

★ **RADIO-TV** **MIRROR**

N. Y. radio,
TV listings

APRIL



Gale
Storm

New Stories:

WENDELL LEE
FRANK RUBE
GENE AUTRY



SID CAESAR
His Show of Shows



SUSAN DOUGLAS
A Baby for Susan



JACK BAILEY
What I Believe

New! a shampoo that

Silkens your hair!

*You'll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers . . . silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you've used new Drene. So gleaming, so glamorous . . . your *silkened* hair!*

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

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



Lathers like lightning —
no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use this new formula every day.



This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

No dentifrice can stop all cavities—but...

You can prevent up to **60%*** of tooth decay

...with new Ipana® containing Anti-Enzyme WD-9



New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. As you know, youngsters don't like to use a tooth paste if it doesn't taste good. But Ipana with WD-9 has a new minty flavor so that children will enjoy brushing with it. In tests, new Ipana was liked 2 to 1 for taste.

Confused by recent promises of tooth-paste "miracles"? Here are facts well worth knowing:

1. No tooth paste can stop all tooth decay. This includes our new Ipana with WD-9.
2. But if you want far fewer cavities, no other tooth paste has ever been proved more effective for helping you. And you can be sure of this:


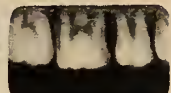
*Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results. Be sure to follow easy directions on the package.

What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that *you will never again be bothered by excessive cavities.*

The way most dentists recommend We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing. Most dentists recommend this way (ask yours).

In stopping bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay

2-year tests showed 60% fewer cavities than from ordinary methods

One or more new cavities for almost 2 out of 3 using ordinary methods.

No new cavities for almost 2 out of 3 using the Ipana way.

acids, WD-9 in new Ipana is one of the most effective ingredients known.

Don't forget your gums

Only your dentist can correct cavities that have already developed and remove hard tartar that may bring on gum troubles—so see him regularly. Between visits, the Ipana way can prevent most tooth decay from starting. And brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

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

Every single brushing fights tooth decay!



Even if you can't always brush your teeth after eating, as you should, new white Ipana with WD-9 still helps you fight tooth decay. Every brushing combats the very causes of cavities . . . checks the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids.

Best way to stop bad breath all day!

The Ipana way makes it easy to be sure of a fresh, clean breath. One brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor for as long as 9 hours. Even after smoking and eating anything except, of course, foods like onions and garlic.



**Same package
No increase in price**



**Student nurses are needed
—Inquire at your hospital**

NEW!

Doctor's deodorant
discovery* safely

STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

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



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

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

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

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

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant
with long-
lasting M-3



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

APRIL, 1954

RADIO-TV MIRROR

VOL. 41, NO. 5

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!



No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend . . . on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement . . . remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria . . . to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

**No tooth paste kills odor
bacteria like this . . . instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.

Stops Bad Breath up to 3-4 times longer!

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous, independent research laboratory against leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes!

LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START



and for **COLDS** and **SORE THROAT**
(DUE TO COLDS)



GARGLE LISTERINE... Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That's because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

A Product of The Lambert Company

above all
under all—
better buy

Dove Skin Undies

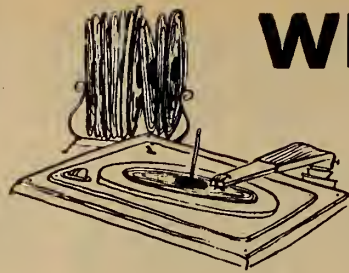
Easter wouldn't be Easter without them!
Dove Skin rayon knit undies
feel simply marvelous on—
softer to the touch, more absorbent,
never clammy. They're styled and
sized to fit every figure—tall, short, thin
or extra-sized... have plenty of "give"
in action. And they wash 'n' wear without
pampering. Each in its own fresh
cellophane package.

At leading stores coast to coast...
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Luxuray, Empire State Building, N. Y. 1



69¢ each
regular sizes



WHAT'S SPINNING

By Chuck Norman

THE OTHER day, Gene Krupa, the most among drummers, as bopsters would say, was telling me about his latest plans. Gene has been touring the country with his new trio, and he's finding big audiences wherever he hangs his hi-hat cymbals. The electric Krupa beat that both musicians and fans have found irresistible for over twenty years is merely an extension of the man's personality, which exudes power and enthusiasm.

The new idea he told me about is no passing fancy. Gene has long felt that formal instruction in the art of percussion has been neglected. Fifteen years or so ago, he wrote the best textbook on the subject, but he doesn't feel that the book was enough. If kids are lucky enough to find a drum instructor, he says, the teacher will quite possibly know only the parade or concert style of drumming, and will neglect the dance and swing drumming aspects of their training. Worse still, he adds, they may fall into the hands of a second-rate dance drummer who doesn't know the first thing about the very important rudiments of drumming, and the boys will suffer later on.

So, Gene is doing something about it—he's starting a drum school! Another fellow who has shared the limelight with Gene as a "drummer's drummer" and a topnotch technician is going into business with Gene—"Cosy" Cole, who sprang to fame in the old Cab Calloway band. Between the two of them, these men should be able to give students the best in balanced drum training, based on their combined half-century or more of topflight experience.

"We're opening our school in New York now," Gene told me, "but expect to expand until we have studios in the major cities of the country."

Gene's plans for his drumming school do not mean he will retire from an active career. He's planning to continue with his popular trio.

"I used to think that my days were numbered," said Gene, "and that people would tire of my style after a while. But we've had such wonderful success, the boys and I, that we're still looking ahead to every date and every show like a bunch of kids. There's still a big audience for solid jazz."

Record fans can get in on the excitement Gene's new trio is creating by way of a number of discs he's made for the Clef label. On standard 78 rpm's, Clef offers a coupling of "Capitol Idea" and "Overtime," with his sextet; and, with the Trio, "Perdido," backed by "Fine's Idea," and "Payin' Them Dues Blues," coupled with "Jungle Drums." Clef also has issued two more extensive workouts—"The Gene Krupa Trio Collates," on a 10-inch LP, and "The Gene Krupa Trio at Jazz at the Philharmonic," on a 12-inch LP.

Peeks into the past—RCA-Victor has a new album on the racks containing two LP's (or EP's, either being \$8.95) of old

Artie Shaw air-checks—twenty-four tunes, in all. They were transcribed off the air from broadcasts made by Shaw in the late 30's, and you won't identify a lot of the arrangements as belonging to the famous clarinetist. The band was great, but it hadn't yet acquired the arrangements you associate with those on records commonly available today. For example, his lush arrangement of "Stardust" was not developed at the time this broadcast was made, and an equally smooth but quite different one is used here. Both Artie and the band were young then, and you'll hear such latter-day stars as Georgie Auld, Tony Pastor, and Buddy Rich as they played in the blush of youth.

It's almost ghostly, this business of people stepping out of the shadows of time with records and tapes they cut years ago. Musicians that are dead or retired, bands that have dissolved, singers long-since married, all spring out at you these days on special re-issue albums and original first-time records. Miller, Dorsey, Goodman, and Shaw are just a few of the subjects of these furtive echoes of the past, and it will always be a pleasant surprise to discover new ones. There's a subtle difference between records made in studios and those made from tapes and transcriptions of concerts and broadcasts—a difference of spirit and spontaneity. Let's have some more!

A trio of four in a hurry—To say that the Mary Kaye Trio is smooth, or funny, or both, is quite inadequate, and unfair to a talented group of kids. I'll just say that they're the "biggest" trio in the business today, if only because they are actually four, not three. They've recently added drummer Frank Hudec, and with Frankie Ross, accordionist-guitarist and comedian in the Jerry Lewis tradition, Norman Kaye, and his sister, Mary, that makes four. But, if they want to undersell themselves, that's their business. And their business is good.

They began in the more intimate clubs and lounges, but in recent years they've found that they can still convey this intimacy in bigger rooms, so they've moved into places such as the Last Frontier in Las Vegas (than which there is none bigger these days).

Joe Carlton, RCA-Victor exec, recently said that they should shortly be the hottest new combo on records. They recently recorded two sides for Victor, their first since signing with the waxery. "Toreador" is one side, and "Do You Believe in Dreams?" is the other. You'll be hearing from them, I know, because everyone around my stamping grounds thinks they're the greatest.

And Mary Kaye, tops on the lop-sided pyramid, has a voice and personality all her own. Victor has special plans for her, I'm told. My best to Mary and Norm, and the others, too. But they don't need it—they've already got it.

See you next month!



Bobbi is perfect for this soft, casual "Chantilly" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give natural-looking curls. Easy . . . No help needed.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the natural look of the curls in this new "Tally-Ho" hair style. No nightly settings needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft curls needed for the delicately sculptured "Diana" hair-do. Bobbi gives you curls exactly where you want them.

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



Like the casual, spirited look of this "Robin Hood" hair-do? Bobbi does it! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree waves like these.

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.





There's more than breakfast cooking for Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, who've just teamed up with CBS.



Red Skelton and his Mrs. seem very pleased about the big contract Red has signed to do a daily radio show.

WHAT'S NEW FROM



Another Godfrey—Kathy—has joined the national TV ranks as a star for ABC-TV.

PETER LIND HAYES and Mary Healy have been signed to exclusive long-term television and radio contracts by CBS, and the gay husband-and-wife team will soon launch their own radio series. In addition, Peter's contract calls for him to substitute for Arthur Godfrey during Godfrey's occasional absences.

Speaking of Godfrey, his younger sister, Kathy, has landed herself a contract with ABC-TV and is co-starring with John Reed King on *On Your Way* as her initial chore with the network. Kathy is well known in Phoenix, Arizona, where she had local shows of her own, both on radio and TV.

Remember *Portia Faces Life*, one of the most popular daytime serials in the history of radio? It has been off the air for several seasons now, but there's a strong possibility that it will soon be back, but this time as a television show. CBS has the program pencilled in on their spring schedule, with April 5 as the tentative starting date. At this writing the cast is not set, but it doesn't look as though Lucille Wall, who played Portia on the air for so many years, will resume in the video version.

CBS recently added two new TV daytimers to their Monday-through-Friday line-up: *The Secret Storm*, starring Haila Stoddard, Peter



●
By
Jill
Warren

New daytime drama—*The Story Of Ruby Valentine*—features Juanita "Bloody Mary" Hall (center) in the title role, and is heard over the National Negro Network.

COAST TO COAST

Hobbs and Jean Mowry; and *Woman With A Past*, with Constance Ford and Anne Hegira in the leads.

Still another daytime drama joined the radio ranks late in January on the new National Negro Network. It goes by the name, *The Story Of Ruby Valentine*, and stars Juanita Hall, who made herself famous as Bloody Mary in "South Pacific." Others in the cast are Sara Lou Harris, Elwood Smith, Viola Dean, Earle Hyman, Lulu B. King, and Wezlynn Tildon—all of whom have had extensive acting experience.

In case anyone is still trying to claim that radio is dead, a recent survey by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. proves otherwise. This radio survey, the first to be taken in television areas, revealed that over 17 million people listen to radio during breakfast hours, while more than 10 million listen in the afternoon and evening. It was also found that, in an average week, 87.8 per cent of adults listen to radio. And, of the remaining 12.2 per cent who do not listen to radio, only 28 per cent said they watched TV instead, while 29 per cent said they were busy doing other things. So the fact remains that radio and the American public are still inseparable companions.

Further proof that (Continued on page 12)



Kind heart: Genial James McClain is donating his services as Dr. I.Q. to help underprivileged children.

Information Booth

Isn't it WONDERFUL?

NOT \$199⁹⁵ (like many semi-automatic washers)
 NOT EVEN \$179⁹⁵ (like many ordinary wringer washers)

ONLY \$169⁹⁵*
 for a genuine work-free BENDIX



It washes or rinses, drains vacuums damp-dry, and shuts itself off . . . automatically!

- Does a full-sized 8 lb. wash, with new Super-Agitator cleaning action!
- Floataway-Flushaway draining keeps dirty washwater from straining back through clothes. New flexible Metexaloy Wondertub is so durable, it's guaranteed in writing for 5 full years! No wringers or spinners—it's safe! Needs no special plumbing, no high water pressure, no wash tubs, no bolting down.
- Let your Bendix Dealer show you the magic way it works! *MODEL-WDN

BENDIX
 HOME APPLIANCES
 PIONEER OF WORKLESS WASHDAY

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, AVCO Manufacturing Corp., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Theme Song

Dear Editor:
 Can you tell me the name of the song played on Strike It Rich while the helping hand letters are read?
 E.B.A., Inman, S. C.

The name of the song is the same as the program, "Strike It Rich." It was written especially for the show by its organist, Bert Berman.

Top Comedienne

Dear Editor:
 Would you please give me some information about Martha Raye? I always enjoy her television shows.
 T.S., Salem, Ohio

Born Maggie O'Reed in Butte, Montana, Martha Raye joined her parents' vaudeville act when she was three years old. While still in her early teens, she appeared in Earl Carroll's "Vanities" and Lew Brown's "Calling All Stars." Next she landed a movie role opposite Bing Crosby and made herself famous singing "Mr. Paganini" in "Rhythm on the Range." Martha clicked in radio as a regular on the late Al Jolson's show, and appeared with such headliners as Bob Hope, Edgar Bergen and Eddie Cantor. She made her TV debut in London in 1948 while appearing at the Palladium. Americans got their first TV view of her on Milton Berle's show and have since seen her regularly on Berle's show and on NBC-TV's *All Star Revue*. Now that she's
 (Continued on page 10)



Martha Raye



KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE"* WITH PLAYTEX BABY PANTS

This Baby-in-Motion Picture shows how PLAYTEX Panties stretch all over to give all-over comfort and all-over protection all the time. Long-lasting. Washable—in seconds! No wonder more mothers buy PLAYTEX than any other make. ©1954 International Latex Corp'n. Playtex Park, Dover Del. In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario...



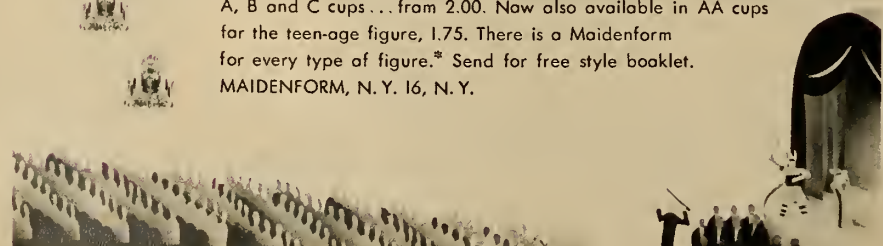
No other baby pants have this "Miracle-Stretch." Let your hand prove it.



*I dreamed
I went to the opera in my
*
maidenform bra*

I'm the darling of the diamond horseshoe, the rage of the dress circle—lilting, lyrical, fabulously composed in my Maidenform bra. Lifted so high and loving it, I'm the most spectacular figure in the audience! And listen, the bra-vos are all for Maidenform and me!

Shown: Maidenform's Etude* in white broadcloth or nylon taffeta; A, B and C cups... from 2.00. Now also available in AA cups for the teen-age figure, 1.75. There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.* Send for free style booklet. MAIDENFORM, N. Y. 16, N. Y.



Information Booth

(Continued from page 8)

made such a hit in television, Martha has set up housekeeping in Westport, Connecticut. Her hobbies are fishing and watching TV, but her greatest joy is being with her nine-year-old daughter, Melodye.

La Rosa Fan

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me where I can get a picture of my favorite singer, Julius La Rosa? M.M., Pilger, Neb.

Write to him, c/o CBS, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dennis Day's Janitor

Dear Editor:

Could you give me some information about Cliff Arquette, who is Charlie Weaver on the Dennis Day Show? B.E., Gilson, Ill.

The son of the vaudeville team of Arquette and Clark, Cliff was literally born into show business. He learned to play the piano and trumpet and quit high school at fourteen to organize his own band. Later he struck out for Los Angeles, where he worked as a caddy until he joined Hank Halstead's band, playing one-night stands in the South and West. After a stint in vaudeville and regular appearances on radio, including his own shows—*Glamour Manor* and *Point Sublime*—Cliff broke into television with the

(Continued on page 14)

Cliff Arquette



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*



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 lotion shampoo

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

by-passing TV in favor of the supper club circuit.

Quite a story behind James "Jimmy" McClain's return to the limelight as *Dr. I. Q.* on the new television version of the show. McClain was one of the original radio *Dr. I. Q.*'s and worked on the program from 1940 until 1946, when he gave it up to go into the ministry and was ordained in the Episcopal Church. He has been living and working in Texas, where his main hobby was the formation and running of the Three Cross Ranch, a dairy farm for underprivileged children from broken homes. Recently, when the opportunity arose for McClain to return as *Dr. I. Q.*, he received permission from his Bishop to take a year's leave of absence to do the program. And he'll turn the biggest part of his salary over to the Three Cross Ranch.

Elizabeth Montgomery, actress-daughter of Robert Montgomery, and Fred Cammann, an assistant television director, have set the date for March 27. Elizabeth will continue her career in TV after her marriage.

Another TV romance ended in wedding bells when Estelle Parsons, Dave Garroway's "Girl Friday" on the *Today* show, and writer Richard Gehman recently became Mr. and Mrs. They met about a year ago when Gehman was assigned to write a story about the program for *Esquire*. At that time he described her on his typewriter as "a lovely, scrubbed-faced girl who serves as decoration on the show." Incidentally, Estelle's popularity on *Today* led to her getting the moderator's job on the forthcoming *Home Show*, which she thinks is about the nicest wedding present NBC could have given her.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were the "fall guys" at the Circus Saints and Sinners Luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York last month, marking the first time in the long and colorful history of this famous club that a woman has been so honored.

Betty Furness, one of television's most popular product salesladies, now has a stand-in. Her sponsor, Westinghouse, has signed June Graham as Betty's understudy and stand-in so they'll always have another "ice-box-door-opener" on hand in the event Betty is indisposed.

Dr. Frances Horwich, of NBC's *Ding Dong School*, was named "Television's Outstanding Woman of 1953" by no less a group than the editors of *The Book of Knowledge*.

Cesar Romero is by-passing television for a while and returning to Hollywood and his movie career. Cesar says he has played some fairly strenuous film roles through the years but he never worked as hard in his life as he did during his TV stint.

Mulling the Mail:

Miss M. G., Chicago, Illinois: The reason you haven't seen the Andrews Sisters on TV in the recent past is because the girls have been feuding like mad, complete with law suits. And it looks as if the trio may break up permanently with Patty going it alone as a solo act and the two other sisters, Maxine and Laverne, teaming together, possibly with a boy singer. Part of the girls' trouble was financial. . . . Mr. J. L. W., Flushing, Long Island: Yes, Virginia Hewitt, who plays "Carol" on *Space Patrol*, is married, but she only recently became a bride, on New Year's Eve. The lucky fellow is California architect Ernest Meers. . . . Mrs. P. K., Baltimore, Maryland: You're right, and your friend is mistaken. Mary Jane Higby is the original "Joan Davis" on *When A Girl Marries* and she has played that role since the serial started in 1939. . . . Mrs. G. McK.,

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

radio's very much alive was Red Skelton's recent signing of a fabulous three-year contract with the Frederic W. Ziv Company to star in a daily half-hour radio show, which will add \$1,500,000 to the Skelton pocket—before taxes, of course. The programs will be transcribed and will be sold locally all over the country by Ziv, one of the largest producers of transcribed broadcasts. On this series Skelton will feature the characters he has made popular over the years—Willie Lump Lump, The Mean Widdle Kid, Klem Kaddidhopper, San Fernando Red and Cauliflower McPugg. Red's deal allows him time during the three-year period for television and movie work.

The *Chicago Theatre Of The Air*, heard Saturday nights on the Mutual Radio network, has three former Broadway musical comedy hits scheduled for this month. On March 13 they'll do "Finian's Rainbow," starring Nancy Carr and David Atkinson; "Connecticut Yankee," with June Browne and Bruce Foote, will be presented March 20; and on the 27th, Nancy Carr and Bruce Foote will headline "One Touch of Venus."

Sometime this month, NBC-TV hopes to finally launch its new *Home Show*, which is to be a kind of TV magazine for women. It's scheduled to be seen for an hour every morning over the full network. Estelle Parsons is the moderator, Eve Hunter the fashion and beauty editor, Poppy Cannon, the well-known culinary

expert, is marked down as the food editor and authoress Emily Kimbrough is to preside as leisure-time editor.

If you've been following *Adventure*, the highly interesting and educational Sunday afternoon series on CBS-TV, don't miss the April shows. As Number IV in the "Story of Life," they'll present "The Evolution of Man." When awards are given for the best television programs, *Adventure*, which is produced in association with the American Museum of Natural History, should certainly win a few.

Arlene Dahl, who has been doing the commercial spots on *Pepsi-Cola Playhouse*, the Friday night ABC-TVer, is being replaced on April 2 by another beautiful doll, Anita Colby. Arlene has become very theatre-minded since her Broadway success playing opposite José Ferrer in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and when she finishes her current movie she plans to return to the New York stage.

This 'n' That:

Rumors are flying about that Fred Allen may leave television for good at the end of the current season. He is said not to be too happy with his *Judge For Yourself* show and practically convinced that video is just not for him.

June Valli, the former *Hit Parade* songstress, and popular Chicago disc jockey Howard Miller became Mr. and Mrs. June plans to continue her career and is still

Miami, Florida: Kathy Godfrey's married name is Mrs. Robert Ripley. He is a pediatrician in Phoenix, Arizona, and they have two children, Nancy, 15, and Robin, 9. . . . Miss Y. R., Cincinnati, Ohio: As far as I know, Jack Webb's proposed full length movie of *Dragnet* is still on his schedule, and as of this writing it is supposed to be shot in color. . . . Mr. B. G., Burbank, California: Marguerite Piazza hasn't retired permanently, she's only on the temporary inactive list because of an impending visit from the stork. She and her husband, William Condon, have been told they may have an April present of twins! . . . Miss A. C., Toronto, Canada: No, Galen Drake is not related to Jo Stafford. Actually his first wife, Pauline, is Jo's sister, and Galen was Jo's first singing teacher years ago. . . . Reader from Spring Valley, Ohio: No, *When A Girl Marries* wasn't off the air, but, during the time it was un-sponsored, it was not heard on some stations about the country. With its new sponsorship, you'll probably get the program again in your area. . . . Miss E.Q., St. Johnsville, New York: The girl you are referring to is Virginia O'Brien. She did appear with Ken Murray on his television show a few seasons back, and she is the girl who became famous for her deadpan singing style. In private life, she is the wife of actor Kirk Alyn, and they recently welcomed an addition to their family in Hollywood, where they live.

What Ever Happened To . . .?

David Street, the ex-radio and TV crooner, who used to be featured on the old Jerry Lester *Broadway Open House* program over NBC? David is now back in Hollywood, doing some television work and playing in local night spots with a newly formed quintet. He is still officially married to actress Mary Beth Hughes, though they have been separated off and on.

The Doctor's Wife, the daytime serial which was on NBC radio? Such a flood of letters asking about this show. The program went off the air last fall when they lost their sponsor. The network kept it on sustaining for a couple of weeks and then dropped it entirely, and at the present time have no plans for putting it back on. Pat Wheel and Don Curtis, who were the leads, are still very active in radio and TV, however, particularly Pat, who is one of the top video dramatic actresses.

Beryl Davis, the popular English singer who made a bit of a splash in "pop" music circles a few years ago and worked on several radio shows? Beryl more or less retired when she married Peter Potter, Hollywood disc jockey, who now is seen on his *Juke Box Jury* show over ABC-TV.

Kenny Delmar, who rose to fame with his "Senator Claghorn" characterization on the old Fred Allen radio show several years ago? Kenny's career hasn't zoomed along too big of late, but he just recently was signed by ABC for one of the key roles in the forthcoming Joel Grey television show which is supposed to go on the network this spring. Maybe this will be just the thing to send Kenny on his way up again.

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



For a good Spring tonic, try—

- Sulphur and molasses Shreds and patches

Has Spring turned the gang into social sluggards? Get 'em stirring—on a Hobo Hike. Boys to be rigged in old, beat-up togs; girls in jeans 'n' jackets with gays, sewn-on patches. Bring a kettle. Have everyone tote a can of eats, for stew; then use the emptied tins instead of plates. It's fun! And instead of being a mope-at-home on trying days—choose Kotex. See how comfortable you can be with this softness that holds its shape!



Should you use an antiperspirant —

- Before bathing Instead of bathing
 Like a bunny

If underarm moisture baffles you, do you use an antiperspirant properly? After bathing, towel your armpits pronto. Then apply the dryer-upper quick like a bunny — to close your pore "doors" before perspiration starts! But in sanitary protection, absorbency is what you need — and get (non-fail!) with Kotex. Those special flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines.

Are you in the know?



Which would improve this duet?

- Clothes harmony A harp Ear muffs

Vocally, these hopefuls may rate. But to style-sharp eyes, her outfit's off key. What's wrong with that newsworthy print? *Nothing*—if she'd worn an "unbusy" hat! Follow the single feature plan, costume-wise. Just as in buying Kotex you select the one size that does most for you: Regular, Junior or Super.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

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



Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue — the only one that's fine and firm and soft — like Kleenex* tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly — no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, finer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If not on hand, have them order it for you.

She has a tremendous
beauty advantage—she uses

Helene Curtis spray net^{*}
BRAND



No other way keeps hair
so softly in place all day...

And won't dry hair—adds flattering silkiness...
because it contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion

In just one magic moment Helene Curtis SPRAY NET gives your hair day-long smoothness. Simply press the button—and this invisible mist keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally. No more straggly wisps nor unruly end curls.

And SPRAY NET won't dry hair. Contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion. Imparts silkiness and luster. Can't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET in the pastel green Aerosol container today.

NOW... Costs less:
New Large Size, (4½ oz.) \$1.25
Giant Economy Size (11 oz.) \$1.89 (plus tax)

Helene Curtis
spray net^{*}
BRAND



Created by Helene Curtis, Foremost Name in Hair Beauty

U.S. PAT. OFF.

Information Booth

(Continued from page 10)



Martin Agronsky

Dave 'n' Charley show. He has played a number of character roles on *Dragnet*, in addition to his popular role as Dennis Day's eccentric and witty janitor pal.

Martin Agronsky

Dear Editor:

Can you give me some background information on ABC's news commentator, Martin Agronsky? S.B., San Diego, Calif.

Born and raised in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Martin Agronsky received his B.A. degree from Rutgers University in 1936. Always an avid student of foreign affairs, history, government and politics, it was quite natural for him to pursue a career as a foreign correspondent. After serving one year as correspondent for the *Palestine Post* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, he joined the International News Service in Paris, then became a Spanish correspondent for the *London News Chronicle*. Mr. Agronsky first started broadcasting in 1939, when his voice was heard from such trouble areas as Belgrade, Bucharest and Athens. He joined ABC in 1943 as Washington correspondent and has held that position ever since.

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

Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, Colgate's exclusive anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the best protection against tooth-decay enzymes of any toothpaste!



**ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF
that brings new hope to millions for**

Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!

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



**A JURY OF
DISTINGUISHED
DENTISTS HAS
APPROVED THIS
EVIDENCE . . .**

All the facts, published in authoritative dental journals, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.



**NO OTHER
TOOTH PASTE**
Offers Proof
of Such Results!

**NO OTHER
TOOTH PASTE**
Contains
Anti-Enzyme
Ingredient
GARDOL
SODIUM N LAUROYL
SARCOSINATE

**PROTECTION
THAT WON'T
RINSE OFF
OR WEAR OFF
ALL DAY**

Large Size 27¢
Giant Size 47¢
Economy Size 63¢

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

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



At ease, momentarily, Alex reads up on *The Nine Bad Shots of Golf*—claiming, "I've made enough to fill another book."

At work and at home, Alex Dreier is truly a

"Man on the Go"

THERE'S scarcely a nook or cranny in the world that Alex Dreier, NBC's distinguished newscaster, hasn't investigated and reported on. Known to both listeners and friends as the "Man On The Go," Alex knows Europe's capitals as well as his own home town, Chicago, and has more mileage on him than a New York taxicab. For example, a few months ago, he covered 11,000 miles in ten days for a personal look at Europe. Today, he's junketing from his Chicago base to outposts in Minneapolis, Denver, Detroit, Atlanta, Portland and Springfield, Ohio, lecturing and broadcasting, picking up first-hand views of the state of the Union.

Alex speaks at luncheons and industrial forums, visits with people, then streaks back in his sleek, custom-made sports car to the NBC studios in Chicago for his account of the day's events. His fine reporting blends a three-alarm diagnosis of the news with special reports to the people—reports that are spiced with nostalgia, kindness and good wishes of the day for everyone.

But like most people big or small the world over, to Alex, there's no place like home and nothing more enjoyable than a few moments of leisure—which are particularly precious to such an on-the-go fellow. However, Mr. Dreier's "leisure" usually involves as much hustle and bustle as his work, as these candid pictures of him readily prove.

Back in action in his sleek sports cor, the burly, bustling reporter once again fills his role as the "Man on the Go."



Although his wife Joy might have another name for it, cooking is one more Dreier postime. His favorite: baked short ribs.



He enjoys a whirl on his hi-fidelity recorder, but is quick to admit music doesn't relax him—it just spurs him into action.

Alex Dreier, Man On The Go, on NBC Radio, M-F, 7 P.M. EST, for the International Harvester Co.



Modess . . . *because*

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new
whisper-soft fabric covering . . . no gauze . . . no chafe,

Your hair is romance



...keep it sunshine bright

with *WHITE RAIN*

You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance.

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



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO
BY TONI



Gale Storm and her husband, Lee Bonnell, have always known their goal—and how to achieve it.

Everything Life should be

By TONI NOEL

ONCE UPON a time there lived in Houston, Texas, a good woman named Minnie Cottle. Mother of five, she was widowed when her youngest child, Jo, was only seventeen months old, and was obliged to take in sewing to support her little brood.

Through the long years that wide-eyed Baby Jo watched her tired mother bend



Time for the children—their games, their problems and "big events"—has always been important to the Bonnells. And papa Lee has a sure-fire formula for solving boyish disputes!



Everything Life should be

(Continued)

Gale Storm is MY LITTLE MARGIE

over a sewing machine for hour after hour every day, love—and a nameless something else—filled the little girl's heart. That something else was determination, and one day it found expression in a vow. "When I grow up," Baby Jo said to herself, "I'm going to be somebody important enough so I can take care of Mother and she will never have to work again."

Most children have a thought like that for someone some time, sweet at the moment and quickly forgotten. However, this child kept her promise. She grew up to be Gale Storm and important enough to take care of a baker's dozen of mothers—if she had happened to have that many. She always keeps her promises. Behind the piquant face of the girl who is "Little Margie," there lies a rational, intelligent mind that dreams big dreams—but not wild ones—and in her gentle heart there is the kind of courage that makes big dreams come true.

She got her first chance in 1941 through the "Gateway to Hollywood" radio contest, a search for new dramatic talent. (Continued on page 66)

Gale Storm stars in *My Little Margie*, as heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8:30 P.M.—on Mutual, Thurs., 9:30 P.M.—for Philip Morris Cigarettes. *My Little Margie* is seen on NBC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M., for the Scott Paper Co. (All times given are EST: see newspapers for local listings.)

The Bonnell home is cozy but crowded, and Gale's now being "allowed" to do something about it.



to millions, and a wonderful wife and mother to her own four males



My Little Margie's real-life family: Husband Lee Bonnell, sons Phillip, Paul and Peter, and actress-mama Gale Storm.

Operation Dream House is a big project, and Lee and Gale just love to look at those wonderful sketches and blueprints.



Joey St. George—who thinks nothing's too good for Julie—lends a helping hand.



Julius La Rosa's skyrocket trip to the top hasn't shaken his abiding loyalty to his friends and to his ideals



High school press conference in Chicago: Julie takes his young fans seriously, hopes to be worthy of their trust.



world is wonderful!



They love him in Boston, too (above). But Julie's greatest pride is winning the approval of Papa and Mama La Rosa (below).

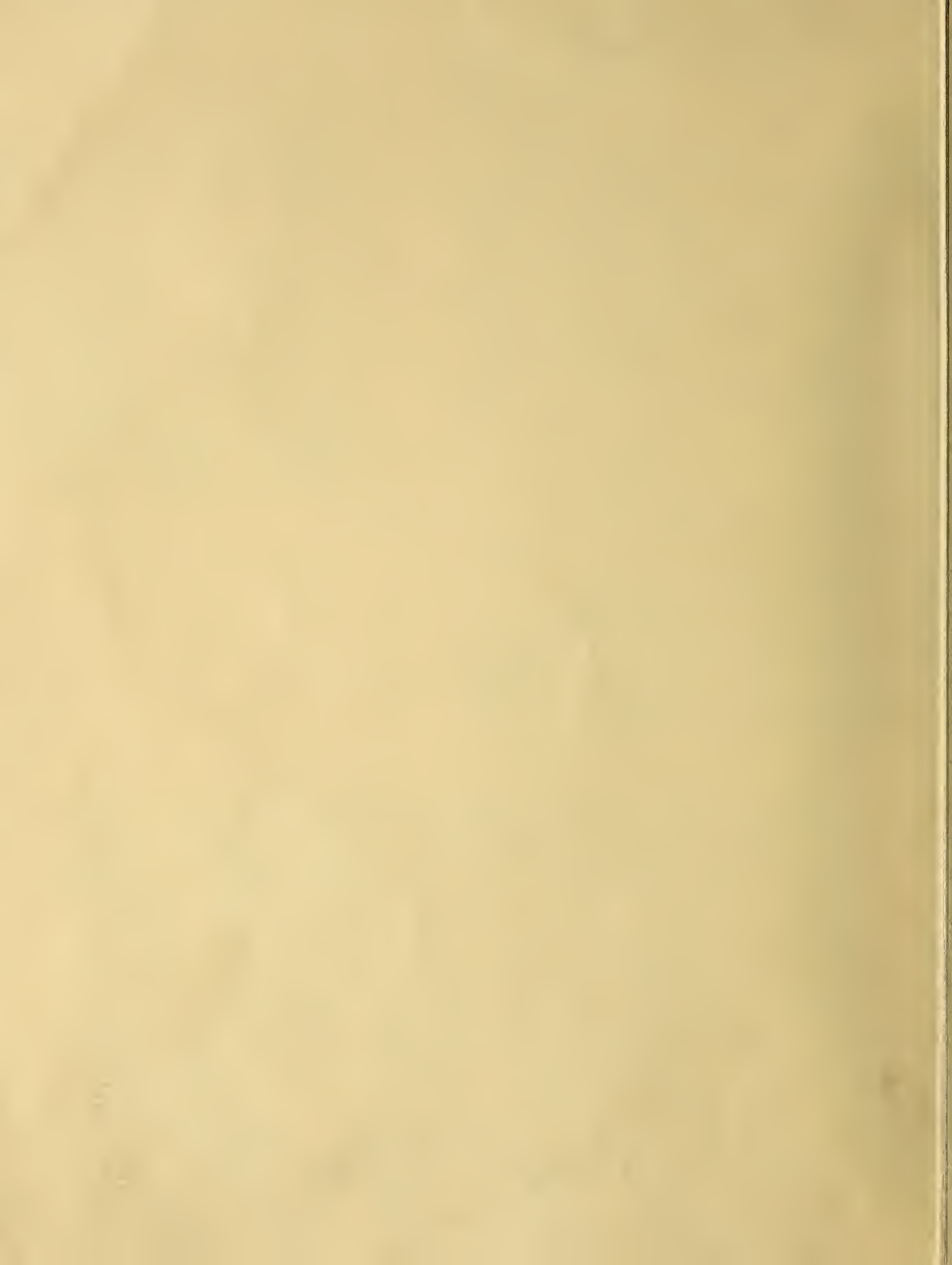
By FRANCES KISH

JULIUS LA ROSA and Joey St. George have been pals since kindergarten days. The fact that their first meeting was memorable only because Julie bounced a block off Joey's head has never marred what turned out to be a beautiful friendship.

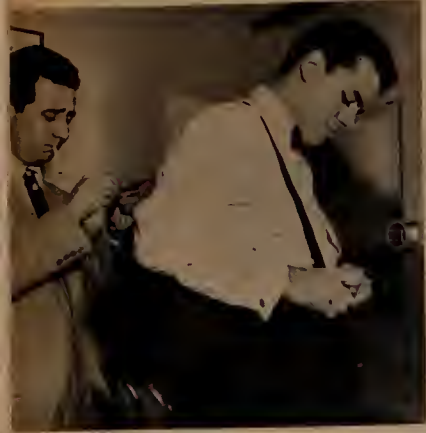
"Just a few days after Julie beamed me, I fell down hard, running across the kindergarten floor," Joey says. "This kid was the first to race over and pick me up, and pat my hand sympathetically. You might even say now that we have known each other for nineteen years from the ground up! Anyhow, that incident (Continued on page 96)



The Julius La Rosa Show is heard on CBS Radio, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at 7:30 P.M. EST.



Joey St. George—who thinks nothing's too good for Julie—lends a helping hand.



Julius La Rosa's skyrocket trip to the top hasn't shaken his abiding loyalty to his friends and to his ideals

High school press conference in Chicago: Julie takes his young fons seriously, hopes to be worthy of their trust.



Julie's new world is wonderful!



They love him in Boston, too (above). But Julie's greatest pride is winning the approval of Papa and Mama La Rosa (below).

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*Nora faces a great deciding point in her
life—and finds that one decision (not
her own) can change a woman's whole world*

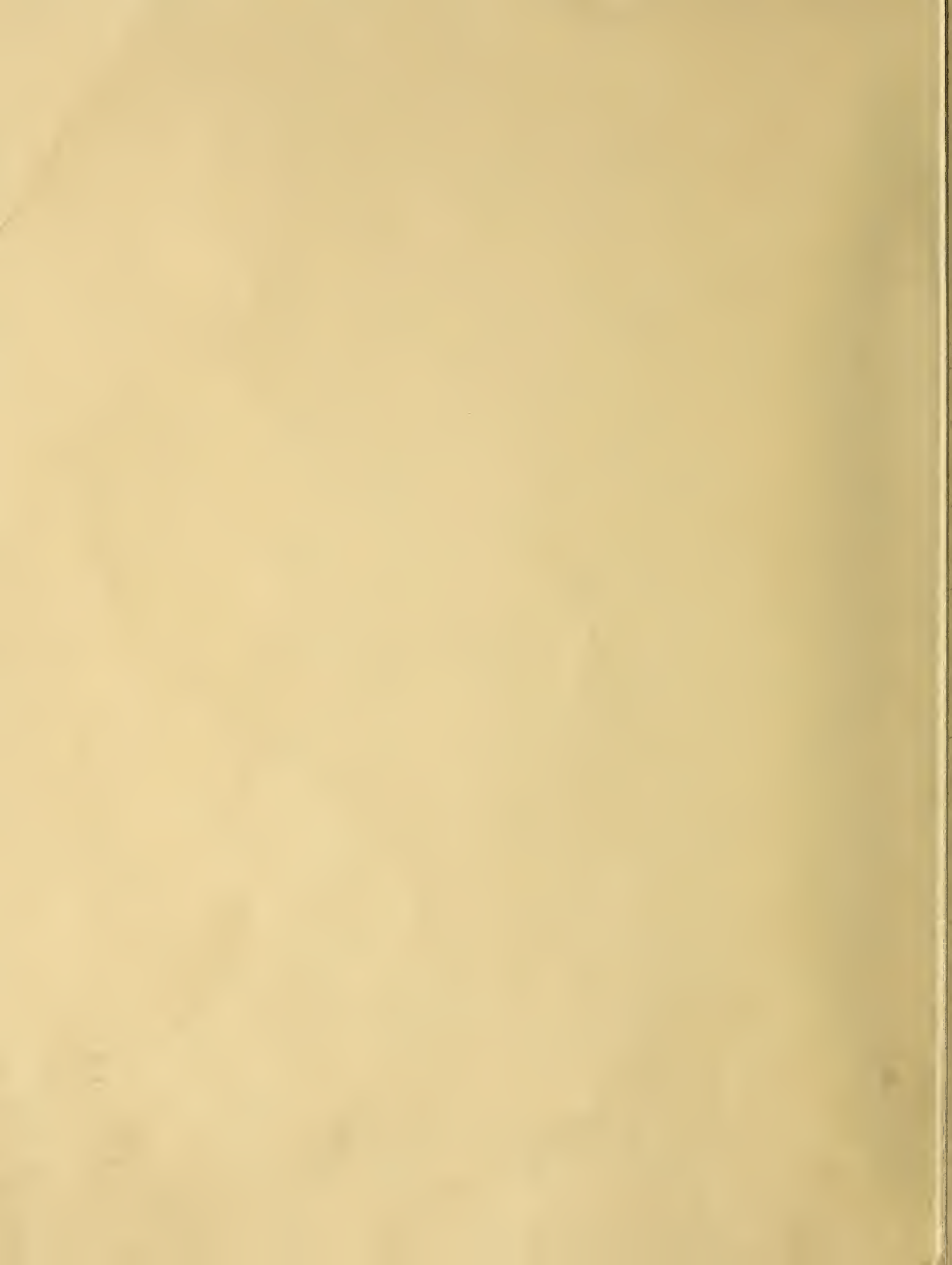
THIS IS the turning-point in our three lives, thought Nora Drake, the crossroads where each of us must decide in his heart the path to be taken—one by one, or two of us together. And our decisions will affect more than our own lives, our individual happiness. . . . Nora was thinking, of course, of Dr. Robert Seargent, whom she had loved so long, for whom she had waited with all the patience an ardent heart could muster. She was certain that he was going to propose to her that night, despite all the obstacles that had been placed between them. There was, for instance, his former wife, Vivian, with her claims from the past—and, very possibly, for the future, as well. There was Robert's and Vivian's impetuous daughter, Grace, who lived with Nora—but might not welcome her as a stepmother. . . . And Nora was thinking, too, of Fred Molina, who—in his own way—had loved her for so many years and, just last night, had begged her to marry him. Fred thought she was making a tragic mistake to wait for Dr. Seargent. He had been so sure that no one could love Nora as he did—and, for the moment at least, so completely indifferent about the love he himself had inspired in the wealthy and attractive socialite, Wyn Robinson. As casual and indifferent as he was about the hatred he'd inspired in Wyn's friend, Lee King, and Dan Welch, kingpin of the sinister Syndicate that ruled the shadowy world in which Fred Molina operated his night club. . . . For me, thought Nora, there is only one simple decision to be made, one single answer to be given by my heart. As she gaily set off to meet her Dr. Seargent, there was a light-heartedness in her step, a sparkle in her eyes which flashed an ecstatic affirmative to the world. And there was only dull incomprehension, a sick disbelief, as she heard Dr. Seargent saying slowly but with deep sincerity: "Nora, I've always been completely honest with you. And now I must tell you the truth. I saw my former wife last night and—well, Vivian and I decided upon a reconciliation. We're going to remarry—for Grace's sake." . . . Dr. Seargent had made his own decision. And what Nora had believed would be the crossroads of her life, with a signpost pointing straight toward a broad and sunny avenue, had suddenly become a nightmare wilderness from which she must flee by any thorny route which promised escape. Yes, more than three lives had been involved—and much, much more than Nora could envision in her present anguish . . . for others were making grim decisions, too. Dr. Seargent had made his, perhaps against the dictates of his own desires. Fred Molina was to make still another, very much against his will. And, behind the scenes, Wyn Robinson and Lee King and Dan Welch were spinning a web to entangle them all . . . Nora sought escape from the agony of her own disappointment—but could she ever hope to escape from the future dangers which others had decided upon and planned?

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, under the alternating sponsorship of The Toni Co. and Bristol-Myers Co. Pictured above at right, in their radio roles, are Joan Tompkins as Nora Drake, Bill Quinn as Fred Molina, Everett Sloane as Lee King, and Santos Ortega as Dan Welch.



Despite Fred's attention, Nora thought only of seeing Dr. Robert Sargent—soon, soon!
—while Lee King and Dan Welch kept their own grim thoughts to themselves.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Nora faces a great deciding point in her life—and finds that one decision (not her own) can change a woman's whole world

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THIS IS NORA DRAKE



ld-fashioned love



Little Laura Billings (left), Debbie, Teddy and Judy Lawrence just love it when Grandma Peggy makes grape jelly!

**PEGGY WOOD KNOWS THERE'LL NEVER BE A SUBSTITUTE FOR
THE HAPPINESS AND WARMTH A REAL MAMA BRINGS TO A HOME**



Rearing her own son, David, Peggy found herself rebelling against "modern" methods.



David grew up with his mother's flair for drama, now directs a little-theatre group in Santa Fe, N. M.

By MARIE HALLER

IF YOU were to ask Peggy Wood, star of the CBS-TV program, *Mama*, what she considers the most fascinating aspect of her life, she will answer without a moment's hesitation, "The fact that I'm of the generation that has witnessed more changes—extraordinary changes—than probably any other generation in history."

Peggy is a member of what she smilingly calls the "turn of the Century generation." She is, in a manner of speaking, of the same generation as her children in *Mama*. Which, no doubt, is one of the contributing factors to the great success of the program. Its star actually does "remember *Mama*" . . . the mode of living . . . the gramophone . . . the horse-drawn streetcar . . . the early automobiles . . . the San Francisco earthquake. She has (Continued on page 86)

Grandma Peggy and Cousin Debbie Lawrence welcome baby Kathy Billings to "Mama's" ever-growing family.



Peggy's glad that her "water babies" know such a sense of security, in or out of the swimming pool.

Peggy Wood is *Mama*, CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST; sponsored by General Foods (Maxwell House Coffee and Minute Rice).



Tommy, the

No one in the world
is a stranger to
Tommy Bartlett, whose
warm friendliness puts
everyone at ease

By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE DAY was much too treacherous for pleasant flying. A fast-changing mixture of sunshine and cloud, calm and wind, it made Chicagoans voice their usual, "You don't like the weather? Wait twenty minutes."

Tommy Bartlett, ignoring its threat, took off in his private plane. Having regularly flown Asia's dreaded hump while in the Air Transport Command, he refused to worry about a little squall. He had promised friends who were performing in a water show on the lake front that he would take them sightseeing.

With his guests on board, he headed southeast. Marshy Lake Calumet was almost as choppy as big Lake Michigan. A guest's shout halted his aim for altitude. "Look, there's a boat in trouble."

Circling low, Tommy saw what had happened. A fishing party's rowboat had overturned. Four

Tommy combined two great loves—people and planes—when he flew to Europe to put on his show for the Air Force.

WELCOME TRAVELER



Above, aviator Bartlett on an errand of mercy—piloting a little blind girl and her parents to Minneapolis for an operation. Below, Jo Hoppe helps Tommy and Bob Cunningham celebrate a *Welcome Travelers* anniversary.

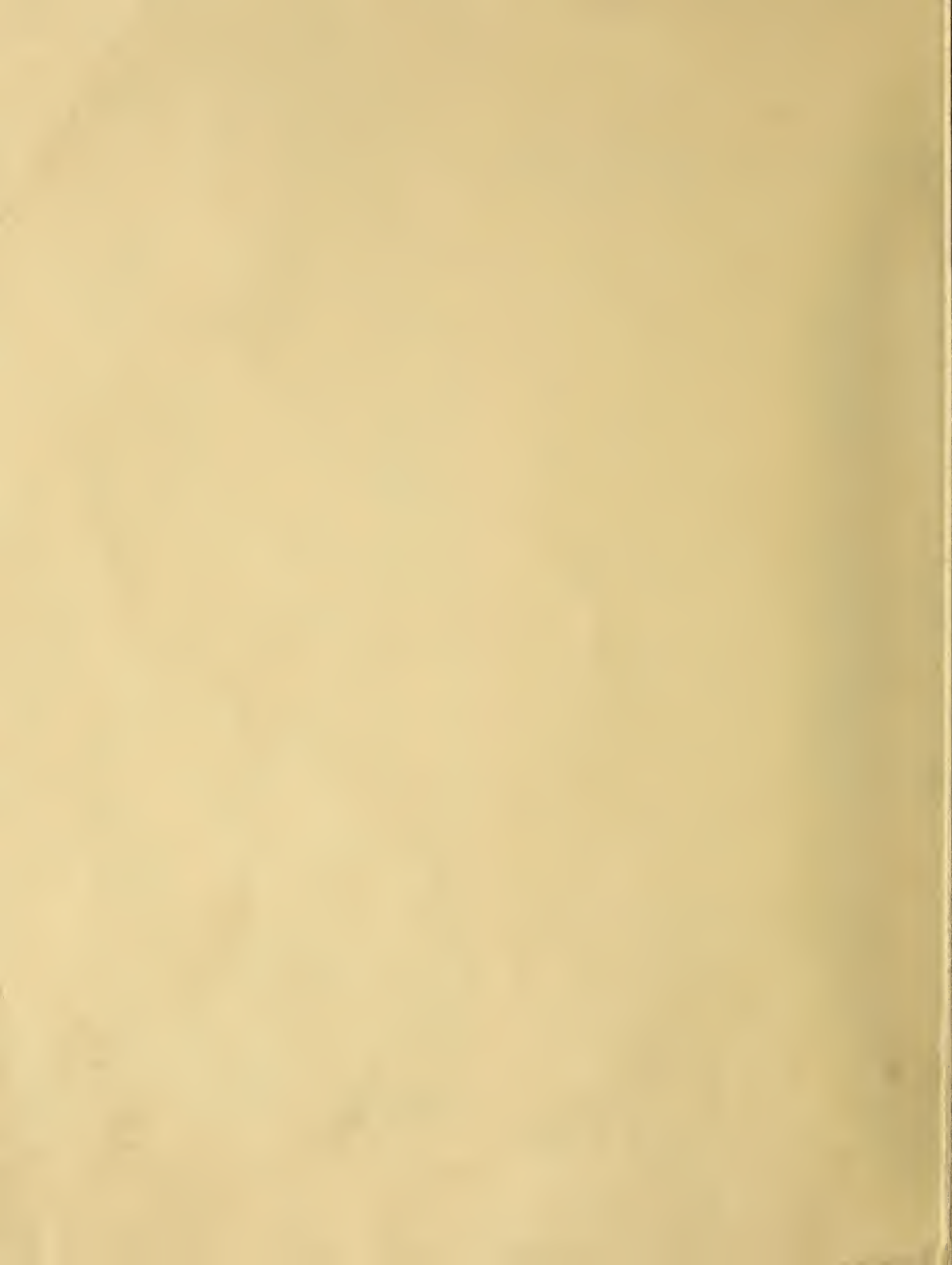
persons were clinging to it. One was a woman.

A landing is good, say the pilots, when you can walk away from it—better, when you can fly away—but Tommy never hesitated. Although his passengers, were shaken up when his pontoons hit the rough water, he was able to taxi to the distressed craft and pick up the woman.

An expectant mother, she was nearly spent from cold, fear, exhaustion. Racing for a near-by airport, Tommy radioed the police to have an ambulance ready, then gave the Coast Guard the location of the overturned boat. Unloading quickly, he returned to pick up the woman's husband. The Coast Guard brought in the other two (*Continued on page 80*)



Welcome Travelers, heard on NBC Radio, 10 A.M.—seen on NBC-TV, 4 P.M.—both M-F, EST, for Procter & Gamble.





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Tommy, the WELCOME TRAVELER

No one in the world is a stranger to Tommy Bartlett, whose warm friendliness puts everyone at ease

By HELEN BOLSTAD

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Sid Caesar's

Away from the TV stop watch, Sid has learned what really "ticks"—and finds his own show-of-shows at home

By IRA H. KNASTER



At work: Producer Max Liebman and Sid view a kinescope of the fast-paced results of many days of work on *Your Show Of Shows*.



At home: Sid views the quieter results of a family hobby—his wife's painting. Both Florence and their daughter, Michele, are studying art.

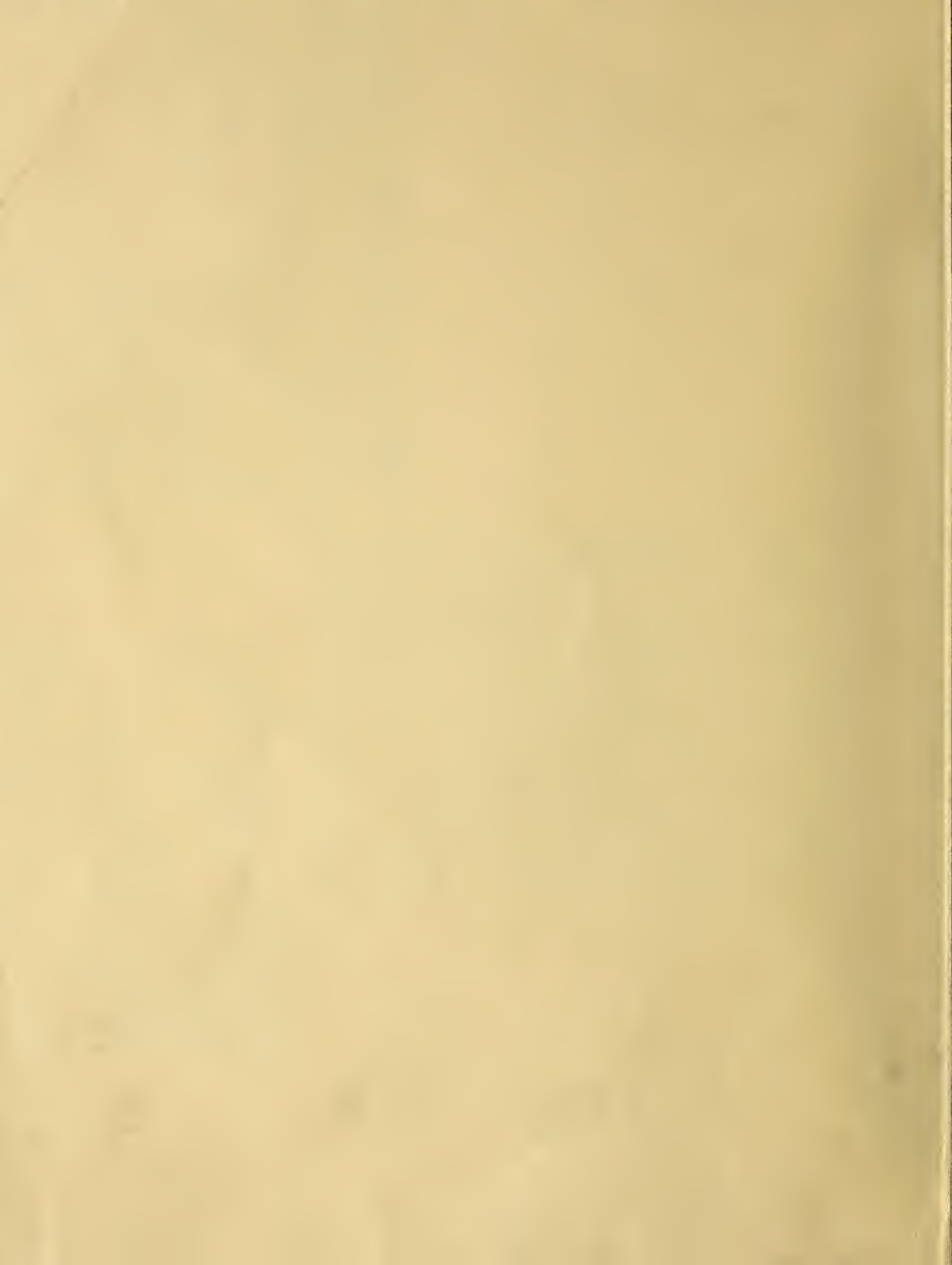
THE OLD SAW about one man's loss being another man's gain never had greater proof than the gay saga of *Your Show Of Shows*' "lost weekend." Many were the moans when Max Liebman's great Saturday-night extravaganza bowed in for the current season. Sure, the Caesar-Coca antics were as hilarious and off-beat as ever, the settings were as lush, the music and dancing unbeatable. Just naturally, this was still the biggest hour-and-a-half of solid entertainment (Continued on page 74)

Your Show Of Shows, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, is seen on NBC-TV, under participating sponsorship, at 9 P.M. EST, three Saturdays out of every four. (*The Martha Raye Show* is seen in this time spot every fourth Saturday.)

TIME FOR HAPPINESS



That extra weekend means Sid can share time and attention with his son, Richard, as well as Michele and Florence.





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*Helen Emerson bravely
faces life as a widow,
resolved to keep
her children on the
paths of goodness*

VALIANT LADY



Will their late father's



ELEN EMERSON is one of the truly valiant ladies of our day. You'll never read her name in the newspapers, she's never been called upon to launch a ship because her presence would draw a crowd—she's simply a woman, like millions of other women, who is called upon daily to guide her children into solid adulthood, keep a home going, earn enough money for her family to live comfortably. . . . A few months ago, her husband, Frank Emerson, had died of a heart attack in a hotel room, far from their home in the small town of Middlebury. His passing left Helen bewildered and beset by many problems. However, she knew, as every Valiant Lady must know, that she had to draw on the forces within her to make life happy for herself and, more importantly, for her children. . . . Financially, Helen and her three children found themselves

in precarious straits. Helen tried to conceal her worry from the children, but her two eldest—Mickey and Diane—insisted on discussing the situation and decided they both must go to work, even though it meant giving up old dreams. Mickey gave up college, and all thoughts of an engineering career, to accept a baseball contract with an \$8,500 bonus—which Mickey hoped would help the family situation. Diane, however, was completely confused. Lost without her father, trying to help and not be a burden, she started to drift away from family ties. Her new pseudo-independence puzzled and frightened Helen. . . . But it was little Kim, the youngest Emerson, who presented the greatest psychological problem. Apparently recovered from the shock of her father's death, Kim had, in reality, created a fantasy world of her own behind the closed doors of her room, in which Frank Emerson still lived, talked and played with her—a world from which Helen must guide Kim

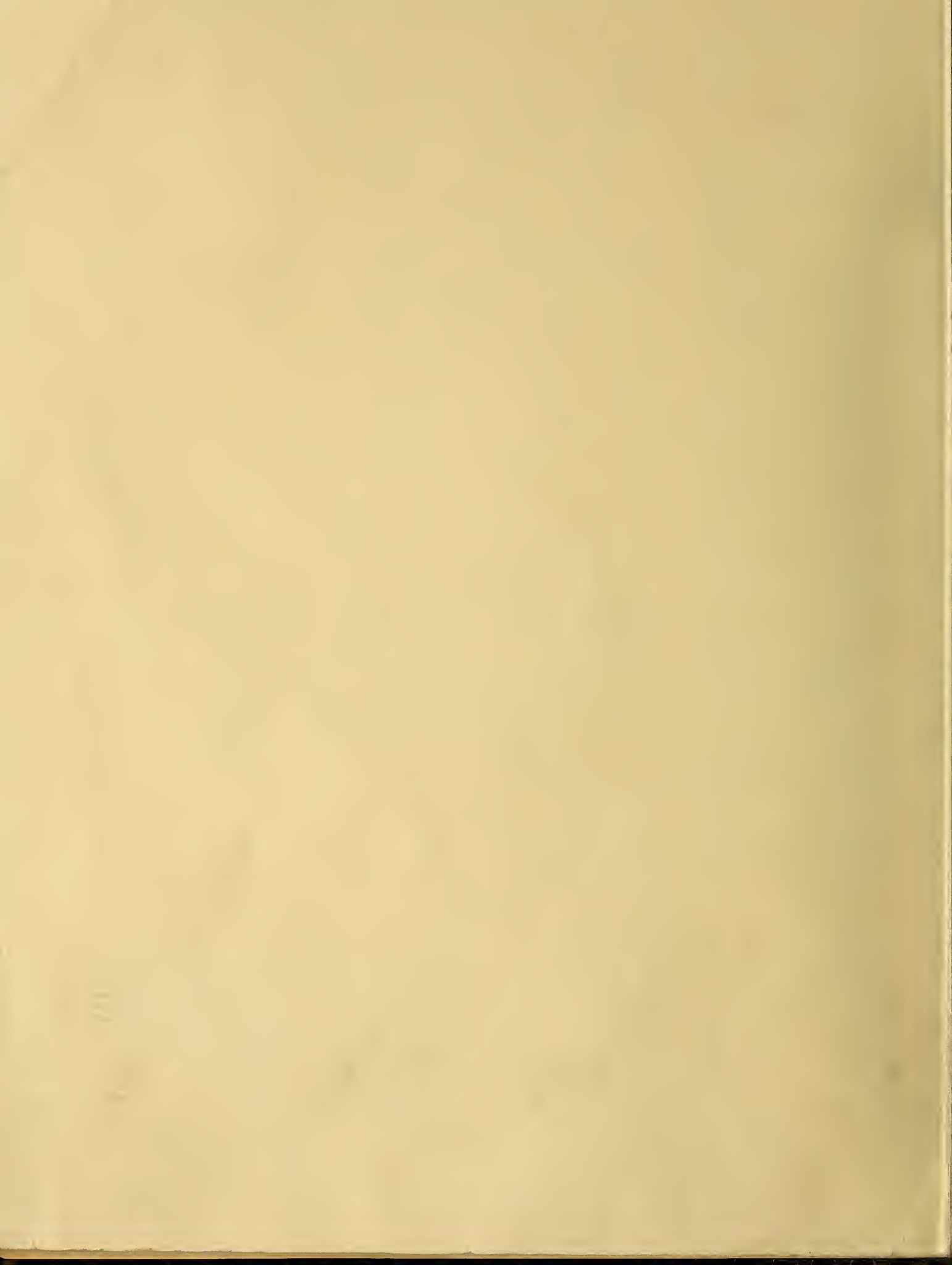


invention bring security to young Diane, Mickey and Kim? Bill Fraser is doing his best to help the widowed Helen's plans.

back to an acceptance of everyday life. . . . With quiet courage, Helen is also going about the task of trying to earn enough money to keep her family afloat, and is undergoing the ego-shattering experiences of any untrained widow in the world of business. While he was alive, Frank Emerson had pattered with a hundred small inventions. One such is an automatic lock-washer, which he believed good enough to be marketed successfully. . . . Helen's own efforts to turn the lock-washer patent into Emerson family income have found her pitting her deep faith in Frank against the reasoned, sober judgment of her closest friends. Only Bill Fraser has stood by Helen's convictions, in the face of

unanimous opposition. At first, Bill had gone along with Helen merely for the sake of her feelings, without any real hope of success, but later he seemed to believe in the possibilities of the patent with real determination. . . . Financial worries and emotional problems, which at times seem insurmountable, confront Helen on every side. And perhaps most dangerous to her happiness is the one problem which confronts every woman in such a situation: Her own normal yearning for someone to love her, someone to love. In the months ahead, will Helen find that someone? Find a man strong enough to win her—and strong enough, emotionally, to accept her family as well?

Valiant Lady, starring Nancy Coleman, is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by General Mills, Inc., and Prom Cosmetics. Pictured above, left to right, in the same roles in which they are seen on TV, are Delores Sutton as Diane Emerson, James Kirkwood, Jr. as Mickey Emerson, Nancy Coleman as Helen Emerson, Marc Cramer as the family friend, Bill Fraser, and Lydia Reed as little Kim Emerson.



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Crown Princess of the Little Godfreys

Lu Ann Simms is "royalty"—American style—part glamour girl, part tomboy, and all aglow with dreams come true

By MARTIN COHEN

THIS IS for kids from seven to seventy who've stopped believing in Easter bunnies, knights in super-charged Jaguars, and fairy princesses—especially the latter. If you want to get your faith back—and why not?—tune in the royal Godfrey family. There you'll find a princess who is the real McCoy: She is a lovely young lady with a soft smile, sparkling hazel eyes and light brown hair that ripples over her shoulders. This is Lu Ann Simms, soft-spoken, gentle and romantic. (Continued on page 72)

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



Little girl Lu loved dolls, too, still has many childhood treasures.

Her earliest ambition, however, was to play baseball for the Yankees. In fact, she enjoys all active sports.





a BABY for SUSAN

*Kathy Grant may be lost and lonely, in *The Guiding Light*,
but Susan Douglas has her handsome husband—
and the fulfillment of a dream*

By GREGORY MERWIN

IT was odd about Susan Douglas, during those first wondering, wonder-filled weeks. Always blonde, always beautiful, Susan is not quite five-feet-one, normally tilts the scales at 94. During those first four months, she gained just five pounds. There was nothing to show the world that she was pregnant. Nothing but the radiance in Susan's eyes, that special look when she spoke of her handsome husband, Jan Rubes.

As for Jan himself, he's always towered almost fourteen inches above pert little Susan—and his weight didn't vary an ounce, of course—but his chest expanded visibly with pride. In fact, when Susan said dreamily, "It might be better to keep it quiet for a while, since I'm acting," Jan laughed his answer: "You can keep it quiet—I'm about to burst!"

Naturally, there were adjustments to be made and solutions to be found for the special problems which face all talented young couples whose careers are just beginning to soar. Susan is a successful actress, with a background which includes Broadway and Hollywood, as well as radio and TV. And (Continued on page 62)

Susan is Kathy in *The Guiding Light*, on CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M. EST—on CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—M-F, for Procter & Gamble Co.

Suzie's always had a wonderful way with neighbors' children, such as little Alan Hirschfeld (left). Now she and Jan Rubes (right) are ecstatically expecting one of their own!



Ralph Locke's "snug harbor" shelters a man who's seen much of the world—and loved it all.



when Life is Beautiful

Birds—indoors and out—know Papa David's loving kindness.



Papa David's accomplishments
in real life are as great as any
ever created in fiction

By MARY TEMPLE

CROSSING over to a small island in Long Island Sound, overlooking Eastchester Bay, you guide your car along the main street of the little seaside village and turn down a road which ends at a white house with blue trim, built near the water's edge. A homey sort of house, with one of the most magnificent views to be seen around New York . . . far across the wide bay is the Whitestone Bridge, stretching from the near end of Long Island to the Bronx. Everywhere the eye follows a gently curved shore line. Everywhere is the restless, ever-moving water, glimpsed from the windows of the house . . .



when life is beautiful

(Continued)



Like a true old salt, "Papa" Ralph Locke's a handy man with tools and always keeps his cozy quarters shipshape.



Nights at sea, on long, long voyages, taught him to cook in many languages, with the tang of far-off places.



Steps from the Locke home lead straight down to the water, to the boats and harbor life he's always loved.

making the big side porch a cool outdoor dining spot in summer, making the garden a lovely place to sit in as the sun disappears over the horizon.

Early in the morning, the man of the house works on his boat or fusses with his rose trellises, his fig tree or his flowers. A tall, athletic-looking fellow—gray-haired, balding underneath the yachtsman's cap. Dressed in slacks or fishing pants, a bright sweater or shirt, and maybe a jaunty scarf. He is Papa David of *Life Can Be Beautiful*, known to his friends and neighbors as Ralph Locke, and more familiarly to all the kids in the vicinity as just plain Ralph. ("Hi, Ralph, can you come out and play?" they yell, or "Ralph, can I come over and watch you paint your chairs?" And he calls back, "Come ahead." Hurrying indoors, he raids his store of lollipops, or of ice cream pops kept ready in the freezer for all such occasions.)

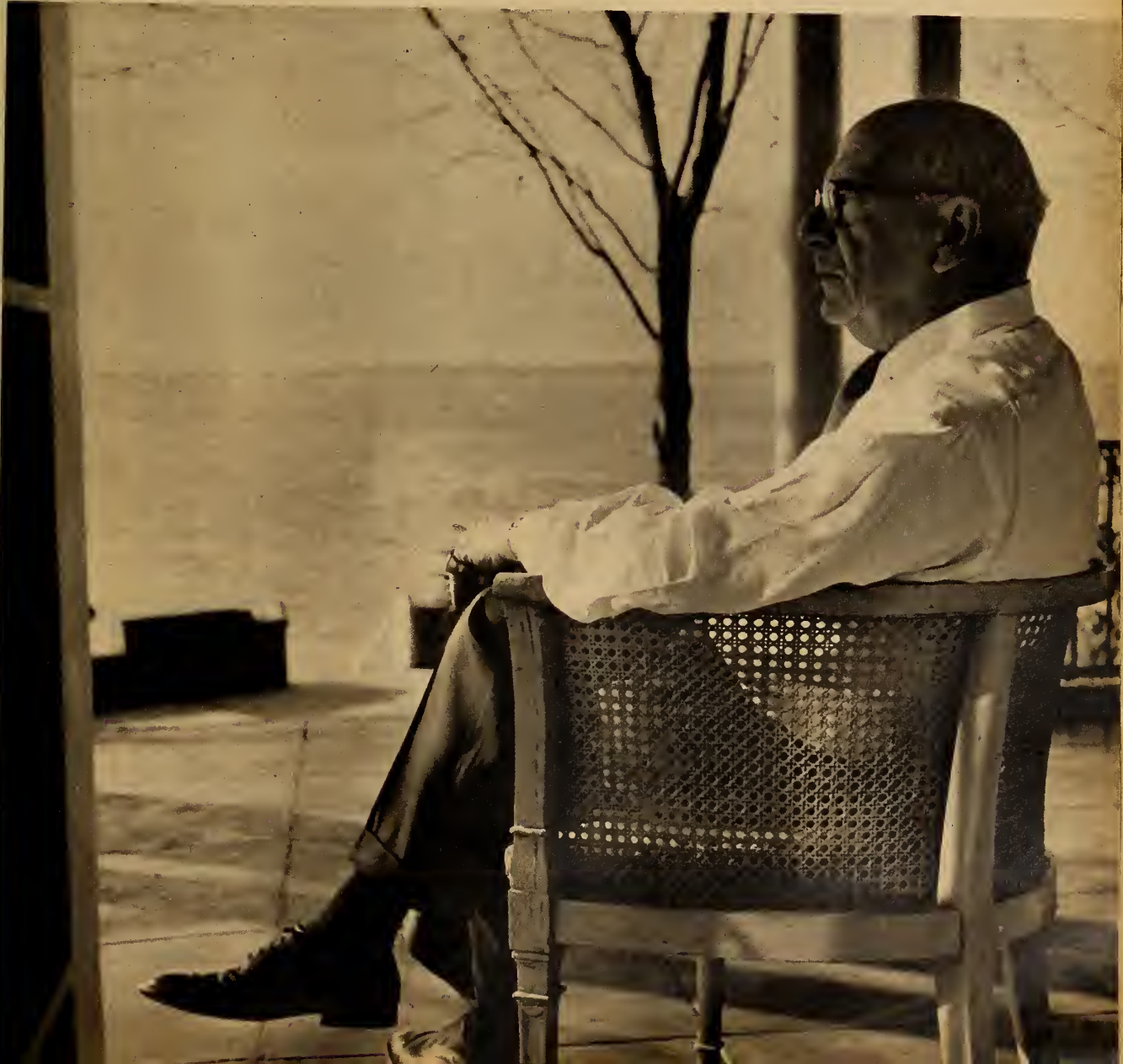
LOCKE originated the character of Papa David on radio fifteen years ago and has been playing him ever since. In many ways he is like Papa David, and in many ways Papa is like Ralph. They share the same philosophy about people and living, and some of the same background of culture that comes from knowing life in other countries as well as in their own.

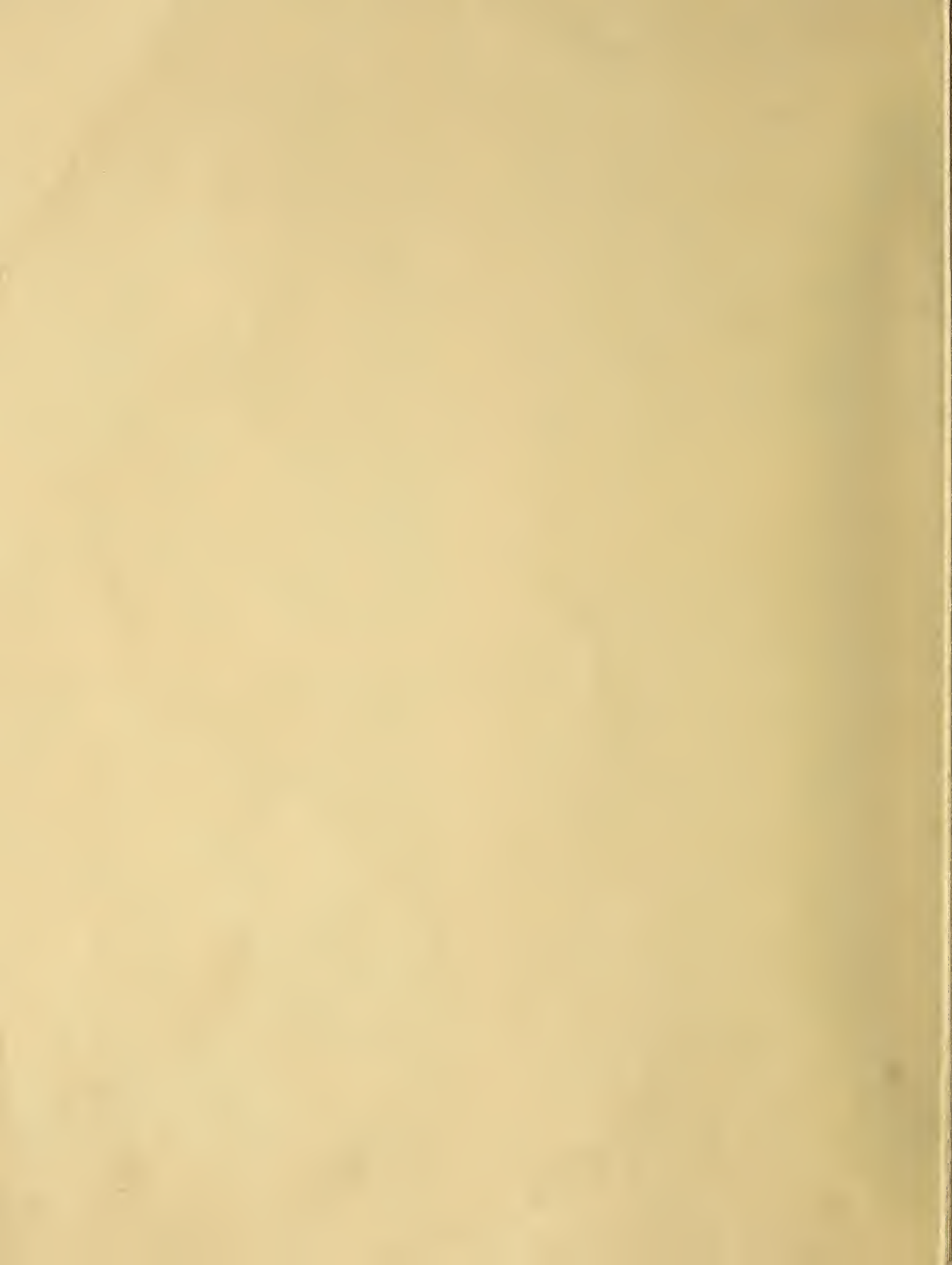
"I think of Papa David as a kindly, philosophic man who is well educated in his own language but of course retains his foreign accent when he speaks his adopted language of English," Ralph says. (He himself speaks a perfect, cultivated English but has an ear for accents and dialects (Continued on page 87))

Ralph Locke is Papa David in *Life Can Be Beautiful*, NBC Radio, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide.



Far horizons: On his own beach—or on his own porch—Ralph Locke gazes seaward with the serene faith which is so much a part of Papa David.





when life is beautiful

(Continued)



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LINKLETTER is FUNNIER THAN PEOPLE



Opposite page: Art's a great family man—and what a great family he has! That's Lois, his wife, beside him; Jack and Robert and Dawn, standing; Diane and Sharon, in front.

WHEN I'M asked what my life as Art Linkletter's Girl Friday is like, I always think of our trip to Amana, Iowa.

I'd been working with Art on his *People Are Funny* staff for nearly five years and I thought I knew my boss pretty well. But it took that whirlwind day in Iowa for me to realize what a boundless source of energy he really is!

We had arranged to put on our *People Are Funny* show from Amana (sponsors of our summer season), Iowa. I flew in on Friday, the day before the show. Art came in at ten the next morning and went straight to the theatre. He hardly stopped performing for the next twenty-four hours!

The wonderful thing about it was that he didn't *have* to make all the appearances—every other one was a benefit! When he arrived at the (Continued on page 84)

*Take it from me—his
Girl Friday—working for
Art is “play with pay”*

By GENE ALLEN



Above—and upper left: He's a grand boss, too, whether we're working on scripts or planning new stunts for the contestants on *People Are Funny*.



Two for the Money

THE PLACE was a room in New York's Doctors' Hospital, the waiting room for expectant fathers. The time was the wee, small hours of the morning of December 6. The expectant father standing alone in the eerie half-light of a wintry dawn, his back to the door, his eyes riveted on the silvering ribbon of the East River, was Herb Shriner.

How long, he wondered, had he been standing there?

Not that he was overly worried about, or afraid for, Pixie. Why, that very day she'd been shopping, walking around, getting home just about in time to take off again—for the hospital. She's rugged, Herb was assuring himself. First met her, I had a motorcycle which she used to ride with me, drive out to Bayshore and around. The way she's taken up sailing with me, studied navigation so she can learn to pilot a boat. She'll take up flying with me, too, when we get around to it. Pretty much of a pioneer, (Continued on page 90)

Herb Shriner is quizmaster-host of *Two For The Money*, as simulcast over CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Sat., 9 P.M. EST; sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.

*What's in a name—a
program name? Herb
Shriner can't help
wondering, since he
and Pixie have been
blessed with—twins!*

By
GLADYS HALL



Ten-day-old debut: Tiny Kin (left, named for Hoosier humorist Kin Hubbard) and his brother (not named yet!) greet the world from Pixie's arms.



Joy Postponed

Jerry and Patti were ready to open their hearts to another baby, when fate stepped in

Young Gary and Ronnie Lewis made eager plans for a "kid sister," too.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

OPEN TO Sunshine, Friends, Guests
And God—"

This is the warm inscription on the door of Jerry and Patti Lewis's rambling red brick home. And today the door was open wider than ever. Open and waiting. The way a house can wait. The way you can feel it waiting—to welcome somebody home.

It waited now, as all within anxiously waited, with open arms to welcome the baby daughter who, God willing, would soon be moving in. In her honor, even time seemed to stand almost still. Attuned to the delicate heartbeat of a tiny girl in an incubator in a hospital somewhere across the city, fighting for her future now.

The "orchid room," her own royal mauve-toned quarters, had been prepared. A cherry-wood crib lavishly canopied in white organdy waited for the little princess who would soon be sleepily reigning there.

"It's so elegant," Patti would sigh, lovingly fingering the canopy yet again, as she and Jerry made their nightly tour. The French Provincial crib had been Patti's idea, and an expensive one. "But by the time we get a bassinet—and she grows up and has to have a crib—we may as well get this," she'd said. Besides, nothing could be too elegant for their little baby girl. For (Continued on page 70)



Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis aren't just partners in fun

—they're close friends who've helped each other through trouble and tragedy.

See Next Page 

the Heart



Dean counts his blessings: Jeanne, his lovely wife; Dino, their older son; and "Ricci," the newest Martin.

grows fonder

Dean's brief separation from Jeanne and their home taught him how much he loves and needs them



Today, they rejoice in the secret which Jeanne once kept, so proudly, so pathetically, to herself.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are frequently starred on *Colgate Comedy Hour*, which is seen over NBC-TV, Sunday, 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Colgate-Palmolive Co.



Together again—and, as Dean sums it up simply, "We both understand each other a lot better now."

TODAY, the Dean Martins are in very close harmony. All you have to do is look at them and you know—that's "amore."

Come six o'clock every evening, this very happy baritone parks his Jaguar and walks with a singing heart into his home. A palatial French Colonial home. His pretty blonde wife, Jeanne, welcomes him with a kiss. Dino, Jr. runs to meet him and usually insists on playing straight man.

"Go in car?" he says, wanting to go for a ride. "Go in car?" he repeats.

"Old joke, son," his dad says, swinging him to his shoulders. "Who's writing your material?"

Together they all go upstairs to baby Ricci's blue-satin kingdom to pay homage.

It's a scene familiar to many other households, with varying backgrounds. The family breadwinner, home from the day's job. But to barber's son Dino Crocetti, of Steubenville, Ohio—former prizefighter and crooning croupier, who scrounged and sang his way into the spotlight—it's (Continued on page 77)

WHAT I BELIEVE

By
JACK
BAILEY



You can be



I never saw a "Queen"—prospective (as above) or fully crowned (left)—who didn't have a most important quality.



Hard to keep my dignity as Honorary Mayor of Hollywood —with Ben Alexander, Jack Haley and Jack Smith around!

DAILY, "eight to ten million" women ask me how they can become *Queen For A Day*. I always tell them, "Sincerity." I never met a *Queen* who didn't have it. It's a word that you can build your life around.

I've got a small-word vocabulary and a meat-and-potatoes philosophy—but I try to make it sincere. Though I'm no authority, I know what an important part of life a philosophy is. Being an Iowa boy from way back, I've got one that I call my "3-H way of life": Honesty, Humility, and Humor.

Though I was too young to realize it, I learned one of the most important lessons in my life from Old Man Clauson, the school janitor. It began back in Hampton, Iowa, when I was eleven years old. It was eight o'clock at night and I was uptown—against my mother's orders, I'm sure.

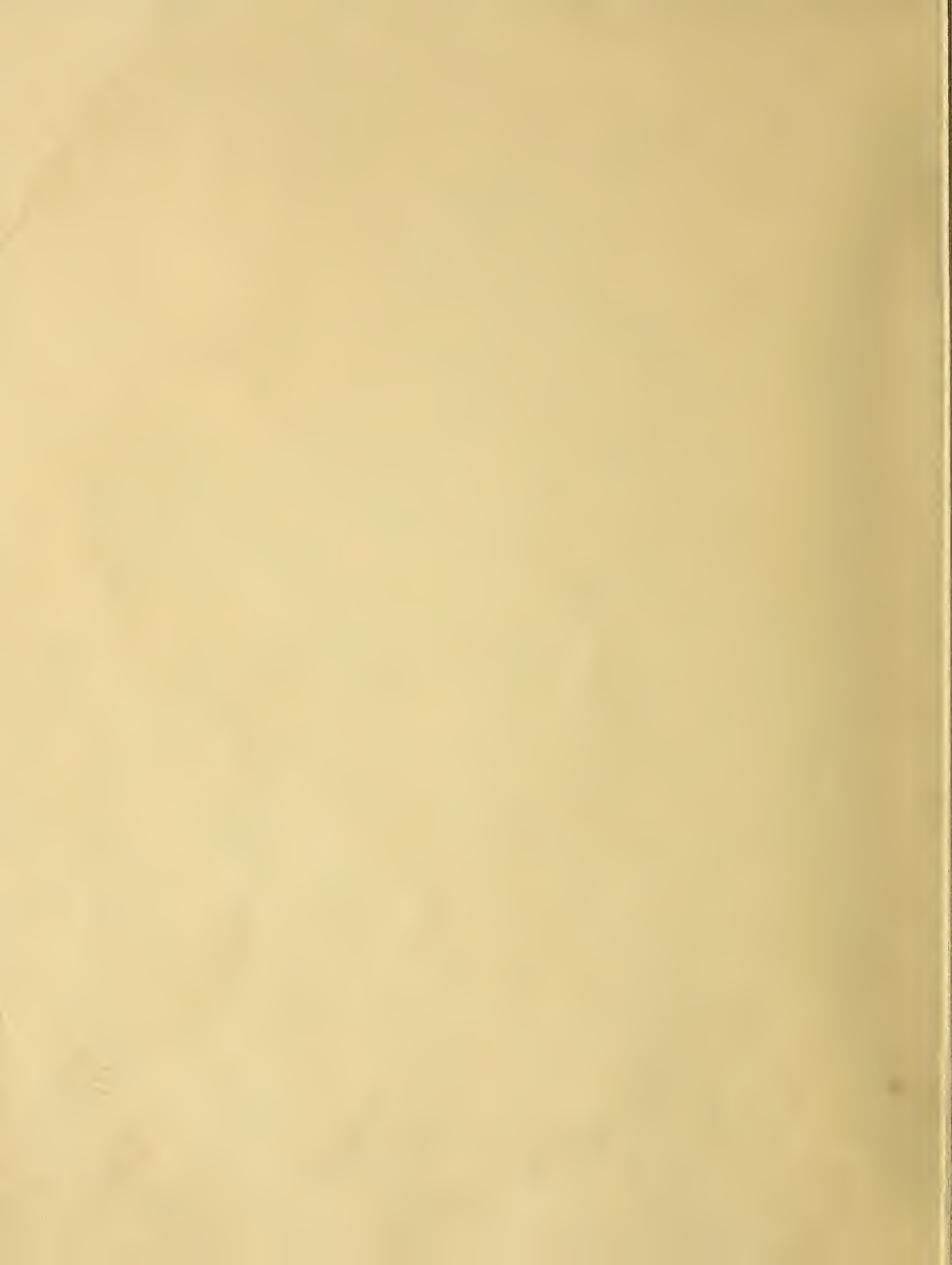
As a kid, I was always crazy about music. As I was walking down the street I heard this great band practicing in the back of the firehouse. I couldn't resist. The music pulled me down the alley like the notes from the Pied Piper's flute. I stood there with my jaws slack and my nose pressed against the glass, drinking in those heavenly sounds.

Old Man Clauson pushed his (Continued on page 83)



Jack Bailey is emcee of *Queen For A Day*, as heard over Mutual, M-F, at 11:30 A.M. EST; sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.

king or queen for a day—every day—if you follow my philosophy of Honesty, Humility, Humor



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DAILY, "eight to ten million" women ask me how they can become *Queen For A Day*. I always tell them, "Sincerity." I never met a *Queen* who didn't have it. It's a word that you can build your life around.

I've got a small-word vocabulary and a meat-and-potatoes philosophy—but I try to make it sincere. Though I'm no authority, I know what an important part of life a philosophy is. Being an Iowa boy from way back, I've got one that I call my "3-H way of life": Honesty, Humility, and Humor.

Though I was too young to realize it, I learned one of the most important lessons in my life from Old Man Clauson, the school janitor. It began back in Hampton, Iowa, when I was eleven years old. It was eight o'clock at night and I was uptown—against my mother's orders, I'm sure.

As a kid, I was always crazy about music. As I was walking down the street I heard this great band practicing in the back of the firehouse. I couldn't resist. The music pulled me down the alley like the notes from the Pied Piper's flute. I stood there with my jaws slack and my nose pressed against the glass, drinking in those heavenly sounds.

Old Man Clauson pushed his (Continued on page 83)



Jack Bailey is emcee of *Queen For A Day*, as heard over Mutual, M-F, at 11:30 A.M. EST; sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.

You can be king or queen for a day—every day—if you follow my philosophy of Honesty, Humility, Humor



1. Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry, welcome Ivor Thornton, who has come from England with his mother—Lord Henry's Aunt Sarah—to arrange for his forthcoming marriage to American socialite Julie Draper.

Our Gal Sunday

THROUGHOUT her marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope, Sunday has come face to face many times with danger, deceit and misfortune. But, together, she and Lord Henry have weathered each storm and have landed safely—and all the wiser—on a firmer foundation of mutual faith, love and devotion. Even so, when Lord Henry's aunt, Mrs. Sarah Thornton, arrived in Fairbrooke from England with her son Ivor, Sunday had no way of suspecting that the black clouds of trouble were again gathering on the horizon of her life. For, although Mrs. Thornton had once been a threat to Sunday's marriage—refusing to accept her as a member of the family because of her "inferior" background—that was all in the past. Then, too—unknown to Sunday—Mrs. Thornton and Ivor had come to this country with much more important matters on their minds—namely, to further plans for Ivor's marriage to Julie Draper, a very attractive girl he had met in

2. Also visiting Fairbrooke, dancer Doris Larkin gets a cold reception from her mother, Emma Larkin, who has never forgiven her for a secret marriage.

See Next Page ▶





3. Lord Henry learns that Ivor is only marrying Julie Draper for her money and upbraids his Aunt Sarah for her mercenary plans. Aunt Sarah faints and Sunday is solicitous for her welfare. The Thorntons are almost penniless—and unaware that Julie's father has lost his fortune, too. And not one of them knows that it was Ivor himself to whom Doris Larkin was once secretly married and that Doris still loves him!

Paris the previous fall, who came from an aristocratic and presumably wealthy Philadelphia family. Mrs. Thornton had promoted the engagement because—unknown to Julie and her father, Edward Draper—the Thorntons had lost everything in the last war, and Ivor was planning to wed Julie only for financial reasons. But, ironically, what Mrs. Thornton and Ivor didn't know was that Edward Draper had also lost all his money in a stock deal and was encouraging Julie's marriage to Ivor to save himself from financial disaster. . . . Meanwhile, during a friendly visit with

Emma Larkin, Sunday had witnessed a strange incident: Emma's daughter, Doris, a young dancer in a New York night club, had returned unexpectedly to her mother's home, only to receive a cold and bitter reception from Emma. Sunday was shocked and bewildered by Emma's strange manner, for she knew nothing about what had happened six years ago, when Doris had met a young British officer—Ivor Thornton—while entertaining at an Army base in Canada. Doris and Ivor had fallen in love and been secretly married. But Doris, realizing Ivor was ashamed of her, had

Our Gal Sunday

(Continued)



4. Sunday encourages Ivor and Julie to see each other in her home, certain that—as they get better acquainted—they will refuse to go through with a loveless marriage.

5. Julie overhears Lord Henry and Sunday discussing the Thorntons' financial situation—and, for the first time, realizes that she and Ivor are both marrying for money.



Our Gal Sunday

(Continued)

divorced him, never revealing to him that she was going to have his child. Doris still loved Ivor and didn't want to cause any trouble and so, when her son Tommy had been born, she had refused to reveal his father's name—even to her own mother. Ever since then, Emma had been angry and suspicious of her daughter. When Doris placed Tommy in a nursery school and returned home, claiming she needed a rest, Emma's bitterness returned, too, in full force. Actually, Doris's real reason for coming back to Fairbrooke was to get one last fond look at Ivor before he married Julie Draper—for, in spite of the trouble he'd caused her, Doris had never stopped loving him. . . . Back at Black Swan Hall, Sunday and Lord Henry learned the real reason why Ivor was marrying Julie and they were shocked and horrified. Unable to hide his anger, Henry ordered the Thorntons to leave. But, in the argument that ensued, Mrs. Thornton fainted, which caused Lord Henry to weaken and let them stay. After soothing Mrs. Thornton, Sunday, alone with Lord Henry, confided her feeling that the more they opposed Ivor in his plan to marry Julie, the more determined he would be to go through with the wedding. Therefore, she and Henry agreed to invite the Drapers to the Hall, in the hope that further contact with Julie would make Ivor realize the folly of marrying a girl he did not love. . .

6. Doris has maintained silence about Ivor's previous marriage, still resists when Ted Winters, a crooked agent, tries to use the story for blackmail purposes.

7. But the tragic story comes to light at last, when Sunday and Lord Henry find Doris's body in their own summerhouse. The dancer has obviously been murdered!

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Sunday.....Vivian Smolen
Lord Henry.....Karl Swenson
Ivor Thornton.....Richard Janaver
Doris Larkin.....Adrienne Bayan
Emma Larkin.....Ruth Gates
Julie Draper.....Audrey Egan

Our Gal Sunday is heard over CBS Radio, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Anacin, Bisodol, Chef Boyardi.





8. Emma Larkin sternly accuses Ivor of having killed her daughter to keep the Drapers from learning about his marriage to Doris. Even Lord Henry doubts Ivor's innocence, and only Sunday stands by him. Rightly or wrongly, Sunday is convinced that there was more than one motive for Doris's death—more than one potential murderer!

After Julie and her father arrived in Fairbrooke, Mrs. Thornton began hastening the plans for an early wedding, while Ivor—having learned Doris Larkin was in town, and realizing she could destroy everything for him—became increasingly panicky and distraught. . . . As crisis upon crisis unfolded, Sunday found herself being drawn deeper and deeper into a web of suspicion and accusation. In her desperate efforts to help Ivor and Julie avoid a marriage neither of them wanted, she began to get the mistaken impression that Ivor—because of his strange actions—was falling in love with Doris Larkin! And, for this, Mrs. Thornton vehemently and shamefully accused Sunday of trying to win Ivor away from Julie and over to Doris. . . . Another lightning bolt of disaster struck when Ted Winters, a cheap publicity agent, arrived from New York to stir up trouble for Doris. Having discovered her secret—her marriage to a socially prominent Englishman, the birth of his child—he wanted to use it for publicity purposes. When Doris angrily refused to be a part of such a deceitful plan, Winters decided to blackmail the Thorntons for his own benefit. And Sunday, like a pawn in

battle, was innocently trapped in the midst of everyone's unscrupulous schemes. . . . Then, just a few days before the wedding, the greatest shock of all came to Sunday when she discovered Doris Larkin—stabbed to death in the summerhouse of Black Swan Hall. Standing helplessly by, she had to watch the whole tragic story erupt in the newspapers—and worse, see Ivor arrested as the suspect for Doris's murder. For now that the true facts had been revealed, Ivor seemed the logical killer—his motive being to remove Doris because she was an immediate threat to his marriage to Julie. But Sunday, who had borne the brunt of everyone's accusations and suffered unjustly throughout, is the one person who rises to Ivor's defense. Even though Lord Henry himself is convinced of Ivor's guilt, Sunday remains steadfast in her defense of his innocence. . . . But what force can she, a mere woman, bring to bear against all her stronger, more conniving foes? Will all her good intentions and hard-earned wisdom be of no avail, or will she—somehow—find the way to stem the tide of tragedy, despair and evil and out of it bring some measure of justice, hope—and love?

You



SHOWED ME THE WAY

Gene Autry breathes a prayer of thanks
for the faith, encouragement—and criticism—
which have made him the star he is today

By ALICE FRANCIS



Piloting his own plane—or riding Champion—Gene goes right to children's hearts, often does special shows for the ill.

GENE AUTRY is a fellow who believes in giving credit where credit is due. It's in his own Cowboy Code—his ten points governing the behavior of any good cowboy. Point 3 of the Code reads: "A cowboy always tells the truth."

"So I have to confess that a lot of the credit for the good things that have happened to me is due you, my fans," Gene readily admits. "All along the way, you have shown me what you wanted me to do and have helped me do it. It was you who led me into (Continued on page 68)



Ina Autry has been an inspiration to her husband, too—and, like him, has learned much from his fans.



Gene Autry Friendship Club is active both here and abroad, holds national meetings which he attends.

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

What's my Father's Line?



John Daly's 13-year-old son holds the mirror up to Dad—and



Charles likes airplanes and cars—but found Pops' questions about "combustion engines" embarrassing.



Mother "Kit" Daly obviously has three assorted males with minds of their own—John, older son Johnny and author Charles. She and John have plenty to talk over, during their "icebox chats."

the result is definitely a surprise ending!

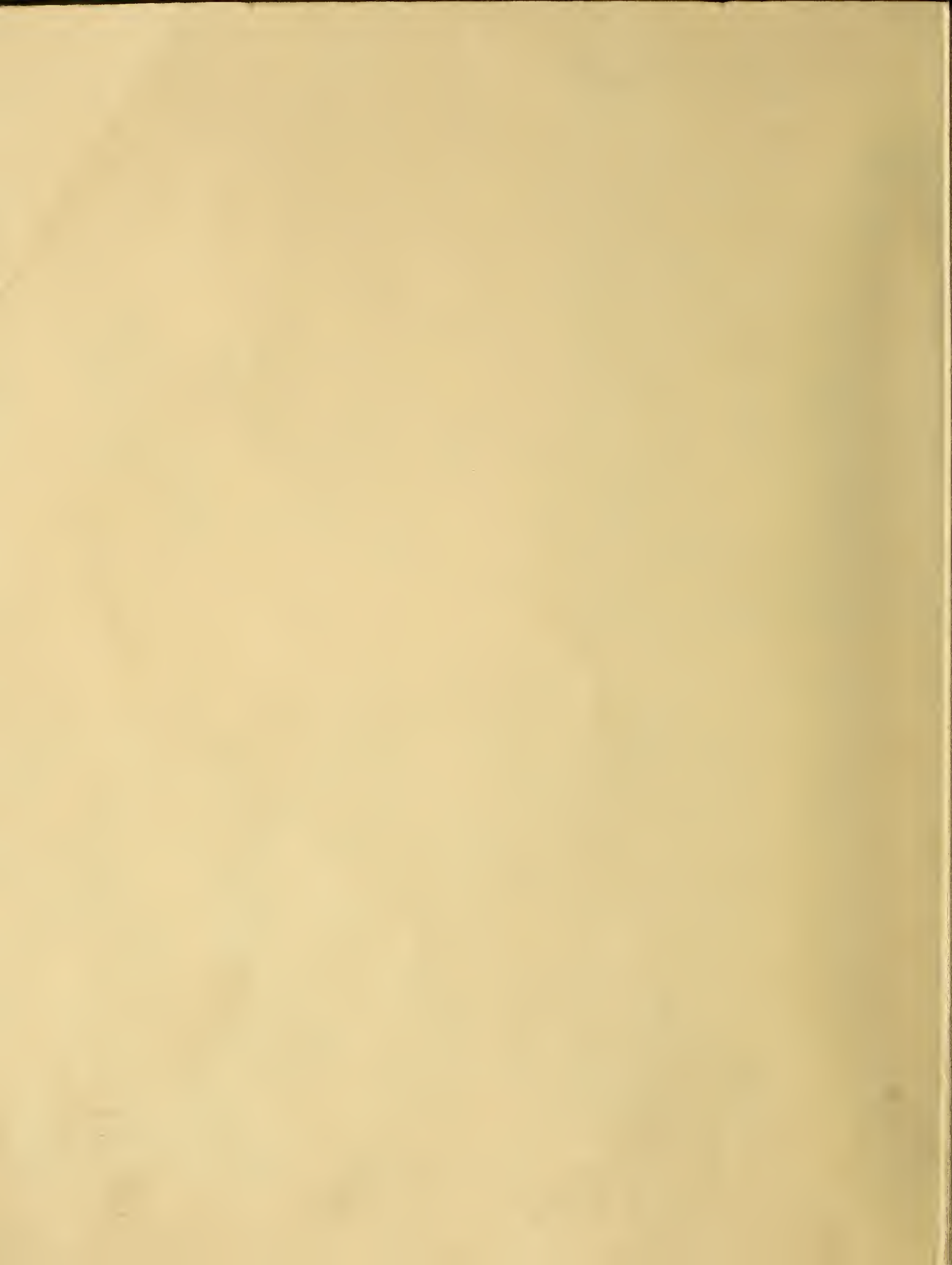
By CHARLES DALY

JEPPERS, is this my lucky day! I got home from school this afternoon (I go to Harrison High), and Mother told me that the editors of RADIO-TV MIRROR had called up and asked if I would do them a piece about Pops. Pops is John Daly, you know, the news commentator and moderator on *What's My Line?* Well, I told Mother I'd think it over. Then I decided that it wasn't every thirteen-year-old kid who had a chance to tell everybody what he thought of his dad, so I'd better grab it while I had it.

I don't know as I have ever sat down and thought about Pops before. Not for the public—if you know what I mean. It's hard for me to think of Dad as a celebrity. 'Cause around home he's just an average guy. Likes things done just so and keeps at me about my grades in school and all that kind of stuff. But I guess he's a big shot. all right. I want to (Continued on page 75)

John Daly moderates *What's My Line?*, CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Jules Montenier, Inc. (Stoptette) and Remington Electric Shavers. *John Daly And The News* is on ABC-TV, M-F, 7:15 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.





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A Baby for Susan

(Continued from page 36)

Susan is not only heard but seen in *The Guiding Light*—in the exacting role of Kathy Grant, who already has a baby and just couldn't, under present circumstances, be expecting another. Jan is a rising singer, with a split-second schedule of operas, concerts and recording dates. And Jan has to make weekly trips to Canada for his radio show, *Songs Of My People*—the most popular in all Canada.

That they are facing the problems, making the adjustments, is only a footnote to the fulfillment of their dreams. The coming baby—expected in May—is really their second miracle. The first was that Susan and Jan ever met at all.

"We had to cross an ocean just to get introduced," says Jan. But behind that simple statement is a world of paradox, of exciting personal history. For both Susan and Jan were born in Czechoslovakia, both studied at the Conservatory and worked in the National Theatre in Prague. But each followed an individual career, and each made a separate escape to the New World—Susan arriving in the United States with her mother, in 1941, and Jan reaching Canada on New Year's Eve of 1950.

The meeting of Jan and Susan came about in Toronto in 1950. Susan was there to make the movie, "Forbidden Journey." The man chosen to play a Czech stowaway was Jan Rubes—who had just arrived from Czechoslovakia.

Jan and Susan were introduced and immediately called up to play a love scene. They clinched and kissed thirty-eight times before the director was satisfied. Neither Jan nor Susan minded.

"Considering our battered lips," Jan notes, "you might say it was a case of love at first bite."

A few months later, on the occasion of the picture's world premiere in Toronto, they were married. And they talked about having a baby.

"It's something you shouldn't have to talk about," Jan says. "Children come naturally to a happy marriage. But we were separated by hundreds of miles most of the time, and most of our conversations were carried on by telephone. Unfortunately, you can't have a baby by telephone."

While Susan had taken out her citizenship papers, Jan could get into the States only on a transit visa for a few days at a time. Susan's career kept her in New York. Jan's kept him in Toronto.

"In our first few years of marriage," Susan computes, "I don't think we got to spend more than a year together, adding up the hurried weekends."

Most of their friends—the Leo Durochers, the Jack Palances, the Ivan Romanoffs, the Dr. Leonard Hirschfelds—had children. Jan and Susan's affinity for kids was obvious. Susan had made children's records and always magnetized youngsters with her stories. Jan sang songs to them and explained games for them.

Last May, the second miracle began. Jan was admitted to the States and took out his first papers. The obstacles were being cleared away, one by one. Now there could be more time together, more talk of the future—and not just by telephone. For Jan, there were no doubts. Jan has a wholly cheerful, optimistic nature. Susan can be skeptical, however.

"So in September I had a cold," Susan remembers. "That was followed by nausea. 'Virus!' I said."

"No," said Jan. "Morning sickness."

"But I have it all day," Susan insisted.

"It's a virus."

"You're pregnant."

Susan went to her doctor.

"Virus?"

The doctor shook his head. "You're going to have a baby."

Jan was a very happy man that evening. He wanted to celebrate and take Susan out to dinner, but her "virus" was bothering her. They had a toast with orange juice, then phoned Susan's mother, who lives in Honesdale, Pennsylvania. She was ecstatic. She wanted to come right over to New York.

"Later," Susan said. "There'll be plenty of time to help."

Jan wrote his mother overseas and she wrote back that Susan should remember that she must now eat enough for two.

"Ha! She should only know," Susan says. "I'm always hungry. An hour after dinner, I'm ready for a sandwich. At the studio, they all take their cookies and sandwiches over to a corner where I can't beg a bite."

But, when it came to telling people outside the immediate family, Susan hesitated. That's when Jan said she might keep it quiet, but he was about to burst.

They agreed that Jan would "burst" in Canada, but they would hold back the news in New York. But, after a few weeks, it was too much for Susan and she told her friends on *The Guiding Light*. Nearly all of them have children of their own and they were delighted.

"Oh, they've been so good," Susan says. "Much too good."

They worry about her standing too long or climbing stairs. And the advice flows like water. One tells her, "You must be very careful." Another advises, "Do anything you want and eat anything you want."

Jan and Susan make no bones of their hope that the first-born will be a boy.

"I want a boy, girl, boy, in that order," Susan says. "That means the girl will have plenty of boy friends. Besides, everyone wants at least one boy and, if you get that out of the way with the first, then you are psychologically free."

But they can't get together on names.

"If it is a girl," Jan says, "how about Jearnette?"

Susan wrinkles her nose. "No. But, if it's a boy, how about Christopher?"

"As a musician I must say no," Jan answers. "Christopher Rubes doesn't sound right. Too many r's."

Their neighbors and friends, the Jack Palances, hope that they will have a girl: "We have two girls and we don't want you to have a boy before we do."

A letter came from Laraine Day, Leo Durocher's wife. "I hope it's a boy and he's a pitcher."

So, suddenly, Jan and Susan find themselves in a discussion as to what their first child, boy or girl, as yet unborn, will grow up to be.

"Definitely not an actor or singer," Susan says. "He's going to be a doctor so he can live in Denver if he likes."

"Suzie has a Denver fixation," Jan says.

"Denver is in the mountains and has nice people and good cultural interests," Susan says, "and I can't live there. If a boy's a doctor, he can live anywhere. If he's an actor, he has to stay in New York."

Susan feels that children should be raised in the country, preferably on a farm. When they first talked about children, they talked about moving from their Manhattan apartment.

"But we've changed our minds," Susan says, and explains, "I began to realize it would mean a lot of time wasted commuting into the city—time that I would otherwise be able to spend with our child."

They have a promise of a two-bedroom apartment in the same building, to be made available a couple of months before the baby is due. For that reason, they have put off buying baby things.

"Actually, we hope to make a lot of things ourselves," Susan says. "I couldn't darn a sock—but now I'm going to sewing classes."

She plans to make drapes for the baby's room and then try more complicated things. Jan, whose talent with tools has already produced bookcases and a phonograph console, is going to build an old-fashioned crib with rockers.

Being pregnant hasn't changed Susan's life much. And this, at times, has disturbed Jan.

"Suzie is a powerhouse. It's nothing for her to do two shows during the day, come home and make dinner for a party of six and then go on to a theatre with them. Now, I think it's important that she doesn't overdo it."

Susan loves to tell how sweet Jan was in those first two months, when she was uncomfortable. Jan, who dislikes cooking, nevertheless prepared simple dishes for breakfast and dinner.

"Jan is as wonderful as his potato pancakes," she says. "He has the best disposition. He is always cheerful. He sees good in everyone and everything. He can go out in the worst kind of weather and come back smiling."

Susan and Jan agree that they are cut of different cloth. Jan has patience and is easygoing. Susan is a woman of tremendous drive and will power.

So they hope the baby will have a bit of both their personalities. And they are grateful that the baby will be born an American citizen. Both know what it is like to be a "man without a country."

"I had to wait five years to become a citizen," Susan says. "Jan must wait three. And the baby doesn't wait at all!"

"He'll be a citizen before I am," Jan notes.

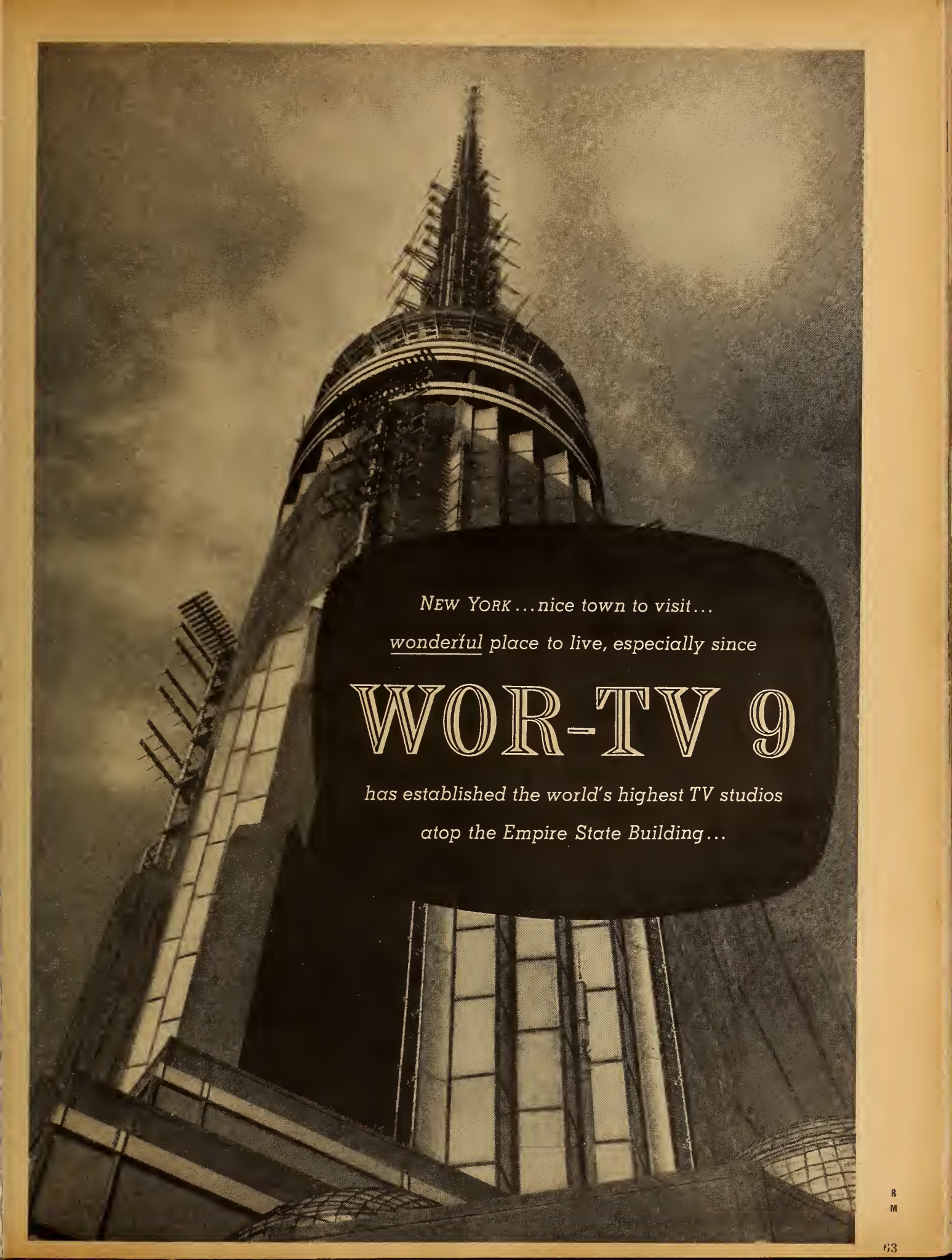
Susan has no intention of giving up her career. She will likely take a leave of absence from *The Guiding Light* sometime in April, and be back on the air in July.

"You see, the show takes only three or four half-days a week," she says. "It is easy for an actress to combine a career with family responsibilities, once her babies are born. And if I should get another Broadway part, there, too, I would be working at night and still have my days free."

Geographically speaking, Susan still doesn't have Jan all of the time. Last summer, he made his debut in New York and got wonderful reviews from music critics. But he has built a tremendous following in Canada and continues to do his weekly show there. In addition, he is under contract to do a number of operas and he is recording for Decca.

"Both Jan and I have had crowded lives," Susan says. "It is almost as if I'd had many different lives. As a child in Europe, my family was wealthy and I was spoiled. Then there was the war and being uprooted and the poverty. There was the starting all over again in the States, and I have been very lucky. With the baby, it will be the beginning of another kind of life."

"And an even better one," Jan concludes.



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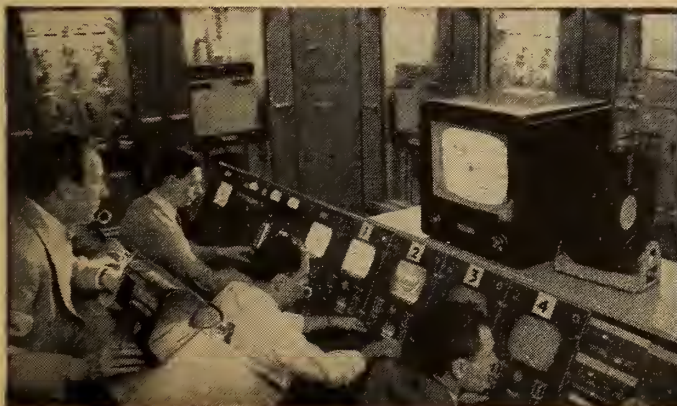
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Everything Life Should Be

(Continued from page 20)

In Houston the judges who examined the sectional contestants didn't think very highly of her chances, Gale recalls. "Every time there was another elimination round, there I was. When they got to me, they'd eye me without much enthusiasm and say, 'Well, all right. You stick around for the next one.'" Telling her to stick around got to be such a habit that, when there was nobody left to eliminate, she was the contest's Southwest winner.

Little Miss Cottle was a fresh sixteen years old when, under the fond and watchful eye of her mother, she embarked for Hollywood to compete against the other sectional winners.

Baby Jo had barely met those other contestants when she pointed out one particularly attractive twenty-year-old named Lee Bonnell to her mother. "That's the boy I'm going to marry," she confided to her mother.

"Ha!" said Minnie Cottle in some amusement. Ha, indeed. When the sound and the fury had passed, the national winners of the "Gateway to Hollywood" contest were Josephine Cottle and Lee Bonnell who were, incidentally, married in September of that year.

"I really set my cap for that boy!" Lee's pert wife admits with glee. "I hadn't had any experience with sophisticated older men before then, but I figured that whatever had worked with my school beaus had to work on him, too. And it did!"

Aside from Lee—her biggest prize—Baby Jo got something else in winning the contest: the brand-new name of Gale Storm. She didn't have to think twice about accepting it, never having been overly fond of Josephine Owaissa . . . Josephine Bluebird, as the Indians would correctly have called her. Minnie Cottle had given another daughter, Lois, the honor of naming little baby sister, and that was what had come out.

"I really owe Lois a lot," Gale says wryly, "for Josephine Owaissa Cottle!"

The movie career that was supposed to be the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow-contest had its ups and downs for Gale and Lee. "I either had a walk-on in a big picture," as Gale explains, "or a big, wonderful part in a picture that nobody ever saw." She was still portraying little ingenues after the birth of their first son, Phillip—but, despite an occasional setback, the young Bonnells were in love and happy.

Then came a hitch in the Coast Guard for Lee—which, though they had no way of knowing it at the time, marked the end of his career as an actor. Always a sensitive and religious man, Lee came back from the war disturbed, doubtful about the spiritual value of his earlier ambitions. He didn't know what he wanted to do with his life, and for six months or more he cast about in his mind for an answer, while Gale gave him whatever comfort and assurance there was to offer. At one time, his convictions almost led him to study for the ministry, but the call wasn't quite strong enough; he felt that he wasn't quite worthy. Finally, friends of Gale and Lee persuaded him to have a go at selling insurance, a profession in which his sincerity and simplicity have kept him going at a very successful clip ever since.

The Bonnells now have a ménage of three strapping young males: Phillip, Peter, and Paul. Gale has never had a great deal of time to spend with her boys—but, from their relationship with her, no one would ever know it. She has always made the most of the time that she did have; it was always she who fed

them at night, heard their prayers and held them a little before bestowing a warm, good-night kiss. "I've always believed that a working mother can make her children feel loved and secure that way. A baby naturally concentrates his affection on the person who feeds him and tucks him in at night. I always made it a point to get home from the studio in time to do that."

Even now the Bonnell boys come first in the consideration of their parents. Though Lee might have concluded the biggest deal of his life that day, though Gale may have had her most exciting dramatic offer, they never discuss themselves, each other—nor any adult activity—during dinner. That time belongs to the boys. Each has his turn to tell of the wondrous adventures occurring daily in the life of every boy, to say what is on his mind. Sometimes there are grievances against one another—and Lee has a unique, psychologically sound method of coping with this particular problem. It is a house rule that in discussing an injury, real or imagined, which one has done to the other, the boys must swap sides.

For instance, if Peter has insisted on sleeping in Phillip's bed and Phillip understandably objects, each argues the case of the other in telling their parents about it. Phillip must think of every possible reason why Peter should want to sleep in his bed, and Peter must put forth every reason his little round head can produce for Phillip to remain master of his own bed. In the end, adult justice prevails, of course, but by that time there is seldom any need for an adult decision. With a little tactful moderating by Lee and Gale, the boys have looked at both sides of the issue and arrived at the right answer by themselves.

The boys are proud of their mother, as are all of the kids in the Sherman Oaks area (of which Gale is honorary mayor), but the fact that she is a television and radio star has not made them precocious. In fact, Phillip is the only one who has ever been bitten by the acting bug. He approached Gale one day with a sparkle in his eye and the unself-conscious suggestion that she get him a part in *My Little Margie*.

"Nothing doing," answered his ma. "I'll tell you what I will do, though. I'll introduce you to the producer of the show—but you'll have to sell yourself to him!"

The meeting was arranged, young Phillip talked earnestly and without any support from his onlooking mother. He sold himself. There was nothing for him in the TV series, but it just happened that in one of the radio sequels there was a role for a boy of about Phillip's age—who pretended to be Margie's son. Phillip carried it off without a fluff, and he couldn't wait to get his hands on the check that represented his earnings as an actor. Once he had it, his interest in acting vanished. The check is still uncashed, and Phillip is once more occupied with the things that absorb any other eleven-year-old boy.

Gale is the girl who finds more time for doing things every day than the face of the clock indicates. "How does she do

it?" ask other harassed performers. There is the TV show to be filmed, the radio show to be taped, the countless public appearances and benefits, her church work and her family, which remains first and foremost. Where does she find the time and energy, for instance, to work all day at the studio, filming sequences of her show, and still give a two-hour performance in a stage play every evening for the benefit of underprivileged children—as she was doing at this writing?

The secret lies in Gale's personal five-point plan for living. She believes that every human being has need of five basic kinds of health: spiritual, physical, mental, financial and social—in that order.

She arises at a quarter of six in the morning, allowing herself an unhurried period of meditation, of communing with God. The first thing she does when she arrives home in the afternoon is to spend a little time alone in her bedroom, again in meditation. Somehow, she has never failed to emerge renewed and revitalized for Lee and the boys. The Bonnells are church-goers; their sons attend Sunday school regularly, and Gale taught a class for six years. Giving it up was a wrench, but she felt that it must be done because of her lack of preparation, because she wasn't qualified to go any further. The spiritual phase is by far the most important in Gale's plan because, she is convinced, you can achieve none of the others without it. Every now and then, she and Lee sit down together, to take stock, to count their blessings, to re-dedicate themselves.

Physical health is secondary in her scheme of things. Simply to work into a state of exhaustion is not healthy, but she obviously has no time for sports—except for an occasional, wonderful ice-skating spree with her sons. Therefore, she starts her day with simple and not too strenuous exercises. Then she prepares a whopping big breakfast for Lee and herself. "This girl," said one of her friends, "has the appetite of a longshoreman. She can and does eat anything—and she never gains an ounce!" So she eats well, works hard, exercises sufficiently, and sleeps the sleep of the untroubled. Little wonder that she is blessed with boundless energy.

Gale believes that "a sound mind in a sound body" is the best possible medicine, and somehow she finds time to keep her mind young and vigorous. She reads not only those books which she already knows will interest her, but tomes on biology or semantics or Chinese art or anything else that stimulates the process of thought. And she proves the success of the formula by playing the role of twenty-one-year-old Margie with easy conviction. Though her own sons are eleven, seven and six respectively, she doesn't look a day over the age of "Little Margie."

Obviously, no one can have an untroubled mind while oppressed by financial problems, so material security takes its place in Gale's plan of life. The Bonnells' mode of living has always been geared to Lee's earning power, and it continues to be so in these bonanza days for his wife. He is Gale's business manager—and a strict one, too. "I really thought I had arrived, the day he gave me some checks to sign," she recently said with a Puckish grin, "but I found out that I couldn't cash any of them until he had counter-signed them!" Money she earns is indeed going into a family project—the Bonnells are poring over blueprints for a lovely new home in Royal Oaks, since their present one is so small—but, once it

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APRIL 7

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Exciting May Awards Issue

is built, the family resumes living on its normal scale: the earning capacity of one Lee Bonnell.

Gale sincerely loves her work, but she has no conception of how much she makes or where it goes. "I'd rather lose money on something I wanted to do than get paid for doing something I disliked." She recently turned down a second radio show. First, because it would have cut into what is facetiously known as her "one free week every month"—which she devotes to interviews, pictures, personal appearances and other such free activities. But, mostly, she turned it down because she didn't like it in the sense that she liked the show which has made her a star.

"She knows instinctively what is right for her," says her agent, Charles Pomerantz. "The critics really blistered the first *My Little Margie* show, and when the reviews came out, everybody connected with it wore a long face—except Gale, who should have been the most despondent of all. But, by that time, they had already filmed five or six other sequences. She knew that they had corrected the mistakes of the first one, that it was right, that it would go. She went around cheering up everyone else—and, as always, it turned out that hers was the soundest instinct!"

The fifth and least significant facet of the Gale Storm plan is the social one, which is covered by a single rule: Don't waste the precious little time you have with people you dislike. Friends of the Bonnells are characterized only by the fact that they are sincere and genuine and good to be with.

Society isn't truly insignificant, but it runs a poor second to Gale's desire to spend every hour off with her family. She and Lee never take vacations away from the boys, never need such holidays, and even her working commitments away from home just give her additional time to spend with them.

There was the time last year that Gale was signed to do an appearance at the Thunderbird in famous Las Vegas. Lee and the boys were there, too. They rented a house, where Gale cooked their meals and, during the day, had long, lovely hours to romp with her family. In the evening, she stood before a microphone at the Thunderbird, belting the night club crowd with a pop song, opening their eyes with a rich operatic aria, melting them into puddles with a simple, semi-religious piece. One jaded, be-diamonded old habitué of the gaming tables stood out near the door, urging people to catch the next Gale Storm show. "She made me cry," she said dazedly, "and that hasn't happened in years!" And who do you suppose sat ringside, taking in the show? Lee and the three boys, of course. Gale wouldn't be doing anything she'd be ashamed to have the boys see.

It has probably never happened before and will never happen again, but Gale Storm packed them in at Las Vegas with a show so wholesome that she repeated it—in its entirety—in her church, for a benefit! That's the kind of personality she is. And the kind of person she is can say with absolute honesty, "I love my work and will continue with it as long as I can. But the minute it interferes with my marriage or my family, I stop."

A long time ago, a nineteenth-century writer named Gissing might have been describing Gale Storm when he set down these words: "For the . . . sound in body and serene in mind there is no such thing as bad weather; every sky has its beauty, and storms which whip the blood do but make it pulse more vigorously." Where does Gale find the energy to weather the pressure of busy schedules and the rush of time? There is the answer.

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You Showed Me the Way

(Continued from page 59)

television in July, 1950, when the exhibitors of my motion pictures were still dead-set against it. I thought the time was right—you had told me emphatically that it was what you wanted, and you stood by me when I fought my battle to go on.

"You've encouraged me ever since my earliest beginnings. When I started on local radio stations and made my first recordings, it was you who turned me toward Hollywood and made me a motion picture star. You encouraged me to start my own network radio show thirteen years ago, and you've kept me on it. When I went into the Army, in July 1942, to serve three and a half years as an Army Air Force pilot, you remained loyal to me. It was almost five years before any new pictures of mine were released, but you saw my old ones over and over again, and you never forgot me.

"And you have done even more. You've taught me many things—important things. You've helped me to be kinder, by showing me how much kindness is needed. You have made me more patient and understanding. You have helped me to be generous with my time and my energy. I could never let you down, because you believed in me."

Gene also speaks of his tours, when he makes many one-night stands across the country. Of his big-city rodeos. (And all these in addition to his radio and TV programs, his recordings, his movies, his many other interests.) Of the times he has felt completely worn out, not only from doing his act—although that is demanding—but from all the extras you want from him—and which he loves to do, but which require an enormous expenditure of extra energy. The autographs, the youngsters who want to shake his hand and ask him questions (this is the part he enjoys most), the people he must talk to, the many things that must have his personal attention. Then you may come along, and ask him, in addition, to do a show at a hospital, or for some organization which does fine work for unfortunate people, or for a group of children who need all the laughter and encouragement anyone can give them. And Gene has found, because of these very appeals, that

there was a strength to do these things, and to do them well.

"What you have taught me is stamina," says Gene. "At least, more than I thought I had. I've gone into towns where dates were set up for me to do shows after my regular performance, usually for a hospital or a children's home, and perhaps I've been struggling with a bad cold and am feeling miserable. But I've known you were depending on me, so I've gone on and given as good a performance as I possibly could."

It's Gene's firm belief, anyhow, that no one gets anywhere without putting in some mighty hard work. "You can't take everything out, you know, and not put anything back in," he says. "Not in any job, least of all in the entertainment field. The public gives you a great deal, and you have to give some of that back in the things you can do for them. You have to give back some of yourself."

Gene seldom speaks of the advantage taken of him, and of every performer, by people who are more impetuous than they are understanding. Like adults who shove a piece of paper under his nose, insisting on an autograph, when he has already explained he's late for a broadcast or some similar important appointment. "Sometimes you have to pass up one person, or a group, and they feel you have singled them out to turn down, instead of realizing that even a minute may make a difference between being on time or late. For each one like this, however," Gene sighs, "there are thousands who understand."

You'd be surprised to know how much you have helped with your suggestions—and yes, even with your criticisms of Gene's motion pictures and TV films. Naturally, if he tried to govern them entirely by what you collectively write in, thousands and thousands of you, there would be nothing but confusion. But your criticisms have always been carefully considered and acted upon when well-taken.

Gene is always interested in the variety of comments that come in. A girl in her late teens will write, "Why don't you ever kiss your leading lady? It would seem more natural, and my friends and I would certainly like it better than the way you just stand there, looking shy." The next

letter may be from a mother who begs, "Don't ever put sex into your pictures, because my three little boys would certainly be disillusioned if they saw you mooning over a girl and kissing her at the fade-out." So what's a poor cowboy to do? In Gene's words: "Get the best story we possibly can, cast it the best way we can, keep it clean, and do the best job of acting that we can."

Some letters have influenced him greatly. A forest ranger reminds him that, if he jumps on a horse in one of his TV films—leaving the campfire still burning—children all over the country may get the idea that an abandoned campfire isn't the menace it really is. "When you're chasing Indians, they don't wait until you put out the fire," Gene explains, "but I try hard to be a good example, even when I'm in a hurry. Showing too many details, however, slows up the action, and viewers sometimes forget that."

Recently, Gene had a letter asking him to please show a hand-washing scene before he sits down to any meal, "because I'm trying to teach my children to do that and they imitate everything you do." Here, too, it's hard to put everything into even a feature-length film for theatres, much less a 27-minute film for television. But Gene does his best in this department, too. A schoolteacher who always watches his TV show noticed that when he unwrapped a stick of gum he let the paper fall to the ground. "Please roll up the wrapper and put it in your pocket, if there isn't a trash can or a wastebasket handy," she wrote. "My pupils all watch you, and I'm trying to teach them not to litter floors and streets." Gene has been happy to comply with that request, and was very glad it was pointed out to him.

Along with the things you *have not* wanted Gene to do, you have given him some excellent constructive ideas, through the years. One of his biggest song hits got its theme from a young girl who still writes friendly notes. At the time she wrote this one, she had a "crush" on Gene and one letter said something like: "Last night I was walking through the park. I looked up at the stars, but you're the only star in my bright heaven." Her phrase inspired Gene with the idea for the song, "You're the Only Star."

"The big thing, however, is that you have given me encouragement and have told me what you wanted me to do," Gene says. "You even influenced me to keep my horse, Champion, when I was getting ready to retire him. So he is still working, along with Champion, Jr., and Little Champion."

Not all the criticism Gene gets is as honest and constructive as the letters that come from mothers and teachers and his vast audience of admirers. There are letters from "cranks," the kind that all performers get at times, although in Gene's case there seem to be very few of these. Back in the late 1930's, there was one incident that showed the power of public opinion, in this case well-meaning, but without much understanding. Gene was still making pictures for Republic, and a magazine requested a home layout with his wife, Ina. One photograph was taken with Ina wearing her tennis shorts. Well, the hue and cry that came from some parts of the country was amazing to the Autrys, considering that tennis shorts were practically a uniform for young women in Southern California who liked an active outdoor life. Remember, this was about fifteen years ago, when shorts for women were not usual in some parts of our country, so it was actually honest, if mistaken, criticism.

"Ina took it a little hard," Gene says of



Gene Autry tells Mrs. Dorothy Crouse, founder and president of his Friendship Club, all about his latest Columbia picture, "Last of the Pony Riders."

the incident now, "because, actually, she is the most conservative and circumspect of women, in her conduct and in her dress. She shunned the limelight then and she does now. She wouldn't have posed at all, except that the magazine insisted on home pictures. When the executive office at the studio sent around a memorandum saying, 'Please don't have your wife pose in shorts again,' I found it amusing. But for Ina it was just plain embarrassing."

Ina, who has been married to Gene since April 1, 1932, has learned to take things in stride as the wife of a famous cowboy. Most of the mail, however, is just plain wonderful. She knows and likes the girls who make up Gene's fan club, a huge organization that was formed in March, 1938, by Mrs. Dorothy Crouse, an Indiana housewife who is still its president. Membership now is about 5,000 in this country, with many other chapters in Canada, Hawaii, the British Isles, Alaska, New Zealand, Japan, Malaya, Kenya and South Africa. The club even publishes its own quarterly magazine.

Every piece of Gene's fan mail is read and handled in his own office, and nothing is tossed aside or neglected. If a letter doesn't require an answer, it is at least seen and appreciated. If it does, and the answer should come from Gene himself, he takes time to reply. More than two hundred thousand requests for photographs come in every year, in addition to the stacks of other letters.

Gene gets a great kick out of letters from youngsters that show how carefully they watch everything he does on his TV programs and in his movies. "They don't miss a trick. If we let some little thing slide by, they catch it. Just let me walk into a scene with my hat in my hand and then suddenly I appear with it on my head, and you should see the letters! The fault, of course, is in the 'match-up,' where one part of the scene is taken at a different time from the other. Not even the most observant person can always catch a thing like that while a picture is being made, although we do our best. Occasionally, an actor will leave a room in plain light shirt and reappear a moment later in a checked one, the 'match-up' again being the villain of the piece. It's lucky for me that I always wear the same type of ten-gallon white hat and carry the same gun, so they can't catch me there."

Gene is proud that he has been proved right about going on television. And he's equally proud that it was his fans who led him to it. "Ninety per cent of them wanted me on TV, when the exhibitors were still too short-sighted to realize that it would give me the same loyal audience for my pictures and would add a whole new audience. I reminded them I had originally come from radio, and that my radio shows and recordings had all worked together to help my films in their theatres. Now there are older people who see me on television who never before went to my pictures in theatres. They are learning that Westerns are exciting entertainment. Parents who got into the habit of watching with their children now tune in for themselves even when the youngsters are busy with their homework or have gone off to bed. Shut-ins who never got to theatres, hospital patients, and the littlest children who were too small to sit quietly in theatres, have all become part of the new audience. Some of these will eventually become theatre patrons, as a result of liking me on TV. It has given me a whole new group of fans."

All of which pleases Gene, because you might say that he is just a fan himself. Your fan, the fan of all of you who have shown him the way and made it a happy one!



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Joy Postponed

(Continued from page 47)

"Sally," the name they'd decided long ago when they were first married—would someday be hers . . .

"It's such a 'girly' room. She could grow up in this room, Jerry. Everything she needs is here," Patti would say, as together they checked—yet again—the birch-paneled wardrobe closets and the bureau drawers still waiting to be filled.

Hers would be a royal view overlooking the rose gardens, they would remark again, too. Her playpen would go on the little porch just outside the door. Someday she would toddle down the little path leading from the porch to the paradise of swings and slides and teeter-totters, to which her older brothers would noisily initiate her. Sunshine would flood warmly through her window all day long. Even as at night now, a slip of a moon—a wishing moon—appeared. . . .

Now overhead, on the mauve papered ceiling, tiny silver stars twinkled just for her. Playful blue kittens cavorted on the chintz curtains. On the shelves, a whole kingdom of loyal subjects awaited her. A regal white poodle with a blue ribbon bow. A donkey with the longest ears. A white rabbit with the pinkest nose. A queenly, fluffy, inquisitive cat. All of them in the charge of a big brown dog with Rudy Vallee eyes and a mechanical mouth that moved up and down like that of a First Sarge.

"For you," Jerry had said, when he brought the dog home one night and put it in Patti's arms. For you—and for our little girl—he meant. Now so near—and yet so far . . . not even Jerry would put his hope into words.

"But he looks so sad," Patti said, holding the dog close.

"His name is 'Farfel,'" Jerry added, introducing them.

Now on the shelf nearest the crib, "Farfel" Lewis was in complete command, guarding day and night, never closing a slanted eye.

Every evening when Jerry came home from the studio, he would first slip quietly into the nursery and just stand there—looking around him. And loving it. During the day, when Patti thought nobody was noticing, she would go in and stand there, too, dreaming away. Their youngest, Ronnie, weighted down with a make-believe holster on either hip, would stake out excitedly there, prepared to defend the new sister with all his four years. And Gary, 9, coming in from military academy and checking busily on the day's developments, would speak for all of them, saying wistfully, "Gee—I wish we had her *right now*."

Their sons had wanted a baby sister for a long time. Too long, they personally thought. Finally, getting a little impatient, they'd put the whole matter up to God. Patti, listening to their prayers one night, heard both of them say, "Please God, make Mommy well . . . and make her get a baby sister for me." Telling Jerry about it later, she'd said, deeply moved, "Bless their little hearts. They think something is wrong with me." Their Mommy must be sick, they reasoned, or she would somehow arrange them a sister. Other boys had sisters.

Gary had wanted a baby sister so much and for so long, that the year before he'd even imagined he had one. A boy friend had a two-year-old sister they played with and he thought she was the sweetest thing ever. In summer school one day, he'd startled his teacher announcing out of the blue, "My mommy had a new baby."

"Really—when?" she said, having just seen Patti a few days before.

"She's just had it," he said. "It's a girl. Her name's Sally."

The teacher immediately called Patti and, after some casual chit-chat, finally came out with, "Mrs. Lewis—have you had a baby?" When a surprised Patti said she had not, the teacher stammered laughingly, "Well—I didn't think—the last time I saw you—but . . ."

But Gary, weary of waiting, was just getting himself a sister out of his own little head.

Now, weary of waiting, too, for the daughter they'd so hoped to have themselves, Jerry and Patti were finally adopting a baby girl. As she'd said to a close friend, "There's such a hunger for a little girl—with pigtails and ribbons in her hair. We want our little girl so much." They'd talked about her, as people in love will, almost from the time they'd met, cutting pictures of babies out of magazines and saying, "This is our little girl, Sally." (Why they chose the name "Sally," neither of them today could even recall.) God had blessed them with a son and another adopted son, and they kept waiting then for their little girl.

That Jerry was weary of waiting, too, Patti realized when Martin and Lewis were playing in Glasgow, Scotland, last year. While walking down the street one day, Jerry was fascinated by a pair of tiny red-leather baby shoes in the window of a department store. He'd bought them and given them to Patti saying, "Mommy—let's fill these." She'd carried the little red shoes all over Europe with her. And, when they got home, they'd put in their bid with adoption agencies everywhere, and started building the nursery. Patti had put the little red shoes on the dressing table in their bedroom, where they waited now—to be claimed. . . .

To Patti, "Let's fill these shoes," had a familiar and endearing ring. This was the way Jerry proposed to her when she was singing with Ted Fiorito's orchestra and Jerry, then doing a comedy-impersonation act singing to records, was playing the same bill in Detroit. They'd fallen almost immediately in love. And one day Patti found on her dressing room table a pair of satin baby shoes with Jerry's note: "I love you. Let's fill these???" Two months later, they were married, and a year later Gary was born.

The baby shoes were just about all they could fill at that time. They had nothing but their own love. Times were the toughest in show-business history, and Jerry's bookings were much too far apart. They existed in a dingy two-room apartment in Newark, New Jersey. And they paid for Gary, as they since put it, "with blood and sweat and happy tears." Jerry, whenever possible, had doubled, working in a theatre all day and in some night club at night, to finally pay the doctor's bill. By emptying the piggy bank, they had gotten Patti a maternity dress and a cheap brown coat. For the dress, she decided on a blue faille number and a white blouse—"so I can change it and have a lot of outfits," she'd explained. As for that horrible brown coat—to this day she can't face that same shade of brown. Just remembering how long she'd worn that one . . . until it was flat and slick, with no nap left at all, makes her cringe.

A man can't help wanting a son for his first-born, so "Sally" was forgotten for the time being, and they'd both pulled for a boy. When a booking developed in Baltimore just before the baby was due, Jerry'd had to take it, and Patti had gone to the

hospital alone. Rushing back to her the instant he could, he'd arrived just in time to say, "I love you," before they'd wheeled her into the delivery room. He was pretty much of a wreck by the time the doors opened again and the doctor imparted the news that he had a boy who weighed seven pounds and eleven ounces—in the same tone, Jerry had thought, as though he were announcing a ball game. All Patti could say when she awakened was, "I gave you a son—I gave you a son—I gave you a son—" over and over. And an ecstatic Jerry had said then, "I'll devote the rest of my life to making you happy, and to making him happy—to making *everybody* happy . . ."

Many times since, he'd told Patti what an inspiration they'd been to him then. How they'd helped "a small-time actor become a bigger guy." No hours were too long. No slaps too sharp. No breaks too bad. Jerry had gagged his heart out, working for them. He kept his word about making them happy, about making everybody happy—bringing the laughter so needed by so many. And he became a bigger guy—one of the biggest in the entertainment world today. One complete with an "orchid room," too, for his daughter-to-be. . . .

Jerry was already on his way, by the time Ronnie had arrived. Martin and Lewis were headlining a swank club in Miami, Florida, when Patti excitedly called him to say their baby, their second son, was there.

As soon as they could, they told Ronnie about his adoption, making a delightful story out of it and letting him enter into the act. They told how they'd wanted another little boy so very much, how they'd searched everywhere for him, then finally one day in a hospital they'd looked down a whole row of beds, and at the end of the line—who do you think was there? Listening with eager blue eyes for his cue, he would come in with, "Ronnie!"

Just, they hoped, as their daughter would react some day. The adoption agencies had given no immediate hope when Jerry and Patti first put in their request for a baby girl. The same cold, uncomfortable words: "You'll just have to wait—"

They'd waited for six months, when suddenly one evening the phone rang with the good word. They had guests that evening, and with all the furor of laughter and chatter in the living room, Patti had taken the call outside. Motioning Jerry out, too, she closed the door, then told him, starry-eyed, "We're going to have a baby! Our little girl is here." Jerry had paled, then grabbed Patti in his arms and started making plans. "I can see the two of you now," he said excitedly, "her with the little dresses that match yours, and the little ribbons in her hair. Mommy, let's send her to the Westlake School for Girls. And another thing—no dates until she's sixteen. . . ."

She was grown already, and she wasn't even theirs. Patti cautioned, "Let's not say anything—until we get her. Something could happen."

The doctor and the authorities also advised them not to take her to their hearts too soon. She was an incubator baby, weighing only three pounds at birth. She would have to weigh five pounds before they could bring her home. There would be other medical requirements. X-rays would be taken later. There would be legal arrangements to be met. But Jerry's joy had to be shared, and soon the whole world knew.

"What does she look like?" Patti couldn't

help asking the doctor, eager and excited.

"She's blonde," he said.

"Oh, swell," breathed the dark-haired Patti. (If he'd said she had green hair, it wouldn't have mattered at all.)

"It's the strangest thing, Mrs. Lewis," he went on—"but this child has your husband's features in a way."

"Wonderful," she said dreamily. A baby who looked like him—Jerry would be fit to be tied in his happiness. . . .

The baby gained weight gradually, and one day she'd made the required five pounds. But the next night the doctor called with the disheartening news that she'd weighed only four pounds fourteen ounces that day. She'd lost two ounces. Sometimes, though, this just happened, he soothed.

It seemed incredible that two small infinitesimal ounces might make the whole difference. Realizing all the conditions attached, and that she might not be theirs, Jerry was so disheartened, he wouldn't even mention the baby again to his closest friends. But to Patti he would talk nothing but success.

"If it's God will—then it will be. If it's not, then we'll just have to accept it," she would say. "I don't want to be too optimistic, Jerry. We must be realistic. Then, if something happens—"

Jerry didn't want to think about anything happening. He wanted Patti to do a lot of shopping. "Go buy all the little dresses—all the little things for her," he said. Then, in the evening when he came home, he'd ask, "Did you buy anything yet?" "There's no use to buy anything yet, Jerry—not until we know," Patti would reason. And he would interrupt quickly with, "Don't talk like that. You'll *jinx* her. Everything will be all right. It will work out. You'll see."

Friends, knowing none of the circum-

stances, began sending gifts, thus making the baby seem more and more a reality. Gary had decided by now, "I'm going to call her 'Susannah'"—influenced no doubt by the fact that he had just mastered "Oh, Susannah" on the clarinet at school. He was also ready now to make the supreme sacrifice, to hurry her on home. "I'll give her my dart gun," he said one evening, "and when she grows up a little—I'll let her use my space gun, too." Ronnie kept opening his heart wider. "I'll let her do everything first," he said gravely. As for protecting her, "I'll push the bad man right on his face and then—I'll step on him," he decided, really finishing him off.

And so they waited. All of them. And time stood anxiously still. . . .

When the phone call finally came, Patti was still, too. Her throat was too full to talk. And she just couldn't find any words. The doctor told her she could see the baby that night. Jerry couldn't go with her. No matter how many precautions were taken, somebody would recognize him. Patti would have to be his eyes, too.

And Patti's brown eyes were big enough and loving enough and brimming enough for both of them, looking through the window at the tiny little figure. So very tiny . . . like a doll, she thought. She wanted to reach through the glass and take the baby and hold her close, cradling her against whatever lay ahead in life. Hers would be all the spirit and love and strength that was theirs to give.

But looking, too, Patti's maternal heart rebelled. How could a mother, any mother, let this dainty little doll go out into the world without her? Of course, things could happen. Sometimes life could be almost too tough. She and Jerry should know. . . .

Strange, but when she walked in the nursery that night, she felt the same

emptiness. Why the emptiness now? And, when the attorney called the next day, she sensed something had happened. What possibly else now? Yet, almost before he spoke, intuitively she could have told him. He was geared for tears and for argument. How could he know that for a mother—it would mean both tragedy—and triumph?

The adoption agency had called, he said. The mother—er—now expressed a wish to see the baby. She was sorry she'd agreed to give her up. The mother lived here locally. He felt it his duty to recall past instances when parents had made it difficult in the matter of stars' adoptions. It might be wise not to go through with this. There would be other babies. "And, after all, you've only seen her once."

You've only seen her once. You had only to see her once—and she had your heart. All of it. In her tiny doll-like fist.

The attorney talked on. Lawyer words. But Patti Lewis was hearing with a mother's heart. She knew her decision must be to give her up. With a mother's memory. There was her own memory of another young girl in tougher years, wearing a blue faille maternity jumper and a shabby brown coat. Of a very young father, talented and too thin, who worked day and night paying for their first-born—the baby who'd inspired him to keep struggling. "You made a small-time actor a bigger guy. . . ."

This tiny girl could be holding more than a heart in her hands. More than two hearts. She could be holding hope and life and all reason for going on. The whole difference between now and tomorrow. . . .

Somewhere there would be another little girl named "Sally." And her guard of honor, a faithful brown dog named "Farfel," and all her loyal subjects would wait tirelessly for her.



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Crown Princess of the Little Godfreys

(Continued from page 34)

"I can't recall just how many boys I gave black eyes," Lu says. "Fifty? Well, maybe not that many. Maybe just thirty."

When her sweet voice lifts in song, you can close your eyes and sense her fragile, liling beauty.

"If I have to say it myself," she continues, "I was a pretty good catcher in my day and my batting average was nothing to sneeze at, either." And, like a fairy-tale princess, Lu Ann sighs—for being a radio, TV and recording star is merely a compensation, a way of forgetting a great frustration. It came at a tender age and irreparably damaged her attitude toward life. She was about thirteen when her mother explained to Lu that she could never hope to join the Yankees in the position currently held by Yogi Berra.)

Lu was born and raised in Rochester, New York, and her full name is Lucille Ann Ciminelli. For the sake of show business, her father suggested shortening it to Lu Ann Simms, but he has always appropriately called her "Butch." And Butch was quite a tomboy.

"There just weren't any girls in our neighborhood," she says, "and so I played with boys."

She had no sisters but two brothers. The family across the street had five boys. And Lu held her own with them and her family. At the age of seven, she decided to run away from home. Her destination was to be her grandmother's. Lu got herself a stick and tied her clothes on the end in true hobo style.

"My parents were real cooperative about this," she remembers. "They helped me pack and saw that I got safely to Grandma's door with my bindlestick."

Both of Lu's brothers are younger than she and, when they were picked on by older kids, they didn't run for home but called on Lu. Lu had a demolishing right hook and racked up quite a score of black eyes. Of course, there weren't too many complaints registered with her parents—what lad wants to admit that a girl gave him his shiner?

"We used to get into a hassle almost every time our ball team went out of the neighborhood to play. The opposing nine would generally object to a girl playing against them," she says. "Imagine that!"

Needless to say, the objection was batted aside. Her male teammates wouldn't have thought of playing without Lu. They well remembered the day a hard-pitched ball careened into her face and her eye swelled up like a grapefruit. Lu had refused to leave the game. She was a hero. And, also, hadn't Lu taken a puff out of that big black cigar in the secrecy of the garage, although the whole gang thought they would die afterwards?

"How green was my face," she recalls, "and how red my bottom when Dad found out."

Mrs. Ciminelli was not really worried about her daughter's preoccupation with the sandlot. She was just concerned for the future.

"It's all right to be that way when you're young," Mrs. Ciminelli told her daughter, "but you've got to begin growing up as a woman."

So when Lu was graduated from public grade school, her mother enrolled her in Our Lady Of Mercy, a school for girls only.

In all fairness, it should be noted there had been some indications that pretty Lu might not turn out to be a lady wrestler. While Lu found baseballs and bats among her birthday and Christmas gifts (usually from her father), there was always a

new doll, too, to love and cherish. Around home, she took on an extra share of domestic chores, for her mother suffered from a rheumatic heart. Lu helped with the washing, ironing and cleaning. While she made no pretension that these chores filled her with sheer ecstasy, she pitched in without complaint. And Lu got real satisfaction out of making a meal and became an excellent cook.

Musically speaking, there was only appreciation from her parents, since neither sang nor performed, although there was a big upright piano in the living room. Lu, at the age of twelve, began to take piano lessons but gave up after three weeks. She couldn't practice—she couldn't hear the music for the crack of a bat outside. Surprisingly, on the other hand, she began to study voice with a private teacher about the same time, and this she stuck to for five years.

"But the singing lessons were something my athletic friends tried to ignore," she says. "Singing was sissy. If I just began to hum a tune over the dinner dishes, one of my brothers would say, 'Stay quiet, girl.'"

Until the age of sixteen—and that was only five years ago in Lu's young life—she was quite chunky. But it didn't bother Lu or give her a complex.

"No one called me 'Fatty,'" Butch says. "If anyone had, I'd have punched him."

She had one serious ambition as a child, and that was to be a doctor. The Ciminellis' family doctor was also a close friend. He would allow Lu to come into his office and wear his stethoscope or sit behind the receptionist's desk. No one kidded her about this.

"My parents are wonderful," she says. "As long as anything was reasonable, they went along with me."

Her parents had a bad fright when Lu was sixteen. She was rushed to the hospital for acute appendicitis but her illness turned out to be something even more serious—a near-fatal infection of the kidneys. At the time, Lu never knew how close she came to losing her life, but she suffered dreadfully.

"I've never been sick a day since," she says, knocking on wood, "but I learned something from that experience. I learned how great it is to be alive."

And her desire to be a doctor became important. She remembers that, while she convalesced, the nurses would allow her to wheel along in her chair and help them serve meals. So Lu returned to school more determined than ever to make good grades in science subjects to prepare for medical study. She was graduated in 1950, at seventeen, and decided to take a job for a couple of years.

"Although we never wanted for anything in the family," she says, "I knew that the expense of studying medicine was something too big to throw in my parents' laps, so I hoped to earn some money for myself."

She took a job as salesgirl in the Columbia Record Store. And she began singing weekend nights with a Rochester dance band led by Jack Nunn.

"Dad, who works for the city, knows everyone in town and he arranged for my audition with Jack Nunn," she says. "Jack said I would do and paid me fifteen dollars a night, good money that I socked into my savings."

Lu had no fancy ideas about a singing career, no daydreams of being a star. She liked music and so found selling records pleasant, especially those of her favorite, Doris Day. If anyone had told Lu that in

a few years, across the same counter, a salesgirl would be selling recordings of Lu Ann Simms, Butch might have punched his nose for teasing her. (Lu's current Columbia release, a terrific recording of "Baubles, Bangles and Beads," with Percy Faith's orchestra, is a country-wide favorite and her children's recordings, "Little Rag Doll with Shoe Button Eyes" and "Cat 'n' Mouse," are at the top of the kiddies' hit parade.)

She tells you how much she enjoyed singing with Jack Nunn's band, but when anyone suggested that she go down to New York and audition for a big-time show, Lu thought they were merely indulging in flattery and politely smiled it off.

She was nineteen the September she spent a vacation with her Aunt Laura, who lives in City Island, just outside Manhattan. Aunt Laura is a chef at a restaurant. There was a three-piece band there and Lu sang with them once in a while. One diner heard her and said he was going to ask *Talent Scouts* to audition her.

The diner was Mike Risoli, a florist in Manhattan. He was a great fan of Godfrey's and sold Tony Marvin his daily carnation.

Mike asked Lu, "Would you try out for *Talent Scouts*?"

"Sure," said Lu.

And Mike wasn't kidding. But it was a long wait—from September until April. Lu was hoping but not in desperation. She had never been restless or impatient in Rochester. All in all, her life was not sugared, but her home was a happy one.

"When the call for the audition came, in April of 1952," she recalls, "I got as rattly and nervous as an old jalopy. It was something that *couldn't* happen—and, now that it was happening, I was completely overwhelmed. I can't even remember whether I went to New York by plane or train. That's how nervous I was."

The fact is that she came in like a buzz bomb and won first place on *Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. Afterwards, she cried until her nerves snapped back in place.

"I still couldn't believe that I had won," she recalls. "It was when Mr. Godfrey, in person, congratulated me backstage that I began to relax and understand that it was all real."

Part of the prize included appearing as a guest on three of Arthur's morning shows, then Lu went back to Rochester. She went back to her old job with a wonderful impression of Mr. Godfrey.

"He's warm and friendly. Let's admit it, he's really fabulous," she says. "But I never thought I'd see him again."

A couple of months later she was called back and invited to be a regular "Little Godfrey." She R.S.V.P.ed in the affirmative immediately.

For a time, Lu roomed with her Aunt Laura but found that her hours and routine in Manhattan were to be so strenuous that even cutting down her commuting time would be a help. Lu and a girl she had met at CBS took an apartment in Manhattan, just a block from the East River and adjoining Sutton Place.

"I got my Christmas present last year from the department store," she says. "It was a letter saying I had made the final payment on my furniture."

The apartment has three rooms, all of which Lu has furnished tastefully in simple "modern," using tan and dark green and cocoa-rose colors.

"Except for that," she says, pointing at a chartreuse chair. "There, I lost my head."

Her bedroom is a bit of a menagerie. There are more than a dozen stuffed ani-

mals arranged by the bed and another dozen dolls scattered around the room.

"Grampa still sends me a doll every Christmas, and I love it," she says. She picked up one tiny doll which folds into her palm. "I've had this one since my fifth birthday."

Actually, Lu Ann spends little time in her apartment. Monday through Friday, she is up about six-thirty, dresses in a skirt and sweater, and heads for the eight-thirty rehearsal for the Godfrey morning shows. Monday and Tuesday, she works until eleven p.m. rehearsing for the big Wednesday-night TV show. Her first "breather" doesn't come until Thursday night. (In between rehearsals, she is taking tap, ballet and vocal lessons—plus anything special which Arthur has arranged, such as ice-skating or cycling or swimming classes.)

"Occasionally, I have a date on Thursday," she says. "Usually, I go out only on weekends."

Nearly every Friday, after the Godfrey morning show, she catches a plane for Rochester and is with the family until Sunday. At home, she catches up on sleep, visits with the old gang, makes a few courtesy sales at her favorite record store, helps Mother with the housework and cooking and lives very much the same as she did before she ever became a star.

Actually, Lu Ann Simms is one gal who has never left home and has never wanted to. Perhaps that's why she is so precise as to what kind of family she wants.

"Exactly three boys and a girl," she says. "I even have names for the first two—David and Robert."

Lu is quite serious about her future but not about any particular young man at the present time.

"I've always had a kind of brother-sister relationship with my dates," she said smiling. Then she frowned, thought for a moment, and added, "But I'm twenty-one now and I guess it's time to be a little more realistic."

Lu has pretty much called the plays and set her own pace with the opposite sex. She once vowed she wouldn't be kissed until she was sixteen, and she stuck to it. On her sixteenth birthday, she invited sixteen boys and fifteen girls to her party. Most of the boys were trusted teammates who would never have thought of doing anything as silly as kissing a girl. However, just before the party broke up—and out of loyalty to their star catcher—they gathered around Lu and pecked her cheek to make her sixteenth birthday official.

Today, a date can make her most happy by taking her out to the ball park. (She's a rabid fan of both the New York Yankees and the Rochester Red Wings.) During the fall, she will settle for football.

"I enjoy dancing on a winter evening," she says, "if there isn't a basketball game in town."

In a serious vein, she hopes her groom-to-be shares her interests and plans for a moderate-sized family. He would have to understand, too, that Lu likes to work and work hard. She has crowded many things in her days and thrives on it.

Incidentally, she hasn't given one of the opposite sex a black eye in quite a long time.

"I haven't had a fist fight in six or seven years," she says, grinning. "I'm out of practice."

Those seven years brought Lu Ann from a chunky fourteen-year-old to a soft-spoken, princess-pretty twenty-one. And she is very much a princess, an American princess, a kind of New World princess: lovely, hardworking, athletic, talented and celebrated. Truly, a Princess Charming with a right hook.

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Sid Caesar's Time for Happiness

(Continued from page 31)

on anybody's TV set. But what was this about a "breathing spell" for the toughest production schedule in the business? *Your Show Of Shows* to be seen only three weeks out of four? Not every Saturday night? For the millions of devotees who could never get enough of that rare brand of comedy, a weekend without Sid and Imogene was lost indeed.

But, for Sid Caesar himself, it has proved to be a weekend found. Time for happiness. Time for his family. Time to learn what makes Sid Caesar tick—besides the ever-present stop watch of TV.

Reclining in the comfort of a contour chair in the huge living room of his Park Avenue apartment, Sid counts the blessings which stem from *Your Show Of Shows'* current three-weeks-on, one-week-off arrangement. Tells what it means to have eight consecutive days each month free from the clock's tyrannical second hand.

"Tick-tick, tick-tick—click!" Sid grimaces, mimicking a stop watch. "Oops! A crisis! We've got to cut! Not minutes, mind you. A minute's long-range stuff—a minute is like a year. But seconds—oh, boy!—on account of split seconds, everybody works up ulcers. The routine is too long. Emergency! Got to cut twelve seconds. Where'll we find twelve seconds? Okay, let's go back to the pantomime and slice that thinner. Then we'll chop four seconds off the Professor von Sedative number, add seven seconds to the guest-star sketch, disregard three seconds in a bit I do with Imogene, total it all up, divide by three and pray that we'll wind up at 10:29½ P.M., Eastern Standard Time!"

With a bonanza of eight days' surcease from rehearsals, friends and acquaintances naturally assumed that the Caesars would "get away from it all" every month—traipse off to Bermuda or Key Largo or places equally exotic. Sid's answer to such thinking is: "Show me a timetable, and butterflies start beating their little wings inside my stomach. Warn me that the curtain goes up promptly at 8:40, and I'll choose a neighborhood movie!"

When pressed further for a positive statement as to his layoff-time preferences, Sid, the Park Avenue apartment-dweller, says, "I just like to visit New York."

In other words: Don't let's get too organized . . . let's just be relaxed.

There are circumstances, though, that thwart any humoring of personal preferences. Take last fall, for instance, when the first of Sid's scarcely-believable "free" weeks came along. No sketches to help write. No lines to memorize. No scenes to rehearse. No costumes to be fitted. Nothing but a long, easy loaf in the Indian-summer sun up at Westport, Connecticut, where he and Florence and their two children were occupying a summer house. Actually, Sid was loafing on the outside and ticking off the seconds on the inside.

Then—back in harness again. Three driving weeks of hammering together an hour-and-a-half television revue. Three weeks of being clobbered by the stop watch. When the next layoff period came along, where was Sid? Poised for flight to freedom? Geared for gayety and care-free fun? Not quite. With nerves all a-tingle and stomach askew, Sid vacationed at Mt. Sinai Hospital!

Illogically, inconsistently, as if to demonstrate that old adage about the busman's holiday, Sid chose to surround his hospital bed with stark reminders of the very thing that seemed to cause his jitters. After the team of medicos had quit probing him and had retired to compare notes, Sid or-

dered a 16-mm sound film projector brought to his room. He ordered, also, several dozen kinescopes of *Your Show Of Shows* and had them run off on a screen at the foot of his bed.

"Gave me a rare opportunity to check up on my technique," Sid blandly explains. "I wanted to see where I was hitting it right on the nose and where I was making mistakes."

Sort of raises a few questions: Wasn't Sid Caesar being unduly cautious? Could it be that he never takes notice of the consistent high praise heaped on his head by critics and public alike? How "perfectionist" can you get?

Obviously, no "outside interests" can ever supersede Sid's all-consuming drive toward perfection as a performer. However, hobby-wise, he has gone through a few revealing phases . . . and is smack in the middle of a phase, right now.

It was only a few years back when Sid's most ardent wish was to go on an African safari and hunt big game.

He had been assembling an impressive collection of firearms. He quit only when the collection had reached arsenal proportions. He owned pistols, revolvers, automatics, .22 caliber rifles, shotguns, and guns for doing in deer and guns for annihilating elephants. The works.

This was riding a hobby with the spurs dug deep. There was only one hitch—the sight of a wounded animal made Sid physically and spiritually ill. He found that out on a hunting trip in upstate New York. Sid took a bead on a beautiful deer, fired, and bagged it.

"I began shaking like a 1919 jalopy," Sid relates. "There I stood, pop-eyed, slack-jawed—a true huntsman right down to my wobbly knees. I knew there was something I was supposed to do. Then I remembered. The game laws demand that you fill out a tag and attach it forthwith to your kill. Calm? Coordinated? Why, I clutched my fountain pen in all six thumbs and dashed off my name just like that. Only, I spelled it 'Cezer.'"

Sid still has the pistols, the rifles and the shotguns. All he's lost is the yen to use them.

Nowadays, a less rugged, much more enduring and rewarding hobby holds sway in the Caesar household. The nicest aspect of it is that it's a husband-wife enthusiasm. Both Sid and Florence have been building an impressive collection of paintings. Vlaminck, Igor, Kallem and Roualt are among the modern masters occupying wall space in the Caesars' apartment.

"Florence and I discovered that we both respond to the same things in a painting," Sid says. "For some time we did nothing about it, because we both shared the mistaken notion that a good painting cost about a million dollars. That isn't so. We've found that the work of important, respected artists is priced within reach of people who really want to own and enjoy it."

Even their six-year-old daughter Michele has been drawn into a deeper appreciation of the arts. The Caesars hold membership in New York's famed Museum of Modern Art. Recently, the Museum launched a parent-child art course where the rudiments of painting were taught but the widest latitude in self-expression was encouraged. Florence and Michele joined the class. Both mother and daughter absorbed some exciting know-how in the uses of form and color. In no time at all, they were creating . . . and toting home their respective efforts for Sid to admire.

Last summer, Florence—now quite adept with palette and brush—switched exper-

imentally from watercolors to oils. She came up with a remarkably creditable first effort in this medium—a moody study of their summer house in Westport. Today, proudly framed, it hangs on their living-room wall in the illustrious company of more renowned artists. Richard Caesar, age two, eyes the painting searchingly, trying to fathom the elusive but familiar something he sees in it.

Sid and Florence have been putting his new-found leisure time to a lot of unspectacular but satisfying prowling—the art galleries, odd, out-of-the-way restaurants where bizarre food is featured, unusual foreign films, and occasional socializing with friends. Anything goes, just so long as it doesn't involve timetables.

Sid's considerable record collection is eloquent proof of his love of music. He likes listening and he likes playing it. Few people realize that he was once a professional. He studied at the Juilliard School of Music (in fact, worked as a doorman, nights, at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway in order to pay his tuition) and later played tenor sax and clarinet with the bands of Charlie Spivak, Shep Fields and Claude Thornhill.

He is enthusiastic about jazz in every idiom from tailgate Dixie to progressive bop. Mention the name of George Shearing and Sid will really come alive with admiring comments on Shearing's complex music. Let the talk veer toward the classics and he will keep the conversational ball rolling in equally animated fashion. Glazounov, Debussy, Bach, Tschai-kovsky—these are names that bring a glint to Sid's eye. They are names that elicit some astute, discerning comment from television's top-drawer comedian. And yet, even while he discusses these musical "greats," there is an inescapable wistfulness in his manner.

The fact is that Sid has a difficult-to-disguise yearning to perform the works of some of these masters. Sid is especially intrigued with the challenge (performance-wise) that lies in the rarely heard saxophone concerti of composers like Debussy and Ibert. But the die is cast. Sid Caesar's destiny lies in making laughter, not music.

Backstage at NBC's Center Theatre, where *Your Show Of Shows* originates, Sid and Imogene go through a ritual almost every Saturday night after the show "fades to black" on your TV set. They'll stare pop-eyed at each other, shaking their heads in disbelief.

Sid will moan, "Waow!"
Imogene will wail, "Yeek!"
Sid'll say, "Thank God, that one's over!"
Imogene gasps, "That one was the last one! We've had it!"

Sid adds, "And we'll never top it!"
Imogene says, "That one was it!"
Sid groans, "We're finished. Kaput!"

After a few more agonized "Ows!" and "Wows!" both of them will snap out of this zany routine and begin adjusting themselves, mentally, to the work schedule that resumes next Monday morning.

Small wonder, then, that Sid looks forward to the non-schedule Mondays . . . to the eight precious days that are devoid of clicking stop watches.

Comes his periodical eight-day holiday and Sid is determined to mosey along at his own leisurely pace. Arrange him no split second schedule, if you please. Pack him no luggage. Plan him no trips.

Standing at his window and looking down at the Park Avenue traffic, twelve stories below, Sid murmurs again, "I just like to visit New York."

What's My Father's Line?

(Continued from page 61)

make my millions, but I'd be satisfied with Pops' position. You just bet I would.

But I want to be an engineer. TV or radio hasn't got enough action for me. I want to design cars or airplanes. Make a lot of changes. Sure, you get well paid for broadcasting, but what is it after all? What does it accomplish? Dad does just the same old thing day after day. No action, no excitement. I don't see how he stands it. I go for adventure stuff. Stock car racing, flying, bobsledding. Anything with a lot of action to it.

Pops has to spend all his time talking to people. There's no fun in that. But I guess you could call Dad the conservative type. Like the time Johnny (that's my older brother, who's at Andover) and me wanted Pops to buy a fire-engine red car, and he wanted a dark green one. So we all settled on a two-tone black and red job. But I sure did like that bright red car.

And Dad reads all the time. He likes Shakespeare and stuff like that. I guess you could say that his hobby is reading. I almost never read newspapers except to look at the automobile ads. And I sneaked a look at a couple of Johnny's Mickey Spillanes, just so I'd know what was going on. But, when it comes to Shakespeare, I get enough of that in school. But I guess Dad doesn't care whether I read or not. If he did, he'd tell me about it. He sure lets you know if he doesn't like anything. Like the time I shoveled snow off the path just the width of the shovel—Judas!

It's kind of hard now that I'm putting it down on paper to say just what Dad is like. You see, he hasn't time to play games or take part in sports with us. Like during the week, he doesn't get home until nine o'clock. And there's just time for me to say hello when I'm supposed to go to bed. Saturdays he's home, and sometimes we play tennis or, if it's hot, go for a swim. He's a swell swimmer. I'm nowhere near as good. But to get back to his hours. He leaves the house just after I go to school. And Mother says it's like getting Dagwood, the guy in the comic strips, off in the morning. You know how Dagwood drinks his coffee standing up and whooshes out the door and just catches his train on the run. Well, I guess that's just like Pops. Only he's more dignified. I think my father is the most dignified man I know.

I listen to Dad's news broadcasts. But Mother won't let me stay up on Sunday nights to see *What's My Line?* It comes on too late. But I've seen it a couple of times and I think Dad is a good moderator. I'm not one of those kids who rush to the TV set every chance they get, either. Sure, I like some things fine. I like Red Buttons and Sid Caesar. Godfrey's one of my favorites. I think Ed Murrow's swell and I liked *Victory At Sea*—Dad got me the record album, I liked the music so much. I've got a lot of records and I play them all the time. But mostly I like drawing cars, even if I can only draw them in profile. Pops says if I spent as much time studying as I do drawing cars I could get 101 instead of the 89 I got last month. Dad

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didn't think much of that average. I thought it was okay myself.

Sometimes I don't quite know what Dad expects. But adults have funny ideas. Johnny, my brother, he came out thirty-second in a class of more than two hundred. Dad didn't think too much of that, either. But I'll be lucky if I ever do that well, I guess. But Pops is sure tough about school. He doesn't care so much about Buncey's grades (she's my kid sister). Maybe he thinks it doesn't matter whether girls know much. And I guess maybe he's right. I don't think too much of girls, either.

But Dad is okay in some ways. Johnny and I can pick any college we want to go to. Of course, we both have to go to Andover first. Dad thinks that's tops. Johnny is going on to Yale. He used to want to go to M.I.T. I still want to go there. Johnny wants to be an engineer, too. Pops' father was an M.I.T. engineer, so maybe it runs in the family.

I guess Dad is what you call a perfectionist, if that's the way you use the word. Everything has got to be just so. And, boy, he notices every little detail, like clean handkerchiefs and shiny shoes and what all. You'd think he'd be too busy, but somehow he never is! Every once in a while, he'll take a look at my room, where I've got my records and tape recordings and drawings all over the place, and raise the roof until I put everything away.

He's a bug on a lot of other things, too. Take exercise, for instance. I do push-ups and bends every morning and night. So does Johnny. At least, I guess he still does them at school. But, anyway, Dad commissioned Johnny to show me how to do them right, after Pops had come in and watched me for a few minutes one morning. They're a nuisance to do every day. But I guess maybe Pops has something. My shoulders have broadened out quite a lot since I started doing them.

But I'll hand Pops one thing. He's fair and he keeps his word. One night at the dinner table, he and a friend of his were talking about history and he asked this guy who Chester Arthur's first vice-president was. Then, taking a look at me, he said, "I'll give you fifty dollars if you can answer that one." Well, I had just finished looking at a book on presidents and I knew Arthur didn't have a vice-president. Because he took over when Garfield was shot—see? So I spoke right up. You should have seen the look on Pops' face. But he paid up right away, too. That was one time that cracking a book paid off!

Then there was the time he asked me if I knew anything about combustion engines. Said if I was going to waste a lot of time drawing cars, I'd better learn what made them run. So, a few nights later, he asked me again if I knew (he never forgets anything) and I said no. So he began to get a little mad and asked me if I hadn't read up on them as he'd told me to. I said, "Yes, sir, I had, but I hadn't understood it." So Dad told me to bring him the book and he'd explain it. Well, it went all right for a while, and then Dad had to admit he couldn't understand it all, either. We had a good laugh out of that.

The thing I like best is to hear Dad talk about what's going on. World events and things like that. He's interesting to listen to. After all, he knows everything that's going on. And I respect his opinions. I can only remember one Presidential election, and I was on the same side as Dad. After all, he knows what it's all about.

Well, I guess I'll sign off now. It's been harder than I thought it would be to tell you what Pops is like. But I guess you have to say he's more intelligent than most people. He's smarter, thinks faster, and knows all the answers. At least, that's how he looks to me.

THIS IS MY LINE

By JOHN DALY

WELL, after reading what my son Charles has to say about me, I felt a little as if I had been walking down the street in my shorts. I suppose you never really know how you look to the other fellow, even if the other fellow turns out to be your own thirteen-year-old son. Charles is so much like me it's frightening. And I presume this will be impossible for him to believe. But, every once in a while, I have the eerie feeling that time has turned backward and that I am looking into an inverted mirror, watching myself at his age. Every mannerism, every gesture, the way he thinks, is reminiscent of me at thirteen.

So Charles thinks there's no excitement in television or radio, eh? Well, I covered the war, most of the top news events of the last decade, nine political conventions, have done seven news broadcasts a week and interviewed most of the people who have made news in our time. I have run all over the world from the Middle East to South America to Europe and the Aleutians. What does he want for excitement? Riddle me that.

Charles thinks he doesn't care about news, people or politics, but I'd like you to come up to our house in Rye some afternoon when he's listening to Ed Murrow's album, "You Can Hear It Now," and watch the rapt look on his face as he digests what is being said by people like Churchill or F.D.R. Also, I'd like you to see him some day when he's making a news recording on his tape recorder. He'll look out of the window and record events he sees happening. Or he'll make up news stories and transcribe them. If that doesn't mean he's interested in things that are happening, I'm losing my balance.

Charles has really an excellent knowledge of contemporary history. He knows names, dates and events. And don't be taken in about his not reading the papers. Every once in a while, he'll come up with something I've missed. Charles wants to be an engineer, and I hope he will be. But I want him to be the articulate kind. A man who knows what is going on around him and who has a point of view he can express. There'll be no ivory tower for either Charles or his brother Johnny, of that I am sure.

Charles has an excellent, quick mind. When he was just a youngster, he could identify planes by their silhouettes miles up in the air. It was really remarkable. He spends hours drawing cars—and, I must admit, does a pretty good job of it. But I still think it would make more sense if he knew what made them run. But maybe I'm trying to rush things. If he really is interested, he'll want to know, and then he'll make it his business to find out. Every once in a while, I make the

mistake that I am sure is common to all parents of teen-age boys. I think he is more mature than he is, and probably expect more of him than I should. That's his size and poise, of course. His size is due to vitamins and heredity. His poise stems from his mother's careful training.

But it gives you a jolt, when you think you are talking to a semi-adult, to find that he's really just a kid with a kid's reactions. And that's the way it should be. Goodness knows, you aren't in your teens very long. I do the same with my older boy. Johnny's sixteen now, and at times he seems older than I. Then, at other times, he's incredibly young. Johnny is very much like his mother. Not at all like Charles or me. He's quiet, thoughtful and self-contained. Maybe that's why Charles describes him as the "suave, continental type." Johnny almost never loses his temper. I don't lose mine very often, but, when I do, I blow up. So does Charles. It's me all over again.

I don't have too much time at home these days but, at that, I am probably one of the greatest family men you've run across in a long while. We have a pleasant family life and we all share in it. One of us will say "Let's go up to Andover to see Johnny," and there's never any question of who will go or who will stay home. We all pile in the car at five in the morning and drive up to see brother. I'd like to be able to spend more time with Charles and Buncey, my little girl—and my wife, too, for that matter. But I've taken on the job as vice-president of ABC, and that—with my news broadcasts and *What's My Line?*—makes life a little crowded right now. It's only in the last five months that I've been able to have Saturdays to myself, and I may lose them at any minute.

I am a little worried when I hear that Charles does not like to talk to people. I think that's probably my fault. Because my life is so rushed, I like to spend as much time with the family as possible, so we entertain very little and see very few people when I am at home on week-ends. Sometimes I think it is bad for Charles, who is remarkably self-sufficient and can spend hours alone in his room, which is his castle, playing his records and making recordings. But he'll be away at school soon and will be with people more than he is now. Maybe he'll find that he likes them better than he thinks.

I certainly remember the episode of the vice-president and the fifty dollars. And maybe you think Charles didn't exact payment then and there! But that was one time I was glad to pay up. He's right about the combustion engine, too. The darn things are more complicated than I thought. Naturally, I'm flattered that my son thinks I'm smarter than most people, but it scares me, too. What will happen when he finds out that I'm not, and that the answers elude me just as they do him? But maybe by that time he'll be old enough to realize that nobody knows all the answers and it won't matter so much.

Charles has got one other thing wrong, too. If he doesn't like girls, why does he spend so much time on the phone talking to that young lady in Harrison?



No matter what Charles says, John thinks his drawings are pretty good!

The Heart Grows Fonder

(Continued from page 49)

a never-ending thrill.

Yet, not too many weeks ago, it almost ended. Quietly full of the mounting differences between him and his pretty wife, one morning Dean Martin had slung some suits over his shoulder, his golf clubs over his arm, and had unceremoniously driven away.

Ask Dean now whether, in all fairness, it would take more adjusting for any wife to be married to half of the fabulous team of Martin and Lewis—whether it wouldn't be harder for her to adjust—and he says frankly, "I don't know. I don't know how hard it is to be the wife of any man," he adds, gravely.

But, during their brief separation, together they worked out the foundation for one of Hollywood's happiest marriages, frankly analyzing their own fundamental differences and just why the great adventure had dulled. And theirs have always been fundamental differences. In years, in backgrounds, in patterns of living, and in temperament. When they married they had nothing in common but love.

And yet—Dean Martin has always come from behind. Nobody but a gambler would have predicted any future for him, in the first place. And nobody but the hometown gamblers, who hung out in the back of the cigar store where he worked, ever did. They stared moist-eyed into their beers when he sang, and they made up the kitty to help start him in show business. After too many discouraging years, he connected with Jerry Lewis, and together they hit upon their own fabulous brand of legal lunacy. They were appearing in a night club in Miami, Florida, when Dean saw a dreamy little blonde in a blue

dress and wide picture hat sitting at a table, and his heart flipped.

Jeanne Biegger, that year's Orange Bowl Queen, was the darling of her own collegiate crew-cut crowd, and ten years younger than Dean. She'd never been anywhere. And anywhere Dean *hadn't* been, nobody booked. Theirs was a whirlwind romance. They went for long, quiet drives along the ocean. Out of the spotlight, Dean was characteristically quiet. But he said enough. "We're going to get married," he said. "You're kidding," said Jeanne. He was then dissolving an unhappy first marriage. "When I get my divorce, I'll send for you," he said.

He made no attempt to impress, other than to assure her mother that his was a legitimate occupation and that he meant right by her daughter. "I'll take care of her. I won't let anything happen to her," he said quietly. To Dean Martin, Jeanne was, in a sense, his own lost youth. Part of her charm for him was the fact that she knew nothing of his own world, that she'd always been sheltered and protected. She was the princess in the ivory tower.

Three years later, Jeanne was to remember Dean's remark about being happy that she knew nothing about show business. He would just as soon, he said, she would remain as far removed from it as possible.

Dean Martin is far more sensitive than most people suspect, and his emotions run very deep. He says little. Then one day—he just isn't around any more. . . .

"I've always had a sort of shell around me," he says now. "I never did talk much. That was a lot of our trouble, really. Although I've talked more the last three years than I ever have before."

But he still didn't talk too much. An unhappy Jeanne said Dean had many business problems and he just had to get away and think. But to a close friend she said, too, "I'm sure I've made mistakes. I must have. But Dean never told me. If only he had criticized me more, he's the quietest man in the world—"

On one score, Jeanne was exceptionally quiet, too. What she didn't say—and what she had sworn her doctor not to reveal—was that she was going to have a baby.

"When Dean walked out, I wasn't sure he would be back. But I wouldn't for five minutes have wanted him to come back if he hadn't wanted to," she explains now. "I wouldn't have wanted him to come back just because I was expecting a baby. I wanted to see if he wouldn't come back on his own . . ."

"Actually, our trouble was just about twenty-five percent our own situation and about seventy-five percent Dean's business worries," Jeanne says candidly. "And we were much closer during our separation than anybody knew. During this time, we both did a lot of quiet thinking. We both went to church more often. And we talked more than we'd ever talked before."

And, as Dean says, summing it up typically in a few words, "We both understand each other a lot better now." Adding, "Jeanne doesn't ask as many questions—and I talk a little more—"

"How can I know what I've been doing wrong if you don't tell me?" Jeanne would say, during those first unhappy, miserable days they were apart. "After all, I'm not a mindreader. This could go on for years and years." And, as she says now, "Dean was so filled with everything—he really talked! He would call me from Jerry's

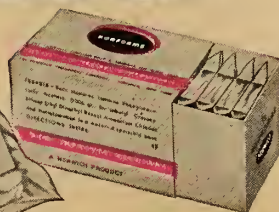
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house, when he was staying there, and talk for two straight hours at a time. Just talking about things in general. I thought he was right about half of them, and about the other half . . . well—I could understand why he thought as he did.”

One basic misunderstanding was Dean's insistence on drawing a line between his home and his career, which has always been a tender subject with him. He would never discuss business matters at home, and Jeanne, anxious to be an active partner, couldn't understand why.

“I'm an inquisitive person,” says Jeanne, analyzing aloud why they've differed on this score. “It's natural for me to be interested in whatever he's doing, and to want to be a vital part of it. I always thought marriage should be a marriage of the mind, as well as of the body and soul. To be shut away from these things would make me feel so utterly useless.”

“Dean recognizes this now,” she goes on. “He understands I couldn't be happy being completely shut away.” Thus, any concessions he's made here, Jeanne appreciates all the more, realizing how strongly he feels about the whole thing.

Both agree that, by nature, Dean Martin isn't a very “pliable” person. But her husband goes further than this. “In my own way, I'm very stubborn,” he says. “It can be something small, but if I think it's right—it's right . . . until it's proven otherwise. And I've never inflicted my worries on others. If I have troubles, I keep them inside. I didn't want Jeannie to know my troubles or to be concerned about them. If a man has worries, he works them out. That's the way it should be.”

“Jeanne takes it easier now. But she used to worry about everything. My work, my shows, my records, our home—everything. We've talked about it, and she understands now. Before, she wanted to be a part of the business end, too. And now she is a part of it—but in a different way. She lets me worry about the money, and she worries about the home and children. And we talk.”

So serious is Dean on the subject of his home life that, even talking in the midst of rehearsals for his appearances on *Colgate Comedy Hour*, he's seemingly oblivious to all the pandemonium of television production careening around him, as he talks about how much this means. His family—Jeanne, Dino, Jr., and Ricci. Talking about how much of his happiness depends on them. How, when he closes his front door every evening, he shuts in a whole special world—his own particular hunk of heaven—which means so much to him. “That's the whole thing,” he adds.

“I've never taken my job home with me. There's never been any show business in my house. And Jeannie couldn't understand why. I would play golf and take golfers home with me, and I'd invite baseball players home with me. But not entertainers—and Jeanne just couldn't see why.” Once, when Dean's producer wondered aloud if he might make a screen test of Jeanne, as she says now, “Dean blew his top. He wouldn't hear of it. Actually, I didn't care.”

But, if Dean is stubbornly old-fashioned, Jeanne is murderously outspoken—and she was surprised to discover how often she had unintentionally offended Dean's friends and fellow workers with her frankness and lack of tact.

“Dean talked to me about that, too,” she says now. “He said I'd be much happier myself and be doing myself a favor if I weren't so frank. ‘If they say the moon is blue—let them think so,’ he told me. ‘If you tell them they're wrong—they'll never believe it, anyway. They won't change. Jeannie—stop trying to change the whole world!’”

Dean's argument was that she didn't have to be hypocritical—but some things were just better left unsaid. “When you're invited to somebody's home to see a picture and they ask what you think of it, you just don't come right out and say, ‘I didn't like it.’ Jeannie—you just can't do these things!”

For the first time in three years of marriage, Jeanne realized then, too, just how sensitive her husband was to her criticism, beneath his casual quips and seemingly imperturbable mien. She saw for the first time the insecurity deep within, the mark of earlier and tougher years, and realized how he needed and wanted reassurance. Particularly from Jeanne.

“I'm very critical, but I mean to be helpful,” Jeanne says now. “I was so interested in whatever Dean was doing, and I wanted to help. But I discovered one thing. A husband just doesn't want criticism from his wife. This I've done too many times in the past. I used to tell Dean frankly if I thought a song he was recording had nothing, or if I thought a script was weak, or whatever. I thought I was helping him. I always thought it went without saying that you think your husband is the greatest, anyway. I just took it for granted Dean knew that. But this was a mistake. You should never take these things for granted.”

“I've made a new resolution now to pass out nice things to people when they deserve them. So often you think them, but you don't say them. And whenever I think Dean's unusually wonderful—I'm going to tell him so. I'm going to speak up and give a few bouquets. I realize now how few I'd ever given to Dean. You can be so blind about the people you care the most about.”

“It goes without saying that any wife should keep her home warm and inviting and keep herself attractive and charming for her husband. But in my case—when you have a husband as handsome and talented and physically attractive as mine—I've got to work even harder. If I don't—you can just bet there are too many other women who would fall all over themselves for the opportunity.”

And that people haven't known what a fan she is of Jerry Lewis, Jeanne thinks is lamentable—since, as she says, “I have such sincere admiration for Jerry. I'm probably the greatest audience he has. And I always have been.” Which Dean augments with: “Jeannie's always thought Jerry's the funniest. She's always said this to me. But she never said it to him.”

Of Jeanne's frankness in acknowledging her shortcomings, Dean says admiringly, “She will admit her mistakes, and she will admit them publicly. That's one of the wonderful things about her.” But, as for who was wrong in the matter of their estrangement, he says with equal frankness, “I've always been wrong. I'm more wrong than anybody . . .”

“I'm a tough guy to live with,” Dean says. “I don't talk much. I never did. And I never like to do much. I'm a lot different than people think I am. I'm not what they expect at all. When they think I go for night clubs and laughing it up all the time—I don't.”

“All I like to do actually is go home and look at television, play with the kids, be with Jeannie, and maybe go with her to visit some very close friends like the Gordon MacRaes or the Sammy Cahns. If I have a day off, I play golf and go home. When I feel really great once in a while we'll go out to a night club.” And, although Dean goes out socially a little more now, he still doesn't particularly enjoy it. As for formal parties, they're the bitter end. “I hate putting that tuxedo on,” he

says. “Somehow it always seems to me you have to use bigger words when you wear a tuxedo. Me—I've got trouble just saying ‘Hello.’”

“And I've always believed, too, that if you have a home you should use it. There's no percentage in having a house, just to change clothes in. You should live in your home and enjoy it.” In this respect he adds appreciatively, “Jeannie's changed. She doesn't care a lot about going out any more, either. Now, when we do go out, she wants to get back home to the family. She used to sleep until 11:30 every morning, but now she's up by 9:00. She can't wait to get up and see the kids. She's settling down a lot and feeling more like a part of the home,” Dean says proudly.

Jeanne enthusiastically agrees. “I'm just as much of a homebody now as Dean is. I wouldn't care if I never went to another Hollywood party.” As for being a golf widow—calling to mind other existent diversions which attract other handsome husbands, she says, “I don't mind Dean playing golf at all. I count my blessings!”

“Golf's a big part of me,” admits Dean. “It's about my only real relaxation. Golf and friends. I can't imagine now what I used to do in the afternoons when I wasn't playing golf. Now I can't even remember. I would probably be a nervous wreck, if I didn't have golf,” says this “casual” crooner who's usually pegged as not having a nerve to his name. “And,” he adds quietly, “I'd be more of a nervous wreck—if I didn't have Jeannie.”

Dean's warmly appreciative, too, that Jeanne's such a wonderful little mother, and such an understanding and affectionate young stepmother for his four children by his former marriage—Craig, 11, Claudia, 9, Gail, 8, and Deana, 5, who live with their mother a couple of blocks from the Martins in West Los Angeles. (“Dean's a busy man, and when he's working he has so little time that, if we didn't live close together, he would spend most of the time driving back and forth seeing all his children,” Jeanne explains. Of the \$3200 monthly alimony he pays, she says, “That's fine—it used to be \$4200.”) And she takes no credit for making his older children so warmly welcome in their home. “With Dean's children, this is a pleasure. They're certainly no problem. It might be an effort with some, but Dean's children are such delightful, well-mannered kids, anybody who didn't accept them would be an idiot. And I love children, anyway.”

Their latest offspring, Ricci, was a big surprise to all their relatives and friends. For no apparent good reason, everybody expected a dainty little daughter with soft, golden, curly hair and they were caught unaware by the husky, virile little man with the mane of black hair, when he arrived. They'd decided on Gina—Italian for Jeanne—for their little girl, and they had no name at all for him. It was Mac Grey, Dean's pal—who'd smoked and walked with him all night—who came up with an inspired, “Ricardo—he's a Ricci,” he said, pointing out that this had a devil-may-care sound which suited him. As for Dean, he stood nosing the glass and saying excitedly, “Finally, out of six children, this one looks like me—”

But Ricci momentarily had them all a bit confused. As Jeanne laughs now, “Everybody had been pulling for a girl. Actually, Dean wanted a boy, but he was so sure I wanted a daughter, he was a good sport about it and he was always talking girls, too. Actually, I wanted a boy, but I never mentioned it—because I was so sure Dean wanted a little girl.” When Jeanne came out of the ether, Dean was saying, “It's all over, Jeannie. It's all over now, honey,” he said, tenderly. He passed a minute then said, “It's a boy,” dreading

to break this to her. "Oh, no—it isn't," she said, heartbroken because she thought she'd disappointed him. "You have a fine husky son," he said consolingly. "Oh, no, I don't!" she said determinedly. But, fortunately, Mother Nature was ahead of both of them all the time.

Jeanne was six months' pregnant when Dean had to fill Martin and Lewis's previously made commitments for the Palladium, in England, and other dates abroad. If you ask him now whether the fact that Martin and Lewis are away so much may have contributed to his estrangement, he corrects you quietly with, "We were home ten months last year. Many businessmen are gone more than that. No, this had nothing to do with it." But he himself still hasn't gotten over the fact that he had to leave Jeanne at that time. "I'm pretty realistic," Jeanne says. "Once I have to accept anything, I can usually accept it and make the best of it. I didn't cry or make a big scene. I don't go for that 'You weren't with me when I needed you' kind of thing. I would never even mention it again." Jeanne and Dino, Jr. did fly to New York for ten days when Dean played a date there, just before sailing. "I left first. I wasn't going to be the weeping mother-to-be on the docks as the boat drew slowly away." But she will never forget the tears in Dean's eyes when he put her on the plane.

It was during those weeks when he was gone abroad, too, that Jeanne found out how much sentiment is his. "He'd never written any letters in his life. But, when he was away this time, he wrote religiously. This way I got to learn what he really thought of me. Things he would never think of saying. They were pretty wonderful," she says movedly now.

When Dean returned, there was another date to fill in the East and he couldn't be home for their fourth wedding anniversary. He wired Jeanne five dozen roses and called her, saying, "I've looked everywhere, but I didn't know what to get you. Finally, I just picked up something, but I'll bring it home with me when I come. I don't want to send it."

"He'd just picked up' a diamond bracelet," Jeanne says now. "When he came home from Europe, he brought me diamond clips, too. And he gave me a diamond ring for having the baby. It was on my pillow, where I could see it the moment I awakened. It's as though Dean thinks he just can't do enough to make it up to me."

Their separation isn't a touchy subject between them. Sensibly enough, there are no unhappy ghosts around. "I think if you're both in love, and both compassionate people, and both have a sense of humor, you can work anything out," says Jeanne. "Dean and I can laugh about our separation now," she says, "and we do."

But there's meaning behind the laughter when Dean gives her the loving eye and says to any friends who are around, "Will you tell me how in the world I could have left her—even for three weeks?" And, turning to Jeanne, says, "And you—you let me walk out that door—and you didn't even try to stop me."

"We thought we were in love before," says Jeanne. "But now—we really know. And we know now, too, that no marriage is a Utopia . . ."

Dino Crocetti isn't so sure. About the Utopia, that is. Looking around him at all his good fortune today, he says, "I wouldn't change places with anyone in the world. It's unbelievable this would happen to me. I was destined to be a gambler. Nobody ever figured me for this. Nobody."

One thing sure, if this isn't Utopia, he isn't going there.

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Who Is

Dr. Munro?

He received his Arts degree at Bowdoin College, his M.D. from the University of Vermont and his "Zeugnis" from the University of Vienna. He engaged in Post Graduate study at the University of Chicago, as well as at New York University and also at New York Post Graduate Hospital and Medical School. Served on the staff at Faxon Hospital, Utica, New York. He was Medical Director of Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, New York, and during the war was Receiving Surgeon for War Shipping Administration, New York City. After the war he returned to Utica, New York, to resume his work in Internal Medicine at Faxon Hospital. He is author of two other famous books, *Man Alive—You're Half Dead and You Can Live Longer Than You Think.*

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Tommy, the Welcome Traveler

(Continued from page 29)

members of the party.

When onlookers tried to commend him, Tommy shrugged it off. For him, the rescue was a repeat performance. Once while flying near the Canadian border, he had saved two boys whose canoe had overturned in Vermillion Bay.

Further, his own exploits seemed tame to him compared with the stories he hears on *Welcome Travelers*. Says Tommy, "Most of those people have a real tale to tell."

And, he might have added, he himself is their greatest fan. He says, "Nothing in the world interests me so much as the stories one person tells another about his own experiences. You can really hear them on a train, plane, boat or bus. That's when people throw off their restraints and tell others not only the things they have done, but what they think about it."

Bartlett, now a husky, red-haired six-footer who cherishes his freedom as a bachelor, started his own listening to travelers' stories when he was a wide-eyed kid journeying from his Milwaukee home to boarding schools.

Unfortunately, such listening also interfered with his progress in school. For Tommy's method of learning has always been the same as he now uses when interviewing a traveler on the air. He asks questions until he finds out all about a situation. What's more, he concentrates intensely on only one thing at a time.

While that attitude has made him both popular and highly paid today—as a boy, it brought trouble.

Says Tommy, "I guess it became my major problem. I'm no student. It was hard for me to learn the rules."

"If we were studying about Christopher Columbus, I wanted to learn all there was to know about him. I mean the important things: How he must have felt when he first saw land; what he said when the Spaniards brought him back in chains."

At times, this youthful groping confused his parents as well as his teachers. Tommy recalls, "Mother wanted me to be a singer. Father was just plain skeptical. I think he expected me to end up on his hands. He was pleasantly surprised when he discovered I could make my own living."

For the time was coming when Tommy's one-thing-at-a-time exploring was to turn from a liability into an asset. First to yield to this method were the mysteries of mechanical devices.

Radio began it. While still in his teens, he got his first "role"—that of a barking dog. As other work followed, he grew fascinated with the gadgets in the studio and decided he had to know what made radio tick.

As his first step, he brought home an old microphone. Says Tommy, "I took it apart. It was quite a while before I got it back together again. But, finally, I did."

His car came next. Then came the planes. Says Tommy, "Someone took me for my first airplane ride and I wanted to know what made it fly. Lots of other guys learned why in school, but not me. I had to start back where the Wright brothers started, and it took me a long while before I understood the theory of flight."

Mechanics alone are not sufficient to hold Tommy's interest. Having learned the technical phases, he then must account to himself for the relation of the mechanical thing to the lives of people.

"Some people fly," he says, "because they want to get away from it all—want to be alone in the clouds. I don't feel that way. I wish I could load everyone into some gigantic plane and have all of you

up in the wide blue yonder with me."

He came close to having this desire fulfilled when, in 1949, the Air Force requested that *Welcome Travelers* make the circuit of bases in Germany. The great Berlin airlift had just ended, and many fliers were sitting around with little to do. They were getting pretty bored with the situation.

Staff, cast and added entertainers totalled twenty-nine. In ten days, they did eleven broadcasts, flew thousands of miles and threw in a few extra entertainment sessions for good measure.

A former staff member who made the trip recalls, "I've never seen Tommy so happy. Since he had been a pilot in the Air Transport Command, the captain of our C-54 welcomed him in the cockpit. Tommy had the time of his life running back and forth from there to the cabin, explaining all the technical data to the rest of us."

What's more, Bartlett proved to be the perfect traveler of them all. Says the staff member, "When the rest of us were simply dying from lack of sleep, Tommy was the one guy who never got tired. Instead of acting like a star and saving himself for his public appearances, he was more like the father of a large family, worrying whether we were comfortable."

Traveling without fatigue is a trick which Tommy learned as a youngster. He'll tell you: "When I was a kid without much money, I'd ride a bus at night and get my sleep. Then I'd spend the day sightseeing in a distant city."

On such jaunts, he evolved his own rules of the road.

He appreciates the bus driver who tells passengers about the scenic wonders along the highway, the porter who warms a baby's bottle, the travelers who give others a lift by carrying a bag or buying someone a lunch. Says Tommy, "People seem to open up when they're traveling. I wish they'd do it at home, too."

His skill in getting people "to open up" became his stock in trade when *Welcome Travelers* went on radio in 1947. To it he brought not only his knowledge of travel but also an easy manner which led even the most reticent to tell their stories freely.

The easy manner had two sources. The first was Tommy's own point of view. He says, "When I broke into radio, I used to hate the idea of sitting in a bare little studio trying to read a hunk of script into a mike. I don't think I could ever read a script really right. I just don't believe people talk like they do in scripts. At least, Bartlett doesn't."

"So I won't use a script. Sometimes the sponsors get mad, but if I don't say things in as flashy a way as a writer might, or if I take a little longer than the fellows with the stop watches would like, I don't care. Life isn't run by a stop watch. Neither does life have a copywriter to put smooth little words into someone's mouth. I want to see the people I'm talking to. I want to ask them questions and hear their answers. My whole idea is to take a little piece of life and put it on the air."

The other source of his easy manner was Tommy's experience in pioneer television.

Like Dave Garroway, Burr Tillstrom, Fran Allison, Jack Brickhouse and a number of others, Tommy is a member of that exclusive little club of stars and producers who had the foresight to learn about cameras by working for free at WBKB.

Now, with television receivers in half the homes of the United States, it is difficult to realize that only seven years ago there were but five television broadcasting stations in the entire country.

To receive those programs there were only 353 pre-war television sets in all Chicago. Those set owners became the real program directors of the station, for they were quick to reach for a telephone. When they liked a performer, they called in. When he offended them, those viewers—in a much-used WBKB phrase—"lit up the switchboard like a Christmas tree." There was a direct line of communication from viewer to performer.

And, truth to tell, Tommy sometimes offended them. His particular offering was an audience-participation which showed the influence of his own recent sojourn in Air Force quarters. It was robust, such as an athletic director would plan for a company of restless men.

When his humor grew too vigorous or his laugh too loud, the viewers let Tommy have it. Learning from their comments, he tempered and smoothed his performance. *Welcome Travelers*, when it went on radio, benefitted.

Another strong influence on both Bartlett and *Welcome Travelers* has been Les Lear, who teamed up with him as manager of the show.

Lear, a promotional genius who can talk into three telephones at the same time and round up prizes and keep things moving, also is skilled in bringing in for interviews both celebrities and plain ordinary people with a story to tell.

The method of operation which Lear and Tommy worked out at the beginning has had but few changes during the years. Early each morning, a crew of quick-thinking, well-groomed, personable young men spread out to Chicago's many rail, bus and air terminals. Watching incoming travelers, they soon develop a sixth sense which enables them to spot a good potential participant.

Sometimes they notice a tired mother with a group of clamoring children. Sometimes they notice a foreign accent. Sometimes the traveler is obviously hungry. Sometimes he's just as obviously affluent. Sometimes he simply looks like a normal American who is happy about taking the trip he has planned for years.

The young men introduce themselves by

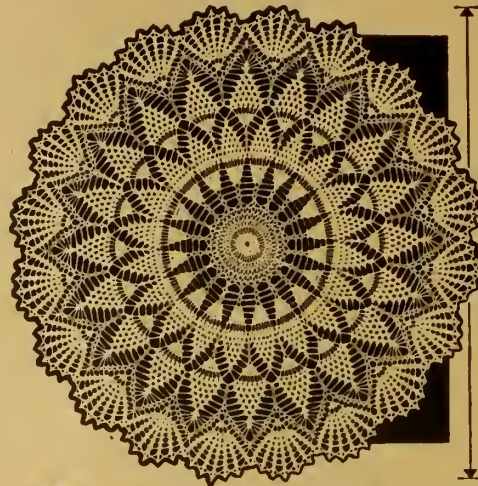


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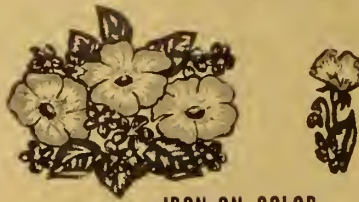
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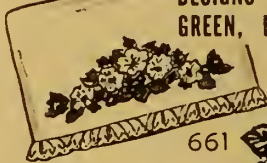
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What I Believe

(Continued from page 51)

slide trombone down on a low note far enough to see me over the bell of his horn. He saw a handful of freckles pressed against the glass, and shouted over the din, "There's young John Bailey. Come on in, boy, and you can play the drum."

Clauson made the invite as a gag. I couldn't even lift the drum. Eleven years old, I stood four-feet-six. The drum, on a stand, was three feet in diameter and the two cymbals on top put it well over my head.

But I had been challenged. They handed me the marching wire (a little handle with a big wire—so I didn't have to pick up the heavy cymbal) and with Clauson's shout of "Here we go!" struck up a march.

Luckily I was born with rhythm in my bones. I yanked on that marching wire like Charlie Devlin, the trolleyman, on his bell. I "played drum" to their beat so well, they kept me there till ten o'clock.

The bandroom was small (the music sounded better that way) and the men were all smoking. When I got home that night after ten o'clock (the latest I'd ever been out), my clothes all saturated with smoke, I got the worst licking of my life.

My mother wouldn't believe me when I told her I was down the fire alley practicing with the band. It took the Superintendent of Schools, the Fire Chief, the bandleader, and Mr. Clauson to convince her I wasn't down the alley smoking.

After I'd played the drums with the band for three years, I decided to go in for some real music. That's where Mr. Clauson's lesson came in. He was my hero, and I wanted a trombone like his. I worked in a shoe store and saved money to buy one. I don't remember what it cost, but I do remember I had to save for two years to get it.

Another reason why I wanted that horn was because I resented the fact that, after three years, I was still just the bass drummer. It didn't make any difference to me that I had a special uniform, that another kid carried the drum, or that they'd put me next to the leader—where I was a big shot. There wasn't any logic in my wanting to be something else. The uniform alone made me the greatest thing that ever hit the Midwest. But I wanted to be a trombonist.

When I came down the alley with the new horn, I didn't even know how to hold it. When the band saw the horn, they laughed. They wouldn't let me play. Now I don't blame them. But then I was brokenhearted. I bawled.

Mr. Clauson felt sorry for me. He took me down the alley and told me something I'll always remember. "The things you can do best," he said, "you should always do, and the other things you should do for fun." Which is a pretty good philosophy.

His little talk was really the basis for my "3-H" philosophy—Honesty, Humility and Humor. Humor, I feel, is especially important. I remember I got up to give a speech at a pep rally in the eighth grade, shortly after Mr. Clauson had given me his advice. I had prepared that speech for two weeks. I had written all the words down. I counted on them to get me undying fame. It was all very serious.

The pep rally was in the assembly hall of the combined high school and junior high school. When I got up to talk, the kids fell out of their seats. They thought I was funny, and howled whenever I opened my mouth. They didn't see how anybody with a rubber face could be serious. I was heartbroken.

But I remembered what Mr. Clauson had said. Do what you can do best. So instead of my serious speech—and remem-



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bering it was a pep rally—I quickly changed the subject and led the eighth grade in a school yell. They yelled so loud I ended up as a cheerleader!

It was true that my heart was broken because the kids wouldn't take me seriously. But, after giving it some thought, I realized that this was okay, too. If I could make people laugh, then that was the thing for me to do.

But I went a little bit too far as cheerleader at Drake University. At one game I did three things wrong: First, I wasn't head cheerleader and shouldn't have taken charge; second, I wasn't supposed to be the first one on the field; and third, my outfit—a straw hat, bearskin coat, and cigar—was *not* the uniform of the day.

I thought I was very comical. I came down the track in front of the band, waving the big black cigar at all my friends. Everybody got a big laugh. That is, everybody but the president, Dr. Moorhouse. He said, "From now on, I think we can manage to run the games in this bowl without you!" He was right. From that day, I couldn't even *buy* my way in.

I'd learned my Humor in high school and my Humility in college. Honesty—my third "H"—I picked up in my work. By *honesty*, I mean being honest with one's self. It's like sincerity. The audience can spot an insincere person in a minute.

On *Queen For A Day*, I have some very fine ladies coming to my show. Some of them have heartbreaking problems. You can't be a phony and touch all our hearts the way these women do. They have to be sincere and they are.

The ex-Queens have sincerity, too. I know, because they helped elect me Honorary Mayor of Hollywood. Once a Queen, you can never come back to the show and win a prize. These ladies knew that. There was nothing I could do for

them any more. Yet every day they came down to the show and collected forty to fifty dollars in donations. Each vote for Mayor cost a dime and the money went to charity.

After the votes were counted and I was in, I went over to their club room and told them that as an old man they had made me feel mighty good. They're a great bunch of gals.

The most important part of my philosophy is Humor—especially in bringing up children. I've never yet heard of a child who was so happy he went out and robbed a bank. My wife Carol and I have brought up her niece, Marvel, with what I hope is a sense of humor.

Once, Marvel brought home a note from her teacher which said Marvel wasn't doing well in her studies, *because she wasn't eating right*. That made me mad—because I was the cook! In the note, the teacher asked for one of us to come have a talk with her. Since Carol was the one in the family who was working, I had plenty of time to run over to the school.

I walked into the teacher's office and asked her where she got the idea that Marvel wasn't eating well. She said, "She tells me she doesn't eat breakfast."

"So what's wrong with that?" I said. "I've never eaten breakfast and you can see what a success I am. I'm now housekeeper to a teen-age girl and a legal secretary." She laughed. "Well, stuff some food down her in the morning and she'll probably get better grades."

Marvel always had a great sense of humor. When I started shoveling food down her throat early in the morning, she thought it was a new game and didn't bite off my hand. She and I always hit it off well together. In fact, when I was out of work there for a while, I used to borrow money from *her*. I was ashamed to ask my wife, Carol.

When it comes to humor, Carol can hold her own, too—although when we were first married, she was kind of bashful in front of people. I went with her for a year before she played the harp for me. Now, at home—where we have two pianos and the harp—she comes up and whispers, "Do you think our guests will care if we play a duet for them?" I always say, "It doesn't matter if they care or not. This is our place and we'll play if we like. We won't feed them till they've listened."

Carol even has two stories she uses at parties. She'll tell them in spite of everything. This is really quite a change. Before we were married, she had a big responsibility caring for her mother and bringing up Marvel. Carol worked all the time, for nothing was too good for them.

It nearly killed her when her mother died. Then along came a real idiot (me) and shook her out of it.

Worry is one thing that doesn't fit into my 3-H philosophy. I've found the gimmick to overcome it. I call it the "Worry Box." It works this way: You take a box and put a slit in the top. You can put the box anywhere in the house. The refrigerator is a good place, or the medicine cabinet. Then during the day, whenever you find something to worry about, you write it out. You file each of your worries and, as you do, you forget them. It isn't fair to worry about anything that goes into the Box.

At five o'clock, you go to your Worry Box and pull out everything you've filed. If you can lift the Box, carry it into the dining room and spread all your worries on the table. Then read them all, and give yourself five minutes to worry about the whole pot. You should find this worth about five minutes of laughter.

So my philosophy is: Don't worry. Just do the best you can—and have a 3-H of a good time.

Linkletter Is Funnier Than People

(Continued from page 43)

theatre, he did an hour warm-up and then the regular *People Are Funny* show. After that we toured the Amana factories, then went to the president's house for a party. There Art received a call from the baseball park . . . wouldn't he please stop off on his way to the airport for a fifteen-minute show?

Amama will remember Art's fifteen minutes—it lasted an hour and a half. He just had time to grab a box dinner and hurry aboard the plane for home. But six hours on the plane was all the rest he needed. When he stepped off in Burbank, he went right to the studio—to do another benefit.

I didn't do any of the performing—yet I was exhausted from just following Link around. Whereas Link, the guy who did all the work, was still eager and rarin' to go at the end of the second benefit.

The first thing I ever learned about Link was his great consideration and kindness for others. I remember the day, six years ago, when I walked into the John Guedel Productions office straight from the employment agency. I came for a secretarial job. The woman at the agency said John Guedel had wanted a switchboard-stenographer. Could have called it a "stutter-ographer"—'cause when I was interviewed by John and, later on, by Link, I could barely say my name.

But Link was very considerate. He saw how badly I wanted the job and pulled one of his little tricks that he uses to put nervous contestants at ease. He switched the subject.

"I've always wanted a *singing secretary*," he said. "Can you sing?"

I gulped. "Well, *no*," I said. "I couldn't carry a tune in my pocket . . ."

Link laughed. I laughed with him and my nervousness was forgotten.

The funny thing about it was that I didn't get the switchboard job. I got one on the *staff of People Are Funny!* Link and John asked me if I could do a little work with the scripts. I said I'd be willing to try. That's what I do today—I also sit in on two story conferences a week and one idea meeting, type the finished formats of the shows, round up the last-minute props, sign up the contestants the night of the show, sit on stage with the lists of the contestants and with charts of the stunts, time the show—and, when it's all over, I edit the tape for the air.

In spite of all this, Art still looks back to our first meeting, when he introduces me to the audience as his "Singing Secretary." Since I don't sing, they probably wonder what I *do!* Someday I'm going to take lessons and surprise him.

Art's infectious humor is so great he can get his contestants to do almost anything for him—and that includes risking a jail sentence.

For example, there was the time we had a stunt *man* dressed as a woman on the show. Art asked the contestant if he was brave enough to tackle the stunt man (dressed as a woman) on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

The man said he would do the job. But what he didn't know was—we had a stunt *woman* on the corner and not the *man* he'd seen in the studio. So he tackled the little old lady, much to the horror of the bystanders. They accused him of beating a

defenseless woman. The contestant tried to show them that it was all a stunt.

"Look!" he said pulling at her powdered hair. "It's a wig!"

But the "wig" was firmly attached to the little old lady's scalp. This added insult increased their anger. The contestant was petrified—he was afraid of being lynched and didn't know what to do. The crowd did. They called a cop.

Back at the studio, the contestant admitted "the joke was on him." But he wasn't mad at Art—in fact sends him a Christmas card every year. He wants to be remembered. Who could forget him!

Then there was the young couple Art pulled a gag on that is really a classic. He arranged with their neighbors, the night before the show, to get the youngsters to spend the night away from home, then the next night to come to the show as participants. At the show, they were asked to go home and check to see if they had left the gas on. When they got home, their house was gone!

This could be called "house stealing out of season." How was it done? First, Art found an old house that had been condemned (theirs). Then he contacted the owners and asked if it could be moved. They said okay. Finally, he got in touch with the neighbors of the young couple—and they did the rest by finding an excuse to keep the youngsters away.

The couple searched for their house for four weeks. In the meantime, Art put them up at a hotel. After this time he moved them into a new apartment, with new furniture, and a year's free rent. They didn't mind a bit.

I've been with Art for five years now and I think he's got the greatest personality in the world. But I'm not the only one. Gifts come through the mail all year round. On his birthday in July you'd think it was Christmas. People even send presents to his wife Lois and to the five children.

There's another group of faithful fans who never miss the show. They wait for Art after the show and begin a discussion on its merits and faults. In talking about the stunts, they'll say something like this: "Don't you think you should have sent that lady to the department store instead of the gas station . . . ?" Link listens to all their comments, pro and con.

Link's fans think of him as a close personal friend. You can tell this from the letters they send in. Four out of five begin with: "Dear Art," followed by some personal problem—and end with: "What shall I do?" Art sees that each letter is answered, though he doesn't give advice.

The gang in the office feel just as close to Link as his fans. They have every reason to. Generally, in Hollywood, a line of demarcation is drawn between the star and his employees. But not in the Linkletter office. Link is one of the gang—an old pal.

He proves it, too. The other day, two of us girls were alone in the office at lunch-time. Art came in with three hamburgers, a pint of coleslaw, and a quart of milk. "Be my guest," he said, and we all sat down at the PBX for lunch.

Then there are the birthday luncheons. It's a custom with Link and his partner-producer, John Guedel, to give each of the girls in the office a luncheon on her birthday. Link comes and acts as master of ceremonies. He has as much fun as the guest of honor. Besides this, once each year Link and his wife Lois give a poolside party at their Holmby Hills home. It's the highlight of our season.

One other thing about Link which makes him an outstanding personality is his ability to laugh off mistakes—especially mine. When I first began editing the show, I left in a very funny bit—though perhaps it was a little questionable. Link didn't bawl me out in front of anyone. He just called me into his office, pointed out my blunder, and suggested I consult him if in doubt.

I've never seen him mad at anyone. And he never raises his voice. On the other hand, I'm the one who gets temperamental. Recently we were giving away a hundred-dollar dress (as a gag prize). One of the men on the staff (I'd heard) had done the buying. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I looked at the dress when the prop boy brought it up from wardrobe. It was green, had bangles, and looked as though it might have come from a can-can routine.

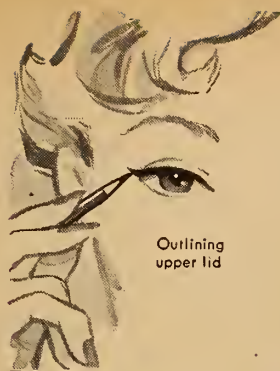
I threw up my arms in despair. "Whoever picked out that dress must have been kidding!" I said. "I wouldn't wear that to a Hallowe'en party!" and proceeded to have blue tantrums over the green dress.

Link heard all of this. Though the green of that dress was enough to send anybody's voice up an octave, it didn't rile Link. He came in, looked at the dress and said, "That's right—someone is kidding." He held it up to the light and said, "Gene, you could go to a Hallowe'en party in this!"

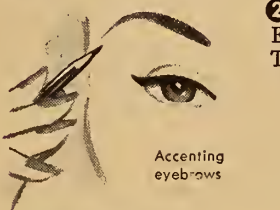
Link's infectious laughter melted my tantrum like marshmallow in hot chocolate. I just can't be angry around that guy.

He can always make me laugh. Though I'm with him in the story meetings and script conferences, occasionally do double-duty with him on *House Party*, and get out on the stage with him every week on *People Are Funny*, I find—with his millions of fans—that he never wears thin. He still makes me laugh.

I guess that just goes to show what a really wonderful personality he has—and what a great guy he is.



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows

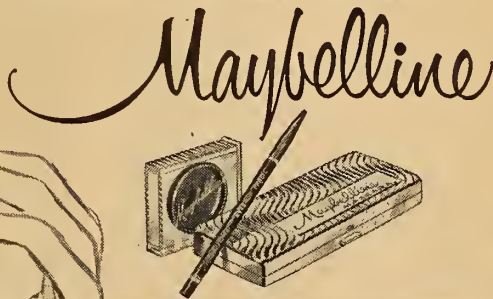


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R
M

Old-Fashioned Love

(Continued from page 27)

seen the changes made by electric lights, telephones, airplanes, skyscrapers, refrigeration, radio, television . . . the changes made by women's suffrage, political upheavals and two major wars. . .

But perhaps the most interesting changes—interesting, at least, to Peggy—are those that have taken place in people.

"Like most actors and actresses," explains Peggy, "I have a tremendous interest in people . . . always have had. After all, acting is little more than interpreting the characteristics . . . physical and psychological . . . of people—imaginary or real. In order to do this, you must have an understanding of your subject, and to have a real understanding there must be an interest. Since, in a manner of speaking, people are my stock in trade, I, naturally, have a genuine interest in them. Not—please don't misunderstand—that every person I meet becomes a subject of study . . . a sort of specimen for possible future use. That would be ghastly. I assure you my interest in human nature has never been clinical!"

Miss Wood's interest in people and things was stimulated right from the time she was a little girl. Her father was a newspaperman with a typically inquisitive mind. He sharpened her interest in people, political affairs and the shape of the everyday world. It was her mother's more spiritual approach to life that gave her sympathetic understanding.

"Of course," Miss Wood continues, "when I say I think some of the most interesting changes which have transpired since the turn of the century are those changes that have taken place in people, you must realize that, in reality, it's pretty hard to divorce people from the world they live in. Changes in people are largely the result of changes in the world around them . . . inventions, wars, scientific developments, and the like. And, it seems to me, interest and understanding of one necessitates interest and understanding of the other.

"Take, for instance, the evolution of transportation and some of its effects on the human race. Granted, Mama and Papa did not come to the United States in a galley . . . or even a schooner. Transportation by the turn of the century had progressed beyond that point. It was a steamer which brought them to these shores. But in those days it was a long and arduous trip—one that took great courage and determination to make. America was a long, long way from Europe, and vice versa. In those days the immigrant came to this country and at once settled down to the business of becoming an American . . . as did Mama. Children in those days knew comparatively little about the world as a whole . . . and, in the main, cared less. They knew about their parents' homeland from hearsay and occasional letters from relatives still on the other side. The possibilities of their ever going abroad seemed highly unlikely. There was, actually, very little reason for their wanting to know more about Europe, Asia and the rest of the world. Their world at that time was right here.

"It seems to me, it wasn't until the years just preceding the First World War that any real and general interest was shown in what was going on, on the other side of the Atlantic. Even though tremendous strides had been taken in transportation, travel was still prohibitive except to the wealthy. But the interest developed in European affairs, as a result of doughboy visits, never died. Johnny Doughboy told his children of the foreign shores he had visited . . . but this time the stories meant

considerably more to his children than those told by Mama and Papa. By now, the idea of visiting Europe was considerably more than a mere 'pipe dream' . . .

"Today, the youngster who studies French, German or Spanish in public school does so with a purpose . . . he feels he will some day make use of it. Now he studies world affairs with interest . . . what any foreign country does has a direct bearing on his life here in the United States, since the development of transportation has made neighbors of all countries. He goes to see foreign films. For curiosity's sake alone? No. Now he thirsts for this type of knowledge . . . either because he has already tasted of that way of life, or because he feels he undoubtedly will. The interests of the modern generation have broadened considerably from the purely local scene . . . all because of the change in but one aspect of living."

No one will dispute the fact that the pace of living since the turn of the century has accelerated . . . has, from a material standpoint, made fantastic strides. Living is now pretty easy. Had anyone tried to explain to "Mama" the wonders of the electric washing machine or dishwasher, she would simply have thrown up her arms and exclaimed: "Sounds like a fairy tale." Yes, the material world has run away from "Mama" and her day. The many time-savers have left the modern housewife with more free time than "Mama" would have known what to do with.

"It may seem strange for me, a working woman, to say this," interjects Peggy, "but I feel the great so-called emancipation of women has not been all to the good. Just look at the number of institutions today . . . crowded with women who, thirty or forty years ago, would have been much too busy in the home to give even a passing thought to a breakdown. Perhaps our so-called freedom came too fast . . . we didn't give it enough thought, and we couldn't take it in our stride. Women dropped housework and home responsibilities, and in a few years' time unhappily exhausted themselves trying to find satisfying replacements. When you think of it, it's really pretty ridiculous . . . what substitute for a home filled with happiness, warmth and love can there possibly be? Is escape from *that*—emancipation?"

Certainly not to Peggy Wood's way of thinking. Even though she has been an actress of many years' standing, she has, at the same time, been a happy housewife, mother and grandmother . . . a woman whose life centers around the home just as much as it does around the theatre. During her son David's childhood she worked hard and faithfully to keep a home . . . not just a house for him. A home filled with love and understanding.

"I must admit, however," she smiles ruefully, "to one pitfall of my generation. I fell prey to the then-popular method of raising children . . . progressive and strictly hygienic. Fortunately, I evidently wasn't too successful with this antiseptic approach . . . my natural love of children was hard to smother.

"And, as I watch the raising and development of my grandchildren, I'm happy to find another change . . . this generation of parents has stopped, taken stock, and returned to the days of *Mama*. Once again unstinting love comes into its own. Now, as in *Mama's* day, it is considered quite healthy for a baby to be with its mother immediately . . . no interim period in a cold, scoured and utterly hygienic nursery. Once again the home . . . the family . . . is becoming a symbol of security."

Peggy Wood has six excellent reasons for knowing a great deal about grandchild-

dren. Widow of the distinguished poet, John V. A. Weaver, she has one son, David—and often visits him and his own little girl (Debbie Weaver) in their home out West. Then, some years ago, Peggy married William H. Walling, a New York printing company executive with two grown daughters—and the Wallings now have five small grandchildren (Judy, Debbie and Teddy Lawrence, and Laura and Kathy Billings) living within a fifteen-mile radius of their own home in Stamford, Connecticut. East or West, Peggy loves her half-dozen lively examples of the youngest generation, and is happy to see them blossoming in today's revival of old-fashioned family love.

"I remember one occasion, this past summer," she recalls, "that to me seemed indicative of reverting times. Little Teddy was playing with the rest of the children around my swimming pool. His mother and I were at the pool chatting and at the same time keeping an eye on the children. Suddenly there was a splash and Teddy, who does not swim as yet, disappeared . . . only to bob up the next moment into the waiting arms of his smiling mother. Whatever fear he might have experienced, in the moment his head was under water, was immediately dispelled when he looked up and found his mother at his side. He immediately felt secure in the love and warmth that has been so freely given him. Instead of becoming hysterical over his experience, he merely shook himself off, gurgled and announced to the assembled multitudes that he had been 'to the bottom' and was now a 'great swimmer.' I couldn't help but reflect on the change that had taken place . . . the insecurities of the previous generation were gone.

"A few months ago, I flew out to Sante Fe, New Mexico, to visit David and his family. As usual, I took five-year-old Debbie a number of presents, and as usual she was pleased with them all. She's such a sweet and loving child that I honestly believe even if she were disappointed in a present, she'd never let me know. During my stay I suddenly asked her what she wanted most for Christmas. She looked at me for a split second with the twinkling eyes of her grandfather, and said, 'You!' . . . and immediately burst into peals of laughter. I knew it had all happened too fast . . . she wasn't 'buttering' me, although I'll admit I never felt better about anything in my life. It was just that she was a secure, happy child, filled with love . . . it was not necessary for her to think in material, grabbing terms.

"East and West, I find my grandchildren being raised in the midst of old-fashioned love. And I know that this is not just the case in my own family . . . it is a universal finding of the true values. On the *Mama* set, many is the time I've witnessed the same traits in little Kevin Coughlin, who plays T. R., and Robin Morgan, who plays Dagmar. The antiseptic, the emancipated, the lost mother of thirty years ago is a thing of the past. Another change is taking place . . . and I'm truly grateful to be here to witness it.

"Now I have but one more strong wish in this period of reversion, and that is to see the *world* return to the security of *Mama's* generation. The one great advantage I had as a child over my grandchildren was the security of the family and world. I did not grow up in constant national and international turmoil. I did not grow up reading headlines of distrust and animosity. It would be so wonderful if the coming generation could grow up as I did . . . in an atmosphere of love within the family and peace within the world."

When Life Is Beautiful

(Continued from page 40)

that makes it possible for him to reproduce them accurately.) "I think of Papa David as a man who believes it is unnecessary ever to lie, to cheat, or to hurt anyone knowingly. I think of him as a man who sincerely tries to understand another person's viewpoint and his reasons for having it.

"It is entirely believable to me that listeners should look upon him as a real person whom they love and respect. When he was ill recently (in the script), they stormed the NBC switchboard with calls inquiring about his health."

(These same listeners had stormed the switchboard with just as many calls during a period when Ralph Locke himself was ill, begging to know when he would return and how he was progressing.

"We're both simple souls," Ralph says of himself and Papa. "We're not given to any ostentation. We both believe in being just what we are."

Similarity rather ends there, because Ralph is much more the man of the world, who has traveled everywhere and could be at home in any country, on any ship, sailing any waterway. He is an actor who played for many years on Broadway with some of the greatest stars of the American theatre, in some of the most famous stage plays. An athlete who has boxed and wrestled, and still goes in for big game fishing. A golfer, a handy man with a hammer and saw, a gardener, a skilled photographer whose work hangs in exhibitions—and a superb cook, the result of his years of concocting meals in ships' galleys to relieve the monotony of long days and nights at sea.

The home in which he now keeps bachelor hall, with a canary for company, is situated in a village famous for its yachting yards. One of his near neighbors produces some of the world's finest racing sails and Ralph often accompanies him on shake-down runs to try them out. Ralph has owned several schooners and sloops, his present pride and joy being a 30-foot sloop on which he spends much of his leisure time. He calls himself a sailor—not a "monkey-wrench sailor," referring to the fellows who press buttons instead of having to figure things out for themselves. As a boy, he began to ship out on any sailing vessel that would take him on, just as soon as vacations began, staying out until he barely made the next year's opening of school. It was the beginning of his passion for the sea and for travel.

The island where he now lives is only a mile and one-eighth long and less than a half-mile wide at its widest point. There is water, water everywhere . . . which is why every summer it changes from a quiet place with a small permanent population to a thickly populated, heavily toured pleasure haven for city-weary folks. The house is cozy and friendly, filled with the things which have been collected in the years of establishing a home and with the mementos of trips to far-off places. There are nautical notes in the decorations and in the many pictures of ships and water. The woodwork is white throughout, the wallpapers are gay. An upstairs sitting-room-study—in which hang photographs autographed by famous name actors and actresses with whom Ralph has appeared—opens onto a sundeck that has a superb view of the bay.

Downstairs, the mahogany furnished dining room leads out to the porch, which is screened in summer for outside dining. The birdhouse in the side yard is just beyond the dining-room window where a

caged canary gives lunchtime concerts for his master. The wild birds come back to their house every spring, and Ralph waits for their homecoming.

"The Old Man comes along first and cleans out the nest. Then I know Mama will be there soon, perching on the porch rail while he finishes his job. Papa brings in the twigs and straw, all nice and new and clean. He's the housekeeper, as I am around here. They move in, and—about the first of July—there is great excitement when the babies arrive. I watch while they are learning to fly. I have to go out and pick the young birds off the ground and put them back in the nest so they can try again. Pretty soon they spurn any help from me and are off on their own. I hear them chattering away all summer and watch them enjoying their house."

The radio stands in the dining room, the television set and record player and grand piano in the living room. At one end of the big room is a fine fireplace in a bricked wall, over which a lovely Forster landscape is set. Bookcases flank the fireplace on each side, and there are colorful drapes, a blue rug like the one in the dining room, big comfortable chairs, a gold couch flanked with gold-shaded lamps—a medley of russets, tans, gold and blue.

There are special treasures, like a fine old cloisonne plate, an antique Chinese lamp, a Cellini lamp in lustrous plum coloring. There are two of Ralph's fine photographs in the living room—a stately swan, and the George Washington Bridge spanning a sunset on the Hudson River. A row of his pictures in the dining room are in interesting contrast: A kitten sitting next to an ornamental bowl . . . St. Patrick's Cathedral taken from a near-by skyscraper, where the emphasis is on the contrast of the handsome church building surrounded by equally handsome but totally different commercial buildings.

In the shipshape little kitchen there are fluffy white curtains that always look as if just freshly put up, trimmed and tied back with red. There are great iron and copper pots and all the shining tools of the cook's trade, and a rack of eight or ten different size-and-shape knives, each for its own particular kitchen use. (Ralph is the kind of cook who believes every process needs its own type of knife, kept sharp and in perfect condition, although he is definitely unscientific about even his most successful recipes, doing most of his work by a sense of touch and a feel for the right amounts of ingredients. He has had to teach some of the women in the neighborhood how to make coffee. "Not that they didn't know how, but some of them didn't realize that you have to change your method with each different kind of coffee-maker. You have to understand what each type of pot can and can't do.")

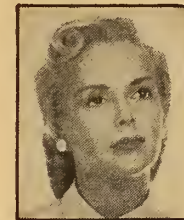
When he preserves the figs from his own fig tree, a yield of six or seven medium-size jars, he seldom gets a chance to do more than taste. The neighbors seem to have a sixth sense at that point and manage to drop in right after preserving time! He does complete Chinese dinners, served on Royal Medallion ware with authentic chopsticks in place of the customary cutlery of an American household. And he has other mouth-watering specialties which all his friends have sampled—spaghetti with clam sauce, wonderful Spanish dishes, baked ham that is something to remember, steak with a richly blended mushroom sauce, a "hamburgered" lamb roast seasoned with Oriental spices.

Ralph Locke is as at home in a kitchen as he is at home in a script of *Life Can Be*



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R
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Beautiful. Without seeming to hurry or make any fuss, he has his meal on the table, beautifully served. Nothing upsets him when he is cooking. "I have prepared meals, and good ones, in forty-foot seas, when the stove had to be weighted down and I was lurching constantly from one part of the galley to another. There's nothing to it, when you know how." And he grins when complimented on his seasonings. "You have to know, not just how much, but just how little to put in."

The basement of the house has been painted and polished at various times, but because of the nearness to the water it is subject to unexpected inundations. There was the storm, 'way back in 1938, that flung the sea into the town so that power boats were going up and down the main street. There hasn't been another such storm since, but every once in a while the sea gets frisky and spoils a nice new paint job. Now he has fixed up a billiard room next to the garage space, hung his hip boots and his nets and his old fishing clothes on the rafters, and put his tools and his paints on some of the highest shelves, out of the sea's reach.

Outside, there is a brick wall protecting the edge of the lawn from the waves that break over the little beach below. The steps leading to the water plunge right in, at high tide, on the fourth step from the bottom. A bench and white-painted chairs are set on the lawn, and in midsummer there are deck chairs and gay cushions. Flowers follow the line of the wall and wander about the edges of the walks. They wreath the flag pole and form pleasant little clumps all around the house.

Ralph got interested in acting through his interest in reading about the origins of the theatre and his love of dramatic literature. "I was always fascinated by stories about the theatre. Besides, I guess a clown is always a clown and you can't change him. I didn't really think I could act, in the beginning, but others did, and before I knew it I became a professional actor." He started as a young boy on the legitimate stage, progressed into bigger and bigger roles and then leading parts in comedies, dramas, revues, musical plays, Shakespeare—anything which anyone would give him the chance to do until he could become the versatile actor he wanted to be. There finally came a time when some of the musical shows in which he appeared were to be re-done in capsule form for radio. He was approached to play some of

his original roles but, knowing little about radio acting, he felt it would be a great bother to re-create a part for only one performance. "I tried one, however, and found it was fun. Then another, and another. Then, as a result, I was offered a great many other radio opportunities and, before I knew it, I was really in."

Back in his stage days, he had had a part that called for him to wear a suit of the previous generation, a square-cut affair of the kind he had seen his father wear. He couldn't find what he wanted, but remembered the tailor who had made his father's suits. "I hadn't seen him for years and, when I found him, he was getting old. But he remembered me as the no-good little rascal who used to roller skate up and down in front of his shop and drive him nearly crazy. When I told him what I wanted, he thought I had gone mad—until I explained that now I was an actor and needed the suit to wear in a play.

"Seeing him brought back all the wonderful memories of my childhood, and my memories of his kindness. How he used to take ragged, neglected youngsters into his shop and mend their torn trousers and coats and send them out proud to face their friends again. He was a sweet, wholesome guy, and, when the role of Papa David came along, I thought at once of him. I had always felt that his foreign accent only added to his appeal."

Even now, after fifteen years, Ralph is still thanking his lucky stars that "Papa" came into his life. "I have been lucky in playing such a fine character. I feel that Carl Bixby and Don Becker do a beautiful job of recording the life of a man like Papa David. The director is a wonderful guy, the whole cast is charming. There is great humanity in our stories and in all the people we portray.

"Very often I think about something one of my neighbors said one evening as we relaxed and watched the sunset across the bay. 'You know, Ralph,' he said contentedly, 'there is nothing I like better than to sit here and watch the sun run away from the shadows.'

"I knew what he meant. I could see it receding from the lengthening shadows all around us, and I thought then, as I do now, how neatly he expressed a whole philosophy of life. The always-shining sun forever leaving behind it the shadows that can never quite catch up."

Ralph Locke's philosophy? Papa David's? Undoubtedly a little of both!

"Bill and I found happiness"

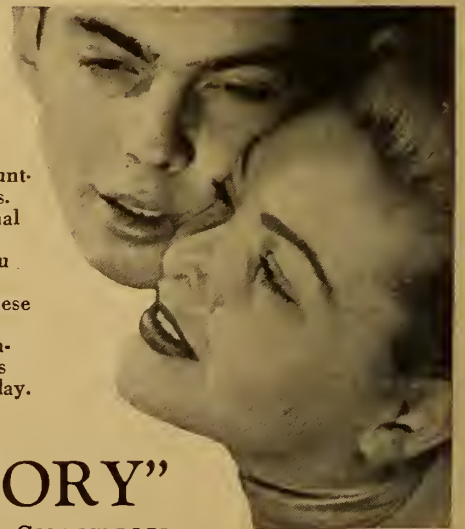
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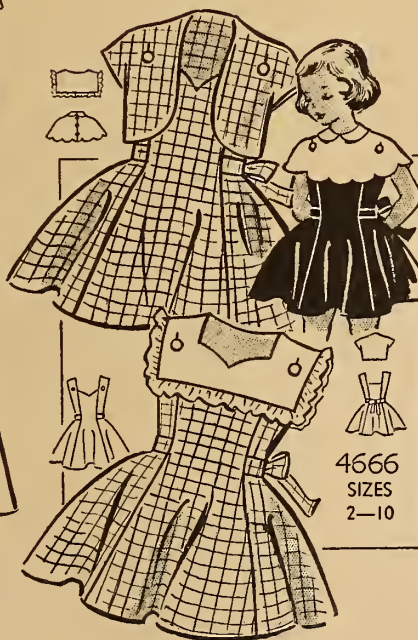
4666—Sew one dress, have four different outfits for daughter to wear. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 sundress takes 1⅝ yards 35-inch fabric; bolero, ⅝ yard. 35c



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Two for the Money

(Continued from page 45)

Pixie . . . Yes, Pixie would come through fine. She always did. But the baby? What was he going to hear about the . . .

Suddenly the door flew open and a nurse came in ("came dancing in," is the way Herb describes it) saying, all excited, "Two boys! Two boys!"

And this is how the State of Indiana's favorite son, and your gently humorous host on the quiz program, *Two For The Money*, learned that his two sons had been born.

Not that Herb was completely surprised by the twin birth. Almost from the beginning Pixie had had a feeling that the "baby" would be twins. A feeling all the more to be reckoned with, since she had not had it when pregnant with Indy, now three. Also, Pixie's mother is a twin. There were twins, some way back, in the Shriner family. And twins "run," as is known, in families. "And around home, in Fort Wayne, Indiana, a couple of boys, the Shriner twins," Herb recalled, "lived nearby. No relation. Still . . ." More scientifically, X-rays made during the sixth month of Pixie's pregnancy showed two separate backbones.

"The day the X-rays were taken and showed, unmistakably, two separate backbones, first thing Pixie said was 'Goodson and Todman will love this.' Goodson and Todman are the producers of *Two For The Money*," Herb chuckled. "That's Pixie for you. Matter of fact, *Two For The Money* had, I maintain, a lot to do with this. Just glad I'm not on *We, The People*," Herb added, making a funny.

At the moment, however, the memorable and momentous moment in which the birth of his sons was announced to him, Herb, unfortunately for posterity, said nothing, either humorous or otherwise, not a word.

"No one to say anything to," he explained. "The nurse, having delivered her show-stopping line, just grabbed up a handful of diapers and went out. There was no other father keeping the vigil with me. So I just kept on standing there, staring at the river, concentrating on the river as I'd been doing for the hour and a half (as I later learned) that Pixie was in the delivery room.

"I sort of—well, it was a strange feeling. All my life, I never thought of myself as a man with a big family. As an only child, one of a closely knit small group, that's what I was used to. That's what I'd expected to go on being used to. Figured I could make that do. Maybe if you've had six or eight kids first, been conditioned to it, I was thinking—to them coming in pairs, I mean . . .

"Then all my thoughts, scattered as they were, got together and just centered around the river. Sort of a nautical setting. I fell to thinking of a guy I know who has three sons. They all sail together, this guy and his three sons—real great! Now I saw myself sailing down to the South Seas, two guys to crew for me! Or maybe we'd stay closer to home, go up the Connecticut shore, visit with Dennis James, who lives so close to the water you can sail right into his back yard. Other times, we'd just cruise around, the five of us, Pixie, Indy, the boys and I, drop anchor near one or another of our sailing friends—Garry Moore, say, who also has a boat . . .

"Sun is beginning to come up and I'm daydreaming along in this fashion when I hear a tap at the door and someone is telling me I can see Pixie now. So I walk down a corridor and into Pixie's room and there she is looking just like Pixie

looks any morning she wakes up happy and healthy, and telling me, a shine in her eyes, 'Well, there you are—a man with two sons!' One hour after the twins are born, Pixie is telephoning her mother in Chicago. She's rugged, the way I said.

"Then I'm being tapped again and led down another corridor (in hospitals they kind of conduct a new father around, sort of a guided tour) at the end of which I'm looking at the two guys (looking at them under glass) who are going to crew for me.

"When the doctor first held them up at the window, I thought he was offering me a choice! Kinda difficult to make a choice, though, identical as they are. Kinda red-looking, both of them. Looks as if they may be blond, although they don't have much hair, either of them. Just about the same size, too. One weighed in, at birth, at 8 pounds, 14 ounces; the other at 8 pounds, 9 ounces. Big babies, even for singletons, yet Pixie had an easier and shorter time than with Indy, of whom there is only one. Even now, only way I can tell them apart is that No. 2 is a mite larger, especially in the face, than Kin.

"Only one named so far," Herb explained, "is Kin. No, not Kim—n, as in 'noodle.' Named him after Kin Hubbard, the famous Hoosier humorist.

"What are you going to do," a friend asked us the other day, "name one and point at the other?"

"As of now, that's what we're doing. Meantime, we're playing around with the possibility of some other famous Hoosier name—George Ade, maybe, or James Whitcomb Riley. Incline to the latter myself—could call him 'Whit.' Whit Shriner. Or 'Wit'—probably be good. A real old-fashioned name, anyway, is what we want.

"Fact is, we didn't even try to think of names, boys' or girls', before the twins were born. I guess we didn't want to pin our hopes on their being twins, X-rays notwithstanding, or, if they were, on the chance (and it is a chance) of both surviving. Didn't want to go and name them or buy a lot of equipment until after they were safely here. Name an unborn child, you get attached to a name and you feel worse if anything goes wrong.

"With twins, as statistics show, things can go wrong. It's an anxious deal for parents. You visualize all kinds of problems. Sometimes one of them gets all the nourishment so there's the worry that one may be bigger and stronger than the other. Twins have weighed in as little as one pound each. Three pounds is, I believe, the average. Small as that, they have to be given oxygen, put in incubators, and kept in the hospital after the mother goes home. Some don't come home from the hospital until time to be drafted!

"We were lucky, though. We were blessed with big babies, both of 'em. They came home right along with Pixie. Only thing is, you come to visit them now, Pixie gives you a little mask—gets them used to what they're going to face in life, doctors and hold-up men! Kin had oxygen, too, but only for one night—his first. Worry about that a little. If it becomes habit-forming, will I have to keep buying him oxygen?"

"Lucky, too, that they're twin boys. If I'd had two girls—making four women in the family—I'd be swamped." Herb made a funny face. "Or if a boy and girl, there'd have been two girls ganging up on one boy. This way, there'll always be an extra man. Handy thing to have around the house.

"Only problem now is that we can't

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have Indy overshadowed by the twins and the attention twins often get, just because they are twins. The fact that she's the only girl helps. We're taking care she feels they are her twins, too. The way she's bragging to people downstairs, the elevator man and all, about 'I have twins in my house,' it seems to be working fine.

"Space is something of a problem, too. A city house or a country house is what we've got to have, for—even though we've got 'em all stashed away—a six-room apartment is close quarters. I want a yard and a place to keep my junk, movie equipment and all, which I had to move out of what was my den to make a room for the twins. Living out of the city, it'd be a lot simpler—and saner. Back in Indiana, we always used to have dogs and cats and chickens, guinea pigs, rabbits, a pet rat or two. Now we've got one dog, our little Italian greyhound, Gypsy. One dog," Herb repeated mournfully. "Pretty skimpy rations!

"Fact is, I'm worrying because the boys are evidently not going to have the kind of childhood I had unless I do something drastic about it. Unless I move back to Indiana. And that, if it were at all feasible, is just what I would do. If I don't—are they ever going to know what an ole swimming hole is? Ever going to have the feeling of living where there's nothing much around but open woods, go out there in the woods, you and another guy, set up a tent, stay three or four days? Happy, foot-loose kids, just wandering, just getting on bikes and riding, visiting those old small towns. *The adventure of it,*" Herb said, and sighed. The sigh was pure nostalgia.

"Will they ever meet the kind of folks I met at country dances and weddings and funerals and grass fires? I'd like 'em to mix with the old cracker-barrel habitués of a country general store such as the one I hung around when we'd visit my grandfather in Michigan. Do some of the chores I used to do—be good for 'em—such as trimming the store window, for instance, even though all I did was put in some clean flypaper!

"In five years' time, flying making the strides it is, helicopters are going to be standard equipment, the way it looks now, like the old model-T Ford once was. Maybe we can move back to Indiana. Assuming TV hasn't blown over by then," Herb laughed, "I could commute back and forth. If it isn't feasible—why, then, if I could get down to Pennsylvania, have a farm there, it would get Indy and the boys away from the Broadway and Hollywood influence. Or bring them up, I've been figuring, on another diet—boats. Turn in the little one we have now—just a

cruising sailboat—for a big cruiser that would accommodate us all. Bring them close to Nature anyway. Just want them to be near Nature somehow. Be a real horrible thing," Herb said, and meant it, "if they don't like boats, water, woods, fresh air, simple folk and folk-ways.

"I go back to Fort Wayne every now and then; see the boys I started with in the old harmonica quintet we organized in high school, and they seem genuinely contented. One has a little restaurant-bar and is doing fine. Another has a jewelry store, his own business. One works for General Electric. Another has a little neon-sign business, makes signs for anybody. 'Make one for you, Herb?' he asks me. Always offering to make me a free neon sign. Another of the boys works in the local bank. All of them have their own homes, nice families, haven't torn up their roots, wouldn't swap with any man. Envy me, being in television and all? No," Herb laughed, "no, *Ma'am*. They just figure if we'd stayed together, they'd be in same spot I'm in, but it doesn't bother them.

"I'd like the boys to work with their hands, like my dad, an engraver of tombstones, an inventor, a self-taught mechanist. Dad built his own house. Never called a plumber in. Never needed to.

"Just hope that they'll take up something interesting when they grow up. Something scientific, maybe, or musical. Or something exciting like being deep-sea explorers or space cadets. Or maybe we'll all take up flying together, Pixie, Indy, the twins and I. Or they may become automobile enthusiasts like their old man and how many others! (Ernie Kovacs, for one.) May become champion drivers like Jackie Cooper, who is a very avid racing car driver now, Mel Tormé, too, drives in competition. Perhaps they'll collect and work on antique cars like Dave Garroway and James Melton do in their spare time.

"And other things," Herb said, "so many other things I'd like to do which I have yet to do . . . and in this respect, if in no other, I hope they take after me. Being excited, I mean, about things to come, never satisfied with anything dull and indoors, like bookkeeping. Yet knowing, too, that you don't have to have your name in the paper, or up in lights, to be happy in your heart and successful in your life.

"Even this much planning," Herb added, with a Shriner smile, "is pretty premature, I've got to say—wishful thinking, as of today. After all they haven't done a lick of work yet!"

And so, with the gentle humor, the same raillery based on tenderness that he uses on *Two For The Money*, Herb told us his proud and happy story of "two for the Shriners."

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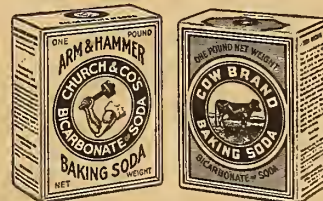
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DAYTIME DIARY

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

AUNT JENNY Across the USA are thousands of quiet, peaceful towns like Littleton. Are they as quiet and peaceful as they appear? Aunt Jenny proves how deceptive appearances can be in her stories about the people who live in Littleton—people whose tragedies and triumphs, loves and hates reveal that drama is to be found even far away from busy, crowded big cities—in fact, wherever there are people to live it. 12:15 P.M., CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Many times during her marriage to handsome actor Larry Noble, Mary Noble has had to defend her happiness against predatory women who preferred to forget that he was not free. But since her recovery after the crisis with Elise, Mary's point of view has changed. If she continues to look suspiciously on every woman who crosses Larry's path, won't it be better if she and Larry decide to go their separate ways? 4 P.M., NBC.

THE BRIGHTER DAY As the Reverend Richard Dennis and his family start off in their brand-new home in the equally new town of New Hope, the two missing members of the family—Liz and Althea—seem about to take a controlling influence over the family's immediate future. For when Althea returns from Wyoming she brings a disturbing problem—very much complicated by the childless Liz's affection for Althea's child, Spring. 2:45 P.M., CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL As star crime reporter for the New York *Daily Eagle*, David Farrell no sooner closes the file on one solved mystery than he is sent out on another. But recently even David's quick wits and long experience were not quite enough to keep him from being enmeshed in an intrigue so complex that an innocent man was on the point of going to the electric chair, till a misleading clue laid a trail David could follow. 5:15 P.M., NBC.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Young Kathy

Grant started writing the shattering end of her marriage before it began, when she concealed from Dr. Dick Grant that she was going to have a child by the late Bob Lang, who was so briefly her husband. Now she blames no one but herself, though Dick's weakness was certainly a factor. Kathy's father, Joe Roberts, busy with an important story, wonders what he can do about Kathy's future. 12:45 P.M., CBS-TV; 1:45 P.M., CBS.

HAWKINS FALLS Lona Drewer's marriage to Dr. Corey starts out bravely and with every good prospect, for they had tried hard to settle every conceivable bone of contention before they faced the preacher. But neither of them dreamed what shocking havoc would be wrought by Carol Corey, so envious of her brother's new-found happiness that she even tried to wreck the security of young Roy Drewer in his new family life. 11 A.M., NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Though Julie was always certain that her instinctive distrust of young Leonard Klubber was justified, even she is heartsick over the full revelation of his frame-up of Conrad, and his attempt to use a little Korean orphan to further his own ends. But Julie and Reed are about to see another battle in which a child is used as the pawn—a battle even more sordid because the child's money is its object. 3 P.M., CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill's most deeply cherished memories are violated as the unscrupulous Mrs. Thelma Nelson invents a past involving his long-dead wife, Nellie, to help her deceive Bill and blacken his name in Hartville. Facing the utter destruction of his barber shop and his life, Bill has the desolate feeling that as he struggles to make a new beginning he is, for the first time in his life, completely alone. 5 P.M., NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Young Chichi has packed into her modest years

quite a variety of experience. As a lonely street urchin, then as Papa David's adopted daughter, she has learned a lot about people—when to help them, when to mind her own business, when and how to ask for help when she herself needs it. But up to now she has had no experience with marriage. Is she going to get it the hard way, by making a tragic mistake? 3 P.M., NBC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo seemed on the very point of remembering his whole happy past as the husband of Belle Jones when his fiancée, Gail Maddox, was injured in an accident. Now Lorenzo is really tied to his promise to marry the girl he met after amnesia separated him from Belle. And Belle for the first time is almost hopeless about the future, for with Gail's new claim on his sympathy Lorenzo may never regain his memory. 5:30 P.M., NBC.

LOVE OF LIFE When Meg Harper and her sister Vanessa Dale returned to the family home in Barrowsville they left behind a series of crises created by Meg's continual war with the world. Barrowsville promised peace—until Meg allied herself with Hal Craig and prompted trouble that made the past difficulties look small. Can she and Craig defy the rest of the town—and will Van allow her to do so? 12:15 P.M., CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Day by day in every way Young Fay grows more like her mother, Ma Perkins, in strength and philosophy and the affection of all who know her. In the family's involvement with the Pearces after old Alf's death Fay has a chance to show this honesty and wisdom. Will it continue to serve her when she herself has need of it? Or will it be Ma who once again buoys up those she loves? 1:15 P.M., CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The terrible shock of Doris Larkin's murder is intensified for Sunday and Lord Henry as suspicion falls on Henry's cousin, Ivor Thornton. Sunday's efforts to defend Ivor are frustrated as his mother, Mrs. Sarah Thornton, blames her for the tragedy. Will the confusion of motives give the murderer the chance he is waiting for—to strike again with Sunday Brinthrope as his victim? 12:45 P.M., CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY From the moment the possibility of oil on his father's property was first mentioned, Pepper knew the family was in for some important changes. He and Linda have tried to protect themselves against the worst of them, but they must watch Father Young becoming increasingly involved. And the question of Carter, husband of Peggy Young Trent, also agitates Pepper.

Just what is wrong with his brother-in-law? 3:30 P.M., NBC.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason knows that when he finds the organizer of the used-car racket he will probably have found the head of many other criminal enterprises, for in his experience the big criminals of his city operate through countless channels. But the man behind Ed Beekman's trouble—the man young Kate Beekman has so innocently but unwisely allied herself with—just what is his position in the picture? 12:15 P.M., CBS.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS If the rift in Carolyn Kramer Nelson's marriage were caused by a personal misunderstanding between herself and Miles, Carolyn would feel hopeful of mending it by determination, honesty and love. But the importance in the situation of outside influences weakens her confidence. If others can come between herself and Miles, confusing her efforts to reach real accord, is there any hope? 3:45 P.M., NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE After concentrated years of effort to ruin everyone who interfered with her desires, has Sybil Overton at last accomplished her own ruin? If she had not browbeaten the unhappy Pearl Scudder into concealing baby Connie's parentage, Sybil would have a valid claim to her dead husband's estate. In her furious efforts to extricate herself from her own trap, will Sybil turn once again on Jim and Jocelyn Brent? 1 P.M., CBS; 3:15 P.M., NBC.

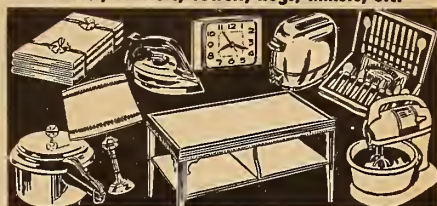
ROSEMARY Hard as it is for Rosemary to face life again after the loss of the baby she and Bill had so lovingly anticipated, there is plenty of work waiting to be done in connection with the Boys' Club. Will this plan to help others succeed in helping Rosemary herself? What happens as Bill's original conception of a community improvement project becomes unexpectedly complicated, and takes a disturbing personal turn? 11:45 A.M., CBS.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Wealthy Brett Chapman, trying to enlist Helen's aid in handling his attractive but difficult young son Richie, has unwittingly created a different kind of problem as Richie becomes strongly attracted to the brilliant, beautiful designer his father hopes to marry. Is Helen right in thinking her assistant, Loretta Cole, will succeed in capturing Richie's attention? Or is Loretta after something Helen doesn't suspect? 12:30 P.M., CBS.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW So unhappy had the recent past been for Arthur Tate and Joanne Barron that on the verge of their marriage both of them were afraid to believe in their future. And the sudden,

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DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 93)

shocking appearance of Arthur's first wife, long established as dead, is almost a confirmation of his secret insecurity. A tremendous practical and moral problem confronts Jo and Arthur now as they struggle to keep believing in their tomorrow. 12:30 P.M., CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan and Terry Burton, at first doubtful about the wisdom of a marriage between Stan's sister Marcia and Lew Archer, are at last convinced that the two love each other enough to compensate for completely dissimilar backgrounds. Even Marcia's autocratic mother has succumbed to Lew's charm. Is it possible that beneath the surface of such a happy situation a flaw may develop to shatter it? 2 P.M., CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella has always feared that her daughter's selfish mother-in-law, Mrs. Grosvenor, would ruin Laurel's happiness, for Laurel's husband Dick has always been a trifle weak where his mother is concerned. With Laurel's disappearance, Stella is near panic, for only Stanley Warrick knows where Laurel has sought refuge. Can Stella's friend, lawyer Arnold King, provide the strength Stella needs now? 4:15 P.M., NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nurse Nora Drake, struggling with her own choice between Dr. Robert Seargent and Fred Molina, is unaware that another woman's emotional problem may ruin her life forever. For Wynn Robinson, bitterly certain that Nora stands between herself and Fred, has joined with the sinister Lee King in a plan of almost unbelievable ruthlessness. Will Nora discover Fred is really the man she loves only after King has destroyed him? 2:30 P.M., CBS.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Young, pretty Poko Thurmond has never been the kind of girl men leave behind. A popular New York model, Poko is so much sought after that if she wanted to she could easily forget that she is the wife of writer Bill Norman—as Bill himself has forgotten it since his war experiences wrecked his memory. Would it be best if Poko did forget? Will her love for Bill lead both of them to tragedy? 11:30 A.M., NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY The sudden death of her husband has left Helen Emerson with a houseful—and a heartfelt—of problems as she must put aside her own deep grief to cushion the shock for her children. She is able to help nine-year-old Kim turn back to school and childish preoccupations. But Diane and Mickey are profoundly upset by the unforeseen change in their life and prospects. 12 noon, CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN With the trained alertness of an expert newspaper woman, and her own sensitive understanding of people, Wendy knows that the man who

calls himself Magnus is either very much less than he appears—or much more. What is his purpose with Kay Clement? Is Corinne his disciple or his dupe? Will he somehow manage to affect Wendy's already complicated relationship with her brilliant, temperamental playwright husband? 12 noon, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES When two people marry for love, as Joan and Harry Davis did, they believe that this love will shelter them from all outside events as long as they both shall live. But with maturity Joan has realized that while their love remains the center of their lives it is impossible for them to remain completely untouched by others. Will these others who have a claim on Joan's affections lead her to be unfair to Harry? 10:45 A.M., ABC.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jeff Carter has never shirked family responsibility, but in the recent trouble encountered by his sister Virginia over the mental illness of her husband, Stan, Jeff had occasion to wonder if there were some things even one's immediate family should never meddle with. Will the rest of the Carters ever get over a secret disturbance about Stan's condition, or a secret wondering what its effect might be on the twins? 4:45 P.M., NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The advent of a girl named Tracy Adams has shaken Dr. Jerry Malone to the very foundations of the life he has built after the death of his wife. Even his prized friendship with Dr. Browne is threatened by Jerry's inability to face the truth about how he feels. With emotional problems of his own, how can Jerry help as his young friend Crystal Williams struggles through a profound crisis? 1:30 P.M., CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN At last Dr. Anthony Loring knows that he renounced his love for widow Ellen Brown for a fraud—that he was tricked into marrying Millicent Randall. The realization that he still loves Ellen makes it almost impossible for Anthony to accept the fact of his approaching fatherhood. If Ellen in her unhappiness were to finally turn to Michael Forsyth would it be best—or worst—for all those involved? 4:30 P.M., NBC.

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While Marlin Perkins devotes his attention to Princess Elizabeth, Nero tries to act philosophical about it with his friend, Jim Hurlbut.



YOUR ZOO PARADE

WHILE good-natured Nero holds undisputed title as king of the beasts in Lincoln Park Zoo, his place in the spotlight is fast being challenged by the crown princess of the collection, a flirtatious minx named Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's manners were anything but royal the Sunday she made her debut on Zoo Parade.

It's an open secret, shared equally by cast, crew and audience, that Jim Hurlbut, the inquiring reporter on the show, regards lions as his personal answer to Marlin Perkins' snakes. Although Jim shudders visibly each time Perkins brings even the most harmless serpent before the cameras, he compensates, whenever the show originates in the lion house, by boldly walking up and scratching majestic Nero's ear.

It was also natural that Jim should beam the day Elizabeth was introduced. He petted her, bounced her ball to her and had a wonderful time showing her off.

Elizabeth, too, thoroughly approved of Jim. She made it evident that she regarded him as her own personally possessed human being.

But the show had to go on, so Elizabeth, with a light steel leash attached to her collar, trailed along on the cage-to-cage tour while Martin answered Jim's questions about the other big cats.

Before long, however, Elizabeth resented Jim's attention to the other felines. Her method of recalling his attention was most direct. Elizabeth simply walked up and nipped Jim's leg. More startled than injured, he yelped, "Ouch!" and darned near dropped the mike. Camera men, floor men, producer and director started to laugh. In her first bow to a nation-wide audience, jealous Elizabeth virtually broke up the show.

Princess Elizabeth may have had deep-seated psychological cause for such action,

for so far, people have been kinder to her than lions have.

Her mother rejected her immediately after her birth in the Peoria, Illinois, zoo. To save the tiny cub from starving or being clawed to death, keepers took her from the cage. A police officer and his family cared for her until she was brought to Marlin Perkins at the time of the Coronation. It was only natural to name her for the ascending queen.

Soft, cute and cuddly, Elizabeth instantly made Lincoln Park her private kingdom. She held court out on one of the lawns, attended by keepers Will Renner and Bill Faedtke. Says Perkins, "Literally thousands of people petted her as they would a house cat, and Elizabeth just loved it."

Now a year old and weighing fifty pounds, Elizabeth has a cage of her own in the center of the large animal house. Nero and his spouse, Queenie, live on one side, Samson and Delilah on the other.

Elizabeth's diet consists of horse meat fortified with minerals and vitamins. Mr. Perkins expects her to reach maturity at the age of two or three and predicts she will have a life span of eighteen to twenty years.

Like all cats, Elizabeth is neat. She licks down her own fur and never needs a bath.

She's still gentle, loves to be brushed, plays happily with a big rubber ball and shows off for visitors. Her days of playing on the lawn are past, however. Marlin Perkins does not agree with those who try to turn lions into house pets. Says he, "There's too much danger. While a lion, like a domestic cat, may become fond of people, you must never forget it is still a wild beast. There's man-killing power in those jaws, claws and muscles. You never can tell what will touch it off. Elizabeth loves us now, but that nip at Jim's leg was a prediction of her power."

Zoo Parade, with R. Marlin Perkins, is seen on NBC-TV, Sundays at 4:30 P.M. EST.

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Julie's New World Is Wonderful!

(Continued from page 23)

changed the whole complexion of things. I had found a pal, and it's been like that ever since. Julie is full of pranks and bubbling over with fun, but he'll always rush to the help of a friend who's in trouble. You can count on that."

Julie and Joey went on from kindergarten to P.S. 143, in Brooklyn. Living only two blocks apart, they went through the eight grades together, separated for a single term when Julie's folks moved briefly to Coney Island. After that, Julie and Joey ran neck and neck through the remainder of the grades, graduating together. Both went on to Grover Cleveland High School, Joey electing a business course but, halfway through, changing over to join Julie in the academic classes. They sang together in the school choral group, and later in the All-City Chorus of three hundred voices. Julie became vocalist with the high school band during his last year and a half, and in June, 1947, they both were graduated.

"He was always a singing, smiling kid," Joey says of his pal. "Many a time I would wake up feeling sort of cross, but on the way to school Julie would pull some prank and start me laughing, and before I knew it I would feel fine. A lot of people thought he would come to something with his singing. I realized it myself when, for the first time, he sang with our high school band and I saw the reaction of the other kids. There were about 4,000 of them in the assembly hall that day, and I watched their faces light up as Julie got started on a song. I thought then: This guy can't help but be a hit. I already knew he had a deep love of singing, and now all of a sudden I sensed that he had the personality to put it across. Julie's sister, Sadie, sang beautifully, too. She could hit high C. She never did anything with her music, though, and now she's married and has a little girl, Lillian, whom Julie adores."

All through the years after graduation, when Julie worked a few months for a tool company, using a duplicating machine, and then after he joined the Navy in November, 1947—and all during his four-year period of Navy service—Julie and Joey remained fast friends. During the Godfrey period, Julie would rush over to meet Joey for lunch after the morning broadcast whenever he could, to talk things over with his pal. By this time, Joey was working in the offices of an oil company, only two blocks from the CBS studios.

(One of the things that bothered Julie, as his own fame increased, was that people began to refer to Joey as "Julius La Rosa's friend." "It's as if he had to shine by my light," Julie would complain. "He's doing fine on his own." Being known as Julie's friend never bothered Joey. Hadn't he always been Julie's friend, and proud of it? Now he is working with Julie exclusively, traveling with him and handling the hundreds of details that go a long way toward smoothing Julie's path and freeing his mind and his time for work. When they go off on a trip, Julie's mother—in her early forties and up-to-date and very attractive—always tells Joey, "Take care of my Julie." And always adds, "Take care of yourself, too, Joey. Be good boys." "Julie's father, too, has always been more like a brother to me than like my friend's father," Joey says. "He's a very modern-thinking man, very young in his outlook.")

The La Rosas have lived the typical family life of a warm-hearted, close-knit group. They tell you that Julie always had a good head on his shoulders and a way of reasoning things out step by step, and that he always knew what he wanted. He knew

he wanted to sing. He wanted an easier life for his parents, both of whom had worked hard. He wanted to buy them a house, and he wanted to enjoy it with them until he got married and established his own home.

The first big thing he did, after joining the Godfrey shows, was persuade his mother to quit her job as a worker on women's coats. "She works hard now," he says today, "but it's different. It's in her home, for her family. She worked outside the home long enough." The next big dream had been a house for his parents. He bought the nine-room English style home on a quiet street in Mt. Vernon, close to New York, but away from its confusion.

Furnishing the house became a family affair from the first. Before they moved in, they used to drive out just to feast their eyes on the place. Sometimes Julie and Joey would go out together and talk about how wonderful it all was. Sometimes Julie's grandparents went along, sometimes his sister and her husband came in from New Jersey, sometimes uncles and aunts and cousins all came, rejoicing in the La Rosas' happiness. There were family conferences about every piece of furniture retained from the old home, every new purchase. They discussed colors and fabrics endlessly. They talked over the wallpapers and paint and the carpeting. Everything about the house and what went into it had to have the family's seal of approval. Julie's and his pop's, and particularly his mom's.

There is a huge living room, which is one of the chief reasons they loved the house from the moment they saw it. (The Brooklyn apartment was pleasant and comfortable, but the rooms were small and looked out on rows of other apartment houses.) This house looks out on a pretty green lawn and shrubbery and flowers in season, and a tree-shaded street. There's a patio in back, covered by an awning, where the family eats outdoors in good weather.

Julie describes it simply as "a house that's really lived in, all of the time." It's meant to be. Rather modern, but inviting, attractive modern, mixed with a little of the cherished old things. A house where you can sit down and feel completely comfortable and not worry about the furniture, even though everything is beautiful. You know it was intended for use and enjoyment, and you feel at home right away, as though you had been there many times before. Julie misses it, and the family dining table, now that he has to be away so much, but he gets a kick out of coming back and finding it all exactly as he remembered it, only even nicer. He brings back presents from trips, china-ware from Canada, attractive small objects from many cities that he can tuck into his suitcase and surprise the family with.

In cabinets and drawers lining his own room he keeps his shirts, his dozens and dozens of pairs of socks (when he mentioned on the air that he liked Argyle socks, a landslide of them arrived within the next few days); his huge collection of surprisingly conservative ties (fans send him these, too, and belts and garters and little gifts of many kinds); the neat piles of underwear and pajamas. In the wardrobes are rows of carefully hung clothes. He dressed in knickers and white shirts and a tie at grade school, until he graduated into long trousers and sports shirts and sweaters, but, according to Joey, he was always carefully dressed, no matter how casual was the style at school. "He always liked good clothes," Joey said, "and for the first

time in his life he can afford to go to a fine tailor. He now has eight new suits, the first specially tailored clothes he has ever had, and he's proud of them. His tastes are still conservative and his favorite color is still gray. While he likes matching shirts and socks, and he goes in for sweaters and T-shirts and slacks for lounging and casual wear, even these aren't too loud or too colorful.

"He likes to keep everything perfectly pressed, shines his shoes regularly, hangs up his things when he takes them off. Once, when we were on a trip, I started to hang up a jacket he had thrown over the back of a chair. 'Leave it there, Joey,' he told me. 'I'll put it away after I rest a minute.' He didn't like the idea of anyone thinking he had to be waited on. He gets into his clothes without any help from anyone—even now, when another guy as busy as he is would have a 'dresser' or a valet to help him keep his things in readiness for quick changes and fast trips. But it wouldn't seem natural to Julie."

Apparently he has other qualities that haven't changed with success. Joey tells how he was always independent. How he was always straightforward with everyone. How he always said what was in his heart, sometimes too impulsively perhaps, but you knew exactly how he felt about things. And how, sometimes, his emotions have betrayed him, when he didn't want them to. When, for instance, he was trying so hard to control his emotions during the disclosure of his interest in Dorothy McGuire, and her apparent interest in him, he broke down one day in front of the whole cast and crew during a recording of "No Other Love," for his taped radio show. He had a bout with laryngitis, too, which seemed more the result of strain and emotion than anything else, but he got himself together quickly and has behaved magnificently about it all.

He has always had great loyalty. "If you're his friend, that's it for life," the kids who grew up with him will testify. He keeps up with the boys he and Joey were pals with during their schooldays. Gene, now Lt. Gene Montalbano of the Marine Corps—they hear from him pretty regularly and, when he was home for New Year's, they spent the time together. And Nino Maggio, whose job keeps him busy, but who gets together with them whenever they're all free. Everybody still treats Julie like one of the gang, and he's the same with them, no different from what he always was. He's the first to admit that he happened to get a very lucky break. When fellows he knew in the Navy look him up, he will sit around with them for hours talking about old times.

Even when he hasn't seen them for a long time and is all out of touch. He remembers people. At an engagement in Buffalo, he saw an accordion player who had been on *Talent Scouts* quite a while back, called him by name right away.

His family knows that success isn't making him throw any of his principles overboard. He never fails to give credit where credit is due, to remind himself of how he got started, and to be grateful for all the breaks he has had. His mother puts it simply: "Julie has always been my Julie. Always just the way he is today. A good, kind boy. Appreciative. Loyal." His father beams with pride when Julie's name is mentioned. His Aunt Rosie, who isn't much older than Julie himself, had always advised him not to let any career spoil his fine family relationship and his loyalties to those who have been kind to him. She thinks he has done a good job of keeping faith with himself.

Those who work with him agree with her. They talk about his innate courtesy, in small ways and big. The way he minimizes other people's failings, and his own willingness to take criticism, in spite of having an independent mind that wants to make some of its own decisions and stand or fall by them. In spite, too, of an appearance of boyishness. ("I'm only a few years older than Julie," one of the girls who works with him says, "but to me he seems just like a nice boy—like one of the nicest boys I have ever met—although I know he has a very serious side. I'm always surprised when he comes up with something quite profound, something that shows he doesn't think like a kid. It's his boyish manner that fools you.")

He has a genuine thirst for learning and is trying to catch up on a lot of things he missed by not getting to college, as once he dreamed of doing. When he reads anything that impresses him, he can hardly wait to share it with some friend. He likes to read about the lives of great men and women, and to try to discover the philosophies that helped them to live well. He is interested in words, and their exact meanings, and in building a vocabulary that will help him to express his feelings as clearly as possible. Perhaps that's why he is such a Scrabble "fiend." The board on which that word game is played is always ready in his dressing room, or set up at home on the rare free evenings he's there.

He likes to play cards with his father, and sometimes an uncle and Joey, but this quickly gets to be more of a joke session than a card game. Julie has a way of seeing the funny side of incidents and of telling his stories well. Or he will come up with a couple of jokes he has heard. Most

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of the time they're just sitting around and talking and laughing, turning on TV to watch something special, having their coffee or tea. Julie can't be quiet too long. The minute a room gets silent, he's the first to pop up and start the conversation going. And the laughter.

He loves to eat, keeps his weight down in spite of his appetite, because he's so active. At the time of the Godfrey upset (and it should be mentioned here that he always referred to him respectfully as Mr. Godfrey—or, at rare times, Mr. G.—and still does), he weighed about 185 pounds, but worry and excitement have cut that down to 170, a much better weight for him. His waistline went from 31 to 28 inches, also a better measurement for him. He can eat six eggs and all the trimmings for breakfast, order double sirloins after a show, put down quantities of Italian food, especially his mother's. In a pinch, he can cook for himself but, on a camping trip in Canada and Maine with another fellow, he had to call up his mother once or twice to verify her recipes for a couple of dishes he wanted to fix.

There was a time when photography and tinkering with radios and television sets interested him greatly, but his time now is limited. He worked in a radio repair shop during two school vacations—this is his dad's trade, and was his own ambition before he began to sing professionally. He still hopes to have a business with his dad, perhaps as a silent partner. He likes to putter around the house, but the clock warns him against it every time he plans to get started. Whereas he used to do eight songs a week on the Godfrey shows, he now has done as many as 465 during a two-week engagement in one theatre, counting the encores, playing day and evening to SRO crowds who called for more and more.

He wants to learn more about reading music and developing his natural ear for it. Actually, he had only six months of formal voice training (while he was with Mr. Godfrey), his other training merely part of the choral group at school. He would like more time to practice tennis and to learn golf. He was always a good swimmer and played a good game of basketball and softball, and he liked to see football played, but neither he nor Joey went out for any of the teams. Their interests took them to the theatres where they could sit through three shows to hear Frank Sinatra sing, or to hear Perry Como or see a Bing Crosby movie. Julie was, and still is, a big fan of all three.

Now that he's a star, too, his schedule is breathtaking. A string of club and theatre and TV dates, the tape recordings of his Monday, Wednesday and Friday 15-minute radio shows, recorded with live audiences. (He usually does three of these shows at once, rehearsing for four hours, singing about four songs per show, twelve at each session. He's the top recording star of Archie Bleyer's Cadence records—contrary to rumor, he has no other interest in Cadence, except one of the most terrific contracts in the recording business. His first record was "Anywhere I Wander," now the theme song of his radio show. He has done "My Lady Loves to Dance," "Eh Cumpari," a *Requestfully Yours* album of "I Believe," "No Other Love," "Rosanne," "My Funny Valentine," and a Christmas album of "Silent Night," "Oh, Holy Night," "Ave Maria" and "Adeste Fideles." There are always new ones being added, probably several by the time you read this.)

None of these demands upon him, none of the success that has come to him, seems to have changed Julie. He was always critical of his work and he still is. Always trying to improve it. He still takes sug-

gestions from those whose opinion he respects. He's still easy-going at rehearsals, still has everyone laughing before the tension mounts too high. Even at the difficult recording sessions—and any musician will tell you these are usually rough, with everyone beating his brains out to do his best—no one feels too worn out at the end of the day. Julie eases the strain, for himself and everyone else.

He still sleeps soundly, the sleep of a boy who knows how to do a good job and then relax, and who has an easy conscience. And he still has to be practically pried out of bed by the patient Joey when he's on the road, because he gets terribly tired out.

He still dreams of marriage to the girl of his choice, and a home where they can be together always. "We never discussed marriage much," Joey says of their growing-up days, "and now I respect Julie's privacy even more than I ever did. Even when he was very young, he didn't flit from girl to girl. As long as he went with a girl, she was the one for him. We went out mostly in groups of four or five couples, to the beaches, the Friday-night dances at the Community Center, the church dances, or the movies. Once in a while we would take a girl out alone, but more often as a group. As far as Julie was concerned, a girl could be the quiet type or the life of a party, as long as she was interesting. He hit it off well with girls, maybe because he had them laughing all the time. And he respected them.

"When he did talk about marriage, he always said he wanted to marry a girl who had the same ideas he had about life. Not necessarily the same background. We all thought that backgrounds could be readjusted, but basic ideas remained the same. He didn't think it mattered whether a girl was a home-body or a career girl. I only know that he looked upon marriage as something you entered into for keeps, and he was always serious when he talked about it and about kids. Julie was twenty-four last January 2, and now all this is becoming more important to him. We both realize we're no longer children.

"What Julie wants is what every young fellow wants from life. Happiness in his home and in his work. Happiness in love. I don't think he would be really unhappy, however, if he were to wake up tomorrow and find himself in the repair business with his dad, as he once thought about doing as a full-time career. He would, of course, miss the things he has been able to do for his family, the large earnings (some say they will amount to more than half a million this year), the fun he is having, and the excitement of achieving the things he has done and hopes to do. But the point is that he was a happy guy before any of this came about. That's the way he is. He makes his own happiness, by his attitudes toward life. Even in his heartaches he has tried to find something good to cling to, something lovely to remember, and he has always succeeded."

He counts himself a lucky fellow, with a lot to be grateful for. During a period of great emotional strain for himself and for his family—in fact, his second club date after he left the Godfrey fold—his folks made a special trip to Pittsburgh to watch him perform. When they came into the room he was in the middle of the show. He looked out at them and said simply, interrupting his performance, "There are two people sitting out in the audience that I would like all of you to meet. My Mother and Father." Everyone applauded. Lucy and Salvatore La Rosa were a little overcome by the attention, but the smiles on their faces showed how proud they were of their boy. They still are.

your local Favorites



JERRY AND JIMMA STRONG

Washington's only husband-and-wife team has a flair for spreading good cheer and friendliness.

(Page 102)



JOE McCAULEY

Listeners' wishes are his commands as he fills the airwaves with a variety of music through the night.

(Page 103)

TALENT PATROL

The U.S. Army wins hearty applause from Dave Garro-way and Miss Arlene Francis.

(Page 100)



• FOR PROGRAM LISTINGS SEE PAGES 104-106

The winner: Arlene Francis congratulates Pvt. Stephen W. Elmore after the studio audience rated his performance tops on *Talent Patrol*.



Steve's reward: A whirlwind tour of New York. First stop, the Hotel Statler, where Steve chats with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and their beautiful vocalist, Lynn Roberts.

The Army goes on a big New York holiday, thanks to ABC-TV's popular

TALENT PATROL

TALENT-SCOUT shows and the U.S. Army are both very familiar to Americans, but when the two join forces with charming and vivacious Arlene Francis, the results are bound to be exciting and different. Millions of television viewers across the land are finding this true each Thursday night as ABC-TV, in conjunction with the Army, presents its unique show, *Talent Patrol*. And the nicest part of the whole undertaking is that, each week, one of our servicemen becomes the guest of honor on a dazzling whirlwind tour of New York City.

Here's how it happens. Each week, Army talent scouts visit a different Army camp throughout the country and hold auditions for all servicemen with show-business inclinations. From the hundreds of men who compete, four are selected and brought to New York to appear on *Talent Patrol*. Then, after each one has performed, the winner is chosen by audience applause.

Such was the chance-of-a-lifetime experience for Private Stephen W. Elmore, who sang his way to acclaim. Twenty-year-old Steve, along with three other soldiers from Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, arrived in New York, three days prior to their appearance on *Talent Patrol*, for extensive rehearsals. Then, when the big night came, Steve stole the show with his wonderful rendition of "Oklahoma!" In a daze of excitement and amazement at winning, he was given a big send-off by Dave Garroway. Waiting outside the theatre was a chauffeured Carey limousine to speed

him on his way to New York's top night spots—the Café Rouge, the Latin Quarter, Café Society, and a host of others. In addition to having the time of his life for twenty-four hours, Steve returned to camp—where he is a member of Special Services—with the added assurance that he was a talented entertainer. This experience with *Talent Patrol* was a landmark for Steve—just as it has been for hundreds of other Army men who have won before him.

Among those who derive great pleasure and satisfaction from *Talent Patrol* is none other than Miss Francis, whose first-rate femceeing is always a sparkling addition to the show. Her good nature and sharp wit play a vital part in lessening the inevitable stagefright that creeps over the boys. Although many stars have found it difficult to handle "amateurs" before a camera, their unprofessional attitude is just what Arlene likes. And no matter how tongue-tied they may be before the show starts, she can always manage to put them at ease for their performance.

It goes almost without saying that the Army itself is pleased with the show and the opportunity it presents for servicemen. And, giving credit where it is due, the ABC-TV staff deserves to feel proud of the technical and artistic services it contributes toward making *Talent Patrol* an example of television at its best—constructive, entertaining, a worthwhile endeavor that everyone can enjoy.

ABC-TV presents *Talent Patrol*, Th., 9 P.M. EST, for the U.S. Army.



On to the famous Pen and Pencil Steak House, where owner John Bruno makes sure Steve enjoys a superb steak dinner with all the trimmings.



Steve is doubly pleased at Café Society, for there two old friends, actor Joe De Paw and dancer Elaine Pallie, join him as he meets singer Alan Dale and comedian Leo De Lyon.



Steve (center) found rehearsals with his Army buddies were hard work, but fun, too—especially when Miss Francis took part. He thought her charm and wit were just what he and the others needed to chase away pre-show jitters.

Jerry and Jimma chat with Vaughn Monroe as organist Jim Smiley looks on. That's their poodle, Gay Baby, posing nonchalantly on Vaughn's lap.



*Jerry and Jimma Strong
have captured the Capital's
heart as Washington's*

First Family of the Airwaves

WASHINGTON, D. C.'s friendliest neighbors are Jerry and Jimma Strong, who daily dispense wit and good cheer over WMAL and WMAL-TV. Their chatty weekday shows, on radio from 11 A.M. to noon, on TV from 3:30 to 4 P.M., and on radio again from 4 to 5:30 P.M., are as relaxing and heartwarming as a friendly cup of tea in a neighbor's kitchen.

A perfect couple both on the air and in their own home, Jerry and Jimma make their Mr.-and-Mrs. programs real family affairs. Their two daughters, DeeDee, 12, and Jenny, 8, often sing duets, and can ad lib almost as well as their mother and dad. To complete the family circle, Jerry and Jimma's large

French poodle, Froodle, makes occasional appearances, and Gay Baby, their toy poodle, is regularly starred. Gay Baby loves to sample the sponsors' products, or perch on the sofa next to Jerry while he sings hymns and popular songs, accompanied by organist Jim Smiley. Other members of the Strong family who *don't* appear are their two horses and two ponies.

Jimma is the perfect helpmate for Jerry—she was his secretary until he decided that she meant more to him than just an assistant, and married her!

Back in 1952, Jimma subbed for Jerry while he was ill, even though, as Jerry says, she hardly knew the front from the back of a microphone. When Jerry took over again, he received a steady stream of letters: "Where's that Southern gal?" (Jimma is from Mississippi.) "Why can't Jimma do the show *with* you?" And so, by popular demand, Jimma *did* join the show, to make them Washington's first—and only—Mr.-and-Mrs. team.

In addition to sharing their programs, Jerry and Jimma work together in their behind-the-scenes activities—like answering fan mail, planning the shows, and auditioning records—with the help of DeeDee and Jenny. The Strongs invite the Capital's top amateur and professional entertainers, civic leaders, and national favorites—like Bing Crosby, Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, and Vaughn Monroe—into their TV living room. Their radio shows feature music from their personal library of 18,000 records. But it isn't only their guests, music and chatter that make Jerry and Jimma Washington's favorites—it's their air of friendliness and good cheer, of just being themselves, a happy and wholesome average American family, that endears them to their loyal fans.



Louis Armstrong enjoys a visit with the Strongs and Gay Baby.

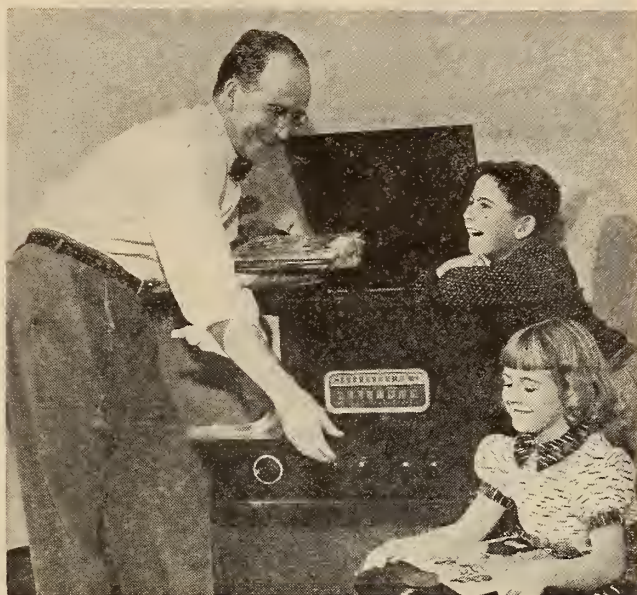
Requestfully Yours



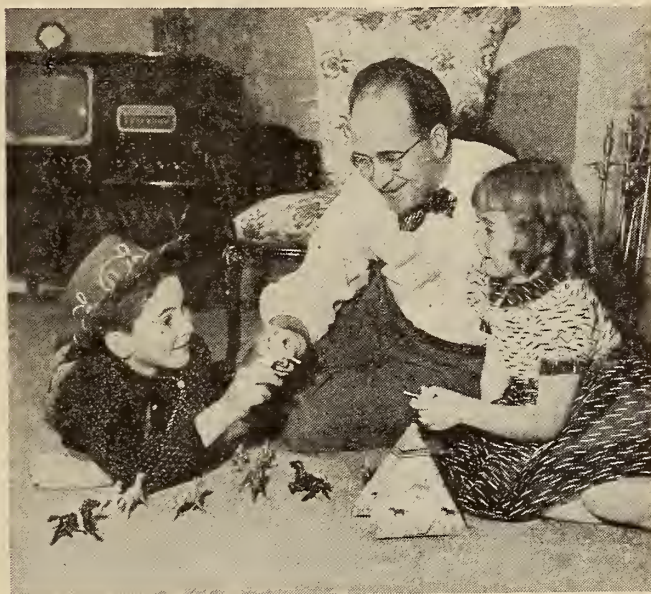
Kathleen Anne, newest addition to the McCauley clan, gets lots of fond attention from mother Roz, Joe, Joey and Lynn.

FOR ELEVEN years now, Joe McCauley, Philadelphia's obliging disc jockey, has been devoting his time and talents to giving WIP listeners just what they want to hear, via his all-request show, *Dawn Patrol*. Daily, from 12:30 to 6:00 A.M., Joe fills the airwaves with the tuneful melodies his loyal, stay-up-late fans ask for. Truck drivers, all-night restaurant operators, students cramming for exams, folks who just can't sleep—they all have tunes they'd like to hear, and it's Joe's business, and proud pleasure, to spin them. He even receives requests by mail from servicemen overseas, who want certain songs played for a loved one at home. And always, Joe is at the mike with the right record at the right time.

Even after spinning hundreds of thousands of records—at an average of 75 a night—Joe is as enthusiastic as ever about his job. "But I must admit I feel a little ancient when I meet the children of a fellow who says he used to listen to me back in his college days." That really shouldn't



Deejay McCauley's happiest moments are shared with children, Joey and Lynn—spinning more records, playing games.



bother Joe, however, because those eleven years have brought him a wonderful family of his own—his attractive wife, Roz, and three little potential deejays: Joey, 9, Lynn, 7, and baby Kathleen Anne.

Of course, Joe has his preferences among the singers and bands whose records he plays, but his real favorite in the vocal department, he'll tell you with a grin and a twinkle in his eye, is that brand-new daughter of his.

Joe's hobbies are about the same as his job: his favorite pastime is making comic records by combining snatches of music and sound effects from the station's record files. At home he plays his own requests from his personal collection of 1200 records.

But it's the records he plays for his listeners—songs that bring back memories and mean something special to someone, or just pop tunes they like to hear again and again—that give Joe the most pleasure, and form that solid link between him and his wonderful radio friends.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program Gabriel Heatter	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Cliff's Family	Breakfast Club	News Of America Joan Edwards Show
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Bob Hope Break The Bank— Bud Collyer	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time News	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Phrase That Pays Second Chance	Wonderful City 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Grand Central Paging The Judge Double Or Nothing 11:40 Ever Since Eve	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
Afternoon Programs				
12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Curt Massey Time	News, Don Gardner	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capitol Commentary with Les Higgin	Oklahoma Wranglers 12:25 Jack Berch Show Bill Ring Show	Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		12:20 Guest Time		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		Cedric Foster 1:25 News Luncheon With Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Say It With Music 2:25 News, Sam Hayes	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45	Jane Pickens 2:55 News, Banghart	Ladies' Fair	Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road Of Life Pepper Young Right To Happiness	John Gambling Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Wizard Of Odds
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	News Music	Jack Owens Show 4:25 Betty Crocker†	Robert Q. Lewis 4:05 Emily Kim- brough Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Welcome Ranch, Vic Bellamy	Music In The After- noon	
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson ¹	News, Austin Kip- linger Art & Dotty Todd Lum 'n' Abner Musical Express	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	Wild Bill Hickok ² 5:55 News, Cecil Brown		Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
		¹ T, Th—Sgt. Preston ² T, Th—Sky King	†T, Th—Dorese Bell	

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, News News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Gabriel Heatter Perry Como	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Family Skeleton Beulah Les Paul & Mary Ford 7:35 Julius La Rosa Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice Of Firestone	The Falcon Under Arrest	Henry J. Taylor Sammy Kaye Hollywood Starway Mike Malloy	Suspense Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Wismer, Sports Mutual Newsreel Reporter's Roundup	Metropolitan Opera Auditions Decision	Lux Theatre
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Frank Edwards	Headline Edition	Vaughn Monroe
10:15 10:30	Can You Top This? You Want To Know	Put It To Pat Deems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp	News, Robert Trout 10:35 Melody In The Night

Tuesday Evening Programs

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

Wednesday Evening Programs

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

Thursday Evening Programs

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

Friday Evening Programs

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

Inside Radio

Saturday

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

Afternoon Programs

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

Evening Programs

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

Sunday

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

Afternoon Programs

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

Evening Programs

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

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

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

Monday through Friday

- 7:00 4 & 8 Today—News Till Nine
Garraway gently awakens viewers to news, weather.
- 9:00 2 Margaret Arlen—Fem Chatter
4 Marey Amsterdam—Comedy Variety
7 Breakfast Club—Hour-long Variety
Don McNeill's celebrated family of entertainers.
- 10:00 2 Gaffrey Time—Variety Simulcast
4 & 8 Ding Dang School—TV Nursery
- 10:30 4 One Man's Family—Serial Drama
- 10:45 4 & 8 Three Steps To Heaven
Story of a gal's adventures in the big city.
- 11:00 4 & 8 Home—Hour-long Fem Fair
11:30 2 & 8 Strike It Rich—Quiz For Needy
11:45 4 Follow Yaur Heart—Serial Drama
12:00 2 Valiant Lady—Serial Drama
4 Bride and Graam—Mating Time
12:15 2 & 8 Love Of Life—Serial Drama
4 Hawkins Falls—Serial Drama
12:30 2 & 8 Search Far Tamorrow—Serial
4 Breakfast in Hallywaad—Dugan
12:45 2 Guiding Light—Serial Drama
1:00 2 Brighter Day—Serial Drama
1:15 2 Journey Thraugh Life—Marital Interviews
- 1:30 2 & 8 Garry Maare—Variety
A full-hour banus on Tues. & Thurs.
- 2:00 2 & 8 Double Or Nothing—\$\$\$ Quiz
Bombastic Bert Parks. Mon., Wed., Fri. only.
- 2:30 2 Art Linkletter's House Party
4 Laaking At Yau—Beauty Tips
3:00 2 & 8 Big Payaff—Mink-lined Quiz
4 (& 8 at 3:30) Kate Smith Shaw
Full-hour variety, panel talk for milady.
5 Paul Dixan Shaw—Music Variety
With Sis & Wanda, Paul pantomimes hit records.
- 3:30 2 Bob Crasby—Music Variety
Live & lively from Hollywood, the Bobcats.
1 Ted Steele—Music & Talk
4:00 2 Waman With A Past—Serial
Story of dress designer, starring Constance Ford.
4 & 8 Welcome Travelers—Talk
Tommy Bartlett visits with visitors to Chi.
7 Jerry Lester—Comedy Variety
- 4:15 2 The Secret Storm—Serial
Peter Hobbs stars as head of average family.
- 4:30 2 Robert Q. Lewis—Comedy Variety
4 & 8 On Your Account—\$\$\$ Quiz
- 7:30 4 Murray—Shore—Fisher—Music
Gay musical show with Mrs. Murray, Mon.; Dixie Dinah, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie, Wed., Fri.
- 7:45 2 Camo—Stafford—Framan—Music
Perry pings hearts Mon., Wed., Fri.; Jo's joyful warbling, Tues.; never-plain Jane, Thurs.
4 News Caravan—Swoyze

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 7 Jamie—Drama, Brandon de Wilde
8:00 2 Burns & Allen—Coupled Comedy
4 & 8 Name That Tune—\$\$\$ Quiz
5 20 Questions—TV Parlor Game
8:30 2 Talent Scouts—Showbiz Showcase
4 & 8 Concert Hall—Longhair Recital
7 Dr. I.Q.—Audience \$\$\$ Quiz
9:00 2 & 8 I Love Lucy—A real Ball
4 Dennis Day—Comedy Series
9:30 2 & 8 Red Buttnans—Big laughs
4 Rabert Mantgamery Presents
Mr. M. host to hour dramas.
- 10:00 2 & 8 Studia One—Hour Teleplays
7 Racket Squad—Police Adventures
10:30 4 Adolphe Menjou's Favorite Story

Tuesday

- 7:30 7 Cavalcade Of America—Historical Dramas
- 8:00 2 Gene Autry—Harse Operas
4 & 8 Milton Berle—Bab Hape
Lavish comedy hours. Hope, Mar. 16 only.
5 Life Is Worth Living
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen with inspiring talks.
- 8:30 2 Red Skelton—Comedy Sketches
5 Pantomime Quiz—TV Charades
- 9:00 2 & 8 Meet Millie—Comedy Series
4 Fireside Theatre
7 Make Raam Far Daddy—Comedy
Danny Thomas as bedeviled father.
- 9:30 2 & 8 Suspense—Melodramas
4 Circle Theatre
7 U. S. Steel Theatre—alternating with Matarala TV Hour
Superior, sophisticated full-hour dramas.
- 10:00 2 Danger—Thriller-diller Melodramas
4 & 8 Judge Far Yaurself
Fred Allen presides in song-rating sessions.
- 10:30 2 See It Naw—Edward R. Murrow
The penetrating TV news magazine.

Wednesday

- 7:30 7 Mark Saber—Mystery Adventures
- 8:00 2 & 8 Gaffrey And His Friends
The Royal Redhead's 60-minute variety.
- 8:30 4 (& 8 at 9:30) My Little Margie
Giggles with Gale Storm, Charles Farrell.
- 9:00 2 & 8 Strike It Rich—\$\$\$ Quiz
4 Kraft Theatre—Hour-long Dramas
- 9:30 2 I've Gat A Secret—Panel Quiz
10:00 2 & 8 Blue Ribbon Baxing
4 This Is Yaur Life—Ralph Edwards
Emotion-packed stories of living persons.
- 10:30 4 Dauglas Fairbanks Presents
Romance, adventure in 30-minute filmplays.

Thursday

- 8:00 2 Meet Mr. McNutley—Comedy
Ray Milland as harried, harassed prof.
4 & 8 Graucho Marx—Comedy Quiz
- 8:30 2 Four Star Playhouse
4 T-Men In Action—Crimehunt
5 Broadway To Hollywood—Variety
7 Where's Raymond?—Comedy Series
Bolger dances merrily through laugh skits.
- 9:00 2 & 8 Lux Videa Theatre
4 Dragnet—Jack Webb's Police Dramas
- 9:30 4 Ford Theatre
7 Kraft Theatre—Hour-long Dramas
- 10:00 2 4 & 8 Martin Kane, Private Eye
10:30 2 Place The Face—Bill Cullen, Emcee
4 (& 8 at 11:00) Foreign Intrigue
High-charged espionage stories.
7 China Smith—Adventures

Friday

- 7:30 7 Stu Erwin—Domestic Comedy
- 8:00 2 & 8 Mama—Family Series
4 Garraway Show—Sparkling Variety
7 Ozzie & Harriet—Comedy Series
The ingratiating Nelsons in great humor.
- 8:30 2 Topper—Comedy Series
4 Life Of Riley—Comedy Series

- 9:00 2 Playhouse Of Stars
4 & 8 Big Story—True Dramas
Real stories of real reporters in action.
5 Life Begins At 80—Lively Panel Talk
7 Pride Of The Family—Comedy Series
- 9:30 2 Our Miss Braaks—Comedy Series
Befuddled life of school marm (Eve Arden).
4 & 8 TV Soundstage—Dramas
7 Comeback Story—Arlene Francis
Stars who came back tell about it.
- 10:00 2 My Friend Irma—Comedy Series
4 & 8 Sparts Cavalcade—Boxing
7 The Shawroom—Variety
Cesar Romero emcees hour-long vaudebill.
- 10:30 2 Person To Person—Ed Murrow
Intimate home interviews with notables.
5 Dawn Yau Ga—Panel Game
11 Liberace—Valentino of the Piano

Saturday

- 7:30 2 Beat The Clock—Bud Collyer, Emcee
Couples try whacky stunts for prizes.
4 Ethel & Albert—Domestic Comedy
7 Leave It To The Girls—Fem Mayhem
- 8:00 2 Jackie Gleason Show—Comedy Hour
4 Spike Jones—Pandemonium
- 8:30 4 Original Amateur Hour
- 9:00 2 Two For The Money—\$\$\$ Quiz
4 & 8 Your Show Of Shows
90-minute gala variety with Caesar, Coco.
9 Adventure Blac—Whodunits
Brian Donley's Dangerous Assignment, 9:00;
Ralph Bellamy, Man Against Crime, 9:30;
Tom Conway as Inspector Mark Saber, 10:00
- 9:30 2 My Favorite Husband—Comedy
Caulfield and Nelson as gay, giddy Coopers.
- 10:00 2 Medallion Theatre
10:30 4 & 8 Hit Parade—Song & Dance

Sunday

- 5:00 2 Omnibus
Ambitious programming of dance, science, drama.
4 Hall Of Fame—Dramas
Inspirational, hour-long, historical stories.
- 6:00 4 Meet The Press—Newsmaking Panel
- 6:30 7 George Jessel Show—Variety
- 7:00 2 Life With Father—Domestic Comedy
4 & 8 Paul Winchell—Variety
- 7:30 2 & 8 Jack Benny—Private Secretary
Mar. 21, Benny belts out laughs; other Sundays, Ann Sothern in comedy series.
4 Mister Peepers—Comedy Series
7 Whiteman's Teen Club—Variety
- 8:00 2 & 8 Toast Of The Town—Variety
Ed Sullivan's hour jam-packed with stars.
4 Comedy Hour—Hilarious Revue
7 The Mask—Hour-long Melodramas
- 9:00 2 Fred Waring—G. E. Theatre
Mar. 21, Drama. Other Sundays, music variety.
4 & 8 TV Playhouse—Dromas
5 Racky King, Detective
7 Walter Winchell—Flash News
- 9:30 2 Man Behind The Badge—Dramas
5 Plainclothes Man—Whodunits
- 10:00 2 The Web—Taut Melodramas
4 & 8 Laretta Young Shaw—Dromas
Loretta Young stars as narrator-actress.
- 10:30 2 & 8 What's My Line?—Panel Quiz
7 Break The Bank—\$\$\$ Quiz
Ebullient Bert Parks poses puzzles.

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

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"Such wonderfully
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Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"



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A hit on every date—your hair after a luxurious Prell Shampoo! That's because Prell does such wondrous things for your hair . . . leaves it angel-soft and smooth as satin . . . gleaming with an exquisite radiance you never knew it had! Yes, radiance

tests prove Prell leaves your hair gloriously, 'Radiantly Alive'—more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo. Prell leaves hair *extra* clean, and removes embarrassing dandruff. It's so easy to use—no spill, drip, or break. Try Prell tonight—you'll *love* it!

