course, he's right. Being honest with yourself takes decisions, and we all make our *own* decisions. Take my diving suit, for example. *There* was a decision I had to make, and it wasn't easy.

There's a crazy new sport, "skin diving," that takes a rubber head-to-toe swim suit, swim fins, face mask, and fish spear—which all cost money. The outfit is a magic key which opens up a new wonderland, the ocean floor. You can get your dinner down there, too, everything from bass to abalone, and the wonderful part is, it's all free!

So I wanted this swimming gear in the worst way. Like I said, though, it was expensive. Sure, I had the money in the bank, but I also had my eye on college; that bank money was pretty well labeled. So I had a decision to make; the swim gear or a hole in my college savings. The decision wasn't easy—for, as Dad taught me, *I had to be honest with myself*. After some thought, I realized that college came first.

I wasn't defeated. I've got a Mason jar in my drawer into which I throw all my nickles, dimes and pennies. Everything over that goes into the bank. I knew I had exactly thirty dollars and twenty-two cents in the jar. With that, I went down to the Navy supply store, bought five yards of sheet rubber, and Mother and I *made* the diving suit! It served me very well and I saved about a hundred bucks.

Next summer, I'm going to be out on my own. I hope to have a radio or television show in a small town somewhere in one of the western states, so I'll really be "going it myself." My dad thinks that security is a wonderful thing for kids in their formative years. But the time comes when you've got to let them shift for themselves.

I'm frankly looking forward to being on my own. It will give me every opportunity to make my own decisions, to put into practice the philosophy Dad has taught me. I hope I come out as well as he has. You know, he had it pretty rough as a kid. He probably had plenty of chances to make the wrong decisions, to take the wrong turning in the road. But he always played it straight, he always played it honest. And that's because *his* father gave him a philosophy to live by.

And that's what my dad's done for us: He's given us kids love, security, and affection in our young years when we've needed them most. He's given us *things*, too, but he hasn't gone overboard—we've always been able to work within our means for the toys and gear we've wanted. But the most important thing our mother and dad have given us is a way of life.

So that's my philosophy of life; and I guess it's a good golden rule to live by.

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11:00 to 11:25 AM PT (*some coast stations at 9:30 PM*)

Mutual Broadcasting System

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Loving Is Living

(Continued from page 66)

world, this may be as difficult as conquering Mt. Everest. And the hot bowl of soup? Drinking it down takes on the forbidding aspect of swimming across a steaming lake. The adult spoon is just an added burden!

The fact is, the world was mainly designed for *adults*. The poor kids were seldom given a thought. Is it any wonder some parents have problems making their kids eat! The single problem of kids not eating, of course, does not come just because the chair is too high or the spoon too big. Children refuse food for many reasons. I think one sure way of overcoming this problem, though, is to try to see the world through your child's eyes—and then give him *more* attention and *more* love.

We've had eating problems at our house, too. But I think we solved them with love and understanding. Our son Morgan, for example, did not have a strong appetite because he had been delicate as a youngster. My wife was in labor twenty-eight hours with Morgan. The birth, I think, should have been by Caesarean, but we were traveling and couldn't find a doctor in time. Morgan was born—not red and pink, like most babies—but an ashen blue. He had an uphill fight for the first few years and, as a result, he didn't have the strongest appetite.

But we understood the youngster and his early problems. We gave him *love*, and at meal times I tried to make a game out of eating. It was all I knew how to do—to make his meals as pleasant and gay as possible. I probably ate more than I should, but at least Morgan ate his fill.

With his sister, Patricia, we had an eating problem, too—but in reverse. As she grew older, Patty couldn't keep her hands off the candy. I know this is a common problem and, in our case, I think my wife Bebe and I were partly to blame. Whenever candy came into the house, we took great pains to find hiding places for it. But our performance only attracted more attention to the candy.

The question we had to answer was: Why was Patty constantly after the sweet stuff? Her mother and I took her aside one day and discussed it. For a youngster, I think Patty displayed some very complex thinking, for this is what we found: Pat still had her baby fat. She was chubby. She said she didn't want to be chubby, for she was beginning to want dates with the boys. But chubby girls didn't always get them. That was the conflict . . . What she had done was to unconsciously put herself out of the conflict by eating candy. As long as she stayed chubby, she was not *competing*. So she ate candy—to compensate for not dating.

The first thing we did was to guarantee our own love and understanding. Then we explained to her that all girls have baby fat, but they usually lose it sooner or later. She would lose hers, too, if she kept away from the candy. In addition, we took the attention away from the candy by bringing it out in the open—leaving the choice up to her. She nibbled at it in between meals for a while. But in a few weeks she'd had all the candy she wanted—and, since that time, has grown wiser and slimmer.

Children learn by doing. Sometimes they are unintentionally destructive. They even get hurt. You will not solve a problem of this type with a scolding, spanking or sarcasm. "Johnny, you've torn the knees out of your pants again! You'll get a spanking for sure!" Or, without the threat of a spanking, but still bitterly, "You must

have tried very hard to have torn *both* knees!"

The sarcasm is just as bad as the threat. It's worse, sometimes, than the spanking itself. The poor child knows his pants are ripped. He can see it. He can feel it. He doesn't need to be told.

And it's entirely doubtful that he deliberately tore them and skinned his knees. He was playing and it just happened. He feels sorry enough for it as it is. He doesn't need a scolding. He needs *love*.

I remember, for example, a little girl I interviewed before a program last month. She was too upset for us to let her be on the show. When I asked her why she was so sad, she said, "Oh, Pinky, my dolly's arm's broken."

"Well, little lady," I said, "I understand. We'll just have to get another dolly as soon as we can."

"No," she said almost on the verge of tears. "My sister won't let me have another dolly. She got that one for me. She said I broke it and she won't get me another. . . ."

Later, I learned the rest of the story. The little girl's mother worked as a waitress during the day and the older sister looked after her. Sister had bought her the doll with her own money. It was a sweet thing to do. But—when it was broken, "guardian" sister was upset. She blamed the child for not taking proper care of her toys. Because money was scarce in their little family, she felt justified in saying she wouldn't buy another.

Older sister, of course, didn't have enough experience to realize that her younger sister was probably aching as if it were *her* arm that was broken and not the doll's. She should have seen by the tears, at least, that her little sister's *heart* was broken. The youngster didn't need a scolding or punishment. She needed *love*.

Love has always been a support in my own life. As a youngster, it came from my parents. As a performer, it came in the form of attention from my audience. But, mostly, I think of the love and support I've received from my wife.

I began my career as an amateur in St. Paul, Minnesota, when I was five years old. They called me a child prodigy because of my voice. My dad was the orchestra leader at the Garrick Theater where I sang in kiddie organizations. I used to invite the acts to our house for dinner. Then, after my mother had fed them a huge meal, I'd get them to teach me their routines.

One morning when I was thirteen, I woke up and my beautiful voice was gone! But the stage was in my blood. I practiced the dance steps the other performers had taught me, and I *talked* my part of the act. I was lucky for quite a while. I traveled in an act called "Rice Pudding,"

with Felix Rice at the piano, and Bobbie Arnst, Johnny Weismuller's wife, on stage.

I met my wife, Bebe Danois, in 1932, when I was at the Academy Theater in New York. "Song Writers on Parade" were part of the bill. They had six pianos and twelve writers playing and singing their hit tune. Two of the writers, Al Sherman and Al Lewis, and their wives were unusually kind to me, took me for coffee and generally scared away my loneliness. I remember telling Al Sherman one day that I wished his wife had a sister.

The next Sunday, Al's wife's *sister* came down to visit. I met her backstage and was smitten. After the show, I walked her from Fourteenth Street to Forty-Fifth, stopping three times for ice cream sodas! We were married by a judge in Brooklyn three days later.

Our honeymoon consisted of the trip to St. Paul for a church wedding with the family. Then we were back on the road with the show. If it hadn't been for Bebe's love, show business could have defeated me a dozen times. I'd no sooner get started up the ladder than something would happen to knock the props out from under me.

To begin with, we were having a hard time in the States. Talkies had killed vaudeville. I thought if I could get to London my type of comedy would be a hit. Finally we were seen by an Australian agent and shipped "Down Under." We were an immediate hit. London heard and cabled for us—then, just as we were to leave, the girl in the act came down with a tropical sickness. She was too ill to leave.

Back in the States, I had just gotten started again, had a chance to go on the radio with Rudy Vallee, when Morgan, our son, was born. At the radio station I was a nervous wreck. I didn't know if my wife and child were alive or dead. Jimmy Wallington, the announcer, tried to cheer me up. But—when I got in front of the mike—I didn't know what I was doing. I talked so fast, the audience didn't have time to laugh. That was my first mistake in radio, and it set my career back another ten years.

When the baby was old enough to travel, we crossed and re-crossed the country in a seventy-five-dollar touring Chevrolet with newspapers on the floorboards to keep out the cold. I only mention these hardships to make one point: There were no complaints from Bebe. And it was her devotion and love that kept me going.

But not all our luck was bad. In 1939, I went into New York burlesque. I swore I'd be the only "clean" comic in burlesque. I was, and I was a hit. That led to New York musical productions, motion pictures, and a four-year contract in Hollywood's Earl Carroll Theater. Then television.

One thing I remember about myself as a child performer is—my brashness. I admit I've been tossed out of stage-door entrances by the scruff of my neck by any number of stagehands because "Pinky was a terror!" There was a reason for my being a smart aleck. On the road, I missed my parents' love and attention. Though it didn't get me any love, "acting up" always got me plenty of attention. So I know from experience that this is one reason why kids don't behave.

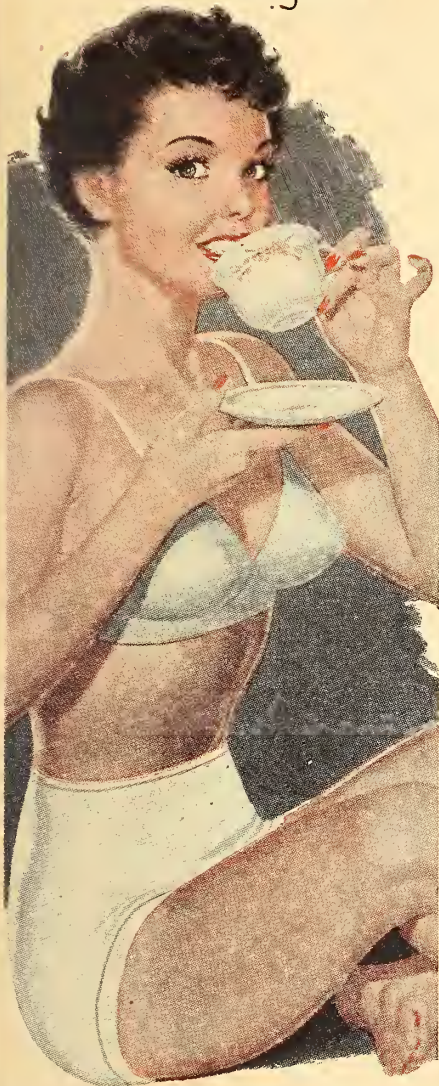
Last month, for example, we had a brash youngster on the show. When he first came down to see us, though, he was quiet and considerate. But, as the hour rolled on, he got into *everything*.

He continued acting up for the whole hour, until everyone backstage was pointing their fingers and muttering, "Stay



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away from that kid!" I'll have to say one thing for him: He was getting the attention he wanted. But he was upsetting the crew. So I tried to see what I could do. "You know something," I said to the would-be terrorist. "You're a smart young man. You've got a high I.Q. But you're letting it run you in the wrong direction. You're letting it get you into trouble."

"Why?" he said. "What did I do?"
"For one thing," I said, "when you came down here, everybody liked you. Now they all dislike you. You don't want that, do you?"

He looked thoughtful. "No," he said. "You want to be liked?"
"Yes . . ." He was beginning to feel sorry. "Well, I think you're a very smart young man. So I'll leave it up to you."

He thought about it for a while. He must have decided he wanted to be liked more than he wanted to be disliked. Besides, the idea of being considered smart encouraged him. So he behaved.

Troublesome children are a real problem, especially when they get out of the toddling stage and into their teens. But, no matter how far they've gone, they can still be helped by understanding and love.

For example, I have an acquaintance who lost her husband a few years back. Their teen-age son started running wild when his father died. Of course, there were reasons. His father had been his pal. The boy was broken-hearted. Father had also been the disciplinarian. Mother knew there wasn't much she could do—except continue giving her son love.

When he got into trouble for speeding in his car, she didn't blame him. She was patient. She talked to him the best way she knew how, accepted his excuses without being a judge—and continued to love him.

Then the young man's studies began falling off. Even when he was in trouble at school, she still gave him love and affection. Then, during the Christmas holidays, he damaged his own automobile. Since it was a symbol of his independence, he was lost with the car laid up in the garage. Though he may not have deserved having it repaired, his mother had it fixed for him as a Christmas present.

Then a change came over the young man. He stayed close to home for the next few days, polishing the newly painted car and helping his mother around the house. Finally, he looked at her one day with tears in his eyes. "Mother," he said, "you've been real good to me. . . ." And he cried like a baby.

There was nothing she could say, but she understood what he was going through. She had seen her youngster brazen on the outside—but she saw that the tear in his eye was the angel of his conscience talking to her. She was sorry to see his heart hurting him so. But she was happy to know he was beginning to see the error of his ways. Her patience and love had paid off.

That's the way it is with love and children. They arrive here as God's pure thoughts, pure in heart, and body and souls. But some of them run awry. Why? Because they can't cope with the obstacles in an adult world . . . because their parents take them for granted . . . because they don't get the attention and affection they need . . . or because they received an emotional shock they can't understand or handle . . . these are some reasons why we have young "bad actors."

But love is the best medicine for these youngsters. Love soaks up ugliness like a sponge soaks up water. And with children—whose own love springs as constant and pure as a mountain freshet—love is a medicine for them that will conquer all.

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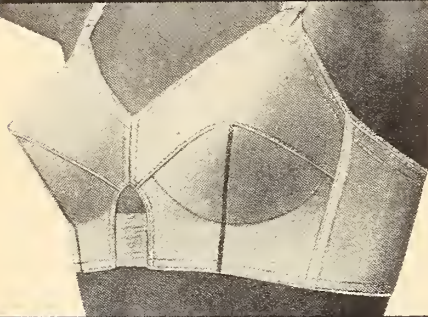


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the smart woman's shopping center!

(Continued from page 62)

personalities and gives them the same courteous attention he would give any adult. "I have always thought of children as people," he explains. "They have their own problems, their own ideas."

Possibly his attitude toward his own children is conditioned by the fact that his doctor-father, to whom he is devoted, had predetermined Casey's life for him. Casey was to be a doctor and follow in his father's practice. "Although, as a kid, I used to help my father during our summers at Lake Minnetonka—he was the only doctor and all the accidents came his way—I didn't think I would be a good doctor," Casey explains, "and I proved it by flunking my pre-med course at the University of Minnesota. Then and there, I made up my mind that, if I ever had any kids, I would let them decide what they wanted to do. And I'm going to keep that promise." Casey and his attractive wife, radio actress Fran Carlon, have created a warm atmosphere in the huge New York apartment where they live with their two children. It is homelike even to the tiger cat which curls up on the sofa.

Casey's acting versatility is just a reflection of his own many-sided talents. Although acting is his first love, he says: "I got my first experience at the Pasadena Playhouse in 1936—and have been at it ever since—but I have done lots of other things."

The other things include a hitch in the Merchant Marine (a bad back condition kept him out of military service), teaching aeronautics to a glider detachment of the U.S. Air Force, heading the same sort of program for Naval ground forces at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, serving in the U.S. Maritime Service in the Atlantic and the Caribbean, directing and producing student plays at Chapel Hill, and working as assistant head of the radio and TV department in an advertising agency.

Casey's mind is quick and inquiring, and his energy is prodigious. It's typical that, when he was offered the job of teaching the glider detachment, he knew little about aeronautics. But, by the time the course started, he had learned more than enough. He is curious about everything and, if he comes across something he doesn't know about, he'll dig and study until he has a working knowledge.

Fran, whose temperament is much more placid, laughingly says that she doesn't try to keep up with it all. "I never know what he's going to do next," she says. "But the morning I woke up and found the whole apartment wired for hi-fi—his latest enthusiasm—I must confess I was astonished. I had gone to bed early and there wasn't a magnifier in sight. When I got up, music came from everywhere. The whole apartment was wired for sound."

But Fran likes the unexpected things Casey does. "You could never be bored living with Casey," she says, smiling. "Why, he can do almost anything, and he is interested in everything from chess to electronics. It's a wonderful education for the children—and for me, too," she adds. Proof of her words is that Kerry and Kim have learned to play chess. Often in the mornings, before Fran and Casey are awake, the two youngsters will play a game together. Casey sees nothing remarkable in this at all.

Sports have always been part of Casey Allen's life. At the age of ten, he used to go on hunting trips in the Minnesota woods. He rides, plays polo, had a try at freshman football, is good at tennis,

skis well and particularly loves to swim.

Casey has no patience with people who get bored. To him, life is like a book with something new and exciting on every page. When he was convalescing after a strep throat, for instance, he learned to ski and, lest he waste a minute, he also studied graphology, the science of handwriting analysis.

Mention anything and it is apt to be something that Casey has either done or explored. He's a good photographer and has taken some remarkable pictures of the kids. "I also studied movie photography," he says. "I have shot complete movies and TV shows experimentally to learn about lighting and directing." None of which is a waste of time. For Casey has produced and directed radio, TV and stage shows, as well as acting in them.

Casey started his career at the Pasadena Playhouse, arriving there just a month after his future wife Fran Carlon—who also studied there—had left. By this quirk of fate, they didn't meet for another ten years. Even during the war, while teaching aeronautics, Casey kept one hand in the theater by directing student plays at Chapel Hill and at the University of Minnesota. Then came New York and a stint at Station WNEW.

Acting is Casey's life, and he doesn't care whether it's radio, TV or the Broadway stage. Fran feels the same way about it. She, too, has acted for years and loves radio. "It's the best medium for an actress who is also a wife and mother," she says. "Radio gives you the time at home you have to have, if you are going to have the right sort of family life."

The Allens try to run their careers so that one or the other is always home with the children. They have a wonderful maid, but they believe so deeply in family life that they make it their first consideration always. And because of their unity as a family, the kids are just as happy with one parent as the other. Casey has always taken an active part in bringing up Kerry and Kim. He has helped care for them from the time they were tiny babies and he's just as apt to put them to bed with a good-night story as Fran is.

Because Casey and Fran cannot always be at home nor spend as many evenings together as they would like, they frequently have lunch dates. These luncheons are part of their daily lives and it gives them a chance to catch up.

Although they love parties and people, they like best the evenings they can spend at home with the children. And Sundays, when neither Casey nor Fran has a show to do, the whole family picnics in Central Park.

Both the children like TV and radio, but they are learning that books are important, too. Casey tries to read a story a day to them. Sometimes he does it so dramatically, Kerry and Kim get carried away by it and it's up to Fran to calm them down.

Casey likes to read. He is particularly fond of science-fiction and has a library filled with such adventure tales. In fact, the built-in cabinet in the huge bedroom he shares with Fran is an index to the character and interests of this dynamic young man, who is never still but paces the floor as he talks or makes broad, sweeping gestures with his arms. Side by side are volumes of science-fiction, tomes on chess, books on photography. The bottom of the cabinet holds the manuscripts he has adapted for radio and TV. For Casey writes, too. In fact he has had articles on photography in several magazines. "I just

submitted my first original TV script," he says, grinning. "I don't know whether I can write for the stage, but I've done so much editing and adapting, I thought I might as well give it a try." As he usually succeeds at anything he does, he'll probably do all right.

Casey's first experience as a TV actor was typical of his ability to take things in his stride. He had been cast as Abraham Lincoln for what he thought was a radio show. He got the part because he was tall. This was back in 1945, when TV was still pretty much a novelty, and nobody had thought to tell him it was a telecast. When he came all prepared for a radio broadcast, he found to his utter consternation that it was TV. So—in a half-hour—he learned his part. "Whew," he recalls, "that was one of the worst moments of my life!" Since then he has been a familiar face on TV in such shows as *Danger*, *Studio One* and *The First Hundred Years*, among others.

The Allens have only acted together once. That was in an Equity Library Theater version of "Hedda Gabler," with Fran as Hedda. "It was strange," says Fran. "I don't know whether I should like it all the time. Somehow, working together cuts down our family life. It's hard to explain."

To both Casey and Fran, the family is the important thing. They have created a home for their two children and have given them that sense of security which comes only when two people love and understand each other.

Fran—who moved from place to place all through her childhood and early acting days—is determined that the children shall put down roots. And Casey—who has roamed the world since his college days—agrees with her thoroughly. The Allens' apartment is geared to the children. Such homey touches as a velocipede in the corner of the dining room, a gymnasium swing suspended on the door frame between the living room and dining room, convince you that this is a home where children are loved and treasured. Even the coffee table in front of the huge divan has been specially constructed so that it can be sat upon or jumped on by an active five-year-old.

The children have respect for each other. "They have very different temperaments," says Casey, "but we have taught them that each has the right to his own point of view. If they learn to live together, it will help them to get along with others when they are grown-up." The Allens give them further help by answering their questions seriously, considering their likes and dislikes.

Casey sees the world as a place of high adventure, of fun. He likes people and is liked by them. To him, there is nothing dull. He can find something interesting in anyone, no matter who he is or what he does. Fran, who is much more reticent, finds herself carried along by her handsome husband's enthusiasm. "Being married to Casey has been the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me," she says earnestly. "His multitude of interests has opened the doors to so many things I'd never have found for myself."

One thing is sure. The Allens are a close-knit family in which each member contributes something to the joy of living. That Casey and Fran have been able to build this warm unit while leading busy outside lives is a tribute to them both. They have done it because their home and their children are more important to them than anything else in the world. The children have the security that comes from being loved. And Fran and Casey have found happiness in their love for each other.



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T
V
R

Monday through Friday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program Gabriel Heatter ² 8:55 Titus Moody ¹	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker*	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Gene & Glenn Barbara Welles Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bob Smith Show Break The Bank	Cecil Brown Wifesaver News	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Sho
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling with Tom Moore 11:25 News, Holland Engle	Modern Romances Ever Since Eve	
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Queen For A Day	Thy Neighbor's Voice Three-City Byline	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

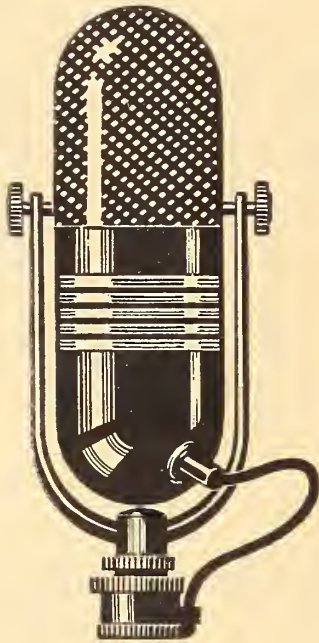
Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank Capitol Commentary with Les Higgie 12:20 Guest Time	Valentino Oklahoma Wranglers 12:25 Jack Berch Show	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		Cedric Foster, News Ray Heatherton Game Of The Day†	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Vincent Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes		Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45		Wonderful City	Betty Crocker* 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drak The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party Mike & Buff's Mailbag 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	News Music Charley & John ¹ M-W-F ² T-Th † Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and south- west regions	Reed Browning Show 4:25 Betty Crocker* Treasury Bandstand	News 4:05 Emily Kim- brough Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News

Monday

Evening Programs

5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Lorenzo Jones Front Page Farrell It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	News, Austin Kip- linger Art & Dotty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News East Of Athens Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hollywood Bowl	The Falcon Under Arrest	Henry J. Taylor American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	My Friend Irma Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15	Telephone Hour	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Reporters' Roundup	Music By Camarata 9:25 News Sammy Kaye	Gunsmoke
9:30 9:45	Band Of America			Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Heart Of The News Comment	Frank Edwards Virgil Pinkley Distinguished Artists	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons



Inside Radio

*All Times Listed Are
Eastern Daylight Time.*

Tuesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Sgt. Preston Of Yukon	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Front Page Farrell It Pays To Be Married	Sky King 5:55 News, Cecil Brown		Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra			
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
7:15 7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family			
8:00	It Happened To You	Mickey Spillane, Mystery Suspense	Jack Gregson Show	People Are Funny Stop The Music
8:15 8:30 8:45	Oragnet			
9:00	Lux Radio Theater	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ends 9:55 Lorne Greene	Town Meeting	Yours Truly, Johnny Ollar
9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Swayze Crime & Peter Chambers		Erwin O. Canham, News	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Louella Parsons
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News Stars From Paris	Virgil Pinkley State Of The Nation	Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	Strawhat Concert

Thursday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Sgt. Preston Of Yukon	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Front Page Farrell It Pays To Be Married	Sky King 5:55 News, Cecil Brown		Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra			
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
7:15 7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family			
8:00	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show	Meet Millie 8:25 Doug Edwards, News That's Rich
8:15	8:25 News			
8:30 8:45	Western Orama	Crime Fighters		
9:00	Scarlet Pimpernel	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Author Meets The Critics	Sammy Kaye	Onstage—Cathy & Elliott Lewis
9:15 9:30 9:45	News, Swayze 9:35 Señor Ben			Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News Jane Pickens Show	Virgil Pinkley Deems Taylor	Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Front And Center	

Wednesday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Front Page Farrell It Pays To Be Married	Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown		Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra			
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
7:15 7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family			
8:00	Newspaper Game	Squad Room	Jack Gregson Show	F.B.I. In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards, News 21st Precinct
8:15				
8:30 8:45	Walk A Mile	Nightmare		
9:00	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Family Theater	Sammy Kaye	Crime Photographer
9:15				
9:30	Theater Royal		Whiteman Varieties	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
9:45				
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News Keys To The Capital	Virgil Pinkley Sounding Board	Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Chautauqua Student Symphony	

Friday

Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	News, Austin Kiplinger Art & Dotty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Front Page Farrell It Pays To Be Married	Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown		Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program		Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra			
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
7:15 7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family			
8:00	Hear America Swinging	Counter-Spy	Jack Gregson Show	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons 8:25 Doug Edwards, Godfrey Oigest
8:15				
8:30 8:45	News 8:35 Hear America Swinging (con.)	Take A Number		
9:00	Hear America Swinging (con.)	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Have A Heart	Sammy Kaye	Godfrey Oigest (con.)
9:15				
9:30 9:45	News, Swayze 9:35 Hear America Swinging (con.)		The World We Live In 9:55 Sport Report	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fights, Cavalcade Of Sports	Frank Edwards	Rally	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15 10:30	Listen To Wash- ington	Virgil Pinkley Fall Out	Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Capitol Concerts	

See Next Page →

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30	Egbert & Ummly	Local Programs	News Summary	News
9:00	Egbert & Ummly (con.)		News 9:05 No School Today	News Of America
9:15	Eddie Howard Sings			Garden Gate
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Breakfast In Hollywood	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	No School Today (con.)	Galen Drake Show
10:15	Mary Lee Taylor Show		Space Patrol	
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	News	Helen Hall, Femme Fair	11:05 Platterbrains	Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:15	Doorway To Beauty	Headline News	All League Club House	
11:30	Woman In Love	11:35 U. S. Military Band		
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Marine Band	Man On The Farm	12:05 101 Ranch Boys	Noon News
12:15				12:05 Romance
12:30	Army Band	12:35 Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 This I Believe
1:00	National Farm And Home Hour	Symphonies For Youth	Navy Hour	City Hospital
1:15	All Star Parade Of Bands	Game Of The Day*	Vincent Lopez	News 1:35 Peter Lind Hayes Show
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	Football	Symphonies For Youth (con.)	Football	Football
2:15		2:25 Headline News		
2:30		101 Ranch Boys		
2:45				
3:00	Football (con.)	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
3:15		Sloan Simpson		
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Football (con.)	Mac McGuire	Football (con.)	Football (con.)
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00		News 5:05 Teenagers Unlimited	News 5:05 Paulena Carter Horse Racing	News
5:15				Symphonette
5:30		Brickhouse, Sports 5:55 News	5:55 News	
5:45		*Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and southwest regions.		

Evening Programs

6:00	News	Musical Almanac	6:05 Pan-American Union	News, Bancroft
6:15	H. V. Kaltenborn		James Crowley Reports	News
6:30	Showcase	Dinner Oate	Bob Finnegan, Sports	Sports Roundup
6:45		6:55 Cecil Brown	Bob Edge, Sports	
7:00	Spotlight On Paris	Sam Levine, Kegler	Bob Mills, Show Tunes	
7:15		Report From Washington	Three Suns	
7:30	The Big Preview	Keep Healthy	Oinner At The Green Room	Sammy. Kaye
7:45		7:55 Globe Trotter		
8:00	The Big Preview (con.)	True Or False	Victory Oance	Escape 8:25 Win Elliot Nightmare
8:15		Magic Valley Jamboree		
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	The Big Preview (con.)	New England Barnyard Jamboree	Victory Oance (con.)	Two For The Money
9:15	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Country Style
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Dude Ranch Jamboree	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Your Voice Of America	News, Schorr
10:15			10:05 Country Style (con.)	10:05 Country Style (con.)
10:30	Pee Wee King Show		Orchestra	News

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 This I Believe
9:00	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album	The Music Room
9:15	Carnival Of Books	Back To God	Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup
9:30	Faith In Action			Organ Music
9:45	Art Of Living			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel	News 10:05 Church Of The Air
10:15	Collector's Item	Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:35 College Choirs	
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	Collector's Item (con.)	Frank And Ernest Merry Mailman	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15			News 11:35 Christian In Action	News 11:35 Invitation To Learning
11:30		Northwestern Reviewing Stand		
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Collector's Item (con.)	College Choirs	Pan-American Union	The Leading Question
12:15	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	The World Tomorrow	Howard K. Smith, World Affairs News Report
12:30		Tune Time		
12:45				
1:00	Citizens At Work	Game Of The Day*	Herald Of Truth	News
1:15				
1:30	Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Lutheran Hour	News 1:35 Pilgrimage	
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Or. Oral Roberts	
2:15				
2:30	Youth Wants To Know	Tune Time	Wings Of Healing	World Music Festivals
2:45				
3:00	Golden Hour, David Ross	U.S. Marine Band	Sammy Kaye	World Music Festivals (con.)
3:15				
3:30		Tune Time	Hour Of Decision	
3:45				
4:00	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	CBC Symphony (con.)	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	World Music Festivals (con.)
4:15		Flight In The Blue		
4:30		4:55 Lorne Greene		
4:45				
5:00	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow	Greatest Story Ever Told	5:55 News
5:15		True Detective Mysteries		
5:30		5:55 Cecil Brown		
5:45		*Approx. starting time. Heard only in southeast and southwest regions.		

Evening Programs

6:00	American Forum	Nick Carter	Monday Morning Headlines	Gene Autry
6:15			Paul Harvey, News	
6:30	NBC Summer Concert	Wisner, Sports	George Sokolsky	Our Miss Brooks
6:45			Quincy Howe	
7:00	Inheritance	Rod And Gun Club	Highway Frolics	
7:15				
7:30	Conversation	Chamber Music		Amos 'n' Andy
7:45	7:55 News			
8:00	Gave Garroway Show	Hawaii Calls	Highway Frolics (con.)	Bing Crosby Show
8:15				My Little Margie
8:30		Enchanted Hour		
8:45		8:55 News		
9:00	Gave Garroway Show (con.)	Army Hour	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant	Edgar Bergen Show
9:15		London Studio Melodies	Highway Frolics (con.)	
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	Men's Corner	Paul Harvey, News	News, Schorr
10:15	Heart Of The News	News, Hazel Market	Elmer Davis	10:05 Man Of The Week
10:30	Meet The Press	Little Symphonies	Revival Time	UN Report

Martin Block

(Continued from page 42)

passed through their teen years, and I have three others yet to be launched. So, as a father, I'm very much interested in teen-age problems. As a deejay, I have observed and served several generations of teenagers. And now I would like to talk frankly, to tell the truth about them and to them. Since I'm most comfortable in front of a microphone, we'll stop the music in the *Make Believe Ballroom* for a few minutes and have a "Make-Believe Ball" with two teenagers. One will be my friend Terry, and we'll call her male counterpart Tom. Being typical, they will be healthy and good-looking, well-educated and inquisitive, good-humored and a little cynical.

They don't look like monsters, but I take precautions and seat them across the table from me. Terry says, "This is to be honest and we'll not evade any hot issues. Right?"

"That's right," I say.

Tom looks suspicious and says, "I can ask you about sexual relations or drinking or money or anything?"

I take time to gulp, and agree.

Tom grins and says, "Well, we'll shoot the hot ones at you later. First of all, we agree things are in a sorry mess. You can't blame us teenagers for the H-bomb and the threat of war, and you can't blame us for feeling that it's kind of futile to plan anything."

"If people didn't plan for tomorrow, we'd have chaos."

"The point is, who's got a future?"

Tom says. "Not me."

"That's right," says Terry. "Will there be a male in my future? Important question."

This was grim and I didn't mince words. They were talking about dying—about being killed by a bomb or while soldiering. They didn't think much of their chances of survival. So I enlightened them, for their chances of living are a lot better than those of their parents ever were. It wasn't long ago that an epidemic of flu or typhoid or some other disease would sweep through a city and kill off a number of your friends. Today we don't have to worry about such epidemics. Medical science has given our children almost fool-proof protection, plus a gift of longer life. Then I needled Tom about traffic accidents.

"You know that deaths and injuries on highways average out higher than they were in Korea during war. But—tell me this—do you know any teenager who has refused to drive his father's car for fear of being killed?"

I told them—as I would tell any adult—we take our chances at any age. What is really deadly is killing time worrying about something that may not happen.

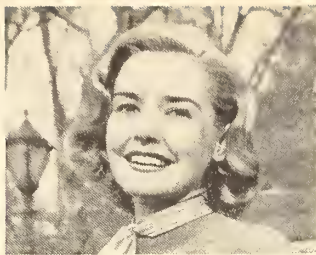
"Okay, but I still have to lose a couple of years because of the draft," Tom says. "How'd you like that?"

"I wouldn't like it and you're not going to like it and that's that."

Tom looks a little surprised. "No speech?"

"I won't make a patriotic speech because I don't think the youngster who gripes about Army service is any less loyal than the rare one who does not. And while we're on the subject, Tom, I agree that your father perhaps didn't have to serve—but he didn't have your advantages, either. When he was your age, his chances of going to college were slim. You practically have a choice of what you want to study—and where—and some of you even get there in your own car."

Terry is smiling sweetly but there is a glint in her eyes. (Continued on page 82)



Helps heal: "I've used Noxzema for three years," says Sheila Walden of New York City. "It helped heal my small blemishes* and made my skin softer."



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T
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"Mr. Block, are you telling us that we just don't know how good we have it and that we're spoiled brats?"

I didn't mean it that way and Terry knew it, but she wanted me to say so. And I knew what else she wanted to hear.

"Emotional stability comes not from the lack of drafts or the lack of H-bombs. It comes from the home. From a sound home come sound youngsters."

"That let's me out," says Terry. "You know my parents well enough for that."

"I didn't say a perfect home. There is no such thing as a perfect home or a perfect man or woman."

"But you know the way my dad and mother bicker."

"You know, too, so make the best of it. Improve on them in your own relations with others. Let's face it—and face it in your teens. We strive for the ideal. We shouldn't punish our parents or ourselves if we can't attain it."

"Can you buy a Caddy convertible with an ideal, Mr. Block?"

I must have given Tom the kind of look I give my youngsters when I'm irritated, for Tom kind of winced and quickly went on, "Look, I believe honesty is the best policy, but sometimes I wonder if I'm not a little dopey. Look at what some of these racketeers and politicians and even businessmen get away with."

"They'll get caught up with."

"Always?"

"Honestly, no. The law doesn't catch up with every criminal, but you can't fool your own family, and certainly you can't keep the truth from God."

"So you don't think money buys happiness?" Terry asks.

"That's a different question," I reply. "I think money is very important to happiness. After all, money buys food, education, children, and time. A lot of money buys luxuries like convertibles and trips abroad and fancy homes. Is there anything wrong with such luxuries? Not if you can afford them."

"So you've got nothing against money?"

"Not me. But that old saw, battered and corny, is still accurate: Money will not buy happiness. It won't buy respect and love. And money can never be more important than honesty, family, love, self-respect—to mention a few things."

Terry puts up her hand and says, "How about sex?"

"Sure, Mr. Block," says Tom, "What would you like to know?"

I enjoy Tom's flippancy. I don't think the subject of sex needs to be approached with alarm. Times have changed, and for the better. Not so long ago, there was

a chaperon present on a date. Once it was a question when a girl might let an escort hold her hand. Not many years ago, they were debating whether a girl should allow herself to be kissed good night on the first, second or seventh date. Today, youth counselors and psychologists have come to the point where they say publicly that necking is healthy. Now, of course, I don't know of an accurate definition of necking, and perhaps some people somewhere may think that I am suggesting something wrong.

"You're getting embarrassed," says Tom. "The question is this—how far should a boy and girl go?"

"Never so far as to hurt each other emotionally or to affect their respect and affection for each other. And I don't think most boys and girls have to ask themselves that question. They know. A boy who, over the years, has seen his father treat his mother with respect and affection and consideration will take the same attitude toward his girl friends."

"What about drinking?" Terry asks. "I don't drink, but some of the boys who call for dates do. Do you think I should go out with them?"

"Not unless you want to be an accessory to a crime, maybe your own murder. There's a law in most states forbidding the sale of hard liquor to minors, and there is good reason for the law and I believe in observing the law. If you were my daughter, I shouldn't want you in the same car with a teenager who had been drinking. I don't like funerals."

"Mr. Block, do you have anything against fan clubs?" Terry asks. "Do you think they are indicative of our being silly or light-headed?"

"No, I fully approve of fan clubs. They didn't hurt your mothers or grandmothers. Of course, they didn't squeal. When they saw Valentino, they merely sighed. But I'll bet you that inwardly they were squealing."

I went on to say that I think girls today have the greatest adjustment to make. The status of the female at every age level has changed so much in recent years. A teenager can go places alone. She can stay out later. She can get enough part-time work to earn money for her own pleasures. There is less family interference and questioning of her actions.

"Isn't that good?" Terry asks.

"It's good, but it's got its bad side, too, especially for you. I've been conducting dances for teenagers where they can meet recording stars and also have some fun. I notice—and it's quite surprising to me—that there are about three girls to every

boy. Not many years ago, a girl wouldn't have gone to a dance by herself."

"What would you suggest, Mr. Block?" "Get some advice from your mother. She should be able to tell you how to attract a man."

The way Tom absorbed every word she had to say, it didn't seem as though Terry would ever have that kind of trouble. But at the moment Terry had something more than boys on her mind.

"Mr. Block, may I ask you a very important question. How do I become a singer?"

"If you hadn't asked that question, I should have worried about you. I figure there must be twenty-million teen-age girls in this land—and at least nineteen million want to be singers. I think there might be room for five hundred singers, and maybe places for about twenty in the class of Kay Starr and Dinah Shore, which is the ambition of every singer. So my advice to you would be to forget about a singing career and exert your energy in some other field."

"I know, Mr. Block, but how do I go about becoming a singer?"

"If people who know something about it tell you that you have a good voice, then you can study voice. When you are ready, you make a recording and send it out for auditioning."

"To whom do you send the record?"

Now I'm going to be painfully honest. I don't know who in the music business would have enough personal interest in you alone. Talent is not enough. You must have the right contacts. Making the right contacts may be a matter of luck, but there is no mistake about the talent. And there is no mistake about the work and work and work."

I turned to Tom. He seemed amused by the talk.

"And what's your ambition?"

"My immediate ambition is to clear up some of these misconceptions about teenagers," he says. "Now, do you think there is something evil or criminal about my generation?"

"No, I really don't. You just have news value now."

"You don't even think we're bad?"

"I don't even think the bad ones are bad," I say. "I think most of the teenagers who get into trouble are just victims of their own exuberance. Most of the wild ones merely need their energies channeled in another direction. That's one of the reasons I've been trying to schedule a weekly 'record dance' held at the New York high schools and broadcast over ABC. You know, it would be a wonderful idea if you teenagers would organize more activities and sport events and hobby groups and social clubs for yourselves and some of the kids who are giving you a bad name."

"Actually, Mr. Block, you're not very critical of us, are you?"

"I can be. For example, I don't think much of your manners. I have never known of any teen-age generation that has had so much training in manners and uses it so little. I'd like to see all of you show more respect for others and be the ladies and gentlemen you know enough to be."

"What else?"

"That's all. I have great admiration for your generation. I think you can work most things out for yourselves. You're more alert, better educated, more responsible and mature than any of your predecessors. You're really young adults."

"No advice?"

"Just this. Don't worry. And don't let grownups worry you into feeling sorry for yourself. Now let's get out a record and make music."

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Name That Tune

(Continued from page 64)

she has to do well. But, instead of going to any big parties and meeting the right people—no, she was always coming home, visiting her folks, knocking around with old friends. And instead of dating men who might help her career, she wouldn't go out with anyone but Eddie Steck. You know, that nice young fellow who was studying to be a lawyer. It was such a pity about what happened! . . .

As far as Vicki is concerned, the career part of it all started with Grandfather. He was a barber—but, more particularly, a happy Italian barber, and he couldn't help singing while he worked.

"He's quite a character," Vicki says proudly. "Very jolly!" And, just thinking of grandfather, she can't help smiling. "His shop was always crowded with customers—all requesting their favorite songs. And then, the hospital used to send for him regularly to cut their patients' hair. They knew the value of a song there—or maybe it was just the tonic of a good laugh."

Her parents also share this Italian passion for music. Vincent Melillo is in the real estate business, but he still plays the sax he played as a youth. And although Antoinette, his wife, was never a professional, she is still a fine singer. Before her marriage, she worked in a grocery store. One day, the White Rose Tea salesman happened to hear her sing, and arranged for her to go to New York to sing commercials on the radio. "Mother never went," Vicki says. "She got married instead. But she made a vow that, some day, one of her children would be a singer and make the trip to New York for her."

As it turned out, all five of the Melillo children sing. But, of her three daughters

and two sons, Antoinette soon pinned her hopes on the second oldest, born January 31, 1934. At sixteen, Carmella Marie had her own weekly radio show over Station WLAD—and "Vicki Mills," her professional name, was already well known in Danbury.

Vicki used to enter every singing contest she could. But the one she remembers best is the Jenny Lind Contest, a yearly competition held among the hundred best lyric sopranos of Connecticut.

"If you can imagine one hundred girls, all singing 'The Last Rose of Summer,'" Vicki remarks. But the reason she remembers that contest so well is that, every year, without fail, she came in second.

But that was enough for Mama Antoinette Melillo. She knew now that she had been right to turn down that offer to sing White Rose Tea commercials. This was even better than she had dreamed—her own daughter, a lyric soprano. With a little training, who knows, she might become a great concert artist!

In 1951, after high school graduation, Vicki enrolled in the four-year course at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. After one year, however, Vincent Melillo didn't see how he could afford to send his daughter back. Vicki promptly went out and got a job.

During previous vacations, she had worked in a Danbury department store—once as a salesgirl in the lingerie department, once as a bookkeeper. But, this summer, she needed "big money" if she hoped to return to the Conservatory in the fall.

"I got a job as an inspector in a ball-bearing factory," she recalls. "At first, I thought it would kill my eyes—looking

through a microscope at all those tiny bearings. But, after a while, I became good at it. I got so I could inspect from two thousand to three thousand a night, depending upon their size. They said I was the best of all the new girls on the job."

Vicki smiled with honest pride, then continued: "I worked the night shift—from four-thirty in the afternoon till two-thirty next morning. But I made all of forty-two dollars a week!" The proud smile suddenly vanished. "Only, with everything they take out, it came to just thirty-eight dollars clear."

By October, however, Vicki had enough money to return to the Conservatory. Her father, feeling she had earned a holiday, took her to New York. And that's when it happened, so that Vicki never did go back to school.

"Daddy and I had tickets to attend a radio broadcast of *Name That Tune*. I was one of the contestants and, when Red Benson interviewed me, he asked me all about myself. I told him that I was majoring in voice, and that I had been a winner one night on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. Out of a clear blue sky, Red asked me to sing my favorite song."

She chose "Summer Time." She still doesn't know why—it's not her favorite piece. But, after the show, Harry Salter, the producer, wanted to talk to her. June Valli, the vocalist on the show, was leaving to sing on *Your Hit Parade*. Vicki was invited to take her place.

From the very start, the show has been fun for her, and singing in thirty different languages is a game, not a chore, particularly when the words are spelled out phonetically, and you happen to be what is known as "a quick study." Any doubts

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might have had about her foreign accents were dispelled the night a Persian prince was discovered in the studio audience. Vicki sang a song in Persian, and was pleased when the prince came to congratulate her after the broadcast. Only he couldn't speak a word of English, and he couldn't understand why Vicki kept pretending she couldn't speak Persian when he had just heard her sing in the language.

But, of all the delights of appearing on a network show, the biggest one for Vicki has been getting to know Harry Salter and his wife, Roberta. As creator of the program, he had coached June Valli. When Vicki became vocalist on *Name That Tune*, he did the same for her.

"With all I had to learn," she says, "Harry didn't want me wasting time commuting. But, knowing how strict my family is, and how they feel about my living alone in New York—well, the Salters just took me in. The first six months I was on the show, I lived right in their home."

And to Roberta Salter, Vicki is especially grateful—for a personal reason. Even if Roberta did make her go through the worst ordeal of her life. Ask Vicki about "hard work," and she won't talk about the time she toiled in that ball-bearing factory. She'll tell about the time Roberta Salter put her on a protein diet.

"I was very good," Vicki recalls. "No sweets. But I starved! Later, I learned that Roberta was giving Ethel, the cook, a dollar for every pound I lost."

Apparently, Ethel got a bonus of seventeen dollars, for Vicki went from a "plump 125" to the 108 pounds she has remained ever since. And on July 7, 1953, when *Name That Tune* switched from radio to TV, Vicki was ready for television. She's five-feet-five and, allowing for the extra five or six pounds which TV adds to a girl's appearance, viewers found that she looked just as good as she sounded.

All in all, it was the most exciting time of her life. And to make it even more wonderful, there had been someone to share it with. She was eighteen when she started going with Eddie Steck. He was twenty. Even when she moved to New York and he went to Quinnipiac College in New Haven, they managed to see each other. There were always weekends in Danbury. And, every time she sang, he came to New York to hear her.

They planned to be married next year. He would study to be a lawyer while she continued her career. And then, without warning—without rhyme or reason—it happened. Eddie was riding in a friend's car. There was an accident. He was killed. . . .

As *Name That Tune* returns to TV this fall—switching from NBC to CBS—Vicki is still the featured vocalist. And every weekend, she still returns to Danbury to see her family and friends—a word which includes just about everyone in town. (Last year, it was officially acknowledged by making Vicki Queen of the Great Danbury Fair.)

These friends not only follow her career, they share it. Every weekend, Cinderella must give a full report of what happened at the ball. She tells them about the stars she has met—like Margaret Truman and Wally Cox, who were guests on the show. She brings back the autographs they have asked her to get. And to all the aspiring singers who come to her, asking for advice, she gives it as honestly as she can: "Don't go to New York or to some big city. Your best bet is to stick around home, and do everything you can to get experience. Start building a reputation right where you are."

Although Vicki herself started out by practicing what she preaches, aspiring

singers are quick to point out that her big break came when she went to New York. Even so, Vicki sticks to her point. New York success wouldn't have been possible if she hadn't first built up confidence, experience, and a reputation in Danbury. "The important thing," she has found out, "is to get people behind you. They give you the inspiration to go on.

"And you'll need inspiration," she insists. "It isn't all cream and sugar."

A singer today has to know how to dance and act, too. So, every day, Vicki takes lessons—in dramatics, voice, coaching, ballet—a total of forty-five hours every week. It's the things that can't be taught, however, which make for stardom. The indefinables. How you look, and what kind of person you are. Vicki doesn't explain this—she's too busy exemplifying it.

It is no accident, however, that "everyone has been just wonderful" to her. She loves people. It comes across. And people can't help loving her in return. Amazed to find show people "so real and down-to-earth," it never occurs to her that she might bring out the best in people.

"I love to sing," she says. "It's in my blood!" And that comes across, too, so that viewers keep writing in: "Why don't you let Vicki ever finish a song?" On her last birthday, she finally got her chance. And to be especially nice to her, they made it her "favorite song" again. "Summer Time!"

And something else comes across—something which all her training and glamorizing and smart gowns can't obscure. TV, the newest of mediums, is making a star of Vicki for the most old-fashioned of reasons. Vicki is a nice, sweet, wholesome, they-don't-make-them-that-way-anymore home girl. She likes cooking and serving ("They say my pies are very good," she tells you, "especially the lemon meringue and apple"). In New York, she now lives at the Barbizon Plaza for Women—a hotel where gentlemen callers are not permitted. And last summer, when she toured in a series of night-club appearances, her father accompanied her whenever he could. She knows that this is considered "strict," but it's part of her Italian heritage, and she accepts it as cheerfully as she accepts her parents' love. Vicki doesn't try to be sophisticated; she just wants to be amiable.

She can't wait till the weekend comes so she can go home. There, she's sure to find her mother waiting—wanting to fatten her up, wondering why she has to sing "mezzo" when she has such a lovely "lyric" soprano. Her brother Don is now with the Air Corps Special Services in Alaska, but sisters Aurora and Marie Antoinette are still at home. And there's Jimmy, only thirteen, but leading his own band already.

Vicki tells them she wants to do nothing but rest—the whole weekend—and catch up on her television. But she's up early in the morning, helping her mother with the housework. She takes Tippy, the toy fox terrier, for a walk, starts cooking dishes which she herself scarcely tastes, then dusts her collection of china animals.

"Just puttering around the house," she calls it, but the family understands. They know why she can't sit still, why she's "too tired" to ever go out on dates, why she studies so hard. Anything to keep from thinking about it, anything to keep from always remembering. . . .

And maybe it all ends the way it started—with Grandfather! At seventy-four, he is still going strong, still singing while he works. And now here's his granddaughter, working while she sings—and loving her work, loving the people she sings for. Vicki, too, seems to know the value of a song.

Here's Why I Love Lucy

(Continued from page 31)

Al is the janitor of the Motion Picture Center where we film *I Love Lucy*—and I am referred to in the contract as “Miss Jones” because my born name was Vivian Roberta Jones. Somehow, if your name is Jones, you never think of keeping it. Now, I often wish I had. But, when I was starting in the theater, something fancier seemed indicated. While I was still in school, my dramatic teacher, Vance Randolph—also a well-known writer of folk tales of the Ozarks—said “Why not use my first name for your last?” I used it, and have been using it ever since.

The album was presented to me at the Christmas party in Desi's office. All the Desilu production staff were there. And they made me sit down in a spotlight and read the whole thing through! Then Lucy read the “contract” through.

You realize how much time it takes to compile a thing like that? Why, Lucy called my aunts and uncles and cousins in Kansas (I first opened my blue eyes in Cherryvale, Kansas) and talked, at length, to each and every one of them.

A lot of time . . . three to four months she'd been working on it, as I later learned . . . and you know how much time Lucy has, what with the script, the show, the ranch in Chatsworth, her two children, her mother, Desi's mother, people walking in with swatches of linoleum and lengths of chintz for the new house they've just finished building in Palm Springs.

The only complaint I've ever heard Lucy make is: “Isn't it dreadful—no time any more.” She hasn't the time, she sighs, to cook—and Lucy loves to cook—hasn't the time to have the people she loves around her, day and night, as she'd like to do.

I had a sample of what is everyday routine for Lucy, when I was on the Milton Berle show in New York last winter. First time in years I'd been out in public, so to speak. Don't think I had had any idea of what it was going to be like. Talking about myself—interviews and all—you know, I got so tired of it, I couldn't stand me! Or Ethel Mertz. *I can't stand Ethel Mertz any more*, I'd think, folding up. *I don't care what she likes or what she thinks or anything about her!*

On my last day in New York, I had an interview at ten o'clock in the morning and another at one o'clock, following which I packed my bags, checked out of the hotel and sat in Grand Central Terminal for four hours—until, at five P.M., the 20th Century took off. In order to avoid being picked up for “loitering,” I sat first in the Ladies Room, then at a lunch counter, then in the waiting room on the lower level, from there to the waiting room on the upper level. I was never so happy in my life!

Lucy got a big charge out of this story. Especially the part about my arrival in Chicago, on the way East, seeing all the photographers and reporters at the train, assuming they were there to meet me, putting on the mink, preening and sailing forth—to be asked, “Are you Carol Ann Beery?”

These things happen to Lucy and me all the time.

When Lucy tells a story, though, she acts out the parts—cats, dogs, minks. I guess that's when I get the biggest laugh—when Lucy is telling a personal experience with herself as the patsy.

We get as many laughs off-camera, I'd

say, as we give on—most of them off and on, thanks to Lucy!

One day, doing a scene in which I looked real aprony and frowsy, I said, “I got to look pretty on the Berle show.”

The next morning, I was having the hair done when Lucy passed by, stuck her head in, told the operator “Don't make her look too good there, girl—we don't want to have to replace her!”

You don't ever have to wonder what Lucy really thinks, which is one of the good feelings I have about working with her. She says what she likes and doesn't like, what she wants and doesn't want, and you know right off—she doesn't stand there pouting.

If she wants to do a bit of business alone, she says: “Want to play this by myself.” At another time: “I want Vance in this scene. Want to see her face when I read this line.” She's honest.

Like the time, four years ago, when I read for the part of Ethel—the first reading. I was scared to death. Being scared, I fortified myself by getting all dressed up in all the best clothes I had. As I sat in Desi's office awaiting the execution, this—creature walked in. Old sweater. Old pair of blue jeans. A thing tied around her head. She gave me the once-over. “Well,” she said, “you're certainly dressed up!”

Last time she ever saw me dressed up.

Lucy's generous, too, as well as honest. You don't ever see her changing a script in her favor. And this is unusual—this, believe me, is very unusual. She could say, now and then, “Lighten up a little on her, or him, give me this bit to do—” Never!

See what she does when she has guest-stars on the show—Tennessee Ernie Ford, for instance, the singer of hillbilly tunes.

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On two shows last season, he was the star. Her generosity is really something. We both read the same ads in the paper on our way to work and come in, bug-eyed, over some of the "buys" to be had. And I can't tell you how many times Lucy orders sweaters, scarves, gloves, bags for herself—and the same, in different colors, for me. We're alike in an awful lot of ways besides laughing at the same things and reading the same ads in the paper, which may account for the friendship between Mrs. Arnaz and Mrs. Ober being the same—if not better—than that between Mrs. Ricardo and Mrs. Mertz.

We were born in the same month, Lucy and I—August . . . under the same stars—we're both Leo. We've had serious conversations about our childhoods, which were so much alike. Neither of us had much money. Neither of us was The Prettiest Girl in the Class. Neither of us became stars "overnight." Both of us are in love, all the way in love, with our husbands. Lucy just worships Desi, you know—she really does. Do I worship Phil? Yes, *ma'am*. Like Lucy and Desi, Phil and I are very, very content. Very happy to be together. Have more fun together than with anyone else. When the year comes that they use "repeats" on the show, Phil and I aim to take a tramp steamer and go around the world. Phil and I are real private-lifers. Lucy and Desi like a gang around them. But, as it's always "them"—the two of them together—it comes to the same thing.

We're both home-bodies at heart, Lucy and I, love to cook and fuss and fix. And we both have two homes. Lucy and Desi have their five-acre ranch in Chatsworth, California, where they raise cattle, chickens, dogs and cats, dabble in farming, and dote on their two babies, Lucie Desirée and Desiderio IV. Phil and I have our Mexican-style farmhouse near Beverly Hills and our ranch in New Mexico.

We visit back and forth quite a bit, the four of us. When Lucy and Desi come here, I sometimes bake a ham for them. Bake beans, in molasses. Make an enormous pan of cornbread. But usually I cook chili for them. Desi loves chili. And it's my specialty. I don't worry about the "future," or whether or not television is "here to stay." I'm going to open a chili parlor on Route 66 when I'm old!

When we go over to Lucy's and Desi's, Lucy always makes lemonade in the afternoon for the gang and gives presents. She doesn't cook the dinner, but she always orders her own meals, no matter how much help she has. It's always wonderful because both Lucy and Desi love, and know, food. That house of Lucy's is her castle. She loves every smallest thing in it. And she keeps things *forever*.

Lucy and I also eat lunch together a lot—in her bungalow at the studio, which has a kitchen—and talk about our husbands. In addition to the love of our husbands, we also share pride in them . . . which is, I think, a part of love.

"Desi has changed," Lucy will say. "All

of a sudden he has matured. He matured overnight. Can't tell you how many people ask me, How did Desi learn to act? How did Desi, a musician, a drummer, learn to be a *producer*?"

I'm equally proud of my Phil. One of the finest actors, even if I do say so, in Hollywood, and one of the most versatile—remember him as Deborah Kerr's husband, Captain Holmes, in "From Here To Eternity"?

Lucy and I agree we learn a great deal about a great many things—very much including acting—from our husbands!

Both of us love children dearly. Lucy worries constantly about her two. I haven't any children. But, since I'm one of six—five girls, one boy, and all except myself have children—I am at least a very prolific *aunt*. A very devoted aunt, too, so that I understand and share Lucy's love of children.

Both of us know what illness means. Lucy learned, as a teen-age girl, after she almost lost her life in an auto accident in New York's Central Park and was told she would never walk again. It took her eight months in bed, and three years of persistent and painful effort, to reverse the doctor's gloomy prediction.

I learned after I had my breakdown, which also took years of persistent and painful effort—plus the help of a psychiatrist—to overcome. It was after my breakdown that I went to work with Lucy and *that* was mental therapy! This is the healthiest I have *ever* been. In addition to the healing laughter one always shares with Lucy, she was very sympathetic with, and understanding of, my illness.

There has to be a serious side to any deep friendship. And there is a serious side to the friendship between Lucy and me. Neither of us can stand to see the other depressed. If either of us is—if I am, for instance—Lucy works hard to snap me out of it. And vice versa. By "working hard," I mean we're just sort of extra-nice to each other that day.

As there has to be a serious side to any deep friendship, so there has to be a serious side to any deep—and dimensional—person, man or woman. There is a serious side, deep and sweet, to Lucy. Lucy needs a lot of affection, too, wants desperately for people to love her—and should be richly content, since so many millions do! Loyalty to old friendships, which Lucy has in full measure, is another of the many reasons why I love her.

Another very happy-making thing about working with Lucy and Desi is—the contracts! Speaking for myself, which is always the wiser thing to do, I have a clause in my contract which says I am to be paid extra every time a *Lucy* show is shown on a new station. As new stations open up—it's like carrying an annuity.

I just *love* the work itself. It's the first time in my life I've been this healthy and this happy. It's also the first time in my life I've been this successful. It's a darned good feeling to have every day.

And I love Lucy, too! You bet your life I do!

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Delightfully in Love

(Continued from page 68)

graveyard," Rod interrupted. "Not, that is, for us. We disappear up New Milford-Connecticut-way, where we have bought our home."

"A dancer almost has to be married," Bambi added breathlessly, "to another dancer. Or it wouldn't be a marriage. Not, that is, the way I think of marriage . . . which is to be together—as Rod and I are—day and night, at work and at play, all of the time. When you are a dancer, you *have* to practice (especially when you are on TV) at least five hours a day. Five hours every day is a long time for a person to leave another person. Then the show itself—either TV or a night club or the theater—means that, if you are a dancer and your husband is not a dancer, or the other way around, you would be too often and much too long apart."

"An all-time job, actually," Rod agreed. "The practicing, as Bambi says, the costume fittings, too, the rehearsals, the show itself . . ."

"All this and, for Rod—who creates the ideas for our dances and choreographs them—more," Bambi spoke with loving pride, "much more, besides."

"And on the evenings when you're not performing, or in any free time you may have, you're listening to music," Rod added, "in order to keep abreast and to get ideas. Sometimes we listen to music at home. Sometimes we go to record shops. We'll hear a piece of music we've heard all our lives, but a new orchestration or new arrangement has done something different to it, and we'll say, 'Why can't we use this?' The fun of dancing is to find music that is inspirational—or an idea that suggests a routine."

"We would rather dance," Bambi said, with the glint of the zealot in her moonstone-gray, her sleepy, strange eyes, "than anything else."

"Especially," Rod smiled across at her, "together."

"Especially," Bambi nodded her smooth fair head. "Which brings us to the place where we came in: the show, 'Great to Be Alive,' in which we met and at first sight—well, almost at first sight—fell in love."

"I'd seen you," Rod said, remindfully, "in Eva Le Gallienne's Broadway production of 'Alice in Wonderland' the year before. Thought you were wonderful in it, delightful. Disappointed, though, that you didn't dance. Disappointed, too—and always will be—that I missed seeing you dance in 'Oklahoma!' and in 'Carousel.'"

"And I'd seen you," Bambi echoed, "around the theater when we were auditioning for 'Great to Be Alive,' although we didn't meet until we were actually in rehearsal. I think I fell in love with you because," Bambi said, and shyly, "of your neck. I liked your neck. Straight and strong."

"With me," Rod said, and laughed, "it was—chemistry, shall we say? The same as the song, remember, in 'Guys and Dolls.' The simplicity, too. Your simplicity. There was no pretense. You're just a sweet little cuddly girl," said the slim young man who has been the sweet little cuddly girl's husband since April 2, 1950.

"There was one part in the play where he had to kiss me," Bambi was saying. "Usually, in rehearsal, actors just indicate the kiss. But Rod didn't indicate. Rod was really living his part." Bambi smiled, adding demurely, "it was very nice."

"We used to have to appear, in the second act, at a second-story window. During rehearsal, when other things were happening on stage, and even during the performance itself, we would sit at our window

and talk," Bambi laughed, "and talk and talk. And *talk*. Stu Erwin, who was one of the stars of the show, was supposed to attract our attention by going 'Psst!' at us. Poor Stu was obliged to go 'Psst!' so long he'd be red in the face and out of breath before we would hear him.

"One night, sitting at our second-story window, Rod proposed. I suppose we should get married," he said. It doesn't sound like much of a proposal, sort of *plain*," Bambi laughed, "but it sounded like poetry to me. That night—we were in Philadelphia—we didn't hear Stu at all!"

"In 'Great to Be Alive,' the problem," Rod said, "was that we, who were ghosts, had to be married by a live minister. So, according to the script, Stu Erwin arranged to have a double wedding, so to speak—a live wedding (for others) and a ghost wedding (that was ours) in a haunted house. But the minister got shot before the ceremony was over, so we never did get married in *unreal* life.

"In real life, we got married the week before the show opened in New York—or about two months after we first met—at the Little Church Around the Corner, here in New York."

"I wore a pink dress," Bambi said, "pink jersey. It had a matching sweater with it. And I had some beautiful pink flowers like a tiara, for my hair. Rod gave them to me. I don't know what they were. I had never seen them before. I have never seen them again. Rod doesn't remember what they were or where he got them. They had, I remember, a beautiful, unearthly fragrance.

"We honeymooned at the Stonehenge Inn. Our twenty-four-hour honeymoon, because of the show, the next day."

"When the show closed," Rod said, "we didn't have a job. We didn't have any money. At all. So what do you do? You go to the unemployment bureau and collect. It's not charity," Rod said a little grimly, "it's your right."

"It wasn't all grim, though," Bambi said in her quiet voice. (They both have quiet, almost whispering voices.) "Before the show closed, the cast gave us a party at Valerie Bettis's house. Everyone was there—Vivienne Segal, Martha Wright, Stu. And they gave us all kinds of practical gifts.

"Then, while we were out of work, Rod put a show together and we took it to the William Morris Agency. The agency put up some money for us, for costumes and orchestration. We auditioned in a dirty little rehearsal hall, which was all we could afford. Monte Proser came up (at the time he was booking for the Copacabana), and it should have been funny to see Monte, of all people, in that horrid little hole—I mean hall. But nothing struck us funny that day. We were trying so *hard*. All our numbers were on a concert level, too, which wouldn't interest night clubs. We didn't know."

Bambi and Rod didn't know. But the William Morris Agency knew—knew that here were two glamorous and unique and very gifted youngsters whose dancing feet would ultimately be starborne . . . "They sent us to St. Louis," Bambi said, "got us a wonderful job, for three months, at the Park Plaza.

"From St. Louis we went to the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles—another agency got us this job—and although the local papers gave us some very good reviews, the trade publications, which are the bible of our trade . . . well, 'the trades' *didn't*! We should go back to Broadway, the trades said, we didn't belong in night clubs.

"Oh, when we woke up in Los Angeles and read those reviews! You don't know

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what to do. All very well to say, 'Go back to Broadway'—if, that is, you have the wherewithal to get there. We didn't. Besides, it makes it more difficult, with slam reviews in the trades, for an agent to book an act. And then, just as we were going down for the third time, a very nice woman in Chicago—Merrill Abbott, who books and manages talent—to the rescue!"

"A wonderful woman," Rod said, his voice deepening, "a very wonderful woman . . ."

"Oh, she is," Bambi nodded, "she is! Well, anyway, she'd seen us on the Ed Sullivan show (Ed was so good to us!) and also when we guested on the Robert Q. Lewis show (which was what actually got us the Grove job), and she wanted us (lovely to be wanted!) for a little revue she was putting on at the Palmer House in Chicago. So we had to scurry around and pick up odd jobs for ourselves in order to get the money to get to Chicago. We had a car. But a car would need gas and oil. And we," Bambi grinned, "would need hamburgers! Very good thing, we used to say in those days, that dancers dance better when hungry. They do, you know. Because when you're hungry, you're lighter."

At the Palmer House, Bambi and Rod were successful for Merrill Abbott who—the Good Angel in their lives—built success for them.

"When the revue at the Palmer House closed, she helped us buy costumes for a new act," Rod said, "and then got us booked into the Persian Room of New York's Hotel Plaza. A show-case de luxe, the Persian Room. But, before we opened there, she sent us to the Caribe-Hilton Hotel in San Juan, Puerto Rico, to break in our dance. Hate to repeat myself, but she is the most wonderful woman."

It was at the Persian Room that Max Liebman saw the dancing team of Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander. The first "terp" team, by the way, that has ever been reviewed (and rave-reviewed) by the New York dance critics. The next thing, they were dancing to bravos on *Your Show Of Shows*.

"All the breaks," Bambi spoke with awe, "in one year! Why, we didn't start getting anything, or anywhere, until 1952! And so wonderful to be on television. Especially for Rod, who has had these ideas in his head for years . . . and on TV they can be done better than in any other medium."

"Wonderful, too, that we can have our home, thanks to the fact that on TV you 'stay put,' even though weekends are often the only times we can be in it. Just the same—after what seems to us like 'far away and long ago'—we have," Bambi sighed a kitten sigh, "come home."

You are impressed, when you meet and talk with Bambi and Rod, how alike they are. The same physical types, fair-haired, slender, gray-eyed. The same quiet voices. And gentle manners. The same one love—of the dance.

Yet they came together by quite dissimilar routes, from distant points, each from the other, in the U.S.A. Bambi (christened Bambina Linnemeier) was born at 52 South Oxford Street, in Brooklyn, New York. Rod (real name, Rod Alexander) was born in Colorado but grew up, from infancy, in Los Angeles. Bambi attended Brooklyn's P.S. No. 15 and Nathan Hale Junior High. Rod was graduated from John Marshall High School in Los Angeles.

At the age of seven, Bambi started in ballet classes, but always wanted to be an actress. Her mother took her to casting directors, one after the other, but with no luck. Then Bambi hit on the idea of becoming an actress through dancing. She was only sixteen when Agnes de Mille gave her that dancing part in "Oklahoma!" During the run of the show, Bambi completed

her education at the Professional Children's School in New York.

Unlike Bambi and so many of his contemporaries in show business, Rod had nothing to do, as a growing boy, with music, drama, or the dance. He played tennis and basketball and, after graduation from high school, took whatever jobs he could find, times being tough. These included a spell as a gas-station attendant, a night counterman in a cafeteria, and a dishwasher. Later, he became a welder in a Los Angeles shipyard, saved a little money, and took a few dancing lessons in his spare time because, to his own stupefaction, he heard himself say one day: "I always wanted to be a dancer."

Once Bambi found her dancing feet, her first important role was in "Carousel," in which she played the daughter of Billy Bigelow and in which she scored a real success in London. For her "Carousel" role she won the Donaldson Award as the best dancer of the season in a theatrical production and was named by *Billboard* as the best dancer of the year. She played the piquant Alice in "Alice in Wonderland" and, after that, starred with the late Willie Howard in "Sally."

Then she met Rod. . . .

Once Rod's subconscious had yielded up its well-kept secret—only a few months in fact, after he started taking dancing lessons—he heard that Jack Cole, choreographer at Hollywood's Columbia Studios, was auditioning dancers. Without a prayer that he would be hired, young Alexander auditioned for Jack Cole and was given a job, on the spot. After three years in Cole's company at Columbia, Rod came East to be Valerie Bettis's partner in the Broadway musical, "Inside U.S.A." Then he danced in the revue, "Lend An Ear."

Then he met Bambi. . . .

"By dissimilar routes, yes," Bambi assented, "and from distances apart, yes. But routes and places aren't very important. What you are and what you care about—and aren't they the same thing?—these are the things that matter to people in love. Especially," Bambi smiled her secret smile, "to married people in love."

"We're very alike in temperament, too, and in tastes. Oh, there are a few minor differences. For instance, I have a quick temper, but it's short-lived, whereas it takes a long time for Rod to lose his but when he does, it's really lost! In our musical tastes, Rod tends toward jazz and I toward the classical, and so, between the two of us, we 'lick the platters clean!' We argue, now and then, about a step—dancers always argue about a step—or I'll say he didn't catch me and he'll say he did! But these are just a few little grains of savory salt," Bambi laughed, "in the sugar. Things can't be too perfect. Only, with us they are. . . . We're quiet people, both of us. If we don't feel like talking, we don't have to talk. We don't require company; never call up people, never go and visit. We both like to go home, and be home, alone. We hope to have children, of course we do. Be fun to have twins—each could take care of one!"

"We agree perfectly, in every detail, about our house, which is a one-story ranch-type house built of white cedar, roofed with shakes—which are a little bit different from shingles. And our living room is knotty pine, a kind of golden color, and so is the kitchen, which is a part of the living room. And our bedroom is all white—white walls and ceiling, with a gray-blue rug and white organdy curtains. In the living room, the draperies are chintz, all kinds of colors."

"Bambi made the draperies, all of them." Rod spoke with husbandly pride, "and the hooked rug for the living room. . . ."

"You," Bambi interrupted, "made half

of it. And you built the bookshelves in the hall."

"You cook the dinner," Rod said, "you always cook the dinner."

"But if I'm tired in the morning, you get up and make the coffee! Besides, we only eat steaks and salads, which doesn't make many demands on me as a cook."

"We're not good at gardening, at planting," Rod said. "Nothing grows for me."

"I look at a plant," Bambi laughed, "and it dies! I don't think I have the green thumb. I wonder, can you grow a green thumb? If you can't, I won't have flowers, because I always like the best things or none at all. That's why I have Limoges china and the thinnest glassware. Think it's a reaction to all the ugly dressing rooms and cheap hotels."

"We very seldom buy anything for ourselves, though—like clothes, I mean. I'm not one bit clothes-conscious, though Rod tries to make me be. He buys *me* things—on the theory that, if I have everything nice in my closet, I can't put on those dungarees and slacks. I once had one pair of slacks. Rod took them to the dry-cleaner for me and never brought them back! But

he shops for, and buys me, lovely dresses and shoes and perfume and pretty lingerie—and this diamond wristwatch he gave me," Bambi touched the lovely thing, "on our second anniversary. For every important occasion, he gives me a piece of jewelry."

"Now that, *as of now*," Bambi crossed her fingers, "we don't have to worry about the next dollar or all those financial questions, it is so peaceful, so lovely. Without being rich—because, of course, we really aren't—we feel so rich. And we just try (this is our credo, I think) to make each day pleasant. We don't think of the mistakes we made yesterday, but of what we will do on the next show, of new fields we will conquer, of how we will try to simplify our work, take things away, get down to the *dancing* and be always, each hour of every day, together."

"To that," Rod said, "amen."

It sounded like a prayer. It was a prayer.

Then they laughed at each other again, across the table, two young people who are very lovely. And very much in love. . . .

Leila's Golden Windows

(Continued from page 34)

give me a chance to think about it, I could give you an answer before the party's over."

"That I'll buy," he said, "as long as the answer is yes."

She didn't get a chance to speak to him alone before she left with her original date, quite late—which was just as well, because she hadn't made up her mind. But the next morning, when she woke, Lennie Green was the first person she thought of. On an impulse, she reached for the phone.

"Lennie? Leila Martin. If you still mean it, the answer's yes. After the show."

"Hallelujah!" he said—and Lady Destiny relaxed. The deed was done.

Leila and Lenny found out a few basic things about each other that evening, in between supper and dancing. She learned that he was a theatrical agent, head of Mercury Artists Corporation, and he discovered that she was a Brooklyn girl whose parents—who loved the theater—had let her start singing in public when she was five.

That was enough for him . . .

When Lennie suggested—just two weeks after that first meeting, and after exactly fourteen consecutive dates—that they invite her mother and father to come along with them on a dinner-date in Manhattan, Leila thought it was one of the sweetest things he'd done so far. Why, he'd barely met her parents. She'd introduced him to them briefly, one Thursday, when Lennie had picked her up at home.

The Martins went along with the idea without too much enthusiasm, although they were anxious to please Leila, and obviously this was what Leila wanted. They had both thought Mr. Green an attractive young man, with good manners. But, given a choice, they would rather have wine and dined him at home first, before accepting his invitation to dinner.

Still—no sense in being stuffy. So they all gathered in Manhattan at a neighborhood restaurant, and had dinner.

Then, over coffee, Lenny did the unpredictable thing that left her with her teeth rattling from shock. "It's high time we all met," he said to Mom and Pop, "because I'm going to marry Leila."

It was a memorable moment. Mr. Martin regained his composure first, and gave

a hollow laugh. "Some other people have thought that, too," he said, and Mom came in with a weak smile and a muttered pleasantry. The evening went on with a distinct chill in the air, and ended early.

The Martins' front door had no sooner closed behind them than, in effect, the roof almost blew off the house.

"If I were a ham," said her mother, starkly, "I'd burst into tears and cry, 'My baby, my baby!' In fact, I'm not sure I won't burst into tears." And she did.

"Now then," said Leila's father—automatically passing his breast-pocket handkerchief to his wife as he turned a stormy countenance to Leila—"let's have it. You see this man two or three times, and then tonight he calmly announces he's going to marry you. And you didn't even squeak. Don't you think your parents are entitled to a little warning about such a step? After all, you're still only twenty."

Leila looked down at her feet, in mortification. "I was as petrified as you were," she said. "Believe me, it was the first I'd heard of it. Oh, he said something last week, just for laughs—something like 'Let's elope,' but of course that didn't mean anything. . . ."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Martin, beginning to smile. "Just talk, that's all. He was just trying to be amusing tonight."

The room was suddenly full of relieved laughter. "How about a sandwich and a glass of milk before we go to bed?" Mrs. Martin suggested, and her husband agreed.

As they headed for the kitchen, Leila said: "Hey, folks."

They turned, still smiling, to face her. "You'd better know," she said, quietly, "if he does ask me, I'll probably say yes."

And then the top really blew off of the little Martin house in Brooklyn.

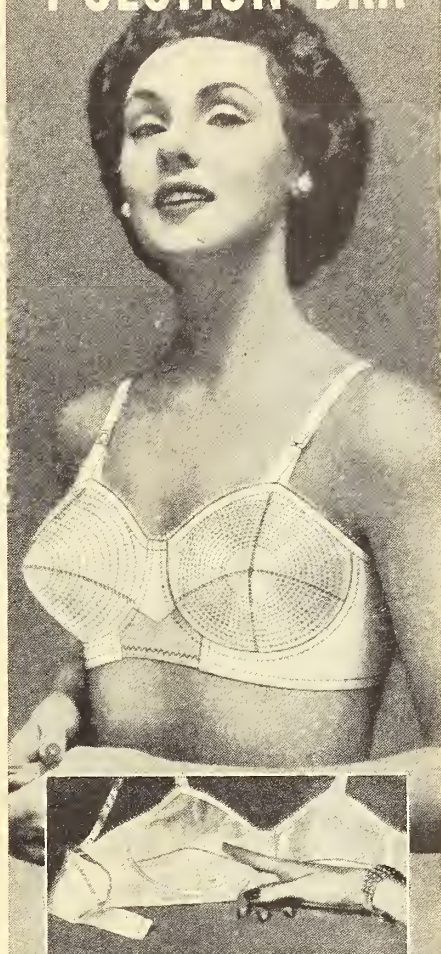
Lennie officially asked Leila to marry him, in front of the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue, one midnight, when he'd picked her up at the stage entrance and they were just walking along. And, after that, a number of things—including One Big Thing—had happened.

By now, of course, they had both realized that they were hopelessly in love. Leila didn't know much about the past of Lennie, who is a trifle older than she is . . . but, for *her*, this was first love.

Leila was floating. There was just one basic problem. She didn't even know it

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existed, until she'd already told Lennie she'd be delighted to marry him.

It was a Friday. She'd come to his apartment to practice cooking, and had turned out some scrambled eggs that she was pretty proud of. She'd tossed a salad with a wine vinegar dressing, and there was a melon in the refrigerator.

And then, as they were eating, he sprang it. "Terrific eggs," he said. "Wonderful. When are you going to quit your job? We're getting married in two weeks and you don't want anything hanging over."

"What was that about quitting my job?"
"Of course you're not going on working."
"I'm not?"

"That was understood. You don't have to work after we're married—and I wouldn't want you to."

"Let's get this straight," said Leila slowly. "I've got a career that I'm proud of, and I'm going to work."

"Not and be married to me."
They stared at each other stonily across the table for a long moment, and then she stood up and pushed back her chair.

"I'll see you some time," she said, "if we happen to meet." And she marched out of the apartment, took a cab home—and, still seething, packed her suitcase, and went to visit friends in Connecticut.

By Sunday night, she was desolate. Until now, she had cried only at night, in her lonely bed. But on Sunday morning she'd run into a girl friend, and told her all, and had had a really good cry.

"I'm a fool!" wailed Leila. "I'll never amount to anything anyway, and I love him, and now I—boo-hoo. . ."

"So you're a fool," said her practical friend. "Call him up and tell him so."

"B-but I couldn't do that—"
"There's a phone over there."

When his apartment answered, a secretary said, "He's not here, Miss Martin." Leila was about to hang up in despair when the secretary suddenly came to life. "Miss Martin! I'm sorry, he's been trying to call you all weekend. If you'll just hold on, I'll get him on the other wire."

And a minute later she heard his voice. "Hello?" she said softly.
"Where've you been?" he said.

By the time they met in a small café just off Fifth Avenue on Fifty-second Street, she had almost recovered. She was, at least, looking her best. He'd preceded her. As she sat down she started to speak, but he held up his hand. "I've got something to say to you," he announced.

"Politeness demands that you let me speak first," she said firmly. "I've decided that, if career or future or anything else in this world should interfere with my marrying you, they can all go out the window. So. Now, if you want to speak—"

"I was only going to tell you that you could have any career you want, if you'd marry me."

They sat for quite a long time, then Lennie said, "Want to take it back?"
"Never."

"Me, too. Then what's next?"

"We've both given in," she said happily. "Maybe we could go along on that basis. I could give in to you, and you might sometimes give in to me. Frankly, you can be the boss, when it comes to a dead-end. I love you enough to think you'd be a good boss. How about that?"

"How about that?" Lennie said, and kissed her soundly.

A week later they were married, with the Martins—now persuaded—in attendance. And they rounded it all off with two wonderful weeks in Havana.

For the first four months after they returned to New York, they lived in Lennie's bachelor apartment and rented a house in Connecticut for weekends; and

Leila had a chance to look around and decide on how she would operate in her new part-time job of housewife. She would have a twice-a-week maid to come in and clean, but the rest of the work she would do herself. Lennie had explained that he liked to eat at home, and she wasn't about to tell him that her experience as a cook was the sketchiest.

She'd often watched her mother at work in the kitchen, and in Leila's opinion there was nothing to it.

For their first dinner at home she broiled a steak, tossed a salad, baked two potatoes, and poured some cherries and brandy over some French ice cream. She had candles on the table, and wine, and she'd always been able to make good coffee. It was a superb dinner.

The next night, when she had decided to try her hand with fish, he brought home a couple of friends.

She took this in stride. After all, what was there special about cooking fish? She had a lot of halibut, and she treated it the way her mother prepared sole. However, she did get off-schedule on the rest of the meal and arrived late at the table, after the others were already well into the halibut course. "Delicious!" they all told her, and, smugly, she took a bite. . . .

She tasted disaster. Whatever she'd done to that halibut, it had been the worst possible approach. She took another bite, and almost gagged on it. She looked at the set smiles of her guests, and at Lennie's resolute expression. Tears started running down her cheeks. "I'm so sorry," she gasped, "it's just terrible!"

"It isn't, either," said Lennie, manfully scooping up a second portion. "It's fine!"

Later, after the guests had made an early retreat, Lennie put his arm around her in the kitchen and gave her comfort. "If anything was the least bit wrong," he assured her, "it must have been with the halibut, not with your cooking." And he was very tender all the rest of the evening.

That night, after he was asleep, she lay awake, trying to figure what she'd done wrong. Finally she sighed softly and closed her eyes. "I may not be able to cook fish," she thought, "but I found and married a good man."

She was still of that opinion seven months later, when we spent an afternoon together. In fact, she was "radiant," "starry-eyed," and every other cliché ever used to describe a girl in love. She was, as is usual in such cases, even scared.

For instance, Leila had learned that even Lennie's honest criticism of her made a difference for the better in her life and career.

"He said something so simple to me, I didn't pay any attention to it at the time," Leila said. "I was putting my hair up in curlers, as I'd done every night since I was twelve, when he said it. 'You look horrible in curlers.'"

She blinked her long, thick, real eyelashes. "What could I answer? I had straight hair. It had to be curly tomorrow. The curlers were the only answer."

But, not so. "God gave you straight hair," Lennie said, "and a narrow face with small features. When you surround this with masses of curls, it only makes your face look smaller, less significant. For heaven's sake, drag your hair back from your face and, if it's straight, let it be straight! It's you, just as you are—and why not be yourself?"

In tears, the next day, Leila went to a hairdresser, had those unmanageable homemade curls chopped off.

The result—to everyone's surprise except Lennie's—was perfectly enchanting. Her narrow, gay, mobile face seemed to come alive, achieve new dimensions. And,

beginning the next day, the great new period of her career began developing for her. Ironically, however, the first thing she had to do after accepting the role of Juliet Goodwin in *Golden Windows*, was to wear a hairpiece until she could grow back the long hair necessary for the role.

In this new daily series, Leila plays the part of a singer who is isolated with her father on an island off the coast of Maine. She is unawakened until she befriends a man who is hiding from the law; then she follows him to New York to search for him and, like the child in the fable, learns that there are golden windows everywhere the sun is shining.

Actually, Leila's search for her real-life golden windows began in Brooklyn, so geographically she didn't have very far to go. With her brother, Buddy, she began, as a little girl, a sensationally fast-moving career that soon outstripped her mother's capabilities as her manager. Anyway, Mrs. Martin decided she didn't want to be a "stage mother"—she'd only allowed her children to learn to sing and act because she had considerable talent herself. They should have the chance if they wanted it, she felt, but nobody was going to force them into anything.

As a result, Leila always enjoyed her work. Everything was a ball to her, and somehow this spontaneous, joyous quality came through in her work. Jaded producers, bored with equally jaded stars, recognized it and she ended up with good parts in "Two on the Aisle," "Peep Show," and, finally, "Wish You Were Here."

Then, just this year—after half a year of marriage, and while she and Lennie were still furnishing their first new apartment—TV started her in her own new show.

"I want to tell you about our pigeons," she said, that day I talked to her. And, although it's just a little tale, I think it shows just how things are between Lennie and Leila.

Two days after they discovered the new apartment on East Fifty-Seventh Street, almost on the East River, Leila, who had come into the empty rooms in order to do a breakdown on furniture and the future design of the place, glanced out of a window and saw the pigeon's nest. "She had two eggs," Leila explained, "and her mate had left her. She was frantic."

As the weeks went on and, little by little, Leila and Lennie added furniture to their apartment, the progress of the hen pigeon and her one remaining offspring took up more and more of the Greens' time. Sometimes they even went there for no other reason except to see how the pigeon and her baby were getting on, and to feed them.

Finally, they both realized that the baby pigeon was a born milktoast. He just didn't think that pigeons were meant to fly. The mother kept taking him by the bill and tossing him off the parapet, but no soap. That baby pigeon had his mind made up. He'd flutter and come back.

"I know what," Leila said to Lenny one day. "You go out and capture him, and we'll make a pet of him."

"Oh, no!" cried Lennie.

"Go on," Leila said. "You can do it."

Lennie sidled sideways out onto the narrow terrace, and was just about to grab the pigeon when young Mr. Milktoast—with a baleful glare at Lennie—quietly spread his wings and flew off into the wild blue yonder. Lennie inched his way back to the French window and, once inside, put his arm around his wife. "I'm sorry," he said, "I muffed it. Now he'll probably never come back."

"But he can fly!" she said. "Let's be real sentimental and say he's off to find the golden windows where dreams come true."



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Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 24)

Archer, settle down to a contented married life in Dickston. But they may discover that it is possible for the friendliest of in-laws to become too much involved in each other's lives—particularly if Mother Burton's talent for making trouble manages to assert itself as it almost always does after a while. CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM The recent death of his beloved wife leaves Peter Ames crushed and bewildered, and only very slowly does he start to take over the reins of his little household. Is he capable of protecting his three children against the influences directed against them? Is the strange behavior of his new housekeeper somehow related to the possibility that his sister-in-law Pauline is still in love with him? CBS-TV.

THE SEEKING HEART Almost before she becomes Dr. John Adams' assistant, Dr. Robin McKay realizes the problem in his marriage. But it is some time before she senses the curious inter-relationship linking his wife Grace with the distracted young heiress, Lorna, who is so desperately afraid of her step-father and Dr. Hugh Blair. Is Lorna really neurotic, or is there basis for her fear? And what part does her Aunt Cynthia play? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Ada Dexter's money and her insane determination to see her son Stanley married to Stella's daughter Laurel have almost succeeded in wrecking Laurel's marriage to Dick Grosvenor, in spite of Stella's heart-broken efforts to prevent catastrophe. With the help of Dick's mother, Ada has managed to create such confused misunderstanding that divorce seems the only answer for Laurel. Will Stella find another way? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE The joy of new-found love is dreadfully clouded for Nora and Fred Molina as they realize that they must still battle the Syndicate for Fred's freedom—and possibly for both their lives. Will Nora be deceived by Wynne Robinson's false friendship—friendship which conceals a vicious determination to wreak vengeance on the newlyweds for destroying her own hopes of a future with Fred? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Underworld czar Vince Bannister, relentlessly pursuing Bill Morgan to save his own skin, is unaware of the combination of forces marshalling against him. Mary Claire Thurmond's faith in right, and her love for Bill, give her opposition strength that Bannister does not fully realize. Has he made a big mistake in hiring the depraved youngster, Betty, and another in arousing singer Nan Waring's bitter resentment? NBC-TV.

A TIME TO LIVE Ambitious, resourceful Kathy is discouraged about her prospects as a cub reporter until an assignment which was meant to keep her out of her managing editor's hair suddenly boomerangs into what may be the most sensa-

tional story of the year. If Kathy refuses to allow the paper's aggressive, experienced crime reporter to take over, will she find herself in great peril? NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY Like all young people in love for the first time, Mickey Emerson is deaf and dumb to advice, though he deeply respects his mother's opinions on all other subjects. And recently widowed Helen Emerson wonders if Mickey's heart is going in the right direction as Bonnie's emotional instability becomes increasingly apparent. Will Bonnie's former husband bring Mickey's love to a shocking climax? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Even before her marriage to playwright Mark Douglas, Wendy realized that his neurotic temperament would be a strain on her love and understanding. But the advent of Magnus has deepened and widened the problem and thrown upon it an ominous, fearful shadow. Is it possible that under the influence of this strange man Mark may once and for all lose his tenuous hold on the world of reality? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES During the years of her marriage to Harry Davis, Joan has gained much wisdom and learned many things about herself, her husband, and marriage in general. But she learns a further truth when her beloved sister goes through an emotional crisis—that experience cannot be given away as a gift to another person. Must she stand by to watch the unhappiness that her advice could have helped Sylvia avoid? ABC Radio.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE There was a time when James and Jessie Carter feared that as their children grew up they might drift away. But they know now that they built well, for instead of forsaking the family circle all their children have clung to it, drawing in new recruits as they married and had children of their own. Will there come a time when the older Carters find the responsibility too heavy? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE New influences cross Dr. Jerry Malone's path and interact in curious ways to create new problems for him as he understands for the first time how his daughter Jill's adolescent jealousy may prevent him from finding the first real happiness he has dared hope for since the death of his wife. Would wealthy Marcia Sutton encounter a more welcoming reception from Jill than the glamorous but strange Tracy Adams? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Once again widow Ellen Brown faces her heartbreak as Michael Forsythe, who won her heart on the rebound from Dr. Anthony Loring, brings her only suffering and disappointment. Can Ellen find any happiness in Simpsonville while Anthony and his jealous, vindictive wife are part of her environment? What happens as the whole town takes sides in the situation involving Ellen and Anthony, who were once engaged and are still in love? NBC Radio.

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V
R

Susan Has a Boy!

(Continued from page 40)

world she wanted to do, but when it came to marriage. . . . There, all her longing for the comfortable, secure home she still remembered influenced her emotions, and a European perspective clarified her plan.

"I want an American husband," she would specify, and she would brush aside all the other girls' mention of romantic Latins and Frenchmen who could turn a graceful compliment. "That's all very well," she would state, "but Americans make the best husbands of all."

Susan's mind was made up, and Susan, being the kind of girl who plans and then makes those plans come true, fully expected that, when the time came for serious romance, everything would work out exactly according to the script she prepared in her own mind day by day. The doctor or the lawyer—the American of substantial profession, understanding heart and great consideration—was bound to turn up right on cue.

There was just one thing Susan overlooked.

Drawing as she did on age-old feminine wisdom when making her plans, Susan should also have recalled that, by tradition, Cupid is the most capricious of creatures and notoriously an erratic marksman when he shoots his darts.

Susan, of course, fell in love with the exact opposite of the man she pictured.

It happened in Toronto, where the Canadian division of United Artists was making the picture, "Forbidden Journey." Susan, having just made "Lost Boundaries" for United Artists in Hollywood, was one of the two non-Canadians in the cast.

The other non-Canadian was Jan Rubes (pronounced "roobesh"), a tall, broad-shouldered young man chosen for the role of a Czechoslovakian stowaway. It was more than a mere play part for him, Susan soon discovered. He, too, had been born in her own native country and had come to Canada in 1950.

Instantly, there was the appeal of memories shared, the sound of songs long unheard.

Jan, Susan learned, had been Czechoslovakia's junior tennis champion in the care-free days before the war. He also had been cross country ski champion. His mother was still in Czechoslovakia and so was Susan's father.

But the songs were more important than the memories, for Jan, a lyric basso, had already achieved a program over CBC Trans-Canada titled *Songs Of My People*. Directed particularly toward recent immigrants, each week it featured the folk songs of a different national group. Jan, who speaks five languages and sings in twelve, was writer and narrator as well as the singing star. Through his songs and his stories, he sought both to ease the immigrant's nostalgia and to help him adjust to his new home.

Susan was charmed with Jan and Jan was charmed with Susan. So charmed that, during the first month after she returned to New York, he ran up a phone bill of ninety-six dollars, and hers totalled seventy-eight.

Susan's dream of a native-born American husband diminished. It vanished entirely when even their tenuous telephone communication was interrupted by a concert tour which took Jan out of the country for six months.

In the loneliness of awaiting his return, she realized that the labels she had so blithely decided upon held little meaning. Jan might have been born in Czechoslovakia, but he, too, could apply for

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naturalization. The important thing was that he had absorbed the American idea that marriage is a partnership. He might be in show business, but he shared her desire for a secure, comfortable home.

They were married in New York on September 27, 1951. Says Jan, "It was sort of a hasty wedding. After we got our tests and things out of the way, there were just three hours left before my visitor's visa expired."

Their honeymoon was a trip to Toronto, where Jan returned to his program.

Then began the period in which Jan staked a claim to being the champion long-distance commuter. On Thursday nights, he took a plane from New York to Toronto, did his show on Fridays and returned Friday night.

Under such circumstances, setting up an apartment held difficulties. Says Susan, "That's when I discovered that Jan and I had reacted in opposite ways to the upsets which war had brought in childhood. I'm a great planner. I have to try to work things out in advance. Jan, on the other hand, is a spur-of-the-moment person. . . ."

The mark of Susan, the planner, is on their choice of locations. The building, on 72nd Street, is conveniently close to Central Park. "It will be easy to get out in the sun," she said—but she now admits that she added to herself, "or take a baby out for an airing."

The extra bedroom drew the same kind of consideration. "We'll make it a study and guest room," she decided—then silently hoped, "or a nursery, a little later on."

To Susan, the color scheme was obvious. "Let's do it in blue," she said.

Jan, reading her mind, teased her, "Hadn't it better be pink? Our first is bound to be a girl."

Susan, summoning courage, said it out loud, "I want a boy. I want an American son."

They compromised on aqua and moved in desks, daybed and piano. Furnishing of the rest of the apartment went along in modern style with a Charles Eames dining table, rush-seated black chairs, a comfortable sofa in a black and white print, a marble-topped coffee table, and occasional chairs in pinkish-orange to match the drapes. For their bedroom, they chose yellow and gray.

Susan was her own decorator. "And what a job!" she exclaims. "It seemed as though every time I found something I wanted, Jan was in Toronto or out on a concert tour. If I asked whether he liked the idea of orange drapes, he's ask, "What shade of orange?" And I'd be stuck for trying to describe it."

For all his stated refusal to look ahead, it turned out to be Jan who did the most serious planning of all, and he assumes an understandably self-satisfied air as he takes up the story:

"I was in Chicago to sing at the Grant Park concerts last summer, so I thought that would be a good time to go see Irna Phillips."

Irna Phillips, author of Susan's CBS serial, *The Guiding Light*, is a woman wise in the ways of young couples who obviously are much in love. It's altogether likely that she anticipated Jan's deepest purpose in meeting her and made it easy for him to introduce the subject.

He says, "We got along so well that just before I was leaving I mentioned that we'd like to have a family. . . ."

Miss Phillips knew that practical considerations momentarily overshadowed their deep hope. Considerately, she commented that Jan's move from Canada to the United States had been expensive and that his airplane commuting continued to nip deeply into the family budget. "Are

you concerned about Susan staying on the show?" she asked.

Recalling what happened next, his serious face breaks into a wide smile: "Irna said we should go right ahead."

She was the first one they called when, in September, they knew the baby was on the way. Under the circumstances, they had anticipated that Susan would stay on the show only until January. Says Susan, "I didn't know what else Irna could do about it, for she couldn't very well write a baby into the script. On the air, as Kathy, I had just left my husband and she wouldn't have time to get us back together again."

But Miss Phillips and the producer and the director proved resourceful. Camera shots and action were planned to keep Susan's real-life condition a secret on the air. She remained on the show until two weeks before her baby was born. Then Miss Phillips took care of Kathy's absence via a nervous breakdown which was quite in keeping with the plot.

Meanwhile, Susan and Jan were experiencing a personal drama as engrossing as any which could ever be unfolded before cameras and microphones.

Says Susan, "It's the most wonder-filled moment, when you first realize that you have another person to plan for."

That person had to be a boy, Susan announced. Others thought differently. Says Jan, "I believe it was good psychology on the doctor's part to try to convince her the baby would be a girl. That way, she couldn't be too disappointed."

Sensible Susan admitted—out loud, at least—that the girl-boy matter was out of her control. She'd settle for a Baby.

But another matter was definitely within the range of her own planning. "Which-ever it was to be," she says, "I wanted the baby to have the best possible start in the world. Also I wanted to know every minute exactly what was happening."

With that attitude, she asked her doctor about natural childbirth—the method by which the mother is taught to cooperate with the processes of nature, rather than fighting them, and thus make unnecessary the use of drugs or anaesthetics. Susan recalls with satisfaction: "The doctor advised me to take the classes. I had nothing to lose by doing so. Even if I changed my mind later and wanted anaesthesia, I'd just be that much better prepared. He realized I didn't like surprises."

One surprise, however, was much to her liking—the baby shower. She says, "I'd never even seen any kind of a shower. Once I had heard some of the girls talking about one and had thought that was such a nice custom I'd like to go to one sometime. It never even occurred to me that I might have one. Charita Bauer, who plays Bert, and Ellen Demming, who is my stepmother on the show, had to trick me into coming over to Charita's house."

When she did arrive, the party delighted her. She says, "They had the place all decorated with pink and blue balloons. All the women on the show and the wives of the staff were there."

For all her careful preparation in the hospital classes, Susan continued to have one worry. To her doctor, she said, "You'll just have to do something to make sure the baby doesn't arrive on a Friday. It will be just awful if it's born when Jan's in Canada."

Jan, too, was concerned. Part of the natural childbirth method is to coach the father as well as the mother in what to anticipate.

The doctor could offer her little aid. "That's up to you," he said. "You'll just have to determine it can't happen."

He was even less reassuring about the time and day when Susan went to see him on Monday, May 24. "Another week or

ten days," he predicted. Susan now admits, "I was certain then that it was bound to happen on a Friday—and bound to be a girl. I felt awful."

Then she brightens. "Jan and I were watching the baseball game. That is, Jan was watching. I think the only thing I could see was a mental picture of a plane taking off for Toronto. Until, all of a sudden, I got a pain."

To hear her tell it, that particular pain was the most blissful sensation in the world. She continues, "Jan got his stopwatch—the one he uses to time his radio programs—and we waited for the next contraction."

Because of their training in the natural childbirth classes, they knew what to expect and how far the process of birth had advanced. "We didn't even call the doctor until seven o'clock the next morning," Jan beams. "He told us to come over."

Susan chimes in, "They put a mask, a cap and a gown on Jan and he was right with me, timing the contractions, until the last twenty minutes. I appreciated it, because it took quite a long time."

The "quite a long time" was from 8:00 A.M. until 5:30 P.M., but Susan says she was never afraid. "By the stopwatch, I learned that the pains lasted forty-five seconds each and were five minutes apart."

A shot of a sedative gave her the impression of a two-hour sleep during the middle of the afternoon. "But even then," says Jan, "she'd signal me with a long, slow wink whenever a pain started, so I could click the stopwatch."

At 5:30 P.M., May 25, 1954, Christopher Jan Rubes made his entrance into the world. He weighed seven pounds, thirteen ounces, and was twenty-one inches long. "He'll be tall, like his father," says Susan proudly.

What the baby already means to Susan and Jan is indicated by what happened on their vacation. In July, Susan joined Jan on one of his Toronto trips, leaving the baby with the nurse who has cared for him ever since he came home from the hospital. They attended the Shakespeare festival at near-by Stratford, and then had a few carefree days of water skiing at Lake Simcoe.

"We had planned to stay until Sunday night," says Susan, "but on Friday we went to visit some friends whose baby had been born ten days earlier than ours." Like all proud young parents, the friends boasted how fast their child had grown, insisted he now could follow them with his eyes, that he knew their voices.

Says Susan, "Then the same thought hit both Jan and me at the same time—what if our baby had forgotten us while we were gone, what if he thought the nurse was his mother!"

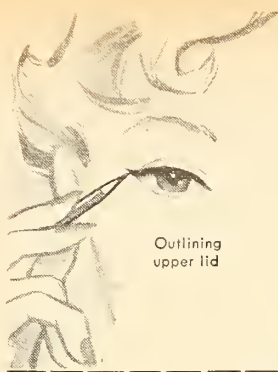
They hurried back to their hotel and called the airlines. Could they have accommodations the next morning, they inquired. The planes were crowded but the reservation clerk sensed their concern and asked, "Is this urgent?"

"Urgent!" Jan exclaimed. "It sure is. We have to get home to our baby."

Says Susan, "That's the quickest way to say it. He's the one we have to come home to. With him, our roots are down. We have a home. A home which centers around a new human being. We have an American son."

And the future?

There, long-planning Susan and spur-of-the-moment Jan have come to a meeting of the minds. "We'll not make any definite plans," says Susan. "Both of us have seen too many long-range plans made for us and then upset by things beyond our control. We'll just go on, doing the best we can every day. And, the Lord willing, we're going to have three more children to join our American son."



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows

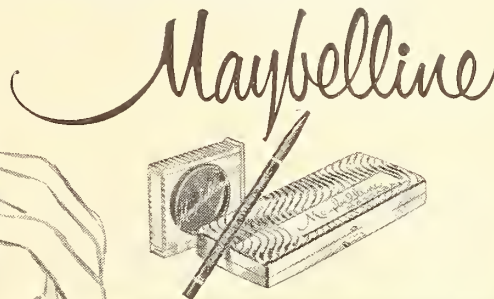


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A Date With Eddie

(Continued from page 60)
to the Catskills, and said she was sorry—but when she came back . . .

"When you come back," Eddie said, "I'll be there."

She sighed, and then put it out of her mind. He wouldn't call again, after such a letdown. But he did. He was on the phone a couple of weeks later, and this time she accepted his invitation to dinner.

That, as I said, was some months (and several dates) ago.

Let us shift the scene to a more recent evening. Eddie's schedule had been getting busier by the moment, and so had Hope's. They had been trying for days to set a date. Finally . . .

"How about a work-night date?" Eddie asked. "It might be hectic, but I think it could be fun. You know—there'd be *Coke Time* first, then a benefit at Madison Square Garden. You could skip the Garden, if you liked. I could pick you up, after the benefit, and then we could go to a club—maybe *La Vie en Rose*."

"*La Vie* sounds grand," Hope agreed. "But, Hope . . . there's one more little complication. We've been planning a party for the *Coke Time* staff. We're not quite sure what night it'll be, but it could be that night. Would it still be okay?"

She laughed. "If you're giving the party, Eddie, I know it'll be wonderful!"

"I'll be at rehearsals at NBC all day. Can I ask someone to bring you to the show?"

Hope took a deep breath. "No, I'll get there all right and I'll meet you after the show. Then we'll see how it goes."

"I don't want you to have to come over alone, though," he said firmly. "There'll be some people along early to take some pictures. Why not join them?"

She was laughing now. "Why not?" she said. "And you know what? I bet we manage an hour or two together after all."

"I'll bet you're right. It's a date then?" "It's a date."

Hope hung up, smiling to herself, remembering other dates with Eddie. She went to her wardrobe and rifled through a stack of dresses, recognizing a red print she'd worn with him one night they went to the Village—a soft moonlight floating thing she'd worn once when they'd gone dancing. Her fingers stopped at a simple blue dress, tailored, unobtrusive, smart.

"I'll wear that one," she thought. "For a work-evening, it'll look good in pictures."

Hope duly presented herself at the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center shortly before the Eddie Fisher broadcast that Wednesday evening. Somehow she missed the photographers. After a prolonged hassle with guards and ushers who didn't remember her . . . and after battling her way through mobs of exuberant bobbysoxers . . . she eventually arrived on the sixth floor and got a seat in the studio.

When Eddie came out to do the usual pre-show warm-up, he stared around the audience until he saw Hope sitting quietly two or three rows up on his right. He waved. "Applaud loud!" he called. She smiled and simulated clapping motions.

Sitting a couple of rows behind Hope, I thought of all the things I already knew about this girl.

Hope was born in Connecticut, but moved with her family to MacDougal Street, just off Washington Square in New York's Greenwich Village, and has lived there almost all of her young life. She is a wise, beautiful, shining blonde with the face and figure you would expect to find in Manhattan, but with a spirit that is very rare.

She is a little shy. She is as nice as a spring day. She disturbs you when you first meet her, because any shy person is

disturbing. Then you dine with her, you talk with her, and—if you're a mere male—you feel like an elephant who has met a gazelle.

While we were waiting for the aftermath of the show . . . where Eddie whoops it up with the audience, signs autographs, and meets the usual fifteen or twenty fan-club members and other girls (and their mothers) . . . Hope sat patiently on a bench outside of the studio.

I slipped onto the bench beside her for a few minutes and we talked. She told me how she and Eddie had met, in the casual way TV performers do, and how they'd drifted into one of those pleasant relationships where a beautiful girl and a famous singer find enough in common to go out together. You need only to look at Hope's photographs to know what Eddie first saw in her. I've already explained what he later found to make him want more and more dates with her.

Why shouldn't this have turned into a story-book romance, a sweet idyll that might bring love and marriage and happiness to both of them? Well, it just doesn't work out that way, sometimes, when the hero is an Eddie Fisher and the girl is Hope Lang. Not, at least, while the boy's career is zooming.

In such a process, the boy has no time to escape his destiny, nor find a separate, private life for himself. In a way, he is the victim of his fantastic success. It takes a lot of people to "dress" him for each appearance, just as it did for Sinatra and as it does for La Rosa. People on the staff accumulate. . . . Half a dozen or so people are always with you, helping with the thousand-and-one details of a busy schedule, keeping the eager beavers away, weeding them out from legitimate people, guarding you from the crowds that want to tear off the buttons on your coat.

You're Big Stuff now. You look around, any time, and there is always a big bunch of people in the background, very busy. You recognize most of them—but what are they doing? Oh, well . . . you've no time to think about that. You didn't get in from that benefit until four this morning, you fell into bed and slept till seven, you had a dentist's appointment, then an interview.

An hour from now, rehearsals. Rehearsals for a program that goes on the air on the dot. *How's my voice? Didn't I knock it out last night? Can I do it right, can I be as good as yesterday, can I top it? . . .*

"But he is such a sweet guy," Hope said. "All of this is what he has to do. This is his year, he has to do it."

They had had dates before, Eddie and Hope. "But, you see," she said, sadly, "most of them were like this. Dating Eddie is fun, but—well, it's like dating twenty people."

"When you're that great," Hope added, "you're never left alone."

The last fan, the last photographer drifted away with a "Thank you, Eddie." He nodded to them, smiling graciously.

Then he said, "I'm due at Madison Square Garden for a benefit, ten minutes from now. Want to come? Or should I pick you up later?"

Hope hesitated, and he went on: "Well—I guess it wouldn't be any fun for you, at that. Guess I better meet you afterwards."

"Where?"

"Well, that party for the *Coke Time* staff is definite now. And, by a strange coincidence, it's exactly where we were planning to go, anyway—*La Vie en Rose*. So . . . how about there?"

She looked at the crowds around him, and smiled. "Fine, Eddie. It's a work-night date, so don't worry about a thing."

I'll be seeing you later on at La Vie." At eleven, she got out of her taxi in front of La Vie en Rose, on 54th between Lexington and Park Avenues, and with some slight difficulty wangled her way past a few guards and some policemen. Once inside, she stood for only a moment before Eddie came running up the steps and claimed her.

"Say," he said quietly, "let's get a corner table and talk a little."

They thought they were alone. They'd talked for all of two minutes when the rest of the crowd claimed them and the photographers moved in on them.

"Up here, Eddie," they said. "Just one more, Eddie."

He turned to her with a shrug. Hope grinned. "It's all right," she said. Later, they had a little time at that corner table again. There were interruptions, of course. For autographs. For more photographs. Table-hopping while Eddie greeted the people. And time out for a little eating, too—a delicious buffet which had been trucked down from Grossinger's resort in the Catskills.

Hope kept the same gracious smile on her pretty face, throughout, and they did get a few dances together. But, inevitably, Eddie was called away, time after time.

Hope was sitting at another table, talking with a producer she'd known for almost a year, when Eddie came racing back to her. "I got lost," he exclaimed, "and I couldn't find you. Come on, they're holding the show for us!"

"Right behind you," she said cheerfully.

At two in the morning, as an enthusiastic audience screamed for more, an announcer stepped out to tell them that the show had really just begun. Presents would be given to members of the *Coke Time* crew . . . and there was Eddie, still shining and smiling, bounding up on the stage to help.

Your reporter chose this moment to leave. On the way out, he saw Hope in a phone booth, patiently dialing away.

"Calling your mother? It is pretty late." She looked up and smiled. "Just to let her know where I am."

A moment later she stepped out of the booth, and together we went to the entrance of the big room and watched as the presents were being handed out. Eddie was as busy as anyone else. Hope shook her head.

"I don't see where he gets the energy, day after day," she said. "The poor guy—is success worth it? I'd feel sorry for him, except that I know he loves it."

"Think you and he will go on some place for a late snack after this?"

"Oh—it's so late, I don't think so. I'll have to be getting home pretty soon."

"It wasn't much of a date for you, after all," I said.

"What there was, though, was fun," she said. "And the hectic part—well, that's show business. It isn't Eddie's fault. He's just stuck with this big thing that's happened to him. He's one of the sweetest boys I've ever met—and someday I hope we have a couple of minutes together so I can tell him so."

"That doesn't sound like you expect to have many more dates with him."

"He moves around a lot," she said. "And after all—I met an awfully nice guy at a party a week ago. He's a doctor, a resident doctor at one of the big hospitals here in town. Of course, he's on duty twenty-four hours a day, but do you know what? He very often has time to spend several hours with me."

She smiled. Then she looked again at Eddie. "I'd better be getting back."

We said good night, and she went on into the big room again, and I made for home, to dream of what it would be like to be as lucky as Eddie Fisher, enjoying one of those Big Years.



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Dream Princess

(Continued from page 49)

in my dreams. Now, isn't that an improvement on TV or the movies?"

Marion isn't kidding. Most of her dreams are million-dollar, Class-A productions with lush scenery, plenty of extras (both two- and four-legged), and they co-star a very handsome male lead. Marion, of course, is the heroine.

Whacky? Well, why not? Why shouldn't a twenty-four-year-old beauty have her dreams? Maybe it doesn't sound like Marion Marlowe—it's not the girl with the demure, mature look, the romantic, sedate evening gowns, the young lady who usually sings in three-quarter time, the Dresden doll with the perfect, gleaming curls. But perhaps some of us have been fooling ourselves somewhat about Marion Marlowe. The truth about Marion is that she's very vivacious, kind of impulsive, and a little bit of a lovely screwball.

The Marion Marlowe no one ever hears about is the Marion whose life is a colorful kaleidoscope of pastrami and pigtailed pigeons and bare feet, hot peppers, pet garter snakes—plus a few crazy, crazy dreams in Technicolor. But Marion's dreams, as much fun as they are, don't come anywhere near to being as exciting as things that happen to her in the course of waking hours.

Marion gets up at 5 A.M. to allow herself two and a half hours to wake up. She notes, "I've got to wake up my mind and body and desires for the day. It's like bringing a zombie to life."

She lives in a hotel apartment, the Delmonico, on Park Avenue. It houses other celebrities. Ezio Pinza once lived in the apartment next to Marion's. Ed Sullivan and his family have lived in the Delmonico for years. It has played host to many stars, but none of them shall endure longer in the memory of the management than Marion Marlowe.

When Marion first moved into the Delmonico, about a year ago, she discovered that the only other creatures up at five in the morning were pigeons. So Marion and the pigeons began to have breakfast together on her terrace.

Marion's first guest was Whitey, a plump and friendly bird. He brought a few of his intimates along, and Marion made them so welcome that he invited all of his relatives and finally began to show up with his whole chowder club. At the height of these early-morning windings, Marion once counted some seventy birds. That's when neighbors began to complain.

"You know the sound pigeons make, kind of a cluck," she says. "One or a few pigeons sound kind of cute. Seventy of them sound like a couple of outboard motors racing down a lake."

And that's when the management threatened to give Marion the bird. So Marion cut down her guest list and moved her company indoors. There are a few steps leading down from the terrace into the living room. It is on these steps that she and the birds now have breakfast.

After breakfast, Marion has a shower and reads the morning papers and perhaps gets off a letter. She gets to the CBS studios at seven-thirty, a half-hour before rehearsal time, in order to loosen up her vocal chords—but she actually begins to practice from the moment she gets in the cab.

"I guess it's kind of rough on the drivers," she says, "but I don't mean anything personal by it."

One driver, a frustrated tenor, took an extra long way around to the studio so he could sing some arias for Marion. Another driver, silent and less musical,

offered Marion advice as she got out of the cab: "Better get a cup of black coffee, lady, and sober up."

In deference to the management, she does not sing or practice in her apartment. "It's terrible for a singer," she says. "If someone turns on a radio too loud, or an ambulance goes by sounding its siren, they blame it on the singer."

Once she was listening to a fine musical production and got carried away. She broke into song. Then she heard applause—and the applause wasn't coming from the radio. It originated from the terrace next to hers, and on the balcony was Charles Coburn, a temporary neighbor at the time.

Marion restricts herself to humming around the apartment, for she loves music and, without restrictions, would be singing all the time. Singing, for Marion, is pure fun. She has no ambitions to be a great singer. Actually, she wants to be an actress. And she's a good one. She has had experience in radio and in a London revue. Even now, she studies drama, along with voice and languages. Perhaps, even this season, she may emerge on your video screen one evening in a dramatic role. But her loves, her great enjoyments, are music and animals. "If I were to do a television show by myself," she says, "I'd like to do it with animals. I wish just once Arthur would do a Wednesday-night show with a zoo theme."

Her interest in animals goes back to her childhood in St. Louis, where she was raised by her mother and maternal grandparents. Once Marion collected thirty-five garter snakes. Another time she was on a tadpole kick and got a bunch of them as eggs. (One day her grandmother was bopped in the nose by one. They were frogs. "From eggs to legs," says Marion.)

Over the years, she has met up with a variety of beasts. When she was trying to break into movies in Hollywood, she became friendly with a woman who kept and trained pythons and lions and sea turtles. "My motivation was selfish," Marion says. "I just wanted to play with her pets."

Then Marion, in her teens at the time, got a job in an English revue. She was in London two years and had a three-year-old chimpanzee as a pet. She kept him in her flat—and out of sight. "I was real immature then," she says, "and thought it was real important to impress people with my sophistication—which didn't include a chimp."

She had a couple of snooty people in to dinner. She served the soup in a silver tureen she had borrowed from a countess. The chimp, supposedly locked in his ample two rooms, came out to say hello—and sat in the tureen. Marion was so upset that she gave the chimp to a zoo. "I was foolish then," she says. "I should have given my guests to the zoo and kept the chimp."

In the States, Marion has limited herself to three pets. Two of them are canaries, Sam and Pete. ("Canaries? They're old crows. They look like chickens," she says. "Mother keeps every kind of fancy seed on hand to feed them. They just roost in their cage and belch all day long.")

Marion's mother, grandparents, the birds, and her favorite—Figaro, a "curbstone setter"—had lived with Marion in New York until last fall. When the folks moved back to St. Louis, they took the pets with them, since Marion, with her rigorous schedule, would have been forced to neglect them. But Marion has always flown back to see her folks—and Figaro—once a month. And the whole family still spends the entire summer together, when

Marion takes a house at the shore. "Animals are really a passion with me," she says. "I'd love to do a children's TV show and just have a lot of pets around to talk about and let the kids meet."

It makes sense that there are a lot of animals in Marion's dreams. But whether her dreams make sense is another matter. She can't interpret them, and has never invited a psychologist to try. The cause of the dreams may be rooted more deeply than the mind—perhaps waist-deep, in the vicinity of her digestive tract.

Marion is young and has a young appetite which relishes hot peppers, cheese, Italian sausages, caviar, pastrami, bologna. She has a standing order with a grocer for these and other delicacies, plus six quarts of milk, for weekends when she eats at home. And so—she has dreams.

One dream has been recurring since her childhood. ("It's like one of those old movies on television that you see over and over again, so often that you can't tell it from the wallpaper.")

The dream starts off with a pinpoint of light on one corner of the screen. The light moves center and suddenly bursts into a magnificent crystal chandelier filled with hundreds of brilliant candles. Marion is suspended above the chandelier staring down into the ballroom of a huge castle where ladies in billowy gowns and men in red and white dress uniforms dance. Marion descends lightly—in the manner of a helicopter—and, the moment her toes touch the floor, she is in the arms of a tall, handsome prince. ("I just know he's handsome," she says, "although I can't see his face.")

They dance and dance, and he laughs and laughs. She loves his laugh. The violins are playing "Lover," and they stick to the melody. Then Marion's prince leads her through a velvet portiere and down a huge banquet hall past gleaming silver and huge stuffed turkeys and piles of pastrami and bowls of hot peppers. He leads her to a fireplace so big that it seems a whole tree would fit in.

"Then he takes my hand and the mist is just about to clear from his face and reveal his identity—when I wake up. I don't know who he is. The only identification I have is his laugh."

Once, in public, she told Arthur about the dream, and concluded, "I'd know him anywhere by his laugh."

They say it was terrifying for the following month. Strange men would walk by Marion, make with a hearty guffaw and then pause tensely, waiting for recognition. None of them was a prince. They say it sounded as though a lot of hyenas had broken out of a zoo.

Marion has had that dream maybe thirty-five or forty times in her life. It's romantic and well orchestrated, so she has always enjoyed it.

But Marion's favorite dream is set in a jungle. The color is scorching, with bright greens and boiling yellows and the hot tropical sun. Marion has the lead, of course, and, in the manner of Tarzan, all of the animals are her friends: the elephants, tigers, lions, monkeys and even a three-year-old chimp. Marion, herself, walks around in a genuine leopard skin and is the Jungle Queen.

"And I look good, too," she says. "You know, I lost so much weight and that leopard sarong is real good for my figure."

But that's all there is to the dream, so far—just Africa, the animals and Marion. "I like it," she says, "but it could stand some good dialogue and a story line. Maybe what I'll do—soon as I get a little extra money—is to hire a couple of writers."

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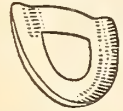
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A Very Romantic Fellow

(Continued from page 46)

people—especially if they'll let him sample the results!"

He likes to putter around his own small kitchen but really doesn't fancy himself much of a cook. He had to learn to cook a little when he first moved into his apartment, in 1941, with only a borrowed cot for furnishing and a saucepan lent by his upstairs neighbor. "I ate mostly cabbage until I got the place furnished and the bank balance replenished.

"Today, the place is filled with memories of the jobs that furnished it," he smiles. "Radio programs bought the first basic things I needed. Movies and stage plays and special windfalls bought all the extras. 'The Corn Is Green,' in which I made my Broadway debut as the young Welsh lad, Morgan Evans, opposite Ethel Barrymore, paid for the fine Shakespeare lithographs on my living room wall. 'Street with No Name,' with Richard Widmark, my first gangster movie—the one that typed me for ten long years—bought my terrace furnishings. Howard Hughes' movie, 'Vendetta,' so long in the making, was a real windfall because it bought all my carpeting and the bedroom furniture, in addition. A chair represents a leading role on television. A table represents an extra radio assignment. Everything in the place is associated with some role I have played—even my collections of theatrical history, old playbills and programs, letters signed by famous actors."

Although he comes from a non-theatrical family (only one other child—a brother who is now a Boston physician, married, with two carrot-topped little boys whom Donald adores), he began an acting career at ten when he played a wicked dragon in a school play in his native city of Pittsburgh. Someone forgot to punch holes in the dragon's nostrils and the small boy almost suffocated before they pulled the dragon's head off his. Far from discouraging him from further histrionic adventures, however stifling they might be, he decided that all this was fun. When at twelve he got the chance to play Macbeth in another school play, there was no holding him back. (The girl who was first cast in the part was ill but pretended to be sicker than she was so Donald would get the chance to go on in her place, he being the one other pupil who was letter-perfect in every line. He remembers only that her name was Carol, and he will never forget her unselfishness.)

About this time, he began to develop a talent for dialects and accents which have now become an important part of his acting equipment, an ability to listen to the cadence and rhythms of any new language and reproduce them even before the words are familiar to him.

As things worked out, however, he was to spend the next five years in straight academic studies, until he matriculated at Carnegie Tech at seventeen. During his first semester, he learned that the husband-and-wife team of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne would be starring in Pittsburgh in a new play. On the hunch they might see him, he asked for an interview—and got it. Miss Fontanne let him read for her on the big, empty stage of the Nixon Theater, where he felt very small and very scared and his throat turned to cotton as soon as he began to read. She understood and sympathized, and had him come back to read again for Mr. Lunt. When they decided to take him on tour, his parents insisted he finish the school semester but put no other obstacles in his way. "I want you to have your school credits in such shape that you can come back and go right on with your education, if things don't work out for you," his father said. Happily, things did work out. Although the way was not always easy, he never did have to admit failure and go back.

He spent the next two years learning and working. He went on to play opposite other theatrical greats—with Ethel Barrymore in his Broadway debut play, with Helen Hayes in "Twelfth Night," Maurice Evans in "Night Must Fall," Ruth Chatterton in "Smile of the World," and a score of others. He made his motion picture debut as the young boy, Joshua, in "Watch on the Rhine," with Bette Davis and Paul Lukas. And there was always radio and, in the past few years, television, on which he has appeared in almost every big dramatic program at one time or another.

Radio started way back—actually, back at KDKA, Pittsburgh, when he was still in grade school and played Tiny Tim on a Christmas program which was broadcast. Professionally, however, it started through the help of the late Charles Warburton, then responsible for *My True Story*, known and loved for the help he and the program gave to many young actors. At that time, Donald had never heard his name and when one day he got

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a telephone call from a Mr. Warburton—who had a cultured, fine voice and a broad English accent—Donald thought it was one of his pals ribbing him about a job. He began to imitate the voice at the other end of the wire and to pretend to take the matter only half seriously . . . until suddenly he sensed that this was no joke and he was spoofing his first opportunity for a job after months of making the rounds. When Mr. Warburton suggested he come to see him, Donald made the date in dead seriousness.

"Until then, I was completely green and unskilled in the techniques of radio. I didn't even know how to begin learning. Charles Warburton was patient and kind, and a great teacher. He gave me my first job in radio, and he continued to use me on the program as long as he lived. I still work on it occasionally, and I still enjoy every role I do for it."

Other radio jobs began to come his way rather quickly. One of the first threw him into an awful panic. It was during a fight scene on a *Mr. and Mrs. North* program, and suddenly he found that page 22 followed page 11 in his script! Alice Frost, then Mrs. North on radio, saw his dilemma and quick-wittedly passed the script to someone to be re-shuffled, meantime pointing to the lines in her own script for him to follow. But there were some bitter experiences mixed with all the kindnesses.

"In those early months, I was the male lead in a radio show already in rehearsal. I thought everything was going all right, when suddenly I was out of the cast. I didn't know then that the man who controlled the program had an unpleasant habit of throwing people out well along in rehearsal, if he happened to feel that way. Being young and eager, I was crushed by the experience. It seemed like the end of everything.

"The director of *Cavalcade of America* heard about it and sent word to me that he would use me on his next show. It turned out to be the story of a young veteran, the lead part, my first really big show against the background of a full orchestra and with big-name players. The kind of opportunity I had been longing for. The important thing it taught me, however, was to have faith . . . and to know that, when one door closes, another always opens."

During all these months, and even during his first motion-picture experiences, Donald was always cast as the kind of boy he really is, a darkly handsome young man with a certain air of distinction. Then, suddenly, he was cast as a young tough in "Street with No Name"—and, because of his success in the role, he went on from picture to picture, slick-haired and sinister. Accepting his fate, he made his gangster roles as realistic as he could, studying the types he had to portray, learning the jargon of the underworld—a language as foreign to him as any he had ever encountered.

Not until a couple of years ago was Donald allowed to emerge from this gangster-role era. "I really owe the change to radio, and to television," he says. "And, more recently, to my crew haircut." His barber, incidentally, had to be threatened into doing it. And Janet is still taking a poll among their mutual friends, hoping to confront him with enough negative votes to persuade him to go back to his sleek, waving, side-parted haircomb.

Donald rubs his hand through the stubby dark fringe that has taken the place of the old haircut, and grins. "I like it. It helped complete my change of personality, at least my professional personality. For ten years, I tried to 'go straight' and no casting director would let me. Now, you can see I am a very romantic fellow. It says so, right here in these scripts!"

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Small-town Guy

(Continued from page 39)

to do and they do them. I say they are all fine men, great organizations, dedicated to keeping alive certain values inherently American—like freedom of thought, our American way, and the corner church. I say if you're small towners, if you're part of that family of men, you should be proud of it. You're the backbone of America."

On *That's My Boy*, Eddie is a character comic. But he approaches his serio-comic work seriously. Though Jarrin' Jack's behavior comes out funny, it went in as a heartache. No one knows better than Eddie the feelings—the failures and triumphs—of Jarrin' Jack Jackson. He is Jarrin' Jack. They both came from small prep schools and small towns, in Eddie's case, Norwalk, Connecticut. "They call it 'Clam City,'" says Eddie, "but, when my dad was around, friend, you had to smile when you said it."

Eddie knows Jarrin' Jack's idiosyncrasies because he grew up with him. Eddie's father was typical of the American Eddie is trying to present. He was a joiner, a doer, and a giver. He was one of the responsible people who cared. As Eddie says, "He was part of the backbone of the country. He was a typical Babbitt, the sort some people made fun of. When I first developed my act, I poked fun at the type, too. Until one day I realized I was poking fun at myself."

"Then I tried to go to the rescue. There's nothing wrong with Babbitt that a little understanding won't cure. Sure he wants to own property. But he works for it. What's wrong with work? The Bible's for it. Besides that, fifty-four percent of Americans own their own homes, and more are buying them every day!"

Eddie thinks that people similar to his dad—and like television's Jarrin' Jack Jackson—are the real burden bearers of the country. They're not to be made fun of. If you are one of them you should be proud of it. "Take my dad, for example," says Eddie. "Together, my dad and mother built the first hospital in Norwalk." They walked the streets, knocking on doors to raise money. They telephoned. They campaigned for months. As soon as some of the money was in, they started building. Their sweat went into the mortar between the bricks. But the town's hospital was built. That's the sort of thing small towners can be proud of."

Small towners have a variety of opinions. Eddie feels that is healthy for a democracy. "We're all equal under the law," says Eddie. "A small town's opinion is just as important as the President's. My dad felt the same way. 'Those congressmen and senators,' he said, 'are the servants of the people. It says so in the Constitution!'"

"When he had a problem he took it straight to the top. The year didn't go by that he didn't visit President Coolidge. They even got to be friends. My dad would have a business problem—he was a clothing manufacturer—and off he'd pop to Washington. Whenever he came in, President Coolidge would say, 'Well, Mayehoff, how's trade?' and my dad was on for an hour and a half."

Eddie feels that the middle-class people are protectors of certain values inherently American. "Take our churches, for example," he says. "One reason the Pilgrims came to this country was for freedom of worship. It's part of our heritage. My dad and mother appreciated this fact. When they didn't find the church of their choice in our small town, they built one. They did the campaign bit, the fund raising, the door-to-door routine for the church just

as wholeheartedly as they did for the hospital.

"The wonderful thing about it was that other townspeople were happy another church was rising in their midst. They even helped it along. Those Clam City people were just ordinary folks, but they were the ones who cared enough about our American heritage to keep working at it."

The sad fact is that, as a child, Eddie was unconscious of the mantle of middle-class responsibility which was falling on his shoulders. Rather, he was embarrassed at being called a "Clam City kid." He felt it made him different. He wasn't old enough to realize that, across the country, there were thousands of other small towns much like his own Clam City—fifteen million other kids, just like himself, who were growing up to be the backbone of America.

So when he was old enough to go out on his own, Eddie left Norwalk, Connecticut. He went first to a small prep school. The Principia, and then on to Yale, the big-city school at New Haven. There, he inherited the leadership of the Collegians school band from Rudy Vallee. This was his introduction into show business.

In 1932, Eddie was graduated from Yale. He'd wanted to be a popular song writer but, in 1932, the pickings were lean—so he went back to the steady and sure routine of small-town life. He worked for his dad for a year, managing a factory in Augusta, Maine.

But show business was too important to Eddie. It had become part of his life. With his bandleading experience, he started a band and toured for five years. Traveling with his dance band across country, a funny thing happened. In his effort to escape one small town, he visited them all. Instead of Main Street rubbing off, Main Street rubbed in!

Out of his travels and observations of the American middle class, Eddie built a composite character. He developed his character into an act. He became a monologist in night clubs and variety shows.

Then the light dawned. One day Eddie realized that the character he was poking fun at was *himself*—no matter how he tried to hide it, even by poking fun at it, he was still just a Clam City kid at heart.

"The awakening came as a surprise," says Eddie. "Though I realized I had an honest right to take liberties with the character, because I was the guy, I also realized he was an *honest* guy—an honest guy people made fun of. It was time Babbitt had a champion and was shown in a sympathetic light. This I've tried to do."

Eddie's big break came in 1951 when he was first cast as Jarrin' Jack Jackson in the Martin and Lewis movie, "That's My Boy." It was a logical step in 1954 for Eddie to go into the television version of the same name.

Today, Eddie's pleased that television offers him a chance, as Jarrin' Jack Jackson, to spread his philosophy of life. "Be proud of what you are," he says. "Jarrin' Jack is! Sure he's a small-town operator, but he's proud of his place in the community. Some folks make fun of his small town. He wants to protect it. He likes his little church on the corner—he helped build it. And it doesn't make any difference if your small town's in the north, east, south, west, or smack in the middle of the country—you should be proud of it."

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Kids Are Like That

(Continued from page 51)

Then, one night, he addressed the husky little fellow, "What do you say we run up and see your mother for a couple of days?"

Jeff kicked his legs in delighted approval of the proposition.

"Good," Jack stretched out a finger to be clasped by a firm little hand. "We'll start out in the car Monday around noon."

Jeffrey never had been any trouble on previous driving trips, his father reflected with satisfaction. When the three of them rolled happily along the highway, Marcia kept an eye on Jeffrey while Jack concentrated on the road.

But Marcia wouldn't be with them this time, Jack suddenly remembered!

"How can I watch where I'm going, keep my hands on the steering wheel, and see that you don't play with buttons on the dashboard?" Jack regarded the wriggling figure lying in the crib.

Jeffrey threw his plump arms into the air and waved them about like wings. "Oh, so that's it," Jack looked at his son with admiration, "you think we ought to fly? Good idea. While the pilot handles the ship, you and I can relax in the passenger compartment."

Jack tucked the covers around Jeffrey, picked up a miniature rubber boxing glove which had been tossed gleefully to the floor, dimmed the light and went into the adjoining room for dinner.

He could hear Jeffrey's faint half-cry for attention, but knew that in a few minutes the protests would stop and the baby would be asleep. Like all parents, Jack could discern instantly when the crying was a signal of real need, but this was just a bid for further conversation.

It was nearly ten o'clock. Jeff would sleep for the next twelve hours. Since Jack's TV work keeps him busy late in the evening, he rises around ten in the morning. The Barrys had early adopted the rather unusual retiring hour for their son so that he would not be clamoring for company at dawn.

Jack looked out at the lights of the Queensboro Bridge spanning New York's East River, just beyond their terrace. La Guardia Airport glimmered in the distance, and Jack was pleased with his decision to fly to Connecticut. The trip would take less than an hour.

Then he began pondering how Jeffrey would react to the mysterious business of riding through the sky. Suppose the flight should be bumpy, and the plane take a sudden drop through an air pocket? Would Jeffrey cry out in genuine fright? Maybe get sick? Riding in an automobile with both parents was a familiar experience. But leaving the ground—soaring into the air—that would be new and strange.

Jack decided he had better consult their doctor.

The next morning, the pediatrician was reassuring. "Don't be afraid, and everything will be okay," he advised Jack. "If the plane dips or sways or bumps around, just laugh and Jeffrey will laugh, too."

Jack felt better when he left the physician's office. He dressed the chubby-cheeked youngster in a trim new outfit and boarded the plane in a confident mood.

Not a sound of protest escaped Jeffrey's two front teeth as the plane took off and climbed toward the clouds. The baby contented himself with his treasured boxing glove and an occasional grab at his father's ear or necktie.

All was fine until a violent air current sent the ship into a dive. It tossed and

rocked and pitched. Tense with surprise as he lurched in the seat, Jack's hands tightened around the baby's small form. Father Barry was filled with panic. Then he recalled the doctor's words, "Don't be afraid. If the plane dips, just laugh and Jeffrey will laugh, too."

Jack forced himself to laugh loud and hard.

Jeffrey looked up at his grinning father and laughed right back, not the least bit frightened. He was still laughing when the plane landed.

Waiting for them at the airport, Marcia stood poised and serene, her long dark hair falling in soft waves against her shoulders. She took the baby in her arms and smiled, "He seems to have enjoyed his first airplane ride."

"Yes," murmured Jack, mopping his brow. "The whole trip was just another big joke to Jeff."

Jack, feeling like a nervous wreck, sank back exhausted into the car as they drove away.

But the experience was just another in a chain of events filled with laughter for Jeffrey. Tumbles during his learning-to-walk days had been greeted with gentle laughter by his father and mother, so—instead of crying—Jeff always joined in the fun.

His parents find their child's antics so amusing that they don't miss the night clubs and theaters which used to keep them entertained during their courting days. Marcia was acting in the Broadway production of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" when she first met broadcasting's popular panel-leader. She still appears occasionally on television programs, but watching Jeffrey's day-to-day development is so fascinating that she doesn't accept many professional assignments any more. She and Jack get a bigger kick out of playing peek-a-boo and patty-cake with Jeff than attending the most gala opening-night performance.

While the expert's advice on meeting small and major crises with merriment has proved helpful in these early stages, Jack has several notions of his own regarding child-rearing, which he has gained from observations of young people who have appeared on his programs.

One ten-year-old boy, Ronny Molluzzo, who has been on *Juvenile Jury* for three years, possesses many characteristics which Jack hopes his son will display. Ronny, the son of a butcher, has nice manners, is astute, observant, interested in everything, respectful, and a strong-minded individual whom nobody is going to push around.

Jack has noticed that Ronny's parents are quiet and calm in their treatment of the boy. They don't try to make a national hero out of him, simply because he has been on a television program. At the same time, they give him plenty of free rein to express himself, and encourage his interests. Right now, he is particularly absorbed in science, and they are providing all the books and tools in this field which Ronny wants. That's what Jack plans to do for Jeffrey—give him all the equipment he needs to develop his special interests.

Regarding other phases of child-raising, Jack feels that parents should not indulge in family quarrels in front of their children. He believes that such wrangles can have a very disturbing effect on young minds—perhaps cause lasting damage.

But he is a little puzzled about how much he and Marcia should refrain from frankly discussing other subjects in Jeffrey's hearing, when the boy is old enough to understand their conversation. Can't

children learn that people may disagree about politics, music or art, without any harmful effects resulting? Jack intends to consult an expert for advice on this matter.

When it comes to honesty, Jack is earnest in his desire to teach Jeffrey to be truthful by setting an example of truthfulness. But even this already is leading him into perplexities. What about Santa Claus?

Jack and Marcia have discussed the situation, she insisting that Jeffrey should not be denied any childhood fun, Jack equally determined that their son must never feel that his parents have told him a lie. They have now agreed to relate the Santa Claus myth as they would "Peter Pan," or any other childhood story for Jeff's enjoyment.

In most matters, Jack defers to Marcia's opinion. When the baby was brought home from the hospital, there were some conflicts with nurses who held strong and opposing theories to the mother's. The attending physician suggested that a mother's instincts are usually right, so why not abide by them? Father thinks that's a pretty good rule to follow—along with those his fans have taught him.

During the first six months of Jack's animated cartoon and drawing series, *Winky Dink And You*, a wealth of revealing letters came into the penthouse office which Jack shares with partners Dan Enright and Edwin S. Friendly, Jr. There were also a half-million requests for "Winky Dink" kits, which contain a plastic window (to be placed over the TV screen at home), a set of four crayons (green, black, yellow, and red) and an erasing cloth.

As Jack draws a boat, a house, a tunnel or a "moon man" in the studio, children at home can follow his lines and draw them on their own magic window. While Winky Dink—the pixie-voiced character created by artists Harry Prickett and Ed Wyckoff—scampers across the screen, host Barry is always careful to say, "Now remember, boys and girls, if there's more than one of you playing along with us, you must share your crayons."

This concept of "sharing" has become such a boon to mothers throughout the country that one of them wrote: "There is never an argument or quarrel while you are on—and, believe me, that is a record. It is the most peaceful half-hour during the whole weekend."

That writer had four children, but the mother of an only child reported: "My four-year-old boy won't draw any more. Just sits and watches. I finally discovered that, since he had nobody to 'share' the crayons with, he felt he shouldn't play the game. Secondly, his art work does not always turn out as well as yours and he feels he cannot participate if he isn't perfect."

A letter went back to the youngster, explaining that it was quite all right to use all the crayons himself, if there weren't any friends to watch the show with him, and that it didn't really matter if his drawings weren't perfect.

Just to make sure that the program material meets the approval of experts, it is supervised by Mrs. Irma Simonton Black, teacher and author of several books on child psychology. Jack is firmly convinced that all parents want to do the best for their children but frequently and unknowingly make mistakes which he hopes to avoid.

By the time he himself is old enough to be a panelist on that other program of his—*Life Begins At 80*—Jack Barry figures maybe he'll know all the answers.



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