

TV RADIO MIRROR

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**N.Y. radio,
TV listings**



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M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)



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MARCH, 1955

TV RADIO
MIRROR

Keystone Edition

VOL. 43, NO. 4

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"Go out with him?...
Don't make me laugh!"



Gwen was still laughing when she hung up the receiver. Jane looked on incredulously. "But he has a car, good looks, a good job," she protested. "So what?" Gwen sneered. "He's got something else, too . . . something that nullifies every charm."

Jane still looked blank.

"I mean, honeybun," Gwen said seriously, "that his breath is that way*."

★ ★ ★

You simply don't get by when you're guilty of *halitosis (bad breath). Remember, too, that men are often the worst offenders. Isn't it just common sense to use the surest thing you know to overcome this condition? Listerine Antiseptic, of course . . . night and morning . . . and before

any date. Listerine stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . *four times better than any tooth paste.*

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**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
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 "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"



Frank's warm charm put Hildegard and Gloria Swanson into a gay mood.



Actress Eva Marie Saint tells listeners and Frank about her TV and movie experiences.



A nose-for-news man, Frank's interviews are always spicy.

Celebrities a la carte

WABC listeners are daily guests of a sparkling luncheon show, courtesy of genial Frank Farrell



Broadway stars Janis Paige and Carol Haney tell Frank about "The Pajama Game."

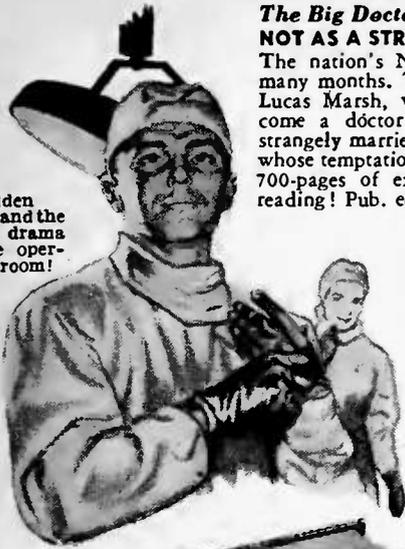


Frank met his wife Nina at a party in Florida. Now they share their delight over little Nina.

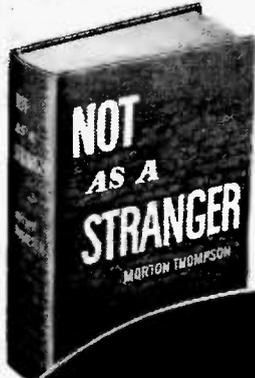
NAME a "name"—a movie star, prince, national hero or ace sports figure—and you've named a personal friend of Frank Farrell's. And, just by tuning your radio dial to Station WABC daily at 12:35 P.M., you can be Frank's guest as he plays host to such fascinating celebrities during *Luncheon At The Sheraton With Frank Farrell*. . . . Frank is well qualified for this role, for he has been keeping tabs on celebrities for years in his popular "New York—Day by Day" column in the *New York World-Telegram & Sun* and other papers throughout the country. Being a "nose-for-news man" explains why Frank's interviews on WABC are more than just informal chatter. With his reporter's instinct, his relaxed, cordial manner, he eases his guests into telling the behind-the-scenes stories which have made them the notables they are. . . . Frank, a fabulous figure in himself, has led an adventurous life since he was sixteen and won his first newspaper job—at \$3.50 a week. One of his most famous stories was "A Night Out with John Barrymore," which led to his winning the Editor and Publisher Award. Another highlight of his career occurred when Edgar Bergen's beloved Charlie McCarthy was kidnaped and held for ransom. The culprit? Frank—who still claims, "I only did it for a gag." . . . After working his way through college, Frank went on to receive his law degree from New York University. He spent five years in the Marines during World War II as a reconnaissance patrol chief, and rescued Allied prisoners of war in south China. Although he never practiced law, Frank made a name for himself when he uncovered a Nazi spy ring operating in the Far East and served as a special prosecutor and principal witness at the trial which sentenced 21 spies. . . . Frank is married to the former Nina Rownd, who was once voted "the most beautiful girl in Washington, D. C.," and they live in the heart of Manhattan. Since the arrival of his daughter Nina a few months ago, Frank says, "Being a brand-new daddy will probably keep me at home more hours, and that's okay by me." WABC listeners willingly second that motion—as long as Frank continues to be mikeside at least once a day for his delightful and entertaining luncheon session.

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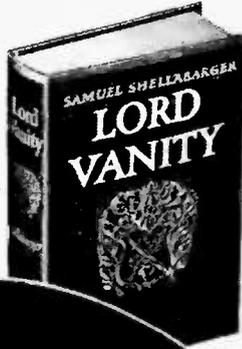
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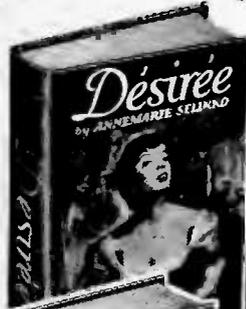


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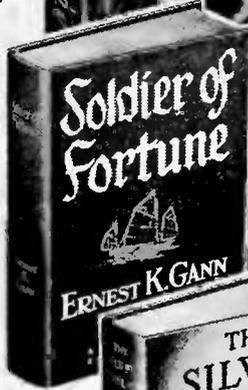


"How dare you intrude!" Then Amalie saw Richard and her eyes softened.

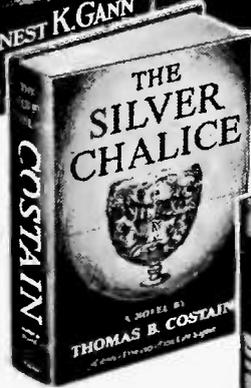
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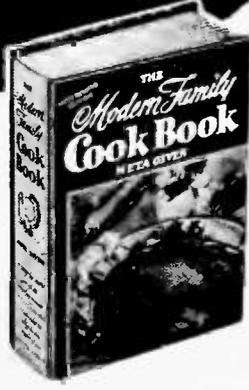
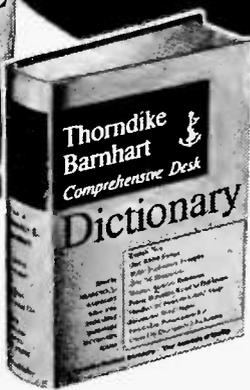
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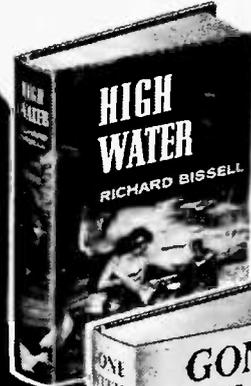
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DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

•By Jill Warren

Our Miss Brooks' Bob Rockwell, Gale Gordon and Dick Crenna are more in harmony, when off camera!



Julius La Rosa takes part in the gala opening ceremonies for the Fifth Avenue Necchi-Elna sewing center in New York—and has his autograph stitched up in new style by one of the pretty instructors.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

TED MACK'S *Original Amateur Hour* is all set to come back to television, on the old home network, NBC. There was such a holler from viewers, when the very popular show went off the air several months ago, that NBC has been trying to find a good time period for its return ever since. And now it looks as though Ted will be a regular Sunday-afternoon feature—might even be set to start by the time you read this. Looking to the future, Mack has also arranged with NBC-TV to take over Berle's Tuesday-night time this summer, when Uncle Miltie goes on vacation.

CBS-TV has welcomed a new situation comedy to their schedule, a very amusing one at that—*Professional Father*, seen on Saturday nights. It's a half-hour of hilarious

misadventures about a child psychologist, Dr. Thomas Wilson, who just can't do a *thing* with his own children. Steve Dunne (whom you'll remember from the Bob Crosby show) plays Dr. Wilson, Barbara Billingsley (no relation to Sherman) plays his wife, and their "problem" children are portrayed by Ted Mark and Beverly Washburn.

The Millionaire is another recent addition to the CBS television family, and it will be around every Wednesday night for a while, in the half-hour formerly occupied by *Strike It Rich*. *The Millionaire* is a comedy about an eccentric and exceedingly wealthy man who decides to give away his money, a million dollars at a time, to people who most need it and least expect it, and the resulting situations are most amus-

ing. No stars on this one, just a narrator and a rotating cast of actors.

Two new situation comedies, television style, have been worked into NBC's winter schedule. The first is *The Bob Cummings Show*, done on film in Hollywood, and seen Sunday nights. Handsome Robert plays a commercial photographer who has a keen roving eye for beauty, which gets him involved in all kinds of things. The supporting cast includes Rosemary De Camp, of *Dr. Christian* fame, and Leigh Snowden. Incidentally, the sponsor has agreed to let Cummings write his own commercials for the show, he will have a free hand in determining the advertising matter on the program, and he will appear in some of the commercial segment. Quite a contrast to those stars who refuse to have

TV RADIO MIRROR gets the royal treatment at unprecedented series of Hollywood parties given by CBS and NBC: Below, Mrs. Irving S. Manheimer, wife of one of our publishers, with Charles Farrell . . . at right, with Spring Byington and publisher Ernest O. Machlin . . . at lower right, with Joan Caulfield.



COAST TO COAST

any personal contact with a product in front of a camera.

NBC-TV's second new situation comedy, also filmed in movie town, is *So This Is Hollywood*, a humorous show about the adventures and experiences of two girls trying to make good in the glamour village. This is a Saturday-night half-hour, starring night-club comedienne Mitzi Green and songstress Virginia Gibson. Male comedy will be provided by Gordon Jones, the old football hero, as well as movie actor Jimmy Lydon.

Passport To Danger, a half-hour filmed dramatic series, is now being seen around the country on local stations of the ABC-TV network. To date, the show is seen on some thirty stations, with more being added each week. *Passport* stars

Cesar Romero in the role of a diplomatic courier, and is produced by Hal Roach, Jr., in Hollywood. The program uses mostly foreign locales and backgrounds, which look most authentic, thanks to movieland's technical know-how.

NBC has added *The Sheila Graham Show* to its morning Monday-through-Friday television schedule. The well-known syndicated newspaper movie columnist presents clips from feature films, news and chit-chat, plus in-person interviews with name stars in her fifteen-minute segment.

Another addition to the NBC daytime TV schedule is a new show called *Way Of The World*. This is a series of dramatic stories, each of which will be completed in from six to fifteen episodes, with emphasis on

emotional situations and distinct characterizations. Gloria Louis plays the role of Linda Porter, as hostess and narrator, and the cast will be a changing one composed of top dramatic radio and television actors.

Good news for the junior division is that *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet* is now a permanent part of NBC-TV's two-hour line-up of Saturday morning programs especially designed for children. The show was on a few weeks ago on a sustaining basis but, now that Kraft Foods has assumed sponsorship, the small fry can be assured of following their space heroes for quite a while. Frankie Thomas plays Tom Corbett, and Al Markim is Astro.

This 'n' That:

Lots of (Continued on page 26)

Presenting Martha Manners



WKTV's charming hostess finds endless enjoyment in everything she does

UTICA's delightful Martha Manners has a knack for taking inauspicious beginnings and turning them into wonderfully successful aftermaths. Some two years and 600 programs ago, Martha debuted as producer and hostess of *May I Present*, seen on Station WKTV, weekdays at 2:30 P.M. At that time, she was director of drama and radio at Utica College of Syracuse University, and she recalls her first TV show with horror. Demonstrating the right way to wind a skein of yarn, Martha moved the yarn right up to the camera lens with a bright "See!" What viewers at home "saw" was a big blob of nothing. . . . But, with the help of cameraman John Dawson, Martha learned quickly and viewers have been seeing plenty ever since. Volunteers have donated blood on the program to show how easy and painless the process is; the same thing has been done with chest X-rays. Her WKTV viewers have also met more than 1000 guests, including foreign exchange students, visiting professors, and experts on playing the banjo, hooking rugs, and "decking the halls" at holly time. Twice a month, a panel of medical specialists discusses various illnesses and, once a month, Mrs. John Bilobrowka, the noted librarian, tells tales of historic

Mohawk Valley. . . . Last year, Martha inaugurated the first and, thus far, only formal non-credit college course in Central New York TV, "Shakespeare on Television." The 15-week course, taught by Dr. Norman Nathan of Utica College, was taken by about 45,000 viewers and is being repeated this year. But the program Martha herself likes best of all is her Friday show, devoted to readings for youngsters. . . . Vivacious, dark-haired Martha made a conspicuous stage debut when she was seven and played a dancing butterfly. As she "fluttered" in from the wings, Martha fell flat on her face. Nothing daunted, she continued to appear in school plays and then spent ten years on the professional stage. . . . Martha lives in a historic old mansion that was used during the Civil War by the "underground railroad." She loves to knit, garden and cook and, one Christmas, baked 50 one-pound fruit cakes as gifts for WKTV staffers. She gets a "kick" out of visiting antique shops and collecting china plates, and she cherishes the fact that she is the only woman member of the New York State Fire Fighters Association. But this unique honor doesn't surprise her devoted fans. They know Martha Manners is one in a million.



Martha and director Jack Fredericks usually have the unusual on their minds.

Only female member of the N. Y. State Fire Fighters, Martha rides with Raymond Jecko, Gerald Darby, Paul Daniels, Elmer Walters and Alfred Jastzab.



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WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

Perfect for new, shorter hair styles
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information booth

Contest Winner

Dear Editor:

Would you tell us something about Jan Clayton, who plays Jeff's mother on CBS-TV's *Lassie*?
H.S., Intercourse, Pa.

When Jan Clayton graduated from college, she won a contest as "Miss Southwest." The prize was a trip to New York where Jan was auditioned for the stage. She was told she was fine—for the movies. So Jan returned to New Mexico and proceeded to win a contest sponsored by M-G-M. The prize was a trip to Hollywood and a screen test. This time Jan was told she was terrific—for Broadway. She stayed in Hollywood anyway, got a one-week, night-club singing job with Maxie Rosenbloom, was spotted and promptly signed for the famous "Hopalong Cassidy" movies. During the war, Jan joined a U.S.O. unit, then returned to appear at the Hollywood Canteen and to play opposite Wallace Beery in "This Man's Navy." Then she took off again for a one-woman touring show of our island bases. Next Jan took her talents to Broadway where she starred as Julie in Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel." She closed in that show after nine months and, the very next day, opened as the lead in a revival of "Show Boat."

Jan lives in Encino, California, with her husband, attorney Robert Lerner, and their four children: Sandra, 14; Robbin, 6; Karen, 5; and Joe, 4.

In addition to *Lassie*, Jan has appeared on TV as a *Pantomime Quiz* panel member, as a guest on the Danny Thomas and Ray Bolger shows, as Jenny Lind on *Hallmark Theater*, and re-created her original role in "Carousel" in last year's Rodgers and Hammerstein anniversary show. Re-



Jan Clayton

cently, she added a new title to her collection: Celebrity Mother of the Year for 1954.

Versatility Plus

Dear Editor:

Please use your Information Booth column to tell us something about Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., who has the male lead in NBC-TV's serial, *Concerning Miss Marlowe*.
C.W., Reading, Pa.

Son of the famed violinist Efrem Zimbalist, and the equally famous opera singer, Alma Gluck—Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. has followed a dramatic and musical career that adds new lustre to his family's tradition. Efrem, who studied at Yale and



Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse Dramatic School, got his first job as a page at NBC. Since then, he has played with the American Repertory Theater, in summer stock, and on Broadway opposite Spencer Tracy in "Rugged Path" and opposite Eva LeGallienne in "Hedda Gabler." When not acting on stage, in movies and TV, Efrem is a producer and director. He made Broadway history as the producer of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, "The Medium," "The Telephone," and "The Consul." From 1952 to 1954, he was assistant to the director of Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music, and he also studied composition and wrote music during this period.

Efrem married during the war, when he was an infantry lieutenant for five years. Efrem's wife died recently, and he lives with his two children: Efrem Zimbalist, III, who is seven, and Nancy Alma Munroe, who is ten. Efrem lists tennis, paint-



Jean Gillespie

ing, and especially writing music, as his hobbies.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.

The Jolly Bennetts (Tony Bennett), c/o Grace Dingman, R.D. 2, Newark Valley, N.Y.

The Charlie Applewhite Club, c/o Irwin M. Douth, II, 2893 West Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

Speaking Of Ancestors

Dear Editor:

Please tell us about Jean Gillespie, who plays the young divorcee, Dorie Blake, on CBS-TV's *Portia Faces Life*.

J.Z., Chicago, Ill.

Boston-born Jean Gillespie has an interesting genealogy—including a Puritan ancestor who was tried for witchcraft in Salem. But the blonde, petite star of radio and TV is proudest of her ancestor, Eva MacPherson, who, as heiress of the MacPherson clan, married the chief of the MacIntosh clan. The love match united the two clans, and when Jean married actor Bill Thunhurst, Jr., who descends from the MacIntosh clan, she was delighted to think that they had been destined for each other since 'way back in the Middle Ages. Today, the Thunhursts and their one-year-old daughter, Deborah, live in a New York apartment decorated with tartans and Highland figures, their 18-foot sailboat is called the "Bonnie Jean," their beagle puppy is dubbed "Baskerville"—but Jean's culinary masterpiece is still Boston baked beans!

Jean's stage career got underway when she was six and (Continued on page 13)

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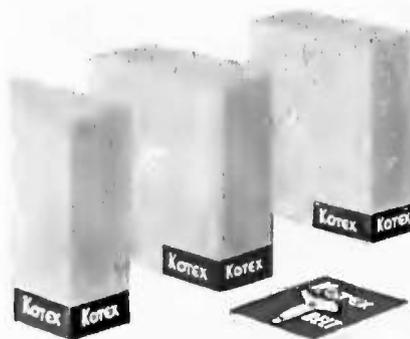
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Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs — this new Kotex* package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you're sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package — soft grey, with a graceful K, symbol of highest quality.



Your choice of three sizes. Regular—blue panel; Junior — green panel; Super — rose panel. And with Kotex you'll want a new Kotex belt. They go together for perfect comfort.

information booth

(Continued from page 10)

began dancing in children's revues. At 15, she did summer stock, then studied in New York for two years. Jean has appeared in two Broadway plays and is due for her third very shortly. Her radio credits include *21st Precinct*, *City Hospital*, *My True Story*, *Aunt Jenny*, *Gangbusters* and *Cavalcade Of America*. On TV, she's been seen on *Kraft Theater*, *Studio One*, *Robert Montgomery Presents*, and now, *Portia Faces Life*.

TV Twins

Dear Editor:

Could you tell me if the baby on CBS-TV's *I Love Lucy* is really Lucy and Desi's baby?
S.H., Lincoln, Ill.

No, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV does not play Ricky Ricardo, Jr. The baby on *I Love Lucy* is actually twins—played alternately by Joseph David Mayer and Michael Leo Mayer. The twins, who are only a few months older than Lucy's and Desi's own son, are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Max Mayer of Montrose, California. Mr. Mayer is a clerk in a chain grocery store in Montrose and Mrs. Mayer is a member of the Mothers of Twins Club in Sherman Oaks. It was a magazine article about this club that led Desi Arnaz and his staff to the Mayer twins.

Triple Play

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information on Steve Dunne, who appears on CBS-TV's *Bob Crosby Show*?
L.G., Omaha, Neb.

Born Francis Michael Dunne in Northampton, Massachusetts, Steve was cast as an accountant by his father, though Steve himself sighed for a role in journalism. Eventually, however, he wound up in acting—because a radio manager thought his voice was a "natural." Today Steve is well known to TV viewers for his roles on CBS-TV's *My Favorite Husband* and the *Bob Crosby Show*, and this season has added the role of Dr. Wilson on *Professional Father*. His acting career began when Steve won a scholarship to study journalism at the University of Alabama, earned his expenses by working for a noted psychologist at Tuscaloosa Institute and then met up with that radio manager in Tuscaloosa. He began with a part-time radio job, then did a New York stint as an extra staff announcer and went on to a staff job at Worcester's WTAG, in Massachusetts. It was then Steve decided to marry his childhood sweetheart. There was money for a wedding but not a honeymoon until, the day before the marriage, Mrs. Dunne-to-be won a \$1,000 door prize at a charity bazaar. Steve has appeared in fourteen films, among them "Lady Possessed" and "Above and Beyond." The Dunnes live in Brentwood, California, with



Murial Williams

their two children, Steve, 10, and Christina, 7. For hobbies, Daddy Steve picks tennis and swimming.

Admiral's Lady

Dear Editor:

Can you tell us something about the girl who appears as announcer on Bishop Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living* program?
A.L., Butte, Mont.

Murial Hart Williams is the stunning blonde who appears as "leading lady" in all of the Admiral commercials, notably on Bishop Sheen's program. She has also been seen on *Studio One*, *Robert Montgomery Presents* and *Philco Theater*. Murial also worked in radio at one time, broadcasting from Boston on the Ted Steele program. . . . While she is rapidly winning popularity on TV, the bulk of Murial's career, up to now, has been on the stage. She's appeared in thirty-five Broadway and touring productions and holds the all-time record for the greatest number of summer stock roles ever played by a woman at the noted Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts. It was at Dennis that Murial met her husband, the late Francis Hart, then president of the Playhouse. Friends made at the Playhouse included such world-renowned stars as the late, beloved Gertrude Lawrence, who was married in the Hart home to Richard Aldrich, producer. Murial will star in a Richard Aldrich Broadway production this spring. . . . Murial lives in a Greenwich Village apartment with her dog John, "a personality himself," she says.

Nicknames

Dear Editor:

Can you tell us something about Buff Cobb, who appears as a panelist on ABC-TV's *Masquerade Party*?

J.J., Cedar Rapids, Iowa



Buff Cobb

Pert Buff Cobb—alias Patrizia Cobb Chapman Wallace—seems to inspire nicknames. Her writer-mother, Elizabeth Cobb, dubbed her "Rabbit Head" and "Miss Mouse." Her father, singer Frank Chapman, calls her both "Shrimp" and "Shrimpo." Husband Mike Wallace came up with "Duck Face" and "Pussycat." But the name that stuck was given her by her writer-grandfather, the late Irvin S. Cobb. Buff's mother had been raised by a maid who, unable to pronounce the name Elizabeth, called her "Lizzybuff." Irvin Cobb decided to call his daughter "Big Buff" and his granddaughter "Little Buff."

Buff was born in Florence, Italy, where her father was studying voice. She was three when the family returned to the United States. Buff grew up in New York and California. After studying drama, speech and ballet, she played a season with the Laguna Beach Playhouse and then won a role as one of Rex Harrison's wives in the movie version of "Anna and the King of Siam." Several stage roles followed, then Buff joined the company of "Private Lives" with Tallulah Bankhead. When the show played Chicago, she met Mike Wallace on the radio program *Melody Lane*. Buff remained in the Windy City to do a number of radio and TV shows and, two years later, in 1949, she and Mike were married. They're heard today on CBS Radio's *Mike And Buff's Mailbag*.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO 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.

STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



GREETINGS, nice people. It's me again, as usual, with lots of tunes on my typewriter, so if the assemblage is ready, let us take "note" of what's what in the wax department.

And as a starter, here's a real special for you: A great album of "There's No Business Like Show Business." It's from the smash musical movie of the same name, of course, with all the Irving Berlin songs from the picture, done up vocally by the all-star cast—Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Johnnie Ray. The only one missing is Marilyn Monroe, which I admit is quite a loss, but Dolores Gray sings MM's numbers in excellent voice. Included in the album are Berlin's new songs, written especially for the picture, "Lazy," "If You Believe," plus several of his former hits, "Heat Wave," "Simple Melody," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and others. It's been pressed in three speeds, by the way. (Decca)

Columbia's young vocal hopeful, Jill Corey, has come up with her best record so far—at least in my opinion—"Edward," and "I'm Not At All in Love," with Jimmy Carroll's orchestra. "Edward" is a cute novelty, written by Bob Merrill, of "Doggie in the Window" fame, and will probably be the big side. The coupling is a pretty ballad from "Pajama Game."

Lots of good piano albums this month, by a variety of keyboard artists. M-G-M offers "Dorothy Donegan at the Piano," "Van Smith at the Piano," "The Jose Melis Trio," with Jose on the keys, and a Jack Fina set called "Love in Bloom." Not a new tune in the bunch, incidentally, but all wonderful old standards.

"Tonal Expressions" is the name of a fine piano set by Don Shirley, on the Ca-

dence label, and he, too, has chosen old tunes. This boy is one of the most talented members of the eighty-eight fraternity around these days. He's also an artist of note, and did his own cover design on this album.

The Riverside label, known for its recording of old-time jazz, is featuring a young pianist, Randy Weston, who gives some oldies a new-as-tomorrow treatment. His long-playing platter, "Randy Weston Plays Cole Porter in a Modern Mood," features Sam Gill on bass and includes favorites like "I've Got You under My Skin," "In the Still of the Night," "What Is This Thing Called Love," and "Night and Day."

Before closing the piano corner, we have, last but not least, Miss Barbara Carroll, a pretty lass who has a pretty way with the keys. Her album is called "Lullabies in Rhythm," and it, too, includes old standards, plus a couple of her own compositions. One is called "Garrow's Way," which she wrote for Dave Garroway. (Victor)

Les Paul and Mary Ford have done an interesting new record called "Song in Blue," with Les playing some rapid-tempo guitar to Mary's slow vocal. The backing is "Someday Sweetheart," done up as an instrumental in the Pauls' individual guitar style. (Capitol)

Another man-and-wife-in-real-life, Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer, are turning into a regular record team. This time they've done "Mr. and Mrs.," the Sigmund Romberg selection from the movie, "Deep in My Heart," which they also did in the film. And they've backed it up with a cute waltz, "Marry the Man." The Ferrers get good musical assistance from Paul Weston's orchestra and the Norman Luboff Choir. (Columbia)

Victor has tied up the voices of Dinah Shore and Tony Martin into a pretty package called "The Melody of Love." You'll recognize this ballad as an old familiar piano piece, which has been adapted into a modern ballad. On the reverse, Dinah and Tony duet on the old cutie, "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me."

Frank Sinatra has also recorded "Melody of Love," which he sings in excellent voice. (Hasn't he been sounding great lately?) On the other side, Frank does a swing vocal on the oldie, "I'm Gonna Live Till I Die." Accompaniment by Ray Anthony and his orchestra. (Capitol)

Steve Lawrence, who has been baritone-ing on our *Tonight* show for quite a spell now, has done his second solo record for Coral, and he comes through fine with two pretty new ballads, "Kiss Me Now," and "How Do I Break away from You?" with Dick Jacobs' orchestra.

And another lad from our midnight TV clambake, Andy Williams, also of the baritone department, has waxed himself a couple of new ballads, too—"Now I Know," and "Here Comes that Dream Again," with

Van Alexander's orchestra. ("X" label)

The Top Hatters, up-and-coming vocal-instrumental group, have a new novelty disc that could very well be a juke-box smash. It's a little thing called "Leva My Gal Alone," with an odd musical accompaniment gimmick, a bombardino (that's an Italian street horn, son) played by Signor Archie Bleyer. The back side is a jumpy ditty, "Go, Baby, Go." (Cadence)

If jazz be your choice, give a listen to an album called "East Coast—West Coast," featuring jazz stars from both sides of the country. Al Cohn did the arranging and conducting for the East contingent, and Shorty Rogers dittoed for the West. The tunes, each a jazz classic, run seven minutes, allowing for extended arrangements and lengthy solos. (Victor)

Jack Teagarden, one of the all-time talents in the popular music world, has a new album on the Period label called "Meet Me Where They Play the Blues." All the tunes are blues, of course, such as "Davenport Blues," "Music to Love By," "Misery and the Blues," and others. Jack sings a couple of them, including the title side, "Meet Me," etc. I must confess I wrote the melody for this one, to Sammy Gallup's lyrics, and if it's a hit we won't be at all "blue."

Sammy Davis, Jr., has a new release, his first since his recent tragic automobile accident, in which he lost an eye. Sammy courageously told his doctors, "I still have my voice and my legs, so I'll get along." And we're all pulling for him to do that, and more. Sammy's new record should buoy up his spirits considerably, for it's a good one—he sings two favorites, "Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere," and "The Birth of the Blues," with Morty Stevens' orchestra. (Decca)

All you Chordette fans, gather 'round. This one is for you—an album called "Close Harmony," ten songs done strictly barber-shop style, highlighted by such well-known standards as "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," "Sweet and Low" and "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight." And the Edwin H. Morris Company has published a sheet music folio, sold separately from the album, with all the Chordettes' vocal arrangements. So, if you've been a-hankerin' to sing barber-shop stuff with your pals, here's your chance. (Cadence)

One of the great voices of our time belongs to Mahalia Jackson, the gospel singer, and Columbia Records has signed her to a contract. Miss Jackson has recorded four spirituals with the Falls-Jones Ensemble, who appear with her on her CBS Radio program. On one record she sings "A Rusty Old Halo" and "The Treasures of Love," and on the other she offers "Walk All Over God's Heaven" and "Jesus Met the Woman at the Well."

Well, just like they say on quiz shows, "Time is up," so I'll pack my platters and be on my way. But hope you'll be back for the meeting next month.



Rosemary Clooney and husband Jose Ferrer have waxed another up-and-coming hit on the Columbia label.

9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

**BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM**



**Palmolive's gentle complexion care
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Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irritation, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is *mildest* of them all!

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New Designs for Living



654

7301
SIZES
12-20

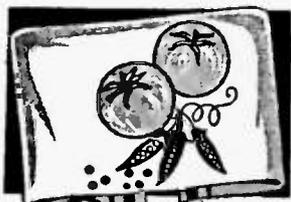


654—Baby will make fast friends with these farm and circus pets. Use scraps for this zoo parade quilt! Embroidery transfers, applique pieces for quilt, 32"x44". 25¢.

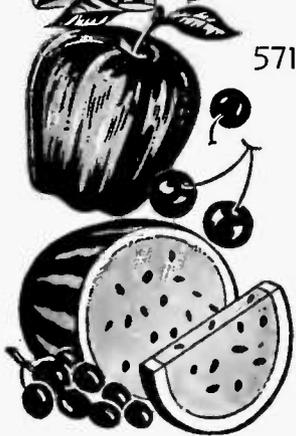
7301—Just two main pattern parts to this gay, cool maternity top. Make two—trim one with embroidery, one with squaw-style rickrack. Maternity Misses' Sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern; transfer. State size. 25¢.

7191—Colorful rickrack and a few simple crochet stitches make the dress, earrings of this saucy toaster-cover doll. Pattern pieces, transfers, directions. Use No. 30 cotton, rickrack. 25¢.

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN RED, GREEN



571



7213



7191

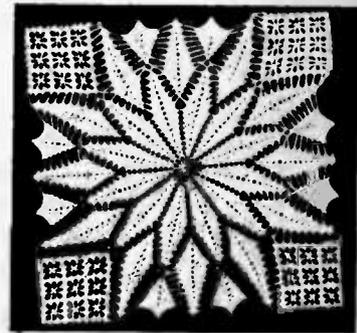
571—Just a stroke of your iron—and fruits in red and green combination are transferred to linens. No embroidery. Transfer of 8 washable designs, 3 1/4" x 4 1/2 to 4" x 4 1/2". 25¢.

7213—Match a new handbag to a dress. This tote-bag is a jiffy style. Pop everything into it. Directions for two sizes, larger 10" x 12". 25¢.

7220—Easy pinafore or sundress she'll wear for play or parties. Frost it with embroidery, eyelet. Bow cinches waist. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern pieces, transfer. State size. 25¢.

708—It's a 19-inch square—perfect for doily or mat. Star-shaped design set off by spider webs. Square, 19 inches in No. 30 cotton. Join 4 for bridge cloth; 9 for lunch cloth. 25¢.

7220
SIZES
2-10



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THE MANN IN



After a busy day, Claire relaxes—the correct way: Legs higher than the rest of the body, to relieve tension.

BY ELLEN TAUSSIG

ALTHOUGH there are some 30,000,000 overweight people in this country, it's quite certain that hardly one of them likes the thought—let alone the process—of dieting. Nor do non-dieters enjoy hearing the problems of those struggling to lose weight. However, this unhappy state of affairs need not—and does not—exist, if one follows the advice of beauty and health expert Claire Mann. Star and producer of *The Claire Mann Show*, seen daily at 1 P.M. over Station WABD, New York—and originator of Overweight Anonymous, Claire sponsors a common-sense approach to dieting which has known untold success.

The unusual and welcome aspects of *The Claire Mann Show* are its straightforwardness, its respect for and understanding of the basic problems—great or small—of people striving for self-improvement, and its emphasis on complete, but unpretentious, glamour. Claire is always frank and honest with her viewers, for she knows, and is pleased, that women can't be fooled about themselves—
T
V
"at least not for very long." And, because of her extensive
background in group therapy, she knows the necessary ingredients for encouraging and maintaining a person's desire for self-improvement. As for glamour, Claire con-

tends, "You don't have to look like a Hollywood starlet to have glamour. Glamour owes as much to an inner glow of health as to cosmetics." That's why everyone who appears on her show—celebrity or housewife—must have something besides beauty to offer.

Another of Claire's helpful and highly successful ventures is Overweight Anonymous. This club had its beginnings three years ago when Claire decided to experiment with three overweight women. Giving each a not-too-rigid diet, she added three vital elements—pride, understanding and comfort. And she encouraged them to get together to discuss and follow each other's progress. The experiment was so successful, and the requests from others interested in doing the same was so great, a regular club was formed which today numbers over 50,000 members throughout the country. The club is divided into groups of five to ten members, each with a supervisor who encourages members and keeps a close check on their progress. Members discuss their common problems, their "delinquencies," and their improvements. Of prime consideration always is each member's mental outlook . . . their spirits must be kept up, so their weight will be kept down.

YOUR LIFE

*Through the magic of television and
the success of "Overweight Anonymous,"
Claire Mann shows thousands the way
to a healthier, happier life*

Slimnastics—Claire's own brand of exercises which she practices herself—are easy and effective. Also, they need to be done only about one minute a day.



Claire Mann's tremendous success in guiding others is only part of her story—for there is Claire's own personal achievement, her own triumph in overcoming tragedy. Previously, Claire had been a successful concert pianist and a ballet dancer with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. One night, while on tour in Europe with the ballet, she was in an automobile crash. The result: A broken back, complete paralysis, and the opinion of doctors that she would never dance, perhaps never walk, again. But the doctors had not taken into account Claire's great determination. Bit by bit, she began to restimulate her muscles and regain control of them. Within six months, she was well on her way to complete recovery. Eventually, she was able to walk, run—even dance—again, but by then her experience had directed her interests to a new field. After studying psychology and anatomy in Vienna, she returned to New York to open her own studio for the purpose of helping women rehabilitate themselves—physically, mentally and emotionally. Since that time, and the start of her television show, she has advised millions of women, from stage, screen and TV stars to housewives and teenagers. So it is today that Claire's life is devoted to inspiring and



In her home-office, Claire and her assistant, Eve Mayer, answer the thousands of letters Claire receives weekly. On her show, she interviews actor Jacques Bergerac.



guiding people to a healthier, happier way of life. She finds much gratification in seeing others so helped—which, in itself, is a wonderful stimulation for her to be busy all the time. Claire maintains her office in her Park Avenue apartment. There she interviews prospective guests for her show, keeps a file on every member of Overweight Anonymous, and reads and answers the thousands of letters she receives each week. There, too, she practices her own brand of exercises—Slimnastics. The wife of Dr. Stephen Nordliet, a noted psychiatrist, Claire feels herself fortunate to have an authority on psychology right on hand.

Claire has also devoted considerable time to writing. She publishes frequent articles and is the author of five books. But it is *The Claire Mann Show* and *Overweight Anonymous* which receive most of her expert attention. And it is because of these tremendous undertakings that millions owe their admiration and gratitude to her. Without a doubt, Claire Mann deserves every accolade bestowed upon her for, in giving so willingly of her extensive experience and knowledge, her personal magnetism and sincere dedication to her principles, she is achieving unparalleled success in helping others to help themselves.



Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

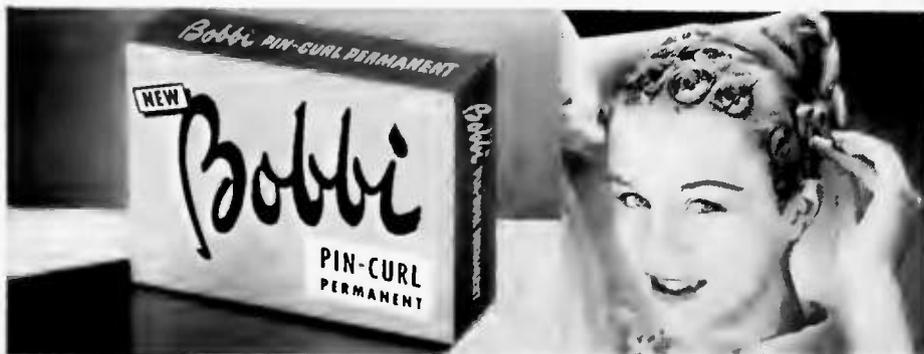
NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS HERE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for softly feminine hairstyles

Now your hair can be as soft and natural-looking as the hairdos shown here. Just give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

A Bobbi looks soft and natural from the very first day. Curls and waves are exactly where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks. Pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special lotion. A little later rinse with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away your hair has the beauty, the body of naturally wavy hair.

More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. If you can make a simple pin-curl, you'll love a Bobbi.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. \$1.50 plus tax.



Soft, natural right from the start...that's the "Miss Manhattan" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this bewitching new "La Femme" hairdo.



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Honeycomb" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.

**BEAT THE CLOCK'S
Five-Star Final
CONTEST WINNERS**

Announcing the lucky winners of *Beat The Clock's* exciting big contest for December. . . .

FIRST PRIZE

Sylvania Chairside Theater

Mrs. William F. Krupp
4049 West 50th Street
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FOUR RUNNERS-UP

Sylvania radio clock

Grace M. Fischer, M.D.
Chestnut Hill Hospital
Philadelphia 18, Pennsylvania

Mrs. Margaret Lawton
114 Western Parkway
Schenectady 4, New York

Thora Eigenmann
Box 2545
San Diego 12, California

C. S. Gilbert
3 Wellsboro Street
Mansfield, Pennsylvania

These are the final winners of the *Beat The Clock* Contest.

Beat The Clock, emceed by Bud Collyer, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

Winners were chosen on the basis of accuracy in rearranging the pictures of three radio and TV stars, and originality of last line for a limerick. Stars in December's picture puzzle were: Ralph Edwards, Arthur Godfrey, Perry Como.



RALPH EDWARDS

ARTHUR GODFREY

PERRY COMO

Molds you
*with miracle latex
outside*

Holds you
*with magic
"finger" panels*

Pampers you
with kitten-soft fabric inside

Playtex Magic-Controller

*Slimming because there's latex outside . . .
comfortable because there's fabric inside!*

Miracle latex slims and trims without a seam, stitch or bone!
Hidden "finger" panels firm and support like magic!
Washes, dries in a hurry, too.

Kitten-soft fabric inside—and a new non-roll top—for extra comfort!

**PLAYTEX FABRIC LINED
MAGIC-CONTROLLER* \$7.95**

Other Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles, from \$4.95. In the SLIM tube, at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

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T
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Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

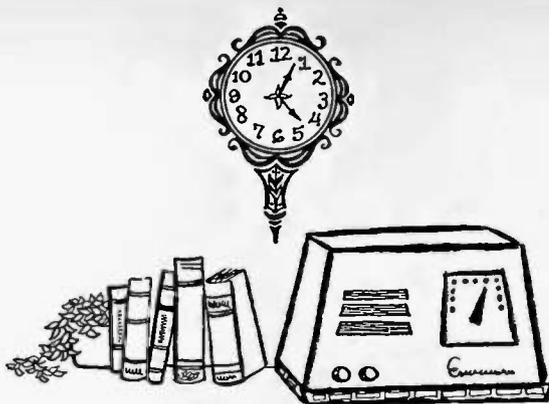
Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
o 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-35, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



Daytime Diary

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

AUNT JENNY No small town is complete without its quota of unpretentious, all-around doctors, and Littleton's Dr. Joe is a sterling example of the breed. His encounter with a cynical younger doctor, and what each of them learned from it, was the basis for one of Aunt Jenny's recent dramatizations of the sometimes exciting, sometimes surprising, always true-to-life stories about her Littleton neighbors. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Goaded beyond endurance by Larry's attentions to Elise Shephard, his wife Mary finally accepts Malcolm Devereux's offer to make her a Hollywood star, hoping to find self-respect and happiness in her own work now that Larry appears to have rejected her. Will Larry's immediate conclusion that she is in love with Malcolm lead to the end of what was once a happy marriage? Has Mary made the most serious mistake of her life in responding to Malcolm's interest? NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Reverend Richard Dennis's conviction that Bert Ralston meant trouble to New Hope is confirmed when Ralston's murder sets off a grim revelation of his real reasons for having been in town. But for Sandra Talbot and young Grayling Dennis, there can be no shadows and no doubts at the moment, for the climax of their troubled, stormy romance now seems to lead to a secure, magically happy future together. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Not since her brief, youthful marriage has Maggie Marlowe been so close to serious involvement with a man, as Jim Gavin's ardent, confident courtship sweeps aside her doubts. But other, more fundamental difficulties may arise out of the past that Jim would like to think dead—difficulties that could unite with Maggie's uncertainty about her troubled and troublesome daughter to darken the days ahead. NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE In a way, Laurie understands why Zach has allowed the daring, unusual Petey to get so mixed up in his life, for they share a compelling love for flying and they are both bound, in different ways, to the ruthless Wally Grant. But

Petey is a fascinating woman, and Laurie is a very young wife. How far can understanding go, when Zach seems bent on hurting her because others have hurt him? NBC-TV.

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS Love and unhappiness make Julie feel she is growing up fast, as she plans for a future that cannot include Tom for some time. Working hard for a musical scholarship, grateful for the friendship of Tom's brother Paul, Julie does not suspect that, out of the past which conceals the fate of her parents, a strange threat is taking shape—a threat to more than her own security. NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT When Dr. Eve Allen decided to testify against the son of the town's most powerful citizen, she knew she was piling up trouble for herself. But she did not expect the vicious personal attack made on her in court. Faced with the destruction of her character as a woman and a doctor, Eve really begins to fight. Does romance come to her, together with the assistance she so desperately needs? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Dick Grant's breakdown stuns his family and shatters quite a few plans for the future, even to some extent those of Dr. Bart Thompson, who was hoping for just such an outcome in his planned campaign to undermine his young associate. Will it force Dick's ex-wife Kathy to reconsider her feelings about him? Will it serve to clarify Dick's own thoughts about the problems he faces? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS The peculiar circumstances of Mitch Frederick's engagement make him the subject of much curious gossip, and gossip in a town like Hawkins Falls has few rivals as the favorite indoor and outdoor sport. Can Lona and Floyd Corey help Mitch straighten out his personal life and get himself on the road toward the kind of happiness they have found together? Or will he resent their efforts in some serious way? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Almost from her first meeting with Carl Burnett, Julie Nixon found him a troubling person, and

her uneasiness was justified when her sincere attempt to help him and his wife straighten out their lives, for the sake of their little boy, met with such curious results. Dedicated to helping children, Julie will never regret her efforts on Tony's behalf, despite the strange, far-reaching effect on herself. CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Nancy Donovan's trial for the murder of Thelma Nelson marks a deep crisis in her life as the clever Peter Dyke Hampton makes a brilliant legal fight to save her against the maneuvers of the man known as The Big Boss and his tricky, lying secretary. But Nancy's father, Bill Davidson, wonders how Nancy's marriage will withstand Peter's new importance in Nancy's life. Will her gratitude be mixed with something else? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle's long, anguished fight to prove her marriage to Lorenzo against Phoebe Larkins' false claim of being his wife gets new assistance from the fascinating novelist, Denis Scott. But Denis has his own reason for helping Belle, and as his interest in her grows he realizes that if he helps her establish herself as Lorenzo's wife he will be ruining his own happiness. What will be Denis' place in Belle's future? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Paul Raven's former wife, neurotic to the point of being deranged, plans to ruin Paul's new marriage and all his hard-won happiness and is completely careless of anything that might happen to his wife, Vanessa, in the process. What will happen when Judith is forced to realize that Van is far from being the negligible, colorless creature she has imagined—and has some plans and ideas of her own? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Even with the proof of Laura's perfidy staring her in the face, Ma might have tried to find some explanation for her behavior if the girl's greed had not threatened the Pierce milk company and the jobs of all the folks who work there. For them, Ma fights Laura, and fights hard. What will happen to Billy Pierce, who so misguidedly married Laura and was a long time discovering why she married him? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Father Barbour's concern over his family, particularly over his daughters, seemed unjust and excessive when it restricted their liberty, but rebellious Hazel has come to understand that in many ways her father might have been more right than she could admit. Her new happiness makes Claudia's trouble all the darker, as she uncertainly faces a future in which she is neither wife nor widow. NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY A new threat to the happiness of Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, comes from an unexpected quarter as Leslie Northurst attacks Henry's right to the Brinthrope title and wealth. How will Sunday protect herself against this unscrupulous pretender, who has tried to persuade her that she should remain Lady Brinthrope as his wife after he succeeds in taking the title from Lord Henry? How far will Leslie go to win both his goals? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Sid Grayson's evil plot begins to come apart as his
(Continued on page 24)

Can your hair live up to the flattery of a giddy little hat?



*Why be heartsick about dull, dry hair?
It can glow with youth because Helene Curtis
brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!*

Ever say to yourself: "I can't wear *that* hat today. My hair looks horrible!" Of course, you know just wishing won't bring a sprightly look back to dull, dry hair.

But Helene Curtis LANOLIN DISCOVERY* makes it almost that simple. It brings you 100% absorbable lanolin which returns to your hair the *same kind of natural oil* that was lost by heat, wind or water.

Actually, it's up to 10 times more effective than any hair and scalp conditioner you've ever used before because it contains up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin.

There are no "filler" oils to grease your hair or make you lose your wave.

Just spray. Brush. Then watch.
You'll see results in a twinkling!

Isn't it about time you let a little flattery go to your head?

Regular size \$1.25 New large economy size \$1.89

Plus tax.

Helene Curtis
lanolin discovery*

the breath of life for lifeless looking Hair!

*TRADEMARK



DAYTIME DIARY

(Continued from page 23)



AND INTRODUCING
NEW



**BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF ONE...
IN THIS GAY GIFT PACKAGE**

Regular ^{\$}2 value
now only ^{\$}1

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

BOURJOIS

*Created in France...
Made in U. S. A.

accomplice's confession makes it difficult for him to keep up his deception. But the Youngs are less interested in justice against him at the moment than they are in the frightening breakdown of Peggy Young's husband, Carter Trent, who, believing himself guilty of a homicide, runs away. Will they find him before he does himself, or someone else, great damage? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON So often has Perry Mason been more successful than the police in solving crime that many of his friends, and sometimes his clients, forget that actually he is not a detective but a lawyer, with all a lawyer's responsibility for managing a case with strict attention to all the legal rules. Can he find a way of suspending those rules in time to save his present client? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Walter Manning bitterly and unjustly decides that it is partly his wife Portia's fault that he has had to lock horns with the town's most influential villain. All Portia's efforts seem only to intensify the gulf between them. Under the circumstances, young Dorrie Blake may find it easy to convince Walter that she is as attractive to him as he has always been to her. CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS A friendly gesture has involved Carolyn in one of the most complicated problems she has ever faced, as the development of the Wayne case makes it easier than ever for her enemies to attack her and to pile up more ammunition against her husband, Miles Nelson. Will the trial have a far-reaching effect on Miles' future—not only on his political future but even perhaps on his personal one? NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's unremitting efforts to destroy Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn have never quite hit their mark, but have brought a great deal of heartache and misery to others who were not even her prime targets. Torn between family loyalty and a grim realization of what is happening to his sister's mind, Hugh Overton faces a most difficult problem. And Jocelyn faces another, one she did not anticipate. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The shock of her broken romance with Brett Chapman has forced Helen Trent to admit what she was trying to forget—that she has never stopped loving Gil Whitney. But just as it seems dimly possible that Gil might free himself from his empty marriage to Cynthia, a new complication enters with Gwen Sewell, who is determined to annex Gil the moment Cynthia divorces him. Can Gwen ruin Helen's only hope for true happiness? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Lonnie's shocking elopement and its tragic aftermath bring Rosemary and Bill to the edge of serious disagreement over the boy who had been their protege, for Bill's bitter disillusionment prevents him from feeling, as Rosemary does, that they do not yet know the whole story. Gradually, however, Lonnie's last-minute change of heart comes to light. Will Springdale permit him to

live down his tragic mistake? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW The dreadful ordeal faced by Joanne Barron as she goes on trial for murder is made somewhat easier by the good friends working so unremittingly for her release. It is Arthur Tate who first grasps at the vague mention of "the little man"—the tiny crack that might widen into Joanne's escape from the trap that has been so carefully set for her. Has little Mr. Higbee finally exhausted his aces? CBS-TV.

THE SECRET STORM Pauline Tyrrell never forgave Peter Ames for marrying her sister, and with Ellen's death found new fuel for hatred when Peter showed no sign of turning to her for comfort. Influenced by her, her wealthy father blocks Peter's every effort to build a new life for himself and his children. But are the Tyrrells really so powerful that they can use Jane Edwards as a threat to Peter's custody of his family? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Money always confers power, and the dowager Mrs. Burton has used her power in the past to try to control the lives of her son Stan and her daughter Marcia. It is hard for her to realize that they are now adults, married and with families of their own, and no longer so willing to humor her. Is Stan really mature enough not only to stand up against her but to protect his wife as well? CBS Radio.

STELLA DALLAS Courage and persistence have always been Stella's strength, but for once she stands ready to acknowledge defeat as her daughter Laurel's marriage weakens under the assault of Ada Dexter, who is madly determined to make Laurel the wife of her own son, Stanley Warrick. Will Laurel's husband Dick step aside, or will Ada pursue her intention to the point of murdering him in order to free Laurel? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Wyn Robinson's hidden, sinister role in the fate that seems to be tracking Nora and her husband, Fred Molina, is finally revealed by Dorothy Gebert, who shocks Fred by telling him that Wyn is in league with Dan Welch, head of the Syndicate, in his efforts to ruin and murder Fred. Will Wyn's double game be stopped, or will she find some way to discredit Dorothy's story, even though Nora believes it to be true? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY Helen Emerson has admitted to herself how seriously she takes flyer Chris Kendall, and no longer hides the truth from her family. But the complications of Chris's past multiply as he begins to realize what is being done to his young son by the in-laws who take care of him. Will his lack of frankness with Helen make her doubtful of the future? Will Bill Fraser turn that to his own advantage? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS Stunned by grief over Mark, but not shattered, Wendy knows she must and will make something of the new life that now opens before her. Her sympathetic managing editor offers excitement and chal-

Overnight—this bra has become a startling success with America's best dressed women . . . and here's why!

lenge in the way of a new assignment. If she agrees to try it, will it lead to a quicker recovery of her real zest for living—or to something neither she nor Don Smith remotely expected? What lies ahead for Wendy? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES The marriage of Joan and Harry Davis has endured so many trials and come triumphantly through so many crises that neither Joan nor Harry can really doubt the strength of their relationship. But nevertheless Harry reacts sensitively, as any man might, when his position as head of the house is threatened through no fault of his own. Will his pride lead him to some rash effort which may permanently injure his health? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Absorbed in his work, shielded from the rest of the family, Jeff Carter is nevertheless wryly aware that his continued bachelorhood is a source of considerable speculation for the rest of the Carters—and of concern for his mother. Jessie Carter does not believe her eldest son is a born bachelor, but his resistance to marriage is certainly stronger than average. Is there any woman in his life? NBC Radio.

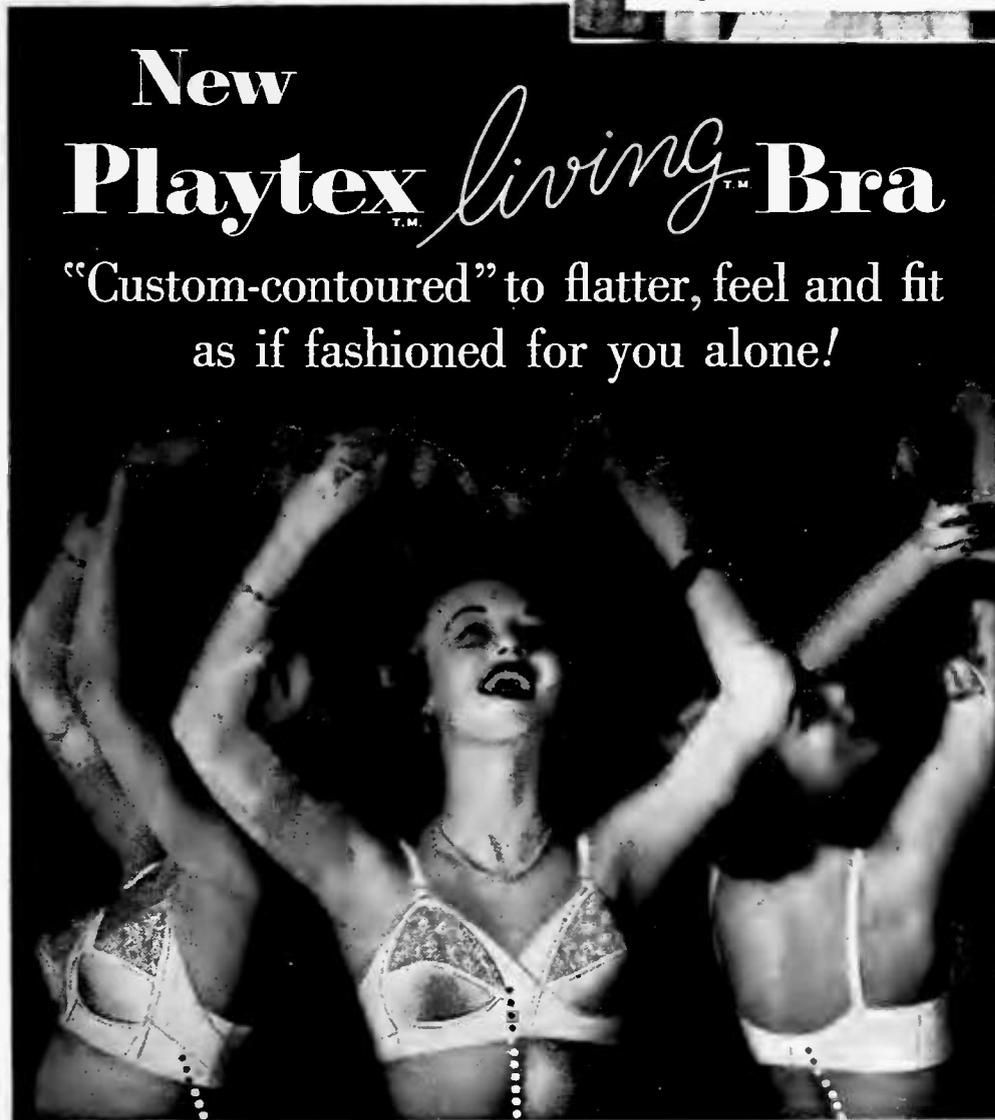
YOUNG DR. MALONE The close attachment between a widower and his child can be a wonderful thing, but for some time Dr. Jerry Malone's mother has suspected that his daughter Jill was becoming too possessive of her father. Jerry's plans for marriage bring Jill's hostility into the open, and Mother Malone wonders about the future. Meanwhile, Dr. Mason and Marcia Sutton are also making plans. CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN In his effort to ruin the plans of Michael Forsyth and Ellen Brown, Michael's brother has stumbled on a secret so dangerous that it may shake the whole town of Simpsonville. But, despite heavy pressures, Ellen's faith in Michael remains steadfast, even enabling her to turn a deaf ear to the advice and attentions of Dr. Anthony Loring, to whom she was once engaged. Will her faith be enough of a weapon against her enemies? NBC Radio.

The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a *new* way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion . . . to li-v-e with you! An exclusive design, rounds and raises as no bra ever before . . . no matter what size or *in-between* size you are! Now you can enjoy *upmost uplift* in *utmost comfort*. See the difference . . . *feel* the difference . . . on you!



So flattering, so comfortable . . . that once women try it, they refuse to slip back into their old bras!



Elastic criss-cross sides self-adjust for Fabulous Fit!

Elastic criss-cross front dips low, divides divinely!

Elastic back sets lower and stays lower!

LOOK FOR PLAYTEX *Living* BRA* in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE. Wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A—40C—\$3.95

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See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky . . . so manageable! That's the magic touch of Fresh Whole Egg! Conditions any hair. Try it! 29¢, 59¢, \$1.

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(Continued from page 7)

folks may think radio is on its way out, but certainly not CBS! They've just handed Patsy Campbell a three-year contract to continue in her role as Terry on *The Second Mrs. Burton*, the part she has been playing in the popular daytime serial since 1947. Under her new deal with CBS Radio, Patsy is also allowed to do an occasional television program.

Jack Barry, of the kiddie program, *Winky Dink And You*, and his actress-wife, Marcia Van Dyke, have welcomed their second visit from the stork—a boy, whom they've named Jonathan. The Barrys have another son, Jeffrey, who is a year and a half old, and Jack now says the third tot—when and if—will just have to be a girl.

Bob Hope is all excited about his latest talent find, Mlle. Line Renaud, a French gal who made her American TV debut on the show Bob filmed in Paris. Line, one of the top recording artists in France today because of her French version of "Doggie in the Window," is due in the States any minute for another appearance with Hope, and he is convinced she should stay over here and pursue a night-club, movie and TV career.

It looks as though little Gail Clooney, nine-year-old younger sister of the singing Clooney girls, Rosemary and Betty, is also headed for a future in show business. She has that vocal spark, too, and is being coached by the elder members of the Clooney clan.

Well-known actor Charles Dingle has taken over the role of Hugh Overton in the daytime serial, *The Road Of Life*, and will remain in the part permanently.

Complaining commuters have nothing on actress Anne Burr, star of NBC-TV's day drama, *The Greatest Gift*. Anne lives in New York, but her daily program is telecast from Philadelphia, so she gets up at six-thirty every morning in time to catch an eight o'clock train to the Quaker City. She has her breakfast and studies her lines on the train, and at ten o'clock her rehearsals begin. The show goes on the air at three in the afternoon, then Anne catches the four o'clock choo-choo back to Manhattan, has an early dinner with her husband, watches a couple of television shows and hits the pillow early in order to make that six-thirty alarm call the next morning.

Ann Baker, who is television's *Corliss*



Patsy Campbell's new contract makes sure she'll continue in title role of CBS Radio's *The Second Mrs. Burton*.

Archer, recently revealed that she has been the bride of Los Angeles construction man Earl Long for more than a year. Ann, who is twenty-two, confessed she had kept her marriage a secret because she feared her career might suffer. Ann was worried that the public wouldn't accept her as a teenager on the show if they knew she was a married woman in real life.

Singer Marion Hutton and musical director Victor Schoen became Mr. and Mrs. in Santa Monica, California, a few weeks ago, with sister Betty as matron of honor. It was the third marriage for each. Betty, by the way, is still turning down television offers, insisting she has really given up her career for good. But those who know her best don't believe it, and vow she'll change her mind any day now.

On a sad note, Polly Bergen, the Pepsi-Cola girl, and her actor husband, Jerome Courtland, have agreed to disagree and, at the moment, are officially separated. Career trouble, it seems, and close friends are trying to dissuade the couple from a quick divorce in the hope they may be able to solve their problems.

Mulling the Mail:

Mr. B. B., Chevy Chase, Md.: Lucille Wall is not on any regular television show at the moment. . . . Miss H. B., Hollister, Calif.: Sorry, I cannot send out pictures of stars, but suggest you write directly to the people in whom you are interested, in care of their programs. . . . Mr. G. W., Athens, Ohio: Lee Ann Meriwether, the current Miss America, has made a couple of television appearances and aspires to a serious acting career after she finishes her national tour, which is part of her duties. As to your other question, I suggest you write Miss Meriwether, or her mother, c/o The Miss America Contest Committee, Atlantic City, N. J. . . . Mrs. L. P., Burbank, Calif.: Yes, I would say you are right in assuming Pinky Lee is just about the most popular television personality with the youngsters right now, and his rating keeps going up and up. The book you asked about is *Otto, the Bashful Pup*, a book of verses Pinky wrote for children, and it will be pub-



Dave Garroway now has two of 'em on *Today*—J. Fred Muggs and the latter's wee protegee (a baby-girl chimpanzee)!

TO COAST

lished this month by Dial press. . . Mrs. W.D.R., Detroit, Mich.: Sorry, I cannot give out home addresses, but the best place to write Eddie Fisher would be c/o *Coke Time*, NBC-TV, New York 20, N.Y. . . Mrs. J. B., Chicago, Ill., and others who wrote about Mary Stuart: Mary has recorded an album of the lullabies and folk songs she has been singing as Joanne, to her "daughter" Patti; on the show, *Search For Tomorrow*. It's on the Columbia label, and is called "Joanne Sings to Patti." . . Miss H. C., Brookhaven, Miss.: Alice Faye and Phil Harris haven't done a television show, mainly because of her refusal to do so. Most sponsors wanted them as a team. Phil has made many guest appearances from time to time, however. . . Miss J. J., Philadelphia, Pa., and others who asked about Julius La Rosa on Jack Paar's *Morning Show*: Julius is not signed to appear on the program regularly, but has a sort of on-and-off arrangement with Paar, and will be on from time to time. During February, Julius will make one or two definite appearances of three or four days each.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Joan Edwards, the singing pianist, who had her own program on WCBS every morning? Joan suffered a nervous breakdown not too long ago and her doctor ordered her to bed for a complete rest for several months. While she is recovering, Martha Wright has taken over her show.

Barry Wood, who was one of the top singers during the so-called "crooner era" in the thirties, and once starred on the *Hit Parade* radio show? Barry has long since given up active performing, and instead is very active behind the scenes of television. He had been in charge of the color division of NBC-TV and recently was made Director of Special Events for the network.

Julie Oshins, nightclub and stage comedian, who was on many of the early variety TV shows? Julie is another who has forsaken the footlights in favor of a control booth. He is now director-advisor for his old friend, Red Buttons, on the Red Buttons TV show.

Ralph J. Locke, veteran actor, who was best known for his heartwarming role as Papa David on the *Life Can Be Beautiful* daytime serial? I'm sorry to report that Locke passed away in December at the Parkchester Hospital, in New York, at the age of sixty-seven. He played Papa David the full fifteen years the program was broadcast until it left the air last June. His widow is Mrs. Nan Smith Locke, who formerly appeared on the legitimate stage with her husband.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 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 and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

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PERFECT PROTECTION—without cutting circulation

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"Socially Acceptable"
 IN **PLAYTEX®** BABY PANTS

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 . . . the coolest,
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Will not bind or mark. Prove it with your own hands!

No wonder MORE MOTHERS BUY PLAYTEX THAN ANY OTHER MAKE!

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Ray Dorey, WHDH's man about music, has good reason for saying:

"Don't Call Me Deejay"



BOSTON, once characterized in a "New Faces" revue sketch as "the home of the free, home of the Braves . . . home of the Red Sox," has a new claim to fame. It's Ray Dorey, to whom the Mayor gave the key to the city—for his "Freedom Train" recording—and to whom the rest of the city have given their hearts. Six days a week at 6 A.M., there's music, news, weather reports and just plain good talk on *The Ray Dorey Show* over Station WHDH. Much of the music is served up "live" by Ray and his partner, pert Pat Dale, and for this and other reasons, Ray says, with all the Yankee emphasis of a Vermont-born, Maine-bred denizen of Massachusetts: "Don't call me deejay." . . . Ray's informal, relaxed song and speech are also aired daily at 1:35 P.M. when he joins organist Ken Wilson and pianist Bill Green for *Stumpus*, a musical quiz on which listeners send in song titles to try to "stump us." If the trio can't play or sing the song, the listener wins a prize. . . . Ray himself never collected the amateur contest prize he won when he was 12—a world tour with Henry Santry and his Soldiers of Fortune. Child labor laws kept Ray at home, but the contest launched his career that same year as he sang in knickers and long black stockings as the "Boy Blues

Singer" with Leo Doucette's band. When he was a high school senior, an injury ended Ray's football playing days and turned him into a football "spotter" for Augusta's Station WRDO. He next talked the station into giving him a 15-minute singing program and from there he went to other New England stations as a disc jockey (oops!) and singer. Then Willard Alexander—who discovered Benny Goodman—discovered Ray, introduced him to Benny, and Ray became a singer with the famous Goodman band. Ray was about to make a movie when the draft board called him. After traveling across the continent to report, Ray was declared 4-F. But the Goodman band disbanded soon after that, so Ray came to Bean Town and, in 1949, to WHDH. . . . Ray lives in Watertown, is married to a fellow Vermonter named Lorraine, and has four children: Carol, 14, Freddy, 12; Linda, 7; and Gail, 5. For a while, Carol appeared on Ray's Saturday show to talk about children's records but, when she decided the job took up too much of her playing time, she resigned. Today, she's "just a listener," one of the thousands of Bostonians who with all due respect don't call Ray Dorey "deejay." They call him "just wonderful."



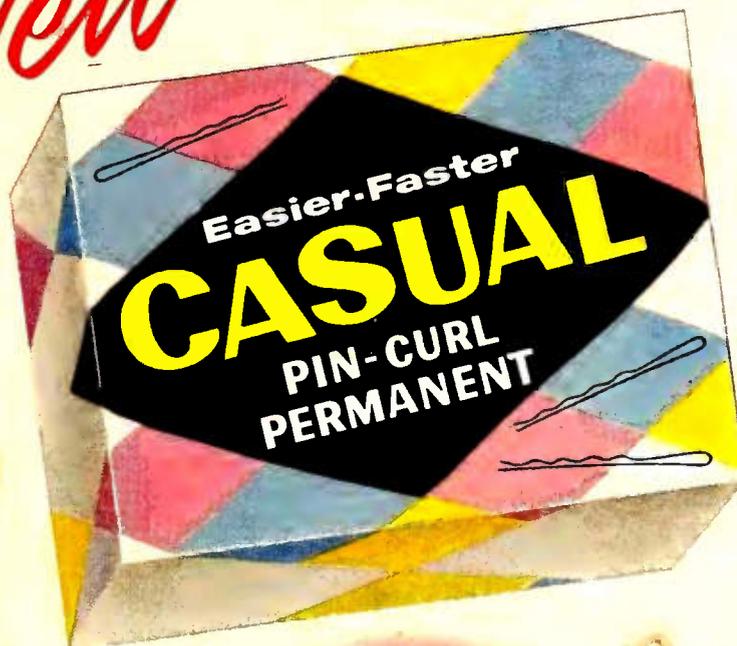
Ray rises at five, skips afternoon naps in favor of swims with Linda and Gail.

Once a singer with Benny Goodman, Ray now leads his own band. At home, he leads Freddy, Carol, Lorraine, camera-shy Linda and Gail in a barbecue.



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"The Best Reason for Living"



Grownups Ozzie and Harriet and teenagers Ricky and David have happily learned to share their interests.

To Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, it's the great adventure of being parents—especially now that David and Ricky are in their teens

By BUD GOODE

TREAT US *like grownups!* "When your children become teenagers," says Harriet Nelson, "that's what they'll say. And you'll have to have an answer ready for them."

Harriet, who's seen with the Nelson family on ABC-TV's *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, continues: "One problem is that some parents' *only* answer is, 'When you act like grownups, we'll treat you like grownups!' But they seldom try to help their youngsters find the common ground which teenagers and adults can share."

Ozzie and Harriet's boys, Ricky, fourteen, and David Nelson, eighteen, have been teenagers now for a combined total of seven

years. In that time, the Nelsons have discovered a number of common areas that they, as adults, can share with their teenage boys.

The first has to do with entertaining: When teenagers entertain at home, the Nelsons and their boys agree, the party should have a chaperon. "The idea," says Harriet, "is for an adult to be *available*."

"When the boys were younger, for example," she continues, "we had parties more frequently than we do now. With these parties, I was always *available*, though not necessarily included in the gang."

"At these affairs, you can't put on a robe

See Next Page ►

"The Best Reason for Living"

(Continued)

and get comfortable, because somebody may fall in the punch bowl downstairs and need artificial respiration. So you get all dressed up (in your own house) as if you were preparing for a ball—in your room. Then you sit out the evening reading, trying to be comfortable in your best party clothes.

"But we haven't had parties like that at our house for the last three or four years. One reason is we work so 'round-the-clock that there's no time for the elegant preparations. The girls are another reason: The parties seem to have fallen into their domain.

"Now," says Harriet, "in the place of parties, we have

a constant round of *gatherings*: On a weekend, for example, our house will be filled with teenagers; they come and go as they please, so you can't very well describe it as a party—rather, they just *gather*.

"We seldom enter into their activities. We let them strictly alone, except to be pleasant, say hello, and let them know they are welcome. But even now, with the boys in their late teens (or so they think), we feel it is important that some adult be available."

The Nelsons' second rule: Teenagers should tell their parents where they are going, whom they are going to be with, and when they expect to return.

Ozzie can't resist some sharp teasing on David's snappy new tie. But it's all a good-natured part of the Nelsons at home.



"This," says Harriet, "is a family rule. When the boys were smaller, we did this automatically. We told them and the baby-sitter where we'd be and all essential information, and left the phone number. We felt much better, that way, because we knew they could get in touch with us, should anything go wrong.

"I didn't realize how much this had soaked in until one night recently, when David, having been out rather late, called to say: 'I'm down at so-and-so's house—we're having a bull session. Is it all right if I stay out till later?'

"I said, 'Yes, of course, it is . . . what time do you expect to be home?'

"'Oh, about two-thirtyish,' he said.

"Though that sounded rather late," smiles Harriet, "I said, 'Yes, it's perfectly all right.' Under the circumstances, it was better than saying, 'No, you had better come home right now.' That would have undone everything we'd built up over the years.

"Later we discussed the problem of the early morning hours and agreed that one or one-thirty was a more reasonable hour than two-thirty or three.

"But, generally speaking, we think it's simple adult behavior for us to tell the children where we are, when we'll be back, and so forth, and they do likewise. That way we can relax, have a good time—and, if something comes up to change our plans, we simply call in and advise. That way, nobody worries unnecessarily."

Some teenagers think that smoking and drinking is grown-up behavior. Not so, in the Nelson household. "The boys don't drink and they don't smoke," says Harriet seriously. "And I think Ozzie is one good reason that they don't. Ozzie doesn't smoke; when he was in college he was an all-around athlete. The boys want to be like their father. They play football, basketball, and ice skate, and they know that smoking cuts their wind.

"When David was at Hollywood High School, he was on the varsity football team. He's now in his first year at USC, and Ricky, emulating his (Continued on page 95)

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet, seen on ABC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored alternately by the Hotpoint Co. and Listerine.



David and Ricky read up on autos. This year, Ricky's following in David's football footsteps.



Teen-talk on the phone can be a problem, but David agrees to hang up for Dad's expected call.

At play or work, they're always a team. Here—after a swim at Juan Les Pins, France—Ricky, Ozzie and David rejoin Harriet.



Garry Moore —

*He wishes the days were
'longer, so he could be as kind
as he'd like to be, to all
the people he'd like to know*



Offstage, Garry's an average commuter . . . doing his daily work with assistant Shirley Reeser . . . boating weekends.



SERIOUSLY SPEAKING

By MARTIN COHEN

THIS YEAR Garry Moore celebrates his fortieth birthday, his twentieth year as "a can of beans," his fifteenth wedding anniversary, his fifth year in television and his first year in Bermuda shorts. Prior to last summer, he was merely reputed to be the nicest guy in the business. Since wearing the short pants he has earned title to "the most beautiful legs"—male, of course—in television.

Frivolous, it wasn't. There is much about Garry that he intends to be humorous, but nothing that is silly. The shorts represented something he was ready to take a stand on (or in) after many summers of panting in trousered discomfort. Garry is tough. Not "Dead End" tough. It's just that he's so nice, people tend to forget that, in order to be so nice, you have to be a person of conviction and strength. Garry is, also, a man of intelligence with a superior and well-functioning code of ethics. True, he is very funny but—like most men who perform funny—he is actually very serious. It's no (Continued on page 78)

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. He also emcees *I've Got A Secret*, over CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Cavalier Cigarettes.



His sense of fun is instinctive, rather than professional. Garry's just like a kid, when it comes to a turtle race . . . but then, so are his musical director, Howard Smith, and singers Ken Carson and Denise Lor!

In public life, Garry's still a quiet man, with serious ideas about those Bermuda shorts he wears (below, with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reiss, on *I've Got A Secret*). He loves his audiences and will go far to meet them . . . even in busy stores . . . where he often envies those who sell staple products. "I'm my own product," he says, rather wistfully, "a can of beans."





"Together" is the word that spells "success" for Ethel Wilson and King Calder, in both marriage and acting careers.

Greater than Glamour



Scrapbooks record the plays they've done together.

By MARY TEMPLE

ONE OF THE STORIES Ethel Wilson enjoys telling on herself is about the time, some years ago, when she got into conversation with a nice looking man who sat next to her on a train in New York. After they had talked a while, he said, suddenly: "You know, I would be willing to bet you are a schoolteacher. And you are just the kind of teacher I wish I might have had."

As a highly successful professional actress, then well known on the stage (and now equally well known on radio in many roles, particularly as Mrs. Summers in *Young Widder Brown*) Ethel Wilson (Continued on page 98)

Ethel Wilson is Harriet Summers in *Young Widder Brown*, heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 4:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Prom Home Permanent, White Rain, Haley's M-O and Bayer Aspirin.

Ethel Wilson—the Harriet Summers of Young Widder Brown—knows the real things that make for happiness



Years of touring have made home doubly precious to the Calders, and Ethel loves to handle the heirlooms which have come to them from both sides of the family.



Seth Thomas clock was King's first engagement gift to Ethel, a promise of the home to come. Silver service at left was his mother's most treasured wedding gift.

Magic Gift of Life

Burr Tillstrom gave Kukla and Ollie humor and tenderness, and they have repaid him with eternal youth

By HELEN BOLSTAD

ONCE UPON A TIME, in the city of Chicago, on a spring evening in 1936, a high school boy came to a dancing star's dressing room bearing a parting gift for the ballerina who had become, to him, the personification of all loveliness.

Night after night, during that Ballet Russe engagement, Burr Tillstrom had watched Tamara Toumanova float through the enchanted "Swan Lake" or "Les Sylphides." Going backstage to meet her, he had found her more than gracious. As their acquaintance grew into friendship, he had told her of his dreams and ambitions.

"Certainly, I'd like a stage career," he had confided, "but, gosh—I want to eat regularly, too. Now that I've won a scholarship to the University of Chicago,

I had better become a teacher," he said earnestly.

Yes, he had acted in school plays, he added, but somehow he always seemed to get the role of an old man, balding and querulous. He found marionettes and puppets more to his liking.

Intrigued by his description of the lively characters in his troupe, Toumanova had visited the Tillstrom home and tried her hand at making them perform. Because she enjoyed it, Burr decided to give her a puppet as a remembrance. It must, however, be a special kind of puppet—a companion to share her laughter, ease her sadness, and to talk to when she was lonely.

Burr had made one creature he thought would suit. It was a hand puppet with balding head, bulbous

Continued →

Burr and his two families: Below, his parents—Dr. and Mrs. Burr Tillstrom—and their pet, "Phoebe." Right, his trio of stars—the aptly named Kukla, the understanding Fran Allison, and baritone Oliver J. Dragon.







Workshop: Joe Lockwood, Burr and Fran give the TV family loving care. At home: Burr and his mother still share the mirth and music he's enjoyed since childhood.



nose and a quizzical look—almost a self-portrait of Burr himself in one of his old-man roles. He had intended it for another puppeteer. But, when he had it packed, ready to ship, he had so hated to part with it that he sent another figure instead. Now, because it was his favorite, he would give it to his adored Toumanova.

From the first moment that she saw it, he wanted it to have animation—so, on meeting her, he directed, "Close your eyes. I've got a surprise." In a moment, he was ready. "Now open them."

As the ballerina turned and looked, the figure tilted its head flirtatiously. She laughed with delight. "Kukla!" she cried.

Burr liked the sound of the word. "What does it mean?"

"It's Russian for *doll*," Toumanova explained. "It's the Greek word, too. But there's more meaning I just can't express. It's any precious little 'thing.'"

The puppet had found a name—and, instantly, he seemed to come alive. With an independence of his own, he danced and strutted. To Burr, it was strange, exciting and a little terrifying. He realized he could no more give Kukla away than he could give away the right hand on which Kukla rested. The creature had ceased to be a puppet and had become part of him.

Burr Tillstrom's *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*. ABC-TV, M-F, 7 P.M. EST.

Magic Gift of Life

(Continued)



Trains and travel are no novelty today to Burr and his inseparable companion, Kukla, who have gone so far together—and now have wardrobes to suit every occasion.

That was the turning point in the life of Burr Tillstrom. Because of Kukla, the puppet who twice refused to leave, Burr's term at the University of Chicago was brief. Kukla so demanded to be seen that Burr gave up his plan to teach. The next time Toumanova met them—during their vacation in 1951—she was starred in the Paris opera, but Kukla had a whole company of his own and Burr Tillstrom, that erstwhile schoolboy, had become, thanks to television, the most famed puppeteer of our day.

He had changed little in the passing years. Time touches him lightly. Blond, gray-eyed, wiry in build, and now in his mid-thirties, Burr Tillstrom could still tuck a notebook under his arm and blend into a bunch of sophomores on any campus. More important to Kukla, *Fran And Ollie* is the fact that he also retains intact that youthful ability to wonder and to see everyday things as though he were discovering them for the first time.

Burr's imagination flows freely, his interests are wide, and he seeks new information wherever he goes. While spending summers at Nantucket, he gathered a fund of whaling lore to rival that of the oldest inhabitant. Going to Ohio State University to receive an award from its Institute for Education by Radio-TV, he surprised the educators by also attending their lectures. When accepting their trophy, he advised (via Oliver J. Dragon): "My suggestion to you kids is to dip (Continued on page 91)



Magic Gift of Life

(Continued)



Workshop: Joe Lockwood, Burr and Fran give the TV family loving care. At home: Burr and his mother still share the mirth and music he's enjoyed since childhood.



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PATRICIA BARRY'S

First Love

As with Laurie, it's her home and husband—plus a curly-headed little bit of dynamite

By FRANCES KISH



Phil Barry has not only an armful but a homeful of dolls, led off by daughter Miranda Robin and wife Pat.

PATRICIA BARRY was twenty-five on the day of this interview. As a birthday present from the folks who produce *First Love*, the TV daytime drama in which she stars as Laurie James, she had been written out of the script. This gave her time for a perfectly luxurious morning at the beauty parlor, having her burnished auburn hair shampooed and set, and her nails done, in preparation for the evening's celebration with Phil. Phil being husband Philip Barry, Jr., TV writer and producer.

It also gave Pat some extra hours at home with Miranda Robin, a curly-haired strawberry blonde, three years old, going on four, who was wearing bright blue pajamas which matched her eyes and, despite an overwhelming desire to get up and perform skips and hops, was (Continued on page 89)

Patricia Barry is Laurie James in *First Love*, NBC-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored (Mon.-Wed.-Fri.) by the Andrew Jergens Co.



A houseful of activities, as well. Robin begged, "I want to be 'busy, too!'" So now she has small projects of her own. But Pat still cherishes every moment and interest they can share—and treasures their invaluable maid, Alleen.





JUST PLAIN BILL

Bill's faith in Nancy's innocence never wavers, even when her accusers discover her fingerprints on the gun.

HIMSELF an honest and simple man, Bill Davidson has always felt he could trust his fellow man—or woman—and he has raised his daughter Nancy to believe that people are basically good. But now, Bill and Nancy find the calm of their lives in Hartville shattered because they have placed their faith in the wrong people. Nancy's very life is threatened as trust has been repaid by vicious trickery. . . . Bill had believed in Thelma Nelson and in the happiness which he—long a widower—might find in marriage with her. It was beyond his wildest imaginings that Thelma was actually under orders from Mr. Sinclair—the “Big Boss” of the Syndicate—to marry Bill in order to obtain the uranium which he does not even know lies beneath his land. Nancy, sensing some unknown evil in Thelma, had gone to confront her. In the tussle that followed, Thelma was shot—by a gunman whom the Syndicate had assigned to follow Nancy! . . . To her horror, Nancy is accused of the murder. Bewildered, she accepts the friendship offered her by Rose Delmar, who has actually been sent by Mr. Sinclair to help convict her. Nancy even goes so far as to write a letter recommending Rose for a job, completely unaware of the Syndicate's schemes to use this sample of her handwriting against her. . . . Meanwhile, seemingly from out of nowhere, Peter Dyke Hampton arrives to defend Nancy. Once a brilliant trial lawyer, Peter retired several years ago and only Mrs. McTavish, his housekeeper, knows and understands the reason. Nancy's husband, lawyer Kerry Donovan, is hurt and angry at not being allowed to defend his own wife. With bitter jealousy, he imagines more than an attorney-client relationship between Nancy and the sophisticated Peter Hampton. . . . Bill Davidson has been



Pretending to be her friend, Rose tricks Nancy into writing a letter which she plans to use later to help prove Nancy's guilt.

duped by the Syndicate, yet he has an innate wisdom. Will he be able to draw from this wisdom to sort out the confused emotions of Nancy, Kerry and Peter? And will he find a way to break through the mesh of plots woven against them, to clear Nancy's name, and re-create for all of them the simple, calm life that has always been the dream of Just Plain Bill?

Just Plain Bill, M-F, NBC Radio, 5 P.M. EST, sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., for Alka-Seltzer. Pictured on opposite page: Arthur Hughes as Bill Davidson, James Meighan as Kerry Donovan. Above: Toni Darnay as Nancy Donovan, Charita Bauer as Rose Delmar.



Jealous and angry, Kerry argues that he, and not Peter Hampton, should defend his wife Nancy in her trial for murder. Bill believes that only Peter Hampton can save Nancy, but he now sees a threat to her marriage, as well as her life.



Hard to catch the Rockwells in a quiet, "formal" pose, but there they are—on the opposite page—with Mama Betts in the center, flanked by Bobby, Jr. and Jeff, Greg on her lap, Susie and Papa Bob behind her.

Miss Brooks' Dreamboat

Bob kisses daughter Susie goodbye, waves to his wife and sons, then it's off to work—as "Bachelor" Boynton.



Teacher may think he's a bachelor, but he's happily wed—to Mrs. Bob Rockwell—and very much a father

By GORDON BUDGE

HOW MANY BACHELORS have four children? Here's one who does: He's brown-haired, blue-eyed, six-foot, two-inch Bob Rockwell, Eve Arden's bachelor boy friend on *Our Miss Brooks*. In real life, "Bachelor Bob"—as he's known on the set—is married to the lovely Betts Weiss, and their family of four (Susie, 10; Bob, Jr., 8; Jeff, 4; Gregory, 8 months) is a brood of happy, healthy children that would make *any* bachelor proud!

Bob's family life began with his meeting, courtship, and marriage to Betts in 1942. Bob was in his third year at the Pasadena Playhouse, Betts a freshman. (Continued on page 85)

Robert Rockell is Phillip Boynton on *Our Miss Brooks*—seen over CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by General Foods Corp.—and heard over CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Anacin and The Toni Company.



Every home should have one

A Herb Shriner we mean. But it takes a lot of house to hold Herb, his family—and all his collections!

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

Movies are only one of Herb's many hobbies, for which his wife Pixie couldn't find storage room—until they moved to the country.



WHEN YOU ASK Herb Shriner how things are going, now that his twin baby boys are up and around—not to mention in full cry—he's apt to say, in that dubious, dry voice, "Well, no two ways about it, I'm a lot relieved now that I can tell 'em apart. I marked one of the cribs the other day, and it makes all the difference.

"They're a lot more fun, now that we've got the diaper service. Before, we just took care of that the way we did all our laundry—made up a parcel, you know, and mailed it home to the folks in Indiana. . . . Got so we had quite a bundle, with all those diapers in.

"Funny thing, it was the postman put us onto this diaper service. . . ."

That's the professional Mr. Shriner, humorist from Hoosierland, making the most of his opportunity. The at-home Mr. Shriner, father and husband, is the one we're going to tell about now.

The last time TV RADIO MIRROR printed a story about Herb, the twins had just happened to him and Pixie—and their little girl, "Indy" (short for "Indiana")—and he was still goggle-eyed. He said at the time that, when the doctor brought them out, he thought he was being offered his choice. That was the humorist talking. He also said, "Thank heaven, I was on *Two For The Money* and not *We The People*."

Since that story was published, the twins, Kin (named after the Indiana humorist, Kin Hubbard) and Will (named after Will Rogers), have changed not only the entire present life of the Shriners—professionally and privately—but their future as well.

It all began a few weeks after Pixie and the twins came home from the hospital, to the apartment off Central Park in New York which Herb and Pixie had decided would be just large enough (with some squeezing) for a second child. Although it was by any standards a large apartment, it must be remembered that Herb has many "babies" of his own besides the ones that bear his name—record collections, collections of miniature antique automobiles, collections of electronic gadgets. . . .

Continued →



Growing family: Herb Shriner with twin sons Kin (named for Hoosier humorist Kin Hubbard) and Will (for Will Rogers), daughter "Indy" (for guess-what-state), and pretty Pixie (whose name fits like the charm she has).

Every home should have one

(Continued)



Only Herb knows the meaning of many items in his collections (and sometimes Pixie wonders if he does, himself). But they can all enjoy the sunshine and fresh air surrounding their "new" home—twins Kin and Will, Pixie, Indy, and picture-taking papa.

Herb came home one afternoon, bringing with him four gentlemen and one young lady—all lugging briefcases and serious do-it-now expressions—with the purpose in mind of getting a little business done. The studio had been noisy and crowded, and Herb had suggested, "Let's go to my place. It's close to here and quiet, and we can clean all this up in an hour or two."

During this time he proposed to clear a new script, work out some sponsor problems, consider a press campaign, and outline a prospective tour. He used his key to his front door—and opened it to bedlam.

For various reasons, every room in the apartment except the back bathroom was occupied. His daughter Indy, blessed (or cursed, as the case may be) with her father's own general inquisitiveness, had tampered with some of the electronic gadgets, including—and not for the first time—the inter-room phone system. Thus, electricians were swarming everywhere, trying to stop bells from ringing and sparks from flying.

The kitchen was busy with preparations for a dinner party scheduled by an optimistic Pixie for eight that night. One of the twins had chosen this time to burst into a rash and a fever, which meant the doctor was examining him in one room while the other baby boy and nurse were segregated in the living room.

Herb lined up his business guests on the edge of the bathtub, he himself took the only other seat available, and they had talked just five minutes—when a plumber arrived. He'd been called the day before, and wouldn't be available for another three days.

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





Herb and Indy head for market in a King Midget—the kind of runabout that comes in a kit, assemble-it-yourself.

Mr. Shriner arose, and departed with his associates for the nearest cafe, where they ordered Cokes and tried to work in the din of the cocktail hour. When he got home—just in time to change for dinner—the apartment was quiet and in seeming order. But now he knew. The Shriners had outgrown this house, in more ways than one.

Much later, in the early hours after all the guests had gone home, and Herb and Pixie were wandering around collecting ashtrays, he said, "Better have a talk. Scrambled eggs?"

"If you'll make them," Pixie responded. "Frankly, I've had it."

A few minutes later, they sat wearily opposite each other at the kitchen table. "It isn't just doing something about the situation for now," Herb said. "That's what we've always done—and, a year later, it had to be done all over again. It might be different if there had been just one baby, maybe another little girl. But with two boys—both of them probably grown up before we know it—and everything else expanding (*Continued on page 87*)

Remodeling, of course, found our Mr. Fixit in seventh heaven—a constructive activity of which Pixie very much approved. She also gets a kick out of Herb's enthusiasm for skin-diving, mainly because of the "simple" equipment.



Every home should have one

(Continued)



Only Herb knows the meaning of many items in his collections (and sometimes Pixie wonders if he does, himself). But they can all enjoy the sunshine and fresh air surrounding their "new" home—twins Kin and Will, Pixie, Indy, and picture-taking popo.

Herb came home one afternoon, bringing with him four gentlemen and one young lady—all lugging briefcases and serious do-it-now expressions—with the purpose in mind of getting a little business done. The studio had been noisy and crowded, and Herb had suggested, "Let's go to my place. It's close to here and quiet, and we can clean all this up in an hour or two."

During this time he proposed to clear a new script, work out some sponsor problems, consider a press campaign, and outline a prospective tour. He used his key to his front door—and opened it to bedlam.

For various reasons, every room in the apartment except the back bathroom was occupied. His daughter Indy, blessed (or cursed, as the case may be) with her father's own general inquisitiveness, had tampered with some of the electronic gadgets, including—and not for the first time—the inter-room phone system. Thus, electricians were swarming everywhere, trying to stop bells from ringing and sparks from flying.

The kitchen was busy with preparations for a dinner party scheduled by an optimistic Pixie for eight that night. One of the twins had chosen this time to burst into a rash and a fever, which meant the doctor was examining him in one room while the other baby boy and nurse were segregated in the living room.

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SING AND BE HAPPY

Success on Your Hit Parade can't change Gisele MacKenzie, who is always a sweetheart—naturally

By ERNST JACOBI

THE WEEK "Vaya con Dios" jumped into the number-one spot on *Your Hit Parade*, about a year ago, the production called for Gisele MacKenzie to sing the ballad while holding a horse by its reins. Everything had gone fine during rehearsals, but at performance time the animal was experiencing a case of acute stagefright and proceeded to clobber Gisele with its muzzle against the side of her face. As viewed by the audience, it looked like a harmless display of equine affection and high spirits—especially since Miss MacKenzie didn't move a muscle or miss a beat—but it would be gross exaggeration to say that she enjoyed it.

"I was scared to death," she recalls. "The actor to whom I was singing was holding his sides, trying to keep from bursting out laughing, but that clobbering really hurt."

The incident, aside from serving to illustrate her poise and innate good nature, is notable for representing what is probably the only occasion in recent years when Miss MacKenzie was somewhat less than perfectly happy about any phase or circumstance of her career.

Endowed with a sparkling, sunny temperament on camera or off, she loves to (Continued on page 96)

The popular singer's best pals are long-haired—dachshunds: Wolfie at left; Bruna and Wolfie, below.



Canadian-born Gisele loves to cook, finds that preparing dinner's the best way to relax.



Bob Shuttleworth—now her manager—was the first to recognize Gisele's gift for singing.



Gisele MacKenzie sings on *Your Hit Parade*. NBC-TV, Sat., 10:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes, Richard Hudnut Quick Home Permanent.



Tony Martin and sons are having a wonderful boyhood together, with Cyd Charisse as loving cheerleader



Tony, Jr. has vast admiration for Nicky's school uniform and athletic skill. The Martin men-folk "play ball," every chance they get—and it's hard to tell which Tony enjoys it the most!



Cyd and Tony delight millions with their talents, but their own favorite roles are as parents of young Tony, Jr. and Nicky.



Being a Father is Fun

By BOB WELLES

TONY MARTIN and his boy, Nicky, were standing on the front porch preparing for a game of catch. Tony was teaching Nicky how to pitch a baseball.

"By the way," said Tony, "you're going to have a baby brother."

Nicky, Cyd Charisse's eight-year-old son by a former marriage, looked up at Tony with a that's-

interesting-tell-me-more look in his eyes. "No kiddin'," he said. "When?"

"Oh, in a few months," said Tony.

"Well, gee!" said Nick. "You scared me. For a second there I thought we weren't going to have time for our game!"

The star of NBC-TV's *Tony Martin Show* is also the All-American Father. (Continued on page 83)

The Tony Martin Show is seen on NBC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Bobbi Home Permanent, White Rain, Tame Creme Rinse.



1. At first, Kathy was flattered when Dr. Jim Kelly showed his interest in her. After all, he was the roommate of her former husband, Dr. Dick Grant—and that should show Dick something! But, when Jim proposes and offers her a ring, Kathy refuses as gently as possible. How long can she go on playing with men's hearts, like an irresponsible child?

The Guiding Light

TO META AND JOE ROBERTS, love and trust have been a beacon leading to a haven all their own . . . a guiding light as sure and steady as the "beam" which brings an aviator safely through the stormiest weather, to a happy landing at home field. But Meta was saddened as she thought of those nearest and dearest to them, for whom there seemed to be no inner guiding light . . . two charming young people who had lost their way, knowing so little of their own hearts, uncertain whom to trust and where to turn for the abiding love which every man and woman needs. Kathy, Joe's lovely, impetuous daughter. Dick Grant, the youthful but brilliant doctor. . . . At that moment, Meta thought despairingly, Dick Grant seemed lost indeed—Dick, who had always been so competent, so dependable, but who had now disappeared from Los Angeles without a trace! . . . Kathy herself was at home now with Meta and Joe, home with her little girl, Robin Lang. But still—Meta sighed—not at home with her own spirit. Young as Kathy was, there had been few credit entries in her ledger of life . . . and the sum of debits had been large. Two broken marriages. Two young men whose lives had been twisted and torn to make Kathy happy—without bringing any lasting happiness to Kathy. First, there had been Bob Lang, whom she had secretly wed on the rebound from her childhood infatuation for the boy next door . . . Bob Lang, who had died before their marriage was made public—and before anyone knew a child was on the way. Then there had been Dr. Dick Grant—the "boy next door," now grown up and on the threshold of a promising career in medicine. Kathy had married Dick without telling him of her previous elopement—or the baby to come—and, after a brief, stormy life together, Dick had had their marriage annulled. . . . Now, Meta sighed

See Next Page →



2. Jim's attentions to Kathy, combined with intrigues at the hospital, bring on a crisis for Dr. Dick Grant. He flees to New York, where he lives in lonely despair.

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The Guiding Light

(Continued)



3. Dick's disappearance fits into the plans of Dr. Bart Thompson, who calls a young doctor in whom he takes special interest—offering him Dick's place at the hospital.

to herself, there was a *third* man. But, this time, Meta suspected that Kathy had begun to learn her lesson, perhaps even to grow up a little. At first, out of pride and pique, Kathy had encouraged the attentions of Dick's roommate, Dr. Jim Kelly. Then Jim had proved how serious his intentions were, had even offered Kathy a ring and begged her to set the date for their wedding. Frightened—perhaps realizing how similar this situation was to the time when she had married Bob Lang without really loving him—Kathy had refused. . . . But how much, Meta wondered, did Jim's proposal, his obvious love for Kathy, have to do with Dick's subsequent disappearance? And how much had that disappearance been influenced by situations at the hospital? . . . Joe Roberts was even now trying to solve these problems, as he wrote the story for his paper, the *City Times*—working always to influence public opinion in Dick's favor, to show the world how much it needed doctors of this caliber, and to forestall the unfavorable publicity Dick's disappearance was bound to create. . . . But there



4. Joe Roberts—Kathy's father and an ace newspaperman—calls on Dr. Thompson, vainly seeking information which could explain why Dick fled or where he went.

was so much that neither Joe nor Meta could guess, with the little knowledge they already had. Few people knew—not even John himself—that Dr. John Brooks was the son of Dr. Bart Thompson of the Cedars Hospital . . . and that Dr. Thompson would stop at nothing to get John comfortably installed in Dick's place at the hospital! He had done his best to make Dick's situation intolerable . . . and Dick—torn between these pressures within the profession he loved and the knowledge that his best friend, Jim, hoped to marry the woman he himself had loved—had “frozen” at the operating table one fateful day. Sick with shame, depressed almost beyond endurance, he had fled. . . . Now Dick sits alone and despairing in a dingy hotel room in New York, a continent away from those who want so much to help him. Will they find Dick—before it is too late? Can his powers of healing be saved for the good of the world—and himself? And what of Kathy and Jim and their individual search for love and trust and happiness? How can these three young people find the guiding light which Joe and Meta Roberts know so well?

Pictured here, as seen and heard on the air, are:

Kathy Lang Susan Douglas
Dr. Dick Grant James Lipton
Dr. Jim Kelly Paul Potter
Dr. Bart Thompson Barry Thomson
Meta Roberts Ellen Demming
Joe Roberts Herb Nelson

The Guiding Light, M-F, CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M. EST—CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—for Duz, Ivory Soap, and Ivory Flakes.



5. Joe and his wife Meta watch sympathetically as Kathy struggles with the problems she has never before been willing to face. Is there something she could do to help Dick? And what about Jim? If only she could find the "guiding light" which has always led Joe and Meta so unerringly to the happiness which comes when two people love and trust each other!

Peg's husband and daughter Astrid Elise make friends with "the other man" in Mother's TV life—Alan (Albert) Bunce.



LUCK'S REALLY A LADY



As Ethel, Peg knows her scripts by heart. She writes them!

*Ethel And Albert's Peg Lynch
knows you don't have to live "just
two feet away from happiness"*

By ED MEYERSON

ONCE A WEEK, in many an American living room, Mom and Pop try to beat the kids to the TV set so they can watch *Ethel And Albert*—a situation-comedy series about the typical married couple. This is often the signal for the children to leave the room. It isn't that they don't enjoy the program, too. It's just the aggravating way their own parents sit there, laughing their heads off—as though it were all some private joke which no one else could possibly understand.

Actually, Mom and Pop are laughing at themselves, for the very same situation that Ethel and Albert are tangled up in—well, it happened to them once, too. Only, judging by the show's popularity rating, the joke isn't so private. It's shared by millions of other "typical married couples," all along the NBC-TV network. Which only goes to prove that, when it comes to comedy, the thing people most enjoy seeing on TV is—themselves. (Continued on page 75)



Of her three names, Peg's favorite is Mrs. Odd Knut Ronning, real-life wife and mother.

The Ronning home in Connecticut is the heaven-on-earth which Peg always believed she'd find someday—if she tried.



Lord Henry discovers America

Alastair Duncan traveled far before he fell in love with a girl named Sunday—and a city called New York

By ALICE FRANCIS

WHEN A MAN falls in love, he begins to think about settling down," Alastair Duncan was saying. "At last, this has happened to me. I—who, until now, have been content to roam the world with a suitcase and a stick of greasepaint—am now in love. But with a city, not a girl—at least not yet! Wanting to settle down for a long time, with New York."

This is quite the way you would expect Lord Henry Brinthrope to feel about America. And Alastair is one-and-the-same with Lord Henry of the radio drama, *Our Gal Sunday*. A difference between the two men is that Lord Henry came to our shores and settled in a small Virginia community, while Alastair is enchanted with the excitements of the big city, the theaters and (Continued on page 80)

When English friends come to visit, Alastair guides them to unusual out-of-the-way art shops.



Washington Square Arch is the hub of the colorful part of New York that claims Alastair's affections.

Alastair Duncan is Lord Henry Brinthrope in *Our Gal Sunday*, CBS Radio, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, for Anacin and Chef Boyardee. He is Stanley Warrick on *Stella Dallas*, NBC Radio, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, VIV Lipstick.





New York spells glamour for Alastair, who reads up on opera before an evening at the "Met."

Antique guns in a Greenwich Village curiosity shop remind him of his own hunting collection in England.



Alastair's a foreign food fancier, and often returns to sample the Italian menu at Monte's.



Lord Henry discovers America

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who's who in



Harry Townes

Harry has had frequent leading roles on *Studio One*. Here he portrays Secretary Hock in "Abraham Lincoln."

LISTENING to Harry Townes as he appears on any of the top TV dramatic shows, it's hard to believe he was raised in Alabama and once had a thick-as-cotton Southern accent. "I had to work awfully hard at getting rid of it," says Harry. In fact, he had to forsake his role in the record-breaking Broadway hit, "Tobacco Road," and move to Maine—where he spent four years at the famous Kennebunk Playhouse—before achieving the smooth, well-modulated accent he has today. Prior to launching his successful career as an actor, Harry had studied liberal arts at the University of Alabama, had taken five years out to serve with the Army Air Corps in the China-Burma-India Theater, then returned to studying and earned his B.A. at Columbia University. Having established himself firmly on the Broadway stage, in movies and TV, Harry points with pride and gratitude to his first big roles in each medium: He played the lovable leprechaun in "Finian's Rainbow"; his first major TV assignment was on *Studio One*; and in movies he is now starring in his first role in "Operation Manhunt." Because TV keeps him constantly in demand, Harry maintains a bachelor apartment in New York City, but adds, "I have to have a home in the country." This is a modern house on Long Island. There, also, lives his dearly loved cocker spaniel, Patrick. For relaxation, Harry enjoys a busman's holiday at the theater or puttering around his garden. Above all, says he, "My home is my hobby."



TV dramas

NEW YORK BORN and bred, Olive Deering has been in love with the theater and acting since she was eight years old. After attending the Professional Children's School in New York, she set out to make her mark on Broadway. Her first appearance was only as a walk-on, but three plays later she was starring in "Searching for the Sun." Then followed others such as "King Richard II," opposite Maurice Evans, "Winged Victory," and "Counselor-at-Law," opposite Paul Muni. In movies, Olive has had featured roles in "Samson and Delilah," "Caged," and in the forthcoming Cecil B. DeMille production, "The Ten Commandments." Television has claimed her for leading roles in every dramatic show from *Robert Montgomery Presents* and the Philco and Kraft theaters to *Danger*, *Suspense* and *Tales Of Tomorrow*. Although the majority of her roles have been serious ones, Olive enjoys doing comedy—in fact, says she, "You always enjoy any kind of part if you like it." Whether it's a role on the stage, in movies or TV, Olive says, "I enjoy them all in different ways; all of it is fun to me." Olive is married to actor Leo Penn, and they have an apartment in New York City. She, too, enjoys time off at the theater, letting other actors entertain her, and, when she can find the time, likes to paint landscapes. Music is another of Olive's pastime preferences, and she enjoys all forms, from the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms to jazz and blues recordings, of which she has an extensive collection.



Olive Deering

Dramatizing history on *You Are There*, Olive gives her interpretation of the notorious character, Belle Starr.



See Next Page 

who's who in TV dramas

ERIC DRESSLER, whose voice—before the advent of television—was familiar to millions of radio listeners, became an actor as a result of a “reversal of family fortunes.” Eric’s family was in the process of providing him with a good school and social background when a sudden loss of finances cut short their plans. Since Eric, who was 18 at the time, had no business training, his father sought the help of a friend in show business who gave Eric his first part as juvenile lead in a vaudeville sketch. From there, Eric progressed to touring with stock companies and, finally, in 1924, to his first Broadway play, “The Goose Hangs High,” followed by “Young Blood,” with Helen Hayes, and a host of others, including “Excess Baggage,” with Miriam Hopkins, and “Three Sisters,” with Katharine Cornell. After working in radio for a number of years, Eric turned his charms to television. He has been featured, among others, on *The Web*, *Robert Montgomery Presents*, and currently plays the role of Charles Goodwin on NBC-TV’s *Golden Windows*. Married to a former actress, Patricia Calvert, Eric lives on a farm in Pennsylvania. There the Dresslers busy themselves with their common hobby, raising goats—which, besides making wonderful pets, provide the Dresslers with a goodly supply of milk and additional income.



Eric Dressler



E. G. Marshall

WHEN ASKED what TV shows he has appeared on, E. G. Marshall modestly replies, “Well, *Kraft Television Theater* in ‘Macbeth’ and ‘Rip Van Winkle’ . . . and about 348 others that were also enjoyable.” Which is about as little as could possibly be said in favor of Mr. Marshall’s expert and versatile performances. Born in Owatonna, Minnesota, Mr. Marshall gained his training in the theater through hard work and experience. In 1933, he joined a repertory company and for two years toured throughout the South and Southwest, playing Shakespearean and other classical roles. Mr. Marshall points to his starring role in Eugene O’Neill’s “The Iceman Cometh” as his greatest acting experience, and credits Mr. O’Neill’s careful guidance as contributing most to the formulation of his career. He can also look back on successful Broadway roles in such plays as “The Skin of Our Teeth,” “Jacobowsky and the Colonel,” and “The Crucible” . . . outstanding movie roles in “The House on 92nd Street,” “The Caine Mutiny,” and most recently “The Silver Chalice” and “I Was a Prisoner in Korea”—not to mention being one of the busiest performers in TV. When making movies in California, Mr. Marshall enjoys horseback riding in his free time. In New York, he and his wife Emy share an apartment with their beagle, Dusty. Mr. Marshall also has a lodge in Vermont, where he and Dusty go rabbit hunting, fishing or skiing. This year, Mr. Marshall is taking archery lessons and hopes, next year, “to bag me a buck with a bow.”

who's who in TV dramas



June Lockhart

ALTHOUGH she is the daughter of the famous Gene and Kathleen Lockhart and made her stage debut when she was 8, June Lockhart is the first to banish any notions that she has led a "born backstage" kind of life. "I wasn't born in a theater trunk," says June, "and I've never lived out of a suitcase!" When she was 13, June played Belinda Cratchitt in the movie version of "A Christmas Carol"—with, logically enough, her father and mother cast as the parents, Bob and Mrs. Cratchitt. In 1943, after graduation from the Westlake School for Girls in Hollywood, June assumed an active movie career, appearing in such films as "Meet Me in St. Louis," "Son of Lassie," and "The Yearling." In 1948, she achieved overnight stardom with her Broadway debut in "For Love or Money." After three more years of movie-making, June returned to New York to launch her career in television and has since appeared in most of the leading dramatic programs such as *Studio One*, *Lux Video Theater*, *U. S. Steel Hour* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*. She has also proved herself an expert panelist on, among others, *Celebrity Time* and *Quick As A Flash*. June has been married to Dr. John F. Maloney since 1951 and they now share their New York home with one-year-old Anne Kathleen.

PAUL NEWMAN was destined to be an actor from the time he appeared as court jester in "The Travails of Robin Hood," a sixth-grade production at Malvern Grammar School in Shaker Heights, Ohio. Throughout high school and at Kenyon College, Paul attracted attention with his acting abilities, as well as his athletic prowess, excelling in football, basketball, boxing and swimming. After four years of war service with the Navy, Paul returned to get his degree in drama and economics at Kenyon College, in 1949, commenting, "I graduated magna cum kindness of their heart." Immediately after graduation, Paul plunged into summer stock, appearing in such plays as "The Glass Menagerie" and "Cyrano de Bergerac." After further study at the Yale School of Drama, he ventured to New York in 1951 and was soon appearing on TV in productions of *The Web*, *You Are There* and *The Mask*. Stage-wise, Paul was tapped for a feature role in the Broadway hit, "Picnic." His success in this brought offers from Hollywood and Paul was signed to play the romantic lead in "The Silver Chalice." Today, Paul takes double pleasure in his rising success in TV, movies and on the stage, and in his family—wife Jackie, whom he met and married in 1949, son Scott, 4, and daughter Susan, 2. At home, Paul relaxes in jeans, a T-shirt and loafers, and often enjoys taking over the cooking duties, considering himself an expert on salads. He also takes pleasure in long hikes and horseback riding and, in addition to his creative acting abilities, is a skillful sketch artist.



Paul Newman

THANKS FOR THE LIFT!



Four of Jan's reasons why it's so nice to come home: His wife Toni, baby Diane, daughter Celia, son Howard.

Jan Murray owes a debt of gratitude and wishes he could repay it—



Goodbye kiss, then off to work—perhaps to encourage some young comedian as Jan himself was encouraged.

By HAROLD KEENE

JAN MURRAY, the handsome young emcee of *Dollar A Second* with the trip-hammer tongue, turned from his home phone the other day to find his wife looking at him questioningly from the doorway. After a moment, he shrugged.

"Oh, no!" she wailed.

"Oh, yes. Miami, this time. Another convention one-shot."

"But I never see you any more," she said. "Do you realize that's *nine* one-evening shows in as many different cities just this one month?" She started counting them off on her fingers. "Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston—"

"I know them by heart," he said, taking her in his arms. While she put her nose against his shoulder and allowed herself a momentary burst of self-pity, he explained again for the umpteenth time why, for this year at least, they must sacrifice their family life while he spends his time in TV studios or in airplanes, traipsing about the country.

Of course, she could never go with him. In five years of marriage, they had had three children in rapid succession, the baby now only a few months old. They had a well-staffed house and a nurse, but the Murrrays believe in the old-fashioned way of raising kids. If Pop had to be away most of the time, at least Mom should stay home and represent security to them.

The basic reason Pop had to be "that stranger," who turned up once in a while for dinner and a clean



Time at home means domestic moments with Toni, a quick catch-up on the mail, but never "just sitting around" (one of the earliest lessons Jan learned).



Continued →

at even more than a Dollar A Second

THANKS FOR THE LIFT!

(Continued)

shirt, was his new TV show, which nobody had dreamed would be so successful. Naturally, it had seemed like a good idea, at the time—a quiz show unlike any other, in which the contestant would be gambling against himself and Fate. As you know, Mr. Contestant has a choice: He can elect to quit at any time, taking with him whatever amount of money he's earned, or (if he's not retired with his earnings by making a "boo-boo") he may be struck off by some happening outside the studio—in which case he departs without a penny. The outside happening may be the birth of the first baby in a certain hospital, with time being called on the contestant the moment that blessed event takes place.

Jan works very fast, ad-libbing thousands of words a minute, keeping the excitement at a fever pitch, ever-growing until the suspense becomes unbearable. "You've got six hundred and twenty dollars now!" he says. "Wanna quit? You can quit, you know, and take the money. How about it?"

The guy elects to stay, and three seconds later the phone rings. He's finished, he's lost it all.

You'd think the watchers would hate the program for letting that happen, wouldn't you? Well, they don't. They sit around the TV set and scream, "Quit while the quitting's good! Waddaya want, uranium? Quit!" Quit or stay, the excitement keeps growing in intensity.

Up, up, up went the show's rating. Up, and higher than up, went Jan Murray's stock in trade. He'd been a cafe headliner in show business around the country before. Now the offers came pouring in, prices doubled and tripled on his services. The demand was incredible.

Las Vegas wanted him. Seventy-five hundred dollars a week. The one-shot offers began turning up and, at first, he didn't like the idea. It meant flying to another city for two nights, interrupting his routine, and neither he nor Mary nor his business manager thought it was sound for him to fly so much alone when he had a wife and four children (one an older boy by a previous marriage).

But then it turned out that most of the conventions that were bidding for these one-night stands were con-

nected with his Sponsors. I capitalize the word advisedly. No one in Jan Murray's position turns down a bid from a Sponsor. . . .

Late that night, Mrs. Jan Murray reached over and touched her husband's shoulder. "Be home tomorrow evening for supper?" she asked sleepily.

"Philadelphia tomorrow, honey," he said. "Don't wait up."

People who have sat in nightclubs from Hollywood to Las Vegas to Miami to New York, off and on during the past four or five years—and laughed their heads off at Jan Murray's act—now find him a completely different personality, on television. Here is a comedian doing an emcee job on a quiz show. He is not being a comedian. Yet he is a fantastic success.

How does one do this thing? How is this accomplished, and with what magic? How does one start out as just a kid in the Catskills resort-hotel circuit—and end up at the very top, at \$7500 a week?

Perhaps the answer can be found in Jan's dressing room. It's a dreary, bare, gray-painted cubicle (upstairs from the stage) which would be enough to kill any inspiration that ever got started, but Jan sparkles in it. It's his business, sparkling like that, and he does it easily and magnificently.

"Everybody always talks about the rivalry among comedians," he says. "How much we hate each other. How we feud all the time, and accuse one another of stealing gags and routines and girlfriends."

He warms up. "Actually, most of the time, there is no tighter fraternity in the world. Furthermore, no comedian ever got on top without the help of other comedians, even when they knew they were cutting their own throats. Listen. . . ."

And this is how he tells the tale:

I couldn't have been older than twenty (says Jan) when I played one of my first big dates at Kitty Davis' Airliner in Miami Beach. (Continued on page 81)

Jan Murray stars as emcee of *Dollar A Second*, seen over ABC-TV, Fridays, 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Mogen David Wine Corporation.

70 Baby-sitting is no chore to Jan, who counts his youngsters among the greatest blessings which have come his way.



...KRAFT 5-STAR NEWSCASTS...KRAFT 5-STAR NEWSCASTS



...10:30AM NYT*—FRANK SINGISER...11:25AM NYT*—HOLLAND ENGLE...12:15PM NYT*—LES HIGBIE



.....2:25 PM NYT*—SAM HAYES...5:55 PM NYT*—CECIL BROWN...OVER MUTUAL...THE RADIO NET

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- *Holland Engle reports world news from Chicago*
- *Les Higbie with Capital Commentary from Washington*
- *Sam Hayes, the West Coast's best known newsman, reports from Los Angeles*
- *Cecil Brown presents the early evening round-up from Mutual's New York newsroom*

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Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Local Program Gabriel Heatter ¹ 8:55 It Happens Every Day ²	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Robert Hurlleigh Dick Willard Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale Joyce Jordan Doctor's Wife	Cecil Brown	My True Story
10:15 10:30	News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:45	Break The Bank	When A Girl Marries	
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling With Tom Moore 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Modern Romances Companion
11:30	Phrase That Pays	Your Neighbor's Voice	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:45	Second Chance	Three-City 8yline	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		Capitol Commentary with Les Higgle 12:20 Guest Time	Frank Farrell	Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45		News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Ted Steele Show	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City	Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin 8lock	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45				This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Women In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin 8lock (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Mike & Buff's Mailbag
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas		Latin Quarter Matinee 4:25 Betty Crocker† Treasury 8andstand	Treasury 8andstand 4:55 News
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House			
5:00	Just Plain 8ill	Bobby Benson ² (Sgt. Preston) ¹ Bobby Benson	Musical Express	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Lorenzo Jones Hotel For Pets It Pays To Be Married	5:55 Cecil Brown	Fred Beck Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	8ill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Best Of All	Top Secret Files Broadway Cop	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Sports Tonight, with Al Helfer	Jack Gregson Show American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	Mr. & Mrs. North Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		Metropolitan Opera Auditions 9:25 News Freedom Sings	Perry Como 8ing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Sports Tonight (con.)	News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15	Great Gildersleeve			
10:30	Two In The Balcony	Distinguished Artists	Martha Lou Harp	

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	8ill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Dragnet	Treasury Agent John Steele, Adventurer	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
9:00	Lux Radio Theater	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Sports Tonight, with Al Helfer	Jack Gregson Show	Stop The Music (con.) 8ing Crosby
9:15			Sammy Kaye 9:25 E. D. Canham, News Platterbrains	Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
9:30 9:45	Lux Theater (con.)		9:55 News	
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Sports Tonight (con.)	News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell Take Thirty	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15 10:30	Great Gildersleeve Listen To Washington			

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	8ill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra	Squad Room	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:30	News 8:35 Barrie Craig	Sentenced	Jack Gregson Show	F81 In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards 21st Precinct
9:00	You 8et Your Life	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Sports Tonight, with Al Helfer	Sammy Kaye	Perry Como
9:15 9:30 9:45	8ig Story		8rown Derby Record Room	8ing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Sports Tonight (con.)	News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15	Great Gildersleeve			
10:30	Keys To The Capital	Sounding Board	Dunnigans & Friends	

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	8ill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30	Roy Rogers Bob Hope Show	Official Detective Crime Fighters	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
9:00	News 9:05 Spend A Million	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Sports Tonight, with Al Helfer	Jack Gregson Show	Suspense 8:25 Doug Edwards Nightwatch
9:15 9:30 9:45	Where Have You 8een?		Serenade Room	Rosemary Clooney
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Sports Tonight (con.)	Dinner At The Green Room	8ing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:15	Great Gildersleeve		News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:30	Jane Pickens Show	Musical Caravan	Front & Center	

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	8ill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dinah Shore Frank Sinatra Friday With Garraway	Counter-Spy Take A Number	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
9:00	Garraway (con.)	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Sports Tonight, with Al Helfer	Jack Gregson Show	Crime Photographer 8:25 Doug Edwards Godfrey Digest
9:15 9:30 9:45			Sammy Kaye	Perry Como
10:00	8oxing—Cavalcade Of Sports	Sports Tonight (con.)	The World We Live In 9:55 Sport Report	8ing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:15			News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:30	Sports Highllghts	Fall Out	Indoors Unlimited	

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Egbert & Ummly	Local Program	Ooug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Egbert & Ummly (con.) Serenade To Romance	News	No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Mary Margaret McBride	Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Space Patrol	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News
11:00			11:05 Half-Pint Panel	Robert Q. Lewis Show
11:15 11:30 11:45			All League Club-house	

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	National Farm And Home Hour	I Asked You	News 12:05 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
12:30 12:45	Western Show	New England Barn Dance	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital News 1:35 Stan Daugherty Presents
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Oude Ranch Jamboree Roadshow	Fifth Army Band Ruby Mercer Show	News 1:55 News	Jimmie Featherstone Orch. Teddy Wilson Orch. Richard Hayes
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Roadshow (con.)	Richard Hayes	Metropolitan Opera (con.)	String Serenade Xavier Cugat
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Roadshow (con.)		Metropolitan Opera (con.)	Paul Neighbor's Orch. Ralph Marterie Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Roadshow (con.)		News 5:05 Festival	Adventures In Science Farm News News 5:35 Saturday At The Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Roadshow (con.)	Teenagers Unlimited	5:55 News	

Evening Programs

6:00	News	John T. Flynn	6:05 Pan-American Union Sports, Bob Finnegan	News Sports Roundup Capitol Cloakroom
6:15 6:30 6:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Thy Kingdom Come	Men's Corner 6:55 Cecil Brown	News 7:05 At Ease	News 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Travel Bureau 7:05 Heart Of The News College Quiz Bowl	Pop The Question Keep Healthy 7:55 Globe Trotter	Labor-Management Series	
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Conversation Boston Symphony	True Or False Magic Valley Jamboree	Oance Party	Gunsmoke Juke Box Jury
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Boston Symphony (con.) Grand Ole Opry	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	Oance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Tex Williams Show Town Hall Party	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Ambassador Hotel	Country Style (con.) Louisville Philharmonic Orchestra

Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15	World News Roundup Carnival Of Books	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup The Music Room Organ Music 9:55 News
9:30 9:45	Faith In Action Art Of Living	Back To God	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air Church Of The Air (con.)
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir Invitation To Learning
10:30 10:45	Headlines In Perspective	Voice Of Prophecy		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News 11:05 Stars From Paris Pauline Frederick At UN UN Assignment	Frank And Ernest Northwestern Reviewing Stand		

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Music For Relaxation The Eternal Light	Studio Concerts News, Bill Cunningham Tune Time	Pan-American Union The World Tomorrow	News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question Howard K. Smith, World Affairs News Report
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Youth Wants To Know Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Global Frontiers Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Man's Right To Knowledge News 1:35 Syncopation Piece
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Anthology	Bandstand, U.S.A. Tune Time Merry Mailman	Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekend	Wonderful City Tune Time CBC Symphony	News 3:05 Air Force Show Hour Of Decision	New York Philharmonic-Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend (con.)	CBC Symphony (con.) Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News, LeSueur 4:05 On A Sunday Afternoon
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Inheritance Dennis Day Show	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin True Detective Mysteries 5:55 Cecil Brown	Evening Comes Greatest Story Ever Told	News 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, Trout

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	American Forum Travels In Tempo	Public Prosecutor—Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Considine Wisner, Sports	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News World Church	Gene Autry Hall Of Fame
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	A Radio Tribute 7:55 NBC Travel Bureau	Rod And Gun Club Enchanted Hour	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky News 7:35 Valentino Travel Talk	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Six Shooter Adventures Of The Abbots	Oklahoma City Symphony	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Sherlock Holmes Easy Money	Oklahoma City Symphony (con.) Manion Forum Hazel Markel, News	Walter Winchell News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Meet The Press	Billy Graham Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey, News Elmer Davis Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Mahalia Jackson, Gospel Singer Face The Nation

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, FEBRUARY 8—MARCH 7

Monday through Friday

DAYTIME

- 7:00 **2** Morning Show—Get up to Paor
4 & **8** Today—Garroway's great
 9:00 **2** George Skinner Show—AM variety
7 Breakfast Club—Don McNeill's gang
 10:00 **2** Garry Moore Show—Fun for all
4 & **8** Ding Dong School—TV nursery
 10:30 **2** Arthur Godfrey Time—Simulcast
4 Way Of The World—Drama
 11:00 **4** Home—Big hour with Arlene Francis
 11:30 **2** & **8** Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy
5 Susan Adams—Way to a man's heart
 12:00 **2** Valiant Lady—Flora Campbell stars
4 Tennessee Ernie Show
 12:15 **2** & **8** Love Of Life—Daytime Drama
 12:30 **2** & **8** Search For Tomorrow—Story
4 Feather Your Nest—Bud Collyer, quiz
 12:45 **2** (& **8** at 2:30) The Guiding Light
 1:00 **2** Portia Faces Life—With Fran Carlon
5 Claire Mann—Glamour tips
 1:15 **2** Road Of Life—Don MacLaughlin stars
 1:30 **2** & **8** Welcome Travelers—From Chi
7 Ern Westmore—Look lovelier
 2:00 **2** & **8** Robert Q. Lewis Show—Go!
5 Journey Through Life—Tommy Reddy interviews, Mon., Tue., Wed.; at 2:15, Thurs. & Fri. All About Baby—Child care with Ruth Crowley, Thurs. & Fri.
 2:30 **2** Linkletter's House Party—A ball!
4 Jinx Falkenberg—Intimate Interviews
11 Liberace—Valentino of the piano
 3:00 **2** & **8** The Big Payoff—Mink-lined quiz
4 The Greatest Gift—Serial—Ann Burr
5 Paul Dixon Show—Musicmimics
9 Ted Steele Show—Words and music
 3:15 **4** The Golden Windows—Serial
 3:30 **2** Bob Crosby Show—Musical variety
4 & **8** One Man's Family—Serial
 3:45 **4** & **8** Concerning Miss Marlowe
 4:00 **2** & **8** The Brighter Day—Serial
4 Hawkins Falls—Rural story
 4:15 **2** & **8** Secret Storm—Daily story
4 First Love—Stars Pat Barry
 4:30 **2** On Your Account—Dennis James, quiz
4 World Of Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles

EARLY EVENING

- 6:30 **11** Liberace—Repeat of afternoon show
 7:00 **7** Kukla, Fran & Ollie—Fun & Fantasy
 7:15 **7** John Daly, News
 7:30 **2** Douglas Edwards, News
4 Songs—Tony Martin, Mon.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
9 Million Dollar Movies—Feb. 8-14, "Four Faces West," Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, Charles Bickford; Feb. 15-21, "The Fabulous Dorseys," Tommy & Jimmy with Janet Blair, Pops Whiteman; Feb. 22-28, "So This Is New York," Henry Morgan, Hugh Herbert; Mar. 1-7, "Caught," James Mason, Barbara Bel Geddes
 7:45 **2** Songs—Perry Como, Mon., Wed., Fri.; Jo Stafford, Tues.; Jane Froman, Thurs.
4 & **8** News Caravan—Suave Swayze

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 **9** Millian Dollar Movies—Repeat of show at 7:30. See listings above
 11:00 **5** News, Don Russell
7 TV Playhouse—Half-hour films
 11:15 **4** Tonight—Steve Allen
7 Ernie Kovacs Show
 11:30 **7** News, Don Gaddard
 12:45 **2** The Late, Late Show—Feature films

Monday P.M.

- 7:00 **4** Sherlock Holmes—Ronald Howard
 7:30 **4** Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
7 Name's The Same—Dennis James
 8:00 **2** Burns & Allen—Coupled comedy

- 8:00 **4** & **8** Caesar's Hour—Sid sizzles. Producer's Showcase—90-minute spectacular, Mar. 7
7 TV Readers' Digest—Filmed dramas
 8:30 **2** Talent Scouts—Godfrey's showcase
7 & **8** Voice Of Firestone—Concert
 9:00 **2** & **8** I Love Lucy—Great guffaws
4 The Medic—Documentaries of docs
 9:30 **2** & **8** December Bride—Charming
4 Robert Montgomery Presents
7 The Unexpected—Killer-chillers
 10:00 **2** Studio One—Live, hour dramas
7 Boxing—From Eastern Parkway
 10:30 **4** Big Town—Mark Stevens stars

Tuesday

- 7:30 **5** Waterfront—Preston Foster stars
7 Cavalcade Of America—Dramas
 8:00 **2** Life With Father—Comedy Series
4 & **8** Milton Berle—Feb. 8 & 22; Martha Raye, Feb. 15; Bob Hope, Mar. 1
5 Life Is Worth Living—Bishop Sheen
 8:30 **2** Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans
5 Studio 57—Varieties of drama, filmed
7 20 Questions—Animal, vegetable, etc.
 9:00 **2** & **8** Meet Millie—Gay, giddy gal
4 Fireside Theater—Filmed dramas
7 Make Room For Daddy—Comedy
 9:30 **2** & **8** Red Skelton—Laff-time
4 Circle Theater—Dramas
5 It's A Mystery—Terror tales
7 U.S. Steel Theater—Elgin Theater
 Fine, hour dramas, alternating weekly
 10:00 **2** Danger—Hair-raising stories
4 & **8** Truth Or Consequences—Fun
 10:30 **2** See It Now—Ed Murrow's video mag
4 It's A Great Life—Very funny
7 Stop The Music—Bert Parks' quiz

Wednesday

- 7:00 **4** Norby—Comedy, David Wayne stars
 7:30 **5** Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
7 Disneyland—A great video hour
 8:00 **2** & **8** Godfrey Show—Artful variety
4 I Married Joan—Joan Davis comedy
 8:30 **4** (& **8** at 9:30) My Little Margie
7 Stu Erwin Show—Stu's in one
 9:00 **2** & **8** The Millionaire—Stories
4 Kraft Theater—Live, hour dramas
7 Masquerade Party—Peter Donald
 9:30 **2** I've Got A Secret—Garry Moore
7 Who Said That?—John Daly, emcee
 10:00 **2** & **8** Blue Ribbon Boxing
4 This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards
5 Down You Go—Lively panel show
 10:30 **4** Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories
7 Files Of Jeffrey Janes—Whodunits

Thursday

- 7:30 **5** Finders Keepers—Quiz, Fred Robbins
7 Lone Ranger—Shoot-em-up
 8:00 **2** Meet Mr. McNulty—Ray Milland
4 & **8** You Bet Your Life—Groucho
5 They Stand Accused—Court drama
7 The Mail Story—Post office drama
 8:30 **2** Climax—Hours of suspense, except Feb. 17, Shower Of Stars, colorful musical
4 & **8** Justice—Police stories
7 T-Men In Action—Melodramas
 9:00 **4** & **8** Dragnet—Dum-da-da-dum
5 What's The Story?—Pert panel quiz
7 Star Tonight—Drama series
 9:30 **2** FourStarPlayhouse—Weekly dramas
4 & **8** Fard Theater—Filmed stories
7 Pond's Television Theater—Dramas
 10:00 **2** Public Defender—Reed Hadley stars
4 & **8** Lux Video Theater—Full hour
 10:30 **2** Name That Tune—Quiz, Bill Cullen

- 10:30 **5** Between The Lines—Topical panel
7 Racket Squad—Hadley scores again

Friday

- 7:30 **5** China Smith—Adventures
7 Rin Tin Tin—Canine melodrama
 8:00 **2** & **8** Mama—Beguiling comedy
4 Red Buttons—Funny? You bet!
7 Ozzie & Harriet—The most!
 8:30 **2** Topper—Hocus-pocus comedy
4 & **8** Life Of Riley—Hearty fun
7 Ray Bolger Show—Splendid
 9:00 **2** Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
4 & **8** Big Story—Gripping, true stories
5 The Stranger—Sockeroo drama
7 Dollar A Second—Quiz, Jan Murray
 9:30 **2** Our Miss Brooks—Eve Arden clowns
4 & **8** Dear Phoebe—Peter Lawford
5 One Minute, Please—Allyn Edwards
7 The Vise—Thrillers from Britain
 10:00 **2** The Line-Up—City police at work
4 & **8** Cavalcade Of Sports—Boxing
5 Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
 10:30 **2** Person To Person—Morrow's visits
5 Boss Lady—Comedy with Lynn Bari
7 Mr. District Attorney—David Brian
11 Florian ZaBach—Fiddle faddle

Saturday

- 5:30 **2** Annie Oakley—Bang! Bong!
 6:30 **2** Man Behind The Badge—Whodunits
 7:00 **4** The Star And The Story—Henry Fonda, host to new TV theater
7 The Gloria Swanson Show
 7:30 **2** Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
4 Horace Heidt—Talent-hunt show
 8:00 **2** Jackie Gleason Show—Sensational
4 & **8** Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
 8:30 **4** So This Is Hollywood—Comedy
 9:00 **2** Two For The Money—Quiz, Shriners
4 Imogene Coca Show—Wonderful skits; Max Liebman Presents, Feb. 12.
 9:30 **2** My Favorite Husband—Just great
4 & **8** Durante-O'Connor Show
 Jimmy, Feb. 19 & Mar. 5; Donald alternates
 10:00 **2** Professional Father—Steve Dunne
4 & **8** George Gobel—Real gone guy!
 10:30 **2** Willy—June Havoc in title role
4 & **8** Your Hit Parade—Just fine

Sunday

- 4:30 **2** The Search—Excellent documentaries
 5:00 **2** Omnibus—Always recommended
4 Hall Of Fame—Stirring dramas
 5:30 **5** We Love Dogs—A good pet show
 6:00 **4** Meet The Press—Newsmaking panel
7 Corliss Archer—Ann Baker as teener
 6:30 **2** You Are There—History alive
 7:00 **2** Lassie—Filmed adventures
4 & **8** People Are Funny—Linkletter
7 You Asked For It—Art Baker, emcee
 7:30 **2** & **8** Jack Benny—Alternating with Private Secretary, Ann Sothern comedy
4 Mr. Peepers—Wally Cox's tickler; Feb. 27, 90-minute Spectacular
7 Pepsi-Cola Playhouse—Dramas
 8:00 **2** & **8** Toast Of The Town—Variety
4 Colgate Comedy Hour—Top jesters
 9:00 **2** G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
4 & **8** TV Playhouse
 9:15 **7** Lifeline—Medical drama
 9:30 **2** Your Favorite Playhouse
5 Life Begins At 80—Jack Barry, emcee
 10:00 **2** Father Knows Best—Robert Young
4 & **8** Loretta Young Show—Dramas
7 Break The Bank—\$\$\$ jackpot
 10:30 **2** & **8** What's My Line?—Job game
4 Bob Cummings—New comedy
7 Victory At Sea—Superb documentary

Luck's Really a Lady

(Continued from page 61)

Women, in particular, find the show a handy, compact mirror for viewing their own marriages, and invariably see themselves in Ethel—that wifely miracle of good-natured endurance. There's an exception, of course, but then—that one woman is frankly prejudiced. She not only plays the part on TV, she writes the script. And when Peg Lynch looks at Ethel, well—somehow, she doesn't see either of her selves.

If this seems a bit complicated, it isn't that she leads a double life. Actually, it's a triple one. Five days every week, she's Peg Lynch of New York City. Once a week, for one-half hour, she's Mrs. Ethel Arbuckle of Sandy Harbor. On her day off, the whole glorious day at home, she's Mrs. O. D. Ronning of Stamford, Connecticut. And the only thing these three have in common is—they look alike. Otherwise, their personalities are as different as their names, their ways of life as separate as their addresses.

How it all came about is something that Peg can tell, but certainly never write. As a professional, she knows that fate has a way of breaking all the rules of good writing, and her own life story is too unlikely even for fiction. Too many happy coincidences, one piled on top of the other! Who'd believe it? Who'd ever believe one girl could have so much luck?

She was born in Lincoln, Nebraska—the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lynch. "But I have thirty cousins," Peg reminds you. She attended high school in Rochester, Minnesota—which she considers her home town—and went to college at the University of Minnesota. There she had a decision to make—an important one for her. What should she be: An actress or an author? Her solution was characteristic: She'd be both. So she majored in writing and dramatics and, just as characteristically, has stuck to her decision ever since.

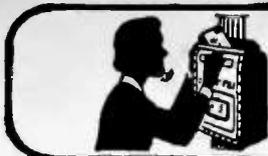
Except in 1937, when she graduated. Then she went to work as a receptionist at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, where her mother was a nurse. It was only intended as a summer job, but she stayed eight months—until she heard of an opening at KATE, the radio station in Albert Lea, Minnesota.

Peg got the job, which involved mostly writing. She wrote all the commercials, some two-hundred-and-fifty a week; a half-hour woman's show, six days a week; and a half-hour dramatic show for Sundays, triumphantly billed as *The KATE Little Theater Of The Air*. In addition, she did news, an occasional sportscast, emceed contests, told fairy tales in a studio crammed with three hundred children at a time, and got out the records for the early-morning show.

Describing her life at the time, Peg says: "I got three hours' sleep a night. In bed by one, I had to be up at four every morning. Curiously enough, I gained ten pounds. But then, I ate four dinners a day—steak dinners! Except at night after work, when I'd end up at a Chinese restaurant for chow mein."

Asked why she worked so hard, Peg looks surprised at the question. "I had a job," she says, indicating all too clearly that, in those days, this was reason enough for anything. "Besides, I was writing. My name was attached to it. I wanted to do the best I could."

Which reminds her of so many would-be writers who now keep asking her the secret of her success. "They come to me, these young people—fresh out of college. And many of them, I'm ashamed to admit,



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

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For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Mar.-Wom.) 5

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

\$200 OR MORE for your child's photo (all ages-types)—if used for magazine, Calendar, billboard advertising. Send one small photo for approval. Print child's-parents name-address on back. Returned 30 days. No obligation. Spottite, 5880-CPW Hollywood, Hollywood 28, California.

FREE CATALOG—FINEST fashion apparel, lowest prices anywhere! Page after page of exciting new style ideas for mother, children, dad. Money-Back Guarantee. Writel South Carolina Mills, Dept. 219-X, Spartanburg, So. Carolina. **FREE \$72 WORTH** of famous name electrical appliances—home furnishings, apparel. Form a small friendly Signet Club. Big catalog and details free. No obligation. Signet Club Plan, Dept. 5, 265 Third St., Cambridge, Mass.

WOMEN—EARN UP to \$40 afternoons or evenings showing adult and children's apparel in Homes. New style Group Party Plan. Free Outfit. Beeline Fashions, Bensenville 312, Ill. **\$2.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE** doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Crown Industries, 7159-B Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

MATERNITY STYLES—FREE Catalog (Plain Envelope); fashions by famous designers: \$2.95 to \$22.50. Crawford's, Dept. 28, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City, Missouri.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly, mailing folders to New Mothers. Enclose Stamped addressed envelope. Write Allen Co., Dept. P103, Warsaw, Indiana.

HOMEWORK MAILING For National Firm. Everything Supplied. Good Earnings. Genmerco, Box 142-W, Boston 22, Mass.

SEW OUR READY cut Aprons at home, spare time. Easy. Profitable. Hanky Aprons, Ft. Smith 3, Ark.

EARN SPARE TIME cash mailing advertising literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

PROFITABLE HOME BUSINESS. Make Fast-Selling chenille monkey trees. Literature free. Valva, Bohemia 32, N. Y.

WE NEED HELPI Send Out Our Advertising Cards. Good Handwriting. Atlas, Box 188-G, Melrose, Mass.

HOME SEWERS NEEDED! Instructions, Cash Markets Furnished. National, Box 88, Dorchester 22W, Mass.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

HOUSEWIVES—\$80-\$125 Weekly. Our style shows adult and children's apparel are sensational for party plan. Isabel Sharrow made \$258—11 days spare time! Free Outfit. Samples Furnished. Birginal Fashions, Bensenville 299, Illinois.

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS: UP to \$5 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. Free Samples and details supplied. Write Studio-Girl, Dept. P-35, Glendale, California.

MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. Harford, Dept. N-3359, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

A DRESS-LINGERIE shop in your home. Sell Fifth Avenue, New York fashions from gorgeous style cards. No investment. Good commission. Write Modern Manner, Dept. 8032, Hanover, Pa. In Canada, 2081 Visitation St., Montreal, P. Q.

EARN EXTRA MONEY—Work 3-5 hrs. at home daily. Up to \$40 weekly possible. Our instructions tell how. A. B. Dunbar Co., Dept. G3, 4130 Mark Terrace, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

AMAZING EXTRA-MONEY plan gives you gorgeous dress without penny cost. Rush name today with dress size. C. E. Israel, Dept. N-3165, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

HOME WORKERS WANTED! Self employment home jobs listed. \$20-\$50 weekly possible. No experience necessary. Maxwell, Dept. B3, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

SEND POSTCARD FOR Free Money-Making Kit guaranteed direct-from-Mill nylons, lingerie, blouses, men's and children's wear. American Mills, Dept. 446, Indianapolis.

A DRESS SHOP in your home. No investment. Liberal sales commissions. Write Bellecraft Fashions, 111 YZ Eighth Ave., New York.

HOME WORKERS. MAKE hand-made moccasins. Good Pay. Experience unnecessary. California Handicrafts, Dept. 86, Hollywood 46, California.

ENJOY EXTRA INCOME sewing Baby Shoes, Dresses for established markets. Thompson's, Loganville 2, Wisconsin.

WOMEN. SEW READY-Cut Wrap-A-Round, spare time—profitable. Dept. D, Hollywood Mfg. Co., Hollywood 46, Cal.

PERSONAL

BORROW BY MAIL. Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. C-69, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

PSORIASIS VICTIMS: HOPELESS? New Discovery! Free Trial Offer. Write Pixacol, Box 3583-C, Cleveland, Ohio.

STAMP COLLECTING

FABULOUS COLLECTION—LARGE U. S. Commemoratives. Only 10c. Approvals. Raymax, 39-BX Maiden Lane, New York City 38.

FIRST U. N. SET. Among World's Prettiest. Only 10c. Approvals. Welles, Box 1246-PX, New York City 8.

MALE & FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-11, Chicago 32, Illinois.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

ELECTRIC GUITARS, AMPLIFIERS, etc. Wholesale. Free catalog. Carvins, Baldwin Park, Calif.

AVIATION

AIRLINES HOSTESS—18-30 Wanted. Send \$1.00 full information. McConnell Hostess School, 1030 Nicollet, Minneapolis, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EARN BIG MONEY—Invisibly Reweave damaged garments at home! Details Free. Fabricon, 8340 Prairie, Chicago 19.

WOMEN SEW READY-Cut Ties! No selling. Free Details. Fashion Ties, P. O. Box 2066, Dept. AC, W. Inglewood 4, Cal. **MONEY, TYPING—SEWING!** Details Free! Edwards, 3912-WG 12th, Des Moines 13, Iowa.

HEALTH & MEDICAL SERVICE

FREE BOOK ON Arthritis, Rheumatism explains specialized system on non-surgical, non-medical treatment. Write Ball Clinic, Dept. 750, Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

FREE BOOK—PILES, Fistula, Colon-Stomach, associated conditions. Newest scientific procedures. Thornton & Minor Hospital, Suite C-313, Kansas City 9, Mo.

ADDITIONAL INCOME

EARN READY CASH doing mailing work. No experience needed. F. Wilson Business Service, 2875 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 39, California.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

GROW MUSHROOMS, CELLAR, shed. Spare, full time, year round. We pay \$3.50 lb. We paid Babbitt \$4165.00 in few weeks. Free Book. Washington Mushroom Ind., Dept. 164, 2954 Admiral Way, Seattle, Wash.

EXTRA MONEY, STUFFING—Mailing envelopes, 3-5 hours at home daily. \$40 weekly possible. Our instructions tell how. Dept. G-3, Education Publishers, 4043 St. Clair, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

WHOLESALE! 8,000 NATIONALLY Famous Products. 30-80% Discounts! Large Catalog. Sensational Business Plans Included. Consolidated Distributors, 21-28, Lafayette, Paterson 15, New Jersey.

MAKE EXTRA DOLLARS working on advertising mailings Spare Time—at home. Send name, address: Global Mailers, Dept. 768 C, 1813 South Clinton, Chicago 16.

GUARANTEED HOMEWORK! IMMEDIATE Commissions! Everything Furnished! Hirsch's, 1301-C Hoo, New York City 59.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly mailing circulars for advertisers. Complete instructions—25c. Siwasian, 4317-F Glean, Elmhurst 73, N. Y.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS. \$25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl-Hollywood, Glendale, Calif., Dept. P-35b.

EARN SPARE TIME cash at home, preparing mailings for advertisers. Tem-Let, Box 946, Muncie 2, Indiana.

EARN SPARE TIME cash mailing advertising literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

\$30.00 WEEKLY MAKING Roses. Easy. Write Studio Company, Greenville 7, Penna.

MAKE YOUR TYPEWRITER Earn Money. Send \$1.00. Hughes, 7004 Diversey, Chicago 35.

WORK AT HOME

MONEY PREPARING ENVELOPES: Instructions. Write: Acme, 1324 Wilshire, Los Angeles 17, Calif.

\$30.00 WEEKLY MAKING Roses. Easy. Write, Studio Company, Greenville 5, Penna.

AGENTS WANTED

MAKE MONEY GIVING away free hosiery! Introduce amazing nylon stockings (guaranteed against runs and snags) and men's-children's hosiery (guaranteed one year) by giving away free trial pairs regardless whether or not final purchase is made! Earn up to \$3 hour spare time. Mail postcard today for free samples men's and women's hosiery with complete money-making outfits. Nothing to pay now or later. Absolutely no obligation. Kendex, Babylon 571, N. Y.

ADD TO FAMILY income. Unlimited earnings. Work in spare time demonstrating household plastics and toys. No canvassing or experience necessary. Halliday, 17-B Pennington Ave., Passaic, N. J.

SHINE CARS WITHOUT "Polsh." New Invention. Lightning seller. Cars gleam like mirror. Samples sent on trial. Kristee, 245, Akron, Ohio.

SALESWOMEN WANTED

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. L-119, New York 11, N. Y.

GET OWN DRESSES as Bonus and make extra money weekly part time showing friends nationally known Maisonette dresses, lingerie, children's wear, etc., and taking fast orders. Write Maisonette, 4453 Sycamore St., Anderson, Ind.

NURSING SCHOOLS

GIRLS-WOMEN. PRACTICAL Nurses needed. Learn profitable career at home easily. Many earn while learning. High school not required. Free booklet. Wayne School, 2825 Sheffield, Dept. AW-19, Chicago 14.

EASILY MAKE \$65 wk. as Practical Nurse. Learn quickly at home. No high school necessary, no age limit. Write today for free booklet, lessons. Post Graduate School of Nursing, 21E35 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

BE A HOTEL Hostess. Enjoy your work! Fascinating positions in hotels, motels, clubs as Hostess, Executive Housekeeper, Manager, Social or Food Director. Lewis Training quickly qualifies you at home or through resident classes in Washington. Lewis National Placement Service Free. Write for Free Book. 39th Year. Course Approved for All Veteran Training. Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. AC-2901, Washington 7, D. C.

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 58-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X374, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

"HOW TO MAKE Money With Simple Cartoons"—A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Cartoonists' Exchange, Dept. 683, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

HIGH SCHOOL—No Classes, Study at home. Spare Time. Diploma awarded. Write for Free Catalog HCH-24, Wayne School, 2527 N. Sheffield, Chicago 14, Ill.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Box 144W Station E, Atlanta, Georgia.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

\$40.00 for CERTAIN Lincoln cents. Indian heads \$50.00. Hundreds of others \$5.00-\$30.00. Complete Illustrated Catalogue 25c. Worthycoin Corporation (D-359), Boston 8, Massachusetts.

\$10.00 FOR CERTAIN Lincoln pennies, Indianheads \$50.00. Booklet showing prices paid, 10c. Lincoln Coins, D-576, Glendale, Arizona.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoins, Box 61-CK, Whitestone 57, N. Y.

HOME SEWERS WANTED

SEW BABY SHOES at home. No canvassing. \$40 weekly possible. Write: Tiny-Tot, Gallipolis 19, Ohio.

SEW READY-CUT Kits. \$3 to \$10 Daily possible. Liebig Industries, Beaver Dam 4, Wisconsin.

HELP WANTED

FOREIGN U. S. JOBS to \$18,000. Many overseas countries, Fare Paid. Skilled-Unskilled Trades, Office. Stamped self-addressed envelope brings reply. Job Opportunities, Waseca, 11M, Minn.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

WORRIED? READ "RELAX First, Riches Follow." \$1.25 Press, Box 1022-W, Oak Park, Illinois.

Use **RIT** for
fashion's latest whim
Dye slacks for you
and
also him!



The **Dickies** people, famous for their Peg Slacks, are now making them in white twill so you can dye them yourself in exactly the colors you want. *And the dye they recommend is All Purpose Rit!*

We're tickled a rosy Rit Pink with the idea, and think you will be, too. **Dickies** Peg Slacks are trim as can be (wide at the knee and tapered to a neat n' narrow cuff), and when you dye them with Rit the color is exclusively yours.

All Purpose **RIT**[®]

The finest dye . . .
the high concentrate dye . . .
and only **25¢**



also available in Canada
RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1437 W. Morris St., Indianapolis 6

have no desire to do any work. They want to start right at the top, being editor of *Mademoiselle* or writing for one of the better television shows."

Peg tries to be understanding. She realizes that when she got out of school, the philosophy of the times was different. And yet, for herself, she wouldn't have had it any other way. It was hard work, but it was fun, too. And she learned her craft through actual experience. It is significant, perhaps, that—of the thousands of commercials she wrote at Station KATE—she only remembers one. It was for a local shoe store, and it went: *Don't spend your life two feet away from happiness!*

After four months, however, it occurred to Peg that her salary of seventy dollars a month barely managed to cover all the steaks her work required. "It took me a week," she recalls, "to get up the nerve to ask the station manager for a five-dollar raise. He refused. 'Well, in that case,' I said grandly, 'I must give you one month's notice.' He accepted."

Peg laughs about it now but, at the time, she "went home sick." She had talked herself out of her first big break. But another one—or so she thought—soon turned up. A friend assured her he could get her a job in Chicago, writing for a new radio show.

"So I was off to Chicago to seek my fortune! They gave me a big send-off in Rochester, complete with banners and friends seeing me off at the station."

But the promised job never materialized, and she couldn't find any other work.

"At one point," Peg says, "I had only twenty-five cents to my name, and I was too proud to write home to mother. I bought two peanut butter sandwiches (at ten cents each) and *Collier's* (it was a nickel then). The sandwiches and the magazine lasted me three days."

And then, in the nick of time, she got a job in Gary, Indiana, directing a local group in some half-hour radio plays she had written. She was supposed to get one hundred dollars for the job. They paid her fifteen. But, at least she was off her peanut butter diet. Soon she was back to steaks again, at Station WCHV in Charlottesville, Virginia, doing the same kind of work she had done in Albert Lea. A year later, she went to Station WTBO in Cumberland, Maryland, where she worked from 1940 to 1944, when a new management took over. Then she quit.

But she had saved five hundred dollars. "That ought to be enough to last me two years in New York," she figured. So in March, 1944, she went there and, right off, she found a three-room apartment in Manhattan's exclusive Gramercy Park.

"It was the only gamble I ever took," Peg says. "The rent was a hundred and ten a month, and I was used to paying forty in Cumberland. But, when I saw that apartment, I had to have it."

The landlady had already promised it to a married couple, but she finally gave it to Peg. "Because you love it so," she said. "And you're from Minnesota. You'll keep it clean."

So Peg parted with over a fifth of her five-hundred-dollar stake and moved in. The utilities had not yet been turned on. There was no phone, no light, no heat. "But I'm here!" she said in the darkness. "I don't have a job, but I'm here."

"Oh, I was so thrilled!" she recalls. The very next day, there was still no phone. But, if opportunity really wants to knock, it can usually find a messenger boy. This particular boy brought a telegram from ABC, asking if they could see Peg about that show of hers—*Ethel And Albert*. One month later, a fifteen-minute version became a regular daily feature of

the network, with Peg writing the scripts and co-starring as Ethel.

Here the life-story does a flashback—back to 1938, when *Ethel And Albert* was born. It happened on the second day of Peg's first job—at Station KATE.

"I was bored writing commercials," she explains. "When I was on the air, I worked with a male announcer. Somehow, he became *Albert*—and soon we were doing a daily three-minute skit. Then it was six minutes. I couldn't seem to shut up—by the time I got to Cumberland, it was one-half hour."

Ethel And Albert proved so popular there, as a daytime show, that the station manager scheduled it for an evening spot—at the same time Lowell Thomas broadcast on a competing station. The women of Cumberland insisted upon hearing *Ethel And Albert*. Their husbands insisted upon hearing Lowell Thomas and the news. The ensuing controversy reached such proportions that the daily paper started carrying the latest battle reports.

In 1944, when the show became a network radio serial, a young actor named Richard Widmark won the auditions for the role of Albert. Six months later, however, he appeared in a Broadway play and soon deserted Ethel for Hollywood. More auditions were held, and another Albert was chosen. It was Alan Bunce, a Broadway actor who had appeared in over thirty plays and innumerable radio shows—including six years as *Young Doctor Malone*. He has been faithful to Ethel, in his TV fashion, ever since. (In private life, he is married and has three children.)

In the fall of 1949, *Ethel and Albert* became a half-hour nighttime show—but then it was canceled for lack of a sponsor. The same day that Peg learned the news—before the story had had time to make the rounds—an NBC executive called on her. He wanted to know how tied up she was with ABC. Not too tied up, she assured him. And that's how she got her first break in TV.

Today, when the would-be writers come to her, asking how she became a success, Peg tells them: "It's a matter of split-second timing. It depends on luck and things you've no control over. Naturally, you've got to be ready for your break. If you haven't prepared for it, you won't stay on top. But getting to the top—that's luck!"

In her own case, she had come to New York with only a vague hope of selling some audition scripts she had written for *Claudia*. Instead, a day after she rented the apartment she couldn't afford, ABC contacted her. Because they "happened" to hear of *Ethel And Albert*. Because they "happened" to need a new daytime show at the moment. In the same way, out of nowhere, she received an offer to appear on NBC-TV the very day she was canceled by ABC Radio.

In September, 1950, *Ethel And Albert* first appeared on TV as a ten-minute episode on *The Kate Smith Hour*. The following year, it was a regular feature of Kate's nighttime as well as her daytime show. And in April, 1953, it became the half-hour show which is seen on NBC-TV.

As further proof that it all "depends on luck and things you've no control over," Peg cites the accidental story of her marriage. Odd (that's his name!) Knut Ronning is her third cousin. In 1946, he left his home in Norway to take some additional engineering courses at Syracuse University. Peg didn't meet him until a year later, at a family dinner. And, even then, she didn't pay much attention. He was a distant relative, and she was going with someone else at the time.

But one day, at a party, a girl friend

gaped and said: "Peg, who's that man?" Peg looked. "Oh, he's my cousin." "What do you mean—he's your cousin? He's the handsomest man I've ever seen!" Peg looked again. She saw that it was so. She married him on August 12, 1948, at New York's Little Church Around the Corner.

But it wasn't just looks. "He's one of the nicest people I've ever known," Peg says, "with the most remarkable disposition. In our six years of marriage, we've never had one disagreement." She smiles. "He's not at all like Albert. That probably helps."

She still remembers, almost with awe, the one time Odd claims he lost his temper. "He had come down from Syracuse to finish his thesis. I could hear him in the next room, swearing in Norwegian. Then he came into my room and announced: 'I'm going to take a walk.' When he returned, I said: 'Is anything wrong, dear?' He said no, and that was that."

Six months later, however, the Ronnings had the following conversation:

"I want to apologize to you," he said. "I'm sorry I lost my temper."

"When was that, dear?" she asked.

"Why, that night I got so mad I went for a walk."

Silence—as Peg tries to remember when in creation that was.

"If I'm ever mad," he continues, "I want you to know: I'm mad at myself—for something I've done. I'm never mad at you."

Peg still can't believe her luck. Who's two feet away from happiness now? And on June 18, 1951, Astrid Elise was born. . . .

Today, the Ronnings live in Stamford, one of those lovely Connecticut towns where successful New Yorkers go to plant their roots—once the first child comes. Their eight-room home was built in 1728, when people knew how to make the kitchen big enough to live in—and the fireplace big enough for a whole family to dream in front of. And the family now includes Peg's mother and aunt, who care for Astrid Elise when Peg is in New York working on the show.

She wishes she had more time to spend at home. It works no hardship on Odd, whose job as a consultant engineer for a machine-manufacturing firm keeps him traveling all week. But what about her daughter? Didn't she envy the girl next door whose mother was with her all the time?

The other day, Peg asked her outright. Astrid Elise, who speaks like an adult, for all her three-and-a-half years, considered the question carefully.

"Well, yes," she admitted. "I'm sorry you have to work. But as for the girl next door—" She hugged Peg impulsively. "Her mother isn't on television!"

TV-Radio ANNUAL

1955

NEW!
 Lucille Ball • George Jessel
 Eddie Fisher • My Little Chickadee
 Warren Hull • John Charles
 Betty White • Bob Hope
 Howdy Doody • Burl Ives



JUST OUT! THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF THE YEAR!

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NEWS EVENTS OF THE YEAR—The behind-the-scenes stories of Eve Arden and Brooks West • Anne Jeffreys and Robert Sterling • Florence Halop • Bob Smith • Paul Dixon • Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows • Wally Cox • Jack Webb • Milton Berle.

NEW SHOWS OF THE YEAR—Stars new and old, who helped make recent history. Robert Q. Lewis • Sid Caesar • Imogene Coca • Florian Zebach • Edgar Bergen • George Gobel • Jack Paar • Betty White • Michael O'Shea • James Dunn • William Bishop • Eddie Mayehoff • Gil Stratton, Jr.

WHO'S WHO ON—Breakfast Club • Father Knows Best • Beat The Clock • Two For The Money • The Garry Moore Show • Your Hit Parade • The Halls Of Ivy • Our Miss Brooks • Masquerade Party • My Favorite Husband • Fibber McGee And Molly • Lassie • The Big Payoff • The Jackie Gleason Show.

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answer the call

join and serve

Garry Moore—Seriously Speaking

(Continued from page 35)

accident that he frequently philosophizes, for he gives much thought to the relationships between people.

"But it's my great frustration that I can't fully practice what I preach," Garry says. "You know every program is closed with 'Goodbye—and be kind to each other.' I can't be. I'd need twenty-eight nights a week and sixty hours in every day to be properly thoughtful of others."

He is referring to the many organizations which ask him to lend his services in fund drives. He is thinking of the many young entertainers and parents of talented youngsters who ask for auditions. He is remembering all of the benefits in which he is constantly being asked to work. He recalls specifically the woman who wanted him to adopt her child.

"It was heartbreaking." A woman had written in detail about her children—three of them. She couldn't support them. Would Garry adopt one? "What could I do about it? How could I accept the responsibility?" He shakes his head and goes on, "I don't know what I am. People have asked me what I do on television. I'm not a comedian. I'm not an emcee. I'm no singer. What kind of beans am I?"

In the first fifteen of his twenty years in show business, Garry was a writer, a comedian, a straight man, a quizmaster.

"Now I'm a I-don't-know-what in television. It's very comfortable. It fits—but what is it? It took me a long time to get here, but it seems like I've been here only a few days instead of five years."

Garry has a reputation for talking very little about Garry. It's not that he's secretive, bashful, or hiding a terrible past. It's just *beans* again.

"I'm the can of beans," he points out, "and that's the trouble. The average man makes and sells a can of beans. He thinks about how he can improve the taste, make a more attractive package. But me—I've got only myself. I got beans in my head. I'm my own product. That's why actors are hams. So what I do is try not to think about myself. I just try to put on a show *by nice people and for nice people.*"

Garry is phenomenal. He never loses his temper. He runs his rehearsals quietly and courteously. He is simply a practitioner of the Golden Rule. He trusts people, and they don't let him down. He gives his audience credit for being smart and understanding, and they react like adults. It's as though they figured that Garry leads a normal kind of life rather than that of a hectic Broadway character. And they figure right.

Garry may be just a can of beans. But, like the average man, at eight every morning he is headed for work. And every evening at five, except those days he works late, he leaves his office to go home. Home is in Rye, New York, and home is populated with a wife, two sons, and Sam, his springer spaniel. And Garry in Rye is just another man in Rye.

"The people of Rye have been good to us," Garry says. "They have accepted us as neighbors and people—not show people. No one expects me to break into a comedy bit. To the grocer, I'm just a guy who *buys beans.*"

Garry is home for dinner four or five nights a week. He and his wife Nell have been married fifteen years. They have two sons: Mason, fourteen, who is in prep school, and Garry, Jr., eleven. Father and Mother act very ordinary at home—they think and talk about their children, the weather, politics, work.

If there's a little sun left in the yard

when Garry gets home, he may go out and play ball with the boys. He stays away from their craft hobbies—claims he's too clumsy with his hands. Come evening, he likes to pile on a stack of jazz records—Erroll Garner or the old Goodman band or Mildred Bailey—and then pick up a book. Parties are usually small, and it is seldom that anyone is there from the "business." And parties are usually the quiet, talking kind.

The only work he consciously carries home will be in a couple of big manila envelopes on the beginning of a weekend. That would be several hundred letters from his audience. Winter weekends are spent reading letters and books, playing a little ball with the boys and, perhaps, going for a long walk.

In the summer, the whole country knows how Garry spends his weekends. He's out on his sailboat, usually with his family. Aboard the boat, he's just what he wants to be—merely a guy on a boat.

"You get caught out in a storm, no one cares what your rating is," he says. "You can't show your clippings to a storm."

On his fifteenth wedding anniversary, his office staff gave him a bottle of champagne. Garry didn't throw a party and he didn't take his wife night-clubbing. Garry took Nell out on the boat, he took the boat to a quiet cove, and dropped anchor. In the moonlight, in the company of some clams, they toasted each other with paper cups.

And then there was the wedding he and Nell attended in a neighboring town. They didn't drive over, they sailed over. Garry changed into a dinner jacket, aboard the boat, went to the wedding, passed through the reception line, returned to his boat and instantly got back into his rags.

"You hate dressing up," a friend noted. "No, I hate having people get married or buried on Saturday and Sunday," he explained—adding, "in the summer only, of course."

But last summer the Moores didn't spend their entire vacation on the boat. They went to Europe. They did all the tourist sights. They did only one unusual thing—they took no pictures. In Paris, son Mason proudly translated for them. In Rome, Garry tried to call his office and they didn't believe him—why would Garry Moore be calling Garry Moore and ask to have the charges reversed? In London, an American tourist walked up to Garry and said, "You wouldn't believe it, but at home we have a man on television who looks just like you." Garry remained silent and very British.

"When we got back to New York," he recalled, "I found they had saved three fifteen-minute periods in the first week for me to talk about the trip. I had nothing to talk about. Nothing exciting had happened to me."

For Garry it reads this way: What's the fun of being a celebrity if they treat you like one? It makes him uncomfortable. He got it, coming and going, when he and Mason went school-hunting. Garry used his legal name of Garrison Morfit, but inevitably there was the recognition. One headmaster inferred young Mason would have special privileges—so his school received no more consideration than a girl's seminary. And then there was the evening they wanted to relax at a movie, but the manager of the theater recognized Garry waiting in line. He insisted Garry come in as his guest and then seated him in the loge. But just as Garry got into the picture, the manager produced the mayor to shake hands and then,

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a few minutes later, the chief of police and then the mascot of the police. Garry would have been just as well off signing autographs on 42nd and Broadway.

The upsetting incident, however, revolved around a simple hamburger. Garry likes his "wimpies"—all of his life, he's liked them. There was the day he walked into a hamburger joint as usual and, logically enough, ordered a hamburger. A girl nudged her boyfriend and said, "There's Garry Moore."

The boyfriend sneered and said, "What's he trying to prove—that he's not afraid to eat with us poor people?"

That hamburger didn't taste very good. "That kind of people are the five per cent," Garry says. "I've always called them 'the lunatic fringe.' I don't worry about them—but they make me unhappy. People as a whole, I trust. They do the right thing. You get the proof of it in our democracy."

There's proof in Garry's mail, too. Dian Jennings, who is one of Garry's secretaries and assists with production, works with Garry on his mail.

"People adore him. They feel close to him," she says.

They knock themselves out with homemade gifts. Some know he's fond of peanut butter and send in peanut butter cookies and candy. He's received china with paintings of sailboats. He's had mink bow ties and a rayon bow tie embroidered with seed pearls.

Garry doesn't take his responsibilities lightly. He reads criticisms from his audience. He is interested in their problems. He likes to talk about such things as loneliness and explain that it's a universal condition. He talks of the value of a smile. He is intolerant of intolerance.

"We're most of us too hard on each other—strangers, friends, wives and children," he says. "You know how I feel about defects. Everyone has them. We don't persecute a cripple for a lame leg, so why should we harp on each other for our faults? It doesn't make sense.

"It's so much easier to be nice to people," says Garry. "And it's so much easier for them to get along with you. It makes sense."

Generally speaking, he is courteous and polite—the atmosphere at his rehearsal is as refined as a tea party. He is fair and honest. He gives of himself generously. But he prefers not to be thought of as *sanctimonious*—so he tells stories on himself.

"There was my Boy Scout day," he recalls, "and I was on the elevator. A very young girl came on, and she was all dressed up and very pretty. I thought to myself: *Now practice what you preach and make the little girl feel good*—so I said, 'You do look beautiful.' Well, the girl thought I was the boogie-man and turned red. The elevator boy knew me and knew better, and he gagged holding in his laughter all the way down. I felt like two cents."

There was the day Garry was walking across town. He was following a well-dressed man who looked very neat except that his shirt tail was hanging out. Garry argued with himself as to whether he should catch up with the man and tell him. Finally, he and the man stopped next to each other at a corner waiting for a traffic light to change.

Garry whispered quickly, "Your shirt's hanging out."

The man, embarrassed, just mumbled, tucked his shirt in—then turned to Garry and said, "Why don't you mind your own business?"

Garry grins.

"What could I have said to him? I'm just a can of beans."



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T
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Lord Henry Discovers America

(Continued from page 62)

opera and ballet, the fabulous restaurants and the foods from all over the world, the museums and art galleries, the famous stores and shops along the equally famous avenues, and the chic, pretty girls.

There are many interests he shares with Lord Henry—outdoor interests, such as hunting and riding and fishing. Alastair, too, has followed the hidden trails and the splashing streams, not only in this country, but in places as widely separated as the Austrian Tyrol and the bush country of Australia. As you might guess from his name, he is of Scottish ancestry. The mark of the Celts is upon his jet-black hair and eyes and his ready wit. His accent is a toned-down mixture of all the Britons you have ever heard—and just different enough from them all to be intriguing. Something under thirty years ago he was born in London, of seafaring forebears who had known all the seven seas and all the lands they touch, and who would have thought of no other way of life. Alastair's father, following the pattern, is now master of a British liner.

Small wonder, then, that this young Briton wanted some sort of adventurous life of his own, even if not that of the sea, and was filled with the urge to go off to new places. Which is why, up to now—up to the time of this "love affair" with New York—home has seemed a place to alight for a time, unencumbered by many possessions.

Somehow, one can't imagine this young Mr. Duncan ever having been the sort who wondered what his next move should be. In spite of a boyish manner which is completely lacking in any brashness, he seems so certain, so poised. This certainty began in school, in England, when he had already decided what he wanted to do with his life: To be an actor, and to see the whole world. His father had been impatient with the former and entirely in accord with the latter—he wanted his only child to become a civil servant and do his traveling on holidays or in the service of his country.

Alastair, however, had been in school plays and had received good notices; his mind was made up. It was only after he took a competitive examination for a Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts scholarship—and won it—that his father decided the boy might have talent enough to become a professional. So, at sixteen, Alastair's formal training as an actor began, followed by considerable stage experience and three and a half years of broadcasting over the BBC radio—chiefly in dramatic roles.

"My father was now quite satisfied," he says. "There was something very professional and proper about being on the BBC. For one thing, I had routine hours, very like those of the ordinary businessman—or civil servant—and not like an actor's. My broadcasting career was interrupted, of course, by four years of army service, in the Near East, France and Germany, and when the day came at last, back on the BBC, that the life seemed altogether too routine for someone with itchy feet, I received an offer to go to Sydney, Australia, to work on radio. The years in the army, coupled with that old inherited urge to see the world, made the decision easy."

He went for one year, and stayed two. "But," he says, "it took a bit of doing to make that first plunge from a safe job into the unknown. It was the Australians themselves who later taught me not to fear distance, no matter how great. They think nothing of journeying five hundred miles to spend a weekend at some favorite

spot or with someone they like. Occasionally, another actor will say to you that he is going back to England for a quick visit, and you are not at all surprised at the miles he will cover to spend a brief time at 'home.' The whole idea of vast spaces stretches your own vision and, after a while, you lose any awe of distance."

Whenever he could, Alastair got into his jeep and went off on trips deep into the bush country. Because the people in the "outback" lead rather lonely lives, he was made welcome wherever he went, asked to join families at dinner, persuaded to stay for the night.

"Their hospitality is a real experience," he says of the people who live Down Under. "All the things which happened to me in Australia, and which have happened to me since, have strengthened my belief that—while one has the will to learn and to work—one can go to the ends of the earth and back again, and always rebound."

The work in Sydney proved diversified and exciting, from playing classical and modern drama on radio to doing a sprightly stage revue in which Alastair was both leading man and a co-author. He lectured on dramatic verse and did poetry readings, jobs he loved. He even wrote scripts for some half-hour radio thrillers, which he found instructive. But always there was time for hunting and fishing, for continuing to explore the country, for getting to know the people, for enjoying the beaches and the swimming. "Not enough has ever been told about those beaches," he says. "When I stopped off at Waikiki, on my way to California, I could not help but contrast it, famous as it is, with the crescents of golden sand, miles and miles of it, I had so recently left in Australia."

After six months in California, Alastair started eastward to New York, expecting to stop over only a short time on his way home to London. As the days became weeks, and he grew more and more loath to leave a city he had loved at first sight, some wonderful things began to happen.

"The people I met here," he says, "were immediately friendly, interesting and interested, immediately responsive. It's an American trait. When I first started in radio here, I had not realized that my own manner was somewhat reserved, as the English are said to be. I had never thought of myself in the least as a 'withdrawn character.' But suddenly I understood what Americans mean when they call us a 'reserved' people. Gradually that is wearing off for me, I hope."

"I had been in New York about four months when I was lucky enough to get the role of Lord Henry."

In addition to playing this part, Alastair is Stanley Warrick in the radio drama, *Stella Dallas*, and he has done a number of television roles, notably on *You Are There* and the Robert Montgomery and U. S. Steel dramatic programs.

While all this was happening, Alastair found the apartment he needed, even though they are still hard to come by in New York. Another stroke of luck. There are four rooms. A turquoise living room, a bedroom in robin's-egg blue, a light-green guest room, and an efficient white kitchen. A few treasured possessions make the place seem homelike, but most of the things were bought recently, since—being so much of a traveler—he has not wished, until now, to be encumbered.

Recently, an English couple, old friends of his, came over for a visit. His mother will arrive a little later.

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ping mulled claret made from a 17th century English recipe, roasting potatoes and chestnuts in the fire. Then there will be the opera, and the theater. I shall introduce my mother and friends to the wonderful places I have discovered in Greenwich Village, the interesting small shops, the little restaurants, and the winding delightful streets. I shall show them Radio City and Fifth Avenue, and ride them around Central Park in a hansom cab."

Alastair's mother has never heard her son's voice on radio. She was a musician, a pianist and singer, until an accident destroyed her hearing. "I used to get scripts of my shows sometimes from the BBC, so she could read them while I was broadcasting. My father constructed a headpiece that attached to our radio, and she would get the vibrations of my voice, as I spoke, and follow it with the script. I only hope that I shall be able to rig up the same kind of gadget here.

"But, even without that, I know there will be plenty of distractions for her here—just as there are for me. For instance, do you know the little place . . ." At this point, Alastair is off again, on a eulogistic description of a spot in New York which helps form a part of the pattern of his great romance with the city. It seems fairly obvious that he expects to be around the metropolis for a long, long time.

And if the urge to travel strikes again—as indeed it must? Well, perhaps a good vacation, by ship if possible. "On boats there seems to be no beginning, and no end, only a serene sense of timelessness," he explains.

This is all his seafaring ancestors talking, through their descendant who turned actor. As for Alastair himself, he is now in love with a lady named New York—and with the work he chose while still a schoolboy—and there is doubt that he could ever leave either for long.

Thanks for the Lift

(Continued from page 70)

I was knocking myself out one night, getting a few laughs here and there, dying on my feet but giving everything I had. A party of people came in and I didn't recognize them, with the lights straight in my eyes.

When I was cleaning up that night after the last show, a note was delivered to me. It said, "Please come to see me tomorrow afternoon at my hotel." It was signed Al Jolson. At that time, he was the greatest star in the world, making the most money and getting the biggest billing.

The next day, sick with hope and fear, I went to his suite. When I went in, he nodded, and suddenly all the other people faded away and we were alone.

He said, "Look, Sonny, I asked you to come over here because I think you've got it."

I had nothing to say, which was probably just as well.

He said, "You've got a big talent, Sonny. I wanna give you some advice. You wanna take it?"

"Are you kidding, sir?" I said.

"It's easy. First: Struggle. Work yourself to death, but, keep at it."

"Yessir."

"If you call me 'sir' again, I'll clam up." I shut up.

"The only other thing," Jolson said, settling comfortably back in his chair, "is that no comedian ever improved himself by just sitting around in his hotel room. What if you have to take a cut of a few bucks? You're not working, you're not teaching yourself anything, and you're not making any gelt. Don't worry about your pride, or figure you're ruining your 'po-

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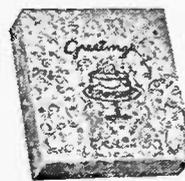


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tential.' If you've really got it, you'll get there, and then they'll *have* to pay you. I thought I could save you having to learn that the hard way, like I did."

That's all Jolson said to me that night. Eventually, I learned what he meant. I couldn't imagine why the biggest of all stars should bother to give advice to a kid comedian, who didn't even understand him.

Times came along after that, when I didn't have a date and few prospects.

I had my price fixed, maybe, at seventy-five bucks a week. I was offered sixty. I'd haggle and play hard to get until the last minute. Then I'd remember Jolson's advice and sign the contract. I kept working, and I kept learning. I worked in burlesque shows that were a big comedown for me, but I worked out my new routines there, polished them on the toughest audiences in the world. The routines were ready when a good spot came along.

Just this last year, Las Vegas offered me \$7500 a week, but I'd have to share my billing with another act. I'd been billed on top for a long time everywhere else, and I balked. For ten days I argued with them. Then, suddenly, I could hear Jolie saying, "Don't just sit around." I signed, and as a result I have a contract with them, six weeks a year for three years, whenever I can get free.

The next time was in Boston. I'd been signed to play on the same bill as Ella Logan and Jack Haley at the Shangri La, and I was still too young, too unsure of myself, for such company. The opening night audience was the toughest I've ever seen, noisy and raucous. I didn't do well at all. After the last show, the owner of the place called me over and told me he wanted to buy me out of my engagement. I was losing my argument with him when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw George Jessel hanging around, watching us. He tipped me a wink and came strolling over. The boss knew him and suddenly was very polite. Jessel put his arm around my shoulder and said, talking the way he does out of the corner of his mouth, "You've got one of the finest acts in the country here in this boy. Never saw a smarter lad. When the word gets around about what he did tonight, he'll pack your place. I know you've got him for a week. Tell you what—keep him for two weeks and, if he isn't a sensation, I'll pay his second week's salary."

He said a lot more, and so did the boss, but nobody could afford to get in Jessel's bad graces in the night-club circuit, so I was kept on. The grapevine, helped by Jessel, started humming and I stayed thirty weeks at the Shangri La.

Seven years after Jolson called me in to see him, I returned to Miami Beach in the first top-class job of my career. I was headlined at the big, luxurious Copa—and guess what my opposition was at the Beachcomber across the street? The Ritz Brothers, always big favorites in Miami!

My act was dying in an empty house, while at the Beachcomber people were lined up waiting for tables. A couple of days later, I was introduced to the Ritz Brothers at Mammy's, and they asked me to lunch. When I got up to go, I said, "You're swell fellows, but I wish I'd never heard of you." When they wanted to know why, I told them the truth.

That night—or, rather, the following morning—I was just signing off my two-thirty show to a few diehards, when the door crashed open and the Ritz Brothers (who'd finished fifteen minutes before) came tumbling into the place. For the next hour they put on an ad-lib act with me that fractured everything and everybody in sight. It was the biggest ruckus in Miami Beach, and the handful of customers went out to spread the word.

For four straight nights the Ritz Brothers, already beat from doing their own zany act, came over and killed themselves on my late show—until everyone knew about it, the Copa was packed, and people had had a chance to start liking me for myself. Then they said, "You're on your own, kid," and relaxed. Thank God, the people kept coming and my career was saved.

Just one more, and then I think you'll see what I mean.

This is about Uncle Miltie. I was booked at the Martinique in New York this time, following Danny Kaye and Danny Thomas, the roughest climate I've ever had to weather. Business was great at dinner and supper, but my 2:30 show was going in front of yawning acres of empty tables. Then, one night, Berle dropped by to catch the late show. He was starring at the time in "The Ziegfeld Follies," so it was the only chance he had to see what was cooking.

As you may know, Berle never drinks and is strictly an early-evening man when he goes out. But he looked around, saw that there were only eight or ten people in the place, and left. The next night he was back. He started heckling me, and I returned the "compliments." It broke up the act and turned it into a free-for-all.

The next night he was back again. And the next night, and the next.

Imagine this guy, after a full night's work of his own, giving up his rest to work out in a smoky night club so he could help a young comedian he'd never even met before! When I tried to thank him—because this kick brought the crowds to the late show and kept them there—he brushed it off.

"We're all in the business," he said. "Who can help a comedian except another comedian?"

This was "Mr. Television" speaking, the guy who is popularly supposed to have stolen more gags, cut more throats and beat more rival comedians out of jobs than anybody in show business.

When this new TV show of mine was suggested to ABC for its present time, the management was a little dubious about placing it there. After all, they wanted to create their strongest lineup for Friday evening; they had Ray Bolger and Ozzie and Harriet as starters, and a quiz show—"another" quiz show, as they called it—didn't sound very interesting.

It was Berle who went to the President of ABC, Bob Kentner, and spent an hour describing the show and its possibilities, and finally sold him on it. Our toughest problem each week is to figure out a new, interesting, workable "penalty gimmick"—the act of fate which fights the contestant, and creates all the suspense. Berle sits up nights figuring these things out and phoning them to us when he gets a good one. What does he get out of it?

That's right. Nothing but a good feeling of being helpful. Oh, yes, the Ritz Brothers are sending them in, too, and we get some from George Jessel. I have a hunch Jolie would be in the act, too, if he were still here.

That's how it works—and that's why, when I have a few minutes free between shows when I can't be at home, I spend my time haunting the clubs catching new acts with new, young, inexperienced comedians. Sometimes there's one who's "got it"—and that's when I go backstage and tell him what Jolie told me, about never improving by just sitting around. And sometimes, when I see the act is dying, I lean back in my chair and yell a nice crisp insult at the guy, one I know he can answer at his best. It always starts something—

Sometimes, I hope, it even starts a new comedian on his way.

Being a Father Is Fun

(Continued from page 55)

Forget, for a moment, about the good-looking guy with sculptured features, the dental-ad smile, and melody-making voice. Try to think of Tony as his family and neighbors see him—Mr. Martin, the All-American Father.

After their game of catch, Tony and Nicky sat on the lawn for half an hour while Tony told his foster-son about babies, in terms Nicky could understand: A new roommate, another player on the team, and someone *he* could someday teach how to pitch.

Tony's and Nick's "you pitch, I'll catch" lessons continued as usual for the next four months—with sideline comments about babies and new team members introduced whenever feasible. When the big day arrived, Nicky was well prepared to accept the new player into the household: Tony and his wife, Cyd Charisse, in fact, had sent a new bat and ball to Nicky as a gift from Tony, Jr. They didn't want any jealousy to arise during the first few weeks when the new baby would demand more than a fifty-percent share of their time. The card on the gift read: "To Nicky: It'll be nice meeting you. With love, from your new brother, Tony, Jr."

Though Nick was well prepared, Tony, Sr. admits *he* was in quite a stew: "I'm not a cigar-chewer and I'm not a floor-pacer," he says. "But, believe me, when the nurse brought in the baby, it was the biggest thrill of my life!

"Last week, I was reminded what a thrill it was," says Tony. "I was a contestant on *Place The Face* and the nurse who had brought our baby in was the face I had to place! The night the baby was born, I must have been in shock—because I didn't recognize her *at all!*"

In the four years-plus since Tony, Jr.'s arrival, Tony and Cyd have shown no favoritism to either boy. They try to devote an equal amount of time to each. It's tough on Tony—because the two boys are so far apart in years (Nicky is now 12, Tony, Jr., 4)—but he thinks the double effort is worth the trouble. "We spend a lot of time on the merry-go-round with Tony, Jr.," he says. "And, when Tony is in bed, we go to ball games with Nicky. And, since Nicky's twelve, this gives us a chance to talk about the facts of life."

The kids are crazy about their dad. They think he's the greatest. Says Tony, "But next to their mother and me, they love Walt Disney the most. Mr. Disney and his animals have captured all our hearts."

The children's love for Tony is well illustrated every Christmas morn. The children know Christmas is Tony's birthday. Christmas morning, *before* they go downstairs to the tree and their presents, the children tiptoe into Tony's and Cyd's bedroom to wake him up with kisses, presents, and happy-birthday songs.

The children feel that the most important thing on Christmas morning is Tony's happiness. They make a big thing out of trying to find a special gift for him. Tony is sure to let them know that whatever they get is "just the greatest!"

With the time and attention that Tony and Cyd devote to the boys, no jealousy has arisen between them. In fact, the youngsters are a modern-day version of Damon and Pythias. Nicky, now in a military school uniform, is Tony, Jr.'s idol. "When can I have a suit like Nicky's?" he asks.

And Tony, Jr. takes orders from his "military idol." Last week they were at a restaurant for dinner. Tony was about ready to have at his grapefruit cocktail



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when Nicky said, "Wait a second . . . you're not supposed to eat until everybody is served!"

Recently, the two Tonys were at a Rams-Redskins professional football game. Between halves, California Military Academy's team played against another local team. When the public address system announced a player change, "Nick Charisse in for Bob Brown . . ." Tony, Jr. shouted, "That's my brother!"

Because of the close relationship between the boys, discipline is not too much of a problem in the Martin household. Tony says, "Since Nicky thinks of himself as an example to Tony, Jr., he keeps a steady head. And, when Tony acts up, Nicky is there to sit on him with, 'Tony, be quiet'—and Tony is."

Tony's producer, Bud Yorkin, says, "The boys are more like three brothers than father and sons. We go out to the house to rehearse, and find Tony in the front yard flying balsa-wood gliders with Tony, Jr.—or bent over a football in the back yard 'centering' to Nicky . . ."

"Recently, we were rehearsing in the living room while Tony, Sr. and Nicky re-played the USC-UCLA game. The divan was the goal line and Nicky was catching flat passes thrown by Tony.

"It may seem somewhat out of place to replay a ball game in the elegance of the Martin living room—with a grandstand of Rouault paintings looking on—but it's the accepted thing with Tony, Sr. When the ball bounces off the wall too much, Cyd comes in to calm down Saturday's heroes.

"The truth is, Cyd is as much for the companionship as Tony—she's more worried about flying glass getting into somebody's eyes, than she is about the football hitting one of their rare paintings."

Cyd and Tony never let their careers interfere with their time with the children. In fact, they are genuine homebodies. They enjoy entertaining in an informal manner, and the house is always filled with friends. As their friends come through the doors, Tony's major greeting is: "Hi, glad you could come . . . we're all in the den and you know where the ice box is. . ."

Sunday mornings will find Tony and the boys in the kitchen, surrounded by the funny papers and the sports section. While whipping up the bacon and eggs, Tony will read the funnies to Tony, Jr., then Nick reads the sports to Tony, Sr. Tony doesn't mind telling you he's a fair hand with the breakfast bacon and eggs. "And I cook a pretty good steak, too," he says. When asked if Cyd is at home in the kitchen, he grins, "Yes—as long as I'm doing the cooking."

What makes Tony Martin, Sr. the All-American Father that he is? What is there in his background that makes him so eager to share the time and interests of his sons?

There are two major reasons. One is that Tony Martin is a frustrated athlete. The second reason is that Tony never had a full boyhood. He's just now finding the time to swing a bat, throw a ball, and watch a game—for, when Tony was twelve, he had already taken on a man's responsibilities, had begun helping support his family.

Tony will be the first to admit he's a frustrated athlete: "When I was a kid in Oakland, California, I wanted to be a baseball player," he says. "I wanted to be a baseball player so bad I could taste it. Cookie Lavagetto was in the same class in school with me. When I was a kid, I always had a baseball mitt in my hands. Every chance I had, I high-tailed over to the ball park to watch practice. I used to chase their fly balls. If I was lucky, the manager let me keep one for my trouble. Then during the season I sold peanuts, and

later I ushered at home games of our team, the Oakland Acorns. Baseball—that was my life."

But, before Tony had lived through his boyhood, he'd been forced into the role of breadwinner. While still in Oakland Tech High School, he formed a small band—the Clarion Four. He played benefits and dances in and around Oakland until he was sixteen, when he was signed into San Francisco's Palace Hotel. He did a little singing at the same time, not because he wanted to be a vocalist, but because the Clarion Four needed a voice, and Tony's was the best.

Tony's parents had always dreamed of Tony's going to college. "My father was a humble man who worked with his hands," he says, "and my mother was a housewife and a wonderful woman. They wanted me to have a college education. I got lucky with the saxophone and, after high school, I enrolled at Saint Mary's College. . ."

But Tony was still not convinced that music was his career. It wasn't until his sophomore year that the final choice was made, and then, only by accident. One of the priests heard him playing jazz on the chapel organ, convinced Tony he had great musical talent and urged him to follow it up career-wise.

Walter Winchell heard him sing while Tony was still a sophomore at St. Mary's, and asked him to do a solo on his program. From that, Tony went to the World's Fair in Chicago, and then to the Chicago night club, Chez Paree, where he proceeded to crack all records. His hit at the Chez was Tony's big step up. From that he went to the Trocadero in Hollywood, where Darryl F. Zanuck saw him and signed him for 20th Century-Fox. During the time Tony made films at 20th—"Sing Baby Sing," "Pigskin Parade", and others—he also sang on the Burns and Allen radio show, and finally had a show of his own, *Tune-Up Time*. Tony Martin had arrived.

Television was the next natural step for Tony. The reason he took his time making it is that Tony is a perfectionist. Since he was to do a live show, he wanted to make sure of having a quality production, he wanted to make sure that American audiences got the entertainment value they deserved.

"I had always been reluctant to go on television," says Tony. "But the agency kept asking me. Finally, I told them, 'Okay, providing I get the best producer.' They arranged for Bud Yorkin to produce the show and here we are. . ."

Just as he loves sports, Tony loves the challenge of live TV. Bud Yorkin says, "Tony doesn't sing the 'easy' end of a song—he doesn't go down an octave for the last note, nor does he sing sharps or flats for effect. If the note goes up, he goes up after it. It's a challenge to him. And he never pre-records. He says, 'It's a live show—if I fluff, the audience is entitled to my mistakes. . .'"

At present, Tony's goal is to continue his fifteen-minute-a-week show and then, once a month, do an hour musical with people like Dinah Shore, Gordon MacRae, and Danny Thomas. He says, "People in pictures do what they call 'little theater,' summer stock, and such, where they have fun playing at their work. Well, I'd like to do the same thing on TV, but cut the public in on it, too. . ."

No matter where his career takes him, Tony always will be sure there's time for the family. When asked if the boys inherited any of their parents' talents, Tony says, "Sure, they sing like their mother and dance like their father."

Nobody has to ask the children about Tony Martin. It's obvious—he's an All-American Father.

Bob Rockwell

(Continued from page 46)

"I was living in an apartment with a couple of other fellows," says Bob, "and we double-dated. At the time, Betts lived in a girls' dormitory—but we were so *disinterested* in each other, I didn't even know which one!

"In our second semester, we moved into the same boarding-house. As neighbors, we couldn't help getting to know one another."

However, Betts herself reports that they almost *didn't* get together: "On a double-date, I saw a picture of another girl in his wallet," she says. "I asked him who it was. 'The apple of my eye,' he reported.

"Well, all the girls were crazy about Bob, anyway, so I gave him up, and started going with his best friend. Then, during the six months in the boarding-house, I learned that the girl in the wallet was his sister. After that, he didn't have a chance!"

Bob says: "Our romance was a growing thing. No lightning or earthquakes. During those six months, I didn't stop to analyze what was happening. I didn't say, for example, 'This is the gal for me' . . . or 'This gal has talent' . . . or 'She has all the rare qualities. . . .' No sir, nothing like that. But suddenly, one day, it popped into my head: 'Boy, you're crazy if you let this gal get off the hook!'

"That night we took a walk up the tree-lined hill in back of the campus. We both loved the outdoors and walking, and we had been up there a few times before. I don't remember exactly what I said. But I remember the picture in my mind: The stars were shining down, and the lights of Pasadena were bouncing off the hills in back of us . . . I stuttered and stammered a bit, in time with the blinking neon signs . . . I said, 'I-would-very-much-like-to-be-married-to-you, and-what-do-you-think-of-that!'

"Her answer was *yes*."

"I wasn't prepared for marriage—but are bachelors *ever* prepared for marriage? At any rate, Betts seemed very happy with the situation. We intended to elope, but decided it wouldn't be fair to our families.

"Betts is an only child. Her parents were in Denver, and she had always wanted a big wedding . . . my mother—who was widowed when I was five—and my two sisters would all have been distraught if we hadn't had them at the ceremony . . . so we decided against the elopement.

"We decided to wait for the first opportunity. Since I had to go into the Navy then, the 'first opportunity' had to wait six months! We are glad we waited, for we were able to arrange the ceremony just as Betts had dreamed it."

Bob had been in the Navy as a yeoman—stationed in Washington, D.C.—for six months, before he got up enough nerve to ask his commanding officer for five days off to be married. (Continued on page 86)

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"I don't think we can do it," the commander said. "We're going to ship you out to Hawaii within the next few days. . . ."

Bob's heart sank as he realized that the trip to Hawaii would take him out of the States for a good many years. It looked as though their waiting hadn't been such a good idea, after all.

Then the commander came to him with the news that they had saved him for a second draft of men: He could have his five days' leave!

"I told Betts to get the wheels moving," says Bob, "and I flew to Denver. After we were married, we went back to Washington, where I remained for the rest of the war. I never was sent to Hawaii.

"We started our married life completely alone," says Bob. "We were thousands of miles from our nearest relative—completely on our own—which we think is good. Not that we had any problems in our marriage. But, left to our own devices, we got to know each other so much better.

"Our feeling is that the best advice can be the worst advice. Young-marrieds should have a chance to work out their first problems alone. There will always be someone in the family who will say, 'We had the same problem that you have. Now what you ought to do is. . . .'

"The best advice we think we can give is: Don't give advice! Sure, there will be problems. But let the young-marrieds talk it out themselves. After all, their problems rightfully belong to them. They're the ones who will have to find the solutions."

Susie—"Bachelor" Bob's and Betts' first child—was born in Bethesda, Maryland, while Bob was still in the Navy. "I had left Betts at the hospital about eleven P.M.," Bob says, "and gone to work.

"I had the midnight to eight A.M. watch on shipboard, which always threw me: I could never accustom myself to those hours; you never knew whether to eat lunch or breakfast or dinner—or whether to go to sleep. Consequently, I was in a continuous state of shock.

"But I wasn't too far gone to leave a message at the hospital that I wanted to be called when Betts went into the delivery room. The doctors guaranteed nothing would happen until morning, so I went off to work the night through. I called the next morning, 'How does it look?' I asked. They said, 'Nothing, until late afternoon. We'll give you a call.' So I went to bed.

"I slept like somebody's dead uncle. At four o'clock, our neighbor came across the hall, rapped on the door and called out: 'Get right over to the hospital, you've got a baby girl!' 'For crying out loud,' I said, 'why didn't they call me!' It turned out that they had, but I had been too sound asleep to hear the hall phone ring. . . ."

Television and movies frequently make comic characters out of new fathers. Though Bob had been a bachelor for twenty-odd years before this first child was born, he insists that he kept his wits about him through the entire experience. "But I can't deny," he says, "that it was the most completely unique experience in my life. I had all the normal reactions: I was most concerned with the welfare of my wife. . . . I was, naturally, terribly disappointed that I wasn't available when the baby was born. . . . But Betts and I were both happy with the result, and we had great fun reading the books, analyzing all the sounds and the first wiggings.

"I hope we are what could be called 'interested' parents. I know we want to know what makes things tick. Betts, as a result, is a great believer in natural childbirth.

"This interest stems, I think, from the fact that she hates not knowing what is going on! Bob, Jr., Jeff, and our baby, Gregory, were all born by that method.

"For example, Bob, Jr., our second child, illustrates how relaxed Betts is about the whole thing: We almost didn't get to the hospital—but that didn't upset her. We had been up most of the night, then everything seemed to have quieted down, so I went off to work. This was after the Navy, and I was in between acting jobs, working as a hod carrier in Denver.

"I had primed the boys at work: I told them when the phone call came, I would be off! I was going to drop whatever I was doing, and start running. Well, when the call came at four o'clock, you never saw anybody run so fast in your life. I had to get down two or three blocks to where Betts' mother, driving the car, could pick me up on the way to the hospital.

"And we just made it: Thirty minutes after we arrived, Bobby was in the nursery! Betts? They wheeled her back into her room, we sat and chatted, then she picked up the phone to inform all her friends that the Rockwell family was now four. . . . just like nothing had happened!

"The last two boys, Jeff and Greg, were born in St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. They were delivered by Dr. Herman Zampetti, a firm believer in natural childbirth, following that method only at his patients' request. Fortunately, I am allowed to remain with Betts in the labor room. As a result, I feel as if I'm helping along a bit.

"When Betts' children are delivered, she gives them a minute inspection—she wants to make sure there are five fingers and toes. Believe me, nobody puts a diaper on one of her children until they've been looked over! But as a result, her mind is at ease right away."

Bob's own life began thirty-odd years ago in Lake Bluff, Illinois. "My mother was a schoolteacher," he says, "and my father a patent attorney. We lived in a small town, and I'm glad—it gives you a down-to-earth philosophy.

"As children we had great freedom—didn't have to worry about riding our bicycles through traffic. We tramped in the woods, swam in the lake in the summer. I remember we had an old iron stove in the woods we cooked fish on and baked potatoes in. You've never tasted food like that—even the dirt was good.

"I still love the outdoors. When the boys get old enough, I want them to spend their summers on a ranch in Colorado—that's what I did. It'll be good for them. And, by working for part of their schooling, they'll learn the value of a dollar."

Bob wanted to be in the theater since high school: "I had been in all the plays and, later, wanted to go to the Goodman School of Acting in Chicago, but Mother wanted me to spend at least two years at the University of Illinois. There I studied business administration. But the theater was still my first love.

"From the University I came out to the Pasadena Playhouse. There I was living, eating, breathing theater—that's what I wanted. I have always thought of the theater as a business; I feel that you can work gradually and slowly up in this area, as in any enterprise—and you can stay in it for many years."

Bob's career has taken him from the stage ("Cyrano," with Jose Ferrer in New York) to movies to radio's and television's bashful bachelor, Mr. Boynton, in *Our Miss Brooks*. Today, it seems as though his wish to stay in the theater for years will be fulfilled, since it isn't likely that Bachelor Boynton will be maneuvered into marriage in the very near future.

But that's quite all right with "Bachelor" Bob Rockwell—who's perfectly happy with his wife Betts and their four lively children!

Herb Shriner

(Continued from page 51)

so fast . . ." His voice trailed off. "I know," Pixie said. "You don't have to spell it out. It means the country, and a house."

"A house on the water," Herb said, "because of the boat. A house once-and-for-all big enough so we won't ever have to worry about moving again. It's the works this time, honey."

Her eyes began to sparkle, the fatigue of the day and long evening forgotten. "I may have dreaded a responsibility like that before," she said, "but d'you know, all of a sudden it sounds exciting, like the biggest challenge in the world. Okay, let's do it! Start hunting tomorrow!"

"You mean it?" "Since when have I said anything to you I didn't mean?"

"Let's leave the dishes," Herb said happily. "Everything can wait until tomorrow."

It had to be done fast. Herb had commitments, a trip to California, shows in Las Vegas, a hundred other jobs all overlapping. But he had a week free. He called a friend who was also a business associate—Howard Weissman—and, next morning, the two of them started out, Herb driving, Howard trying to turn the "house for sale" pages of the newspapers against the wind and also find the addresses of real estate agents in little books.

They did this day after day, driving past addresses they'd read about, noting things that were impossibly wrong about house and/or grounds, and riding on.

Then, one late afternoon toward sunset, they came upon a hill in Sands Point, on Long Island where, stately in its own private park, a magnificent house stood—empty, and for sale. Howard heard with trepidation the sigh of longing from behind the wheel as Herb drove up the long, winding drive and finally stopped his big car, like a jeep before the Taj Mahal.

The front doors seemed as tall as the gates of ancient Babylon as they entered the high, whispering main hall. "You could test a helicopter in here," Howard muttered to himself. Oddly enough, Herb was thinking the same thing. Only seriously. Or, at least, you could try miniature planes with real motors, or . . .

Howard said, "I see it coming over you. Don't man, don't! Think!"

"I am thinking," Herb said.

"It's a white elephant," Howard cried. "Wonderful name. On a small sign out front. . . Address: Shriner, White Elephant, Sands Point."

Howard used his final weapon. "She'd never stand still for it," said Howard, solemnly.

He meant Pixie, of course, and at this point we must pause to explain that Pixie is the businesswoman in the family, that she handles all the accounts, and that there is a limit beyond which she will not allow Herb to go, where money is concerned. This is the way he wants it; he or-

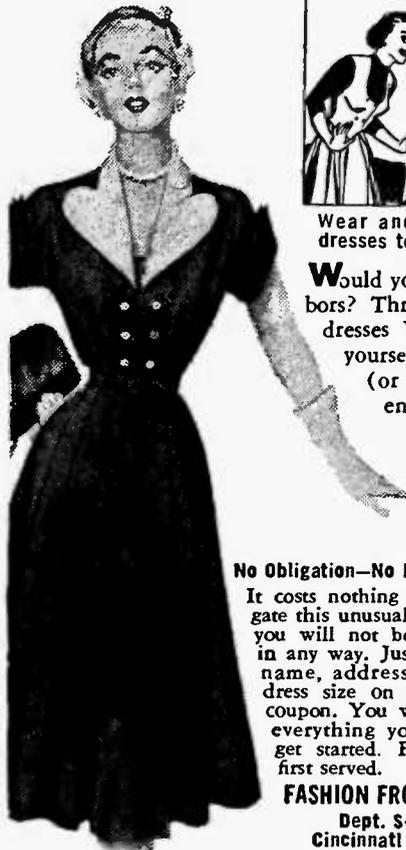
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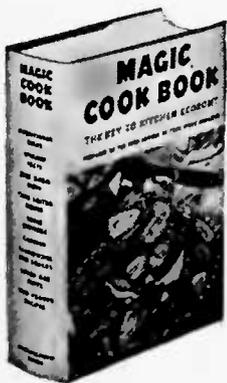
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dained it; he knows he is incurably extravagant—and he also realizes that she will give him greater leeway than any cold-blooded business agent ever would.

But there must be a time when even Pixie must be adamant, not to be coaxed with wheedling or kisses. Herb is always grateful, a week later. But it must be admitted that this particular wifely duty is the one Pixie detests most.

"I suppose you're right," Herb said to Howard. "She'd let out one scream of anguish, and that would be it. No use wasting any more time here."

Finally, however, Herb and Howard were driving about one afternoon in Westchester County, came to Larchmont, and passed a place—on the gate of which was affixed a small "See Realtor" sign. The realtor's agent was already waiting for them.

"Look," Herb said, as they drove up to the front porch. "A flagpole!"

"So a flagpole," Howard said, anxiously. "Anywhere you buy, you can put in a flagpole, very cheap—"

The realtor's agent ushered them into the front hall, and once again there was the airy, whispering mood of a grand old house, again peopled with gracious people and echoing with the patter of little feet—or was it "little people" dancing in the empty stretches of hall? Wasn't there a reed sound here, a bass tone there?

"An organ!" Herb beamed. And indeed there was. A complete pipe organ, console and all, ready to go at the touch of a switch.

"He's lost," Howard muttered to himself. "He always wanted a flagpole—and now this!" He remembered times past when he and Herb had gone to Radio City Music Hall for some reason or other, and had been invited backstage to watch the great organ at work. That is one of the biggest in the world—and, as if to outdo everyone, the practice organ upstairs is also one of the finest of its kind in the world.

There, Howard, who had always thought of Herb as a harmonica virtuoso and no mean slouch on the accordion, saw Herb sit down and bat out a Bach fugue with both hands and both feet, afterwards receiving a quiet word of praise from the local master of the organ downstairs.

"You never told me about that, Herb," Howard said plaintively. "I never knew you dig this real classic stuff."

"You didn't ask," said Herb.

Now, they were talking about the house as they drove away from it, out along the parkway toward New York. "It won't work," Howard said. "You can't buy a house just because it's got a flagpole."

"But it's got an organ," Herb said.

"You didn't even check how many rooms it's got!"

"It's on the water. . . . And look at it—there are rooms enough for a hundred people."

"You need a hundred people?"

"Who knows? We've got the twins."

Later that night, he talked to Pixie. "It could be for the future," he said. "There's room there for everything. All my collections, mooring for the boat, endless expansion."

"But how would we furnish it?"

His eyes twinkled, the way they do when he is especially amused on a TV program. "I've got a few things in storage in California. Some of my folks' furniture, an antique or two. . . . And some collections."

"Collections!" she cried. "Oh, no!"

The Shriners beat the delivery of Herb's "few things from storage" into the new house by just two days. They had barely settled themselves, Indy, the twins and a nurse into part of one wing—and Herb had

hardly touched the organ—when the furniture and "collections" began to arrive from California.

He came home one day from the studio to find her frantic. Pixie was, for the first time in their married life, near tears.

"Everything's wrong," she wailed. "The house is full of furniture, it's full of crates of stuff—"

"Stuff?" said Mr. Shriner. "What do you mean, 'stuff'?"

"Crates of harmonicas," Pixie almost yelled. "Crates of things! Spears! Things I can't understand at all—hideous, horrible things!"

"Why, honey," he said soothingly, "that's just some primitive stuff I picked up in Australia. Now don't you worry about it."

"Oh?" Pixie said. Suddenly she collapsed with laughter. "All right, Herb. You find a place for it."

"Glad to," he said, very dry, very Indiana . . . "only we're leaving tomorrow for Las Vegas."

"Well, what do you know?" said Pixie. "Saved by the bell."

Actually, it was no more than a postponement, but it gave them each a respite in which to make a few plans. It was obvious that you cannot just pile a collection of parts for 1910 cars in a corner on the floor and get any real good out of it.

Pixie, who, as part of their deep love and trust, does not hesitate to be tough with Herb when he forgets appointments, and who bawls him out for a sloppy show just as she praises him for a good one, had made up her mind that Herb was going to have to control those collections at last. It was just too much. Why, the man couldn't even get past a war-surplus store without trying to have half the inventory shipped home.

Thank goodness, his current interests were skin-diving and helicopters, with the boat as an absorbing side interest. The boat was anchored near the house, a skin-diver can wear just so much equipment—and, with her hand on the budget, she knew exactly how much would come from any talk about helicopters.

Herb was docile about his collections. Why not? At last he had a place where he could take them out of storage and spread them around in all their fascinating eye-appeal. "Why, honey," he told Pixie, "with this house to put them in, there's no limit to what I can pick up from now on . . ."

"Well, that's that," Pixie said philosophically. "Just no spears in our bedroom, please?"

"Okay, okay," he said. "We can keep the harmonicas there, and maybe Kin and Will would like to have the spears in the nursery. Incidentally, Tex McCrary is arranging to pick me up here tomorrow in a helicopter and drop me at a benefit across the bay . . . and we're leaving for California Friday. . . ."

And there we leave them, in their big "new" house amid a welter of partially placed furniture and rooms full of collections . . . with little Indy industriously tampering with the wiring system . . . and little Kin and Will, still unaware of what lies ahead, blissfully twiddling their toes.

What lies ahead is Herb's plan, which he told me about recently. "I'm looking at everything I do now, in the light of their future," he explained. "Indy will get married, but the boys might carry on for me. The new harmonica that's coming out under my name . . . the boat, the collections . . . I've got a million plans. Of course," he added ruefully, "they may not like a single thing that I do . . . may turn out to be lion-tamers . . . but, anyway, it will all be here for them." Then with a speculative gleam: "And I could probably collect a few lions, at that."

Patricia Barry's First Love

(Continued from page 42)

struggling mightily to be quiet and get over a case of sniffles.

Even on her birthday, and with all the usual demands upon a mother-housekeeper-wife, Pat had to allot time for the interview, because being an actress, like being a wife and mother, knows no real "days off." Which is what the interview turned out to be about—about family life, and work, and some play, too, and how busy people must organize their time to fit everything in.

"You can see I have had to put myself on a strict schedule," Pat began. "We all do, we mothers, if we want to get anything done. And I have my career, besides. So I have learned to use every odd moment for the things Phil and I want to accomplish." She laughed. "And it isn't nearly so grim as it sounds. In fact, it's quite wonderful."

Right now, along with everything else that interests them, they are re-doing their apartment on New York's upper East Side—re-papering some of the rooms (hanging the paper themselves); painting and re-finishing some of the furniture and wood-work; laying wall-to-wall carpeting.

Robin must have been impressed with Pat's and Phil's talk of things to be done and the constant bustling about, because she announced one day that she would like to add dancing classes to her morning sessions at nursery school. "Everybody around this house is so busy," she said earnestly, "and I want to be busy, too."

"We quite understood her point of view," Pat commented, "and promptly enrolled her. She now adores telling us all about the exciting things she does all day. It has helped her to understand why we, too, must go out and do things away from the house, knowing that we will get together at home again and have wonderful discussions of the things that have happened. Robin seems to understand about my program and watches it every day. One afternoon, when she had to make up a dancing class she had missed, she was quite apologetic about not being in front of the television set as usual.

"Actually, I never thought I would be keeping an engagement pad with something crowded into almost every hour. But, no matter how busy the day, Phil and I breakfast with Robin before she goes off to school. My show is in the afternoon, so I have some morning hours at home to take care of household matters and to do my telephoning. I go over my script from 11 to 12. Sometimes I bound around town looking for bargains in materials I can use to make drapes and slipcovers and curtains and things for the apartment. Twice a week I work with an actors' group to keep up in my work, and I, too, take dancing lessons, and singing. But I am home for dinner with Robin, and usually Phil is, too, and we read to her and always hear her prayers before she goes to sleep.

"If it weren't for my excellent maid, Alleen, I would have much less freedom. She not only helps me to organize and run the house, but I can leave Robin with her and never worry. I don't suppose any mother could be away from home with a free mind if she hadn't just the right person with whom to leave a child, and I am fortunate."

Fortunate also is Pat in her marriage. She identifies herself closely with this girl, Laurie James, whom she plays in *First Love*, which is written by Manya Starr. But, unlike Laurie and Zach James, Pat and Phil have an understanding and happy relationship. Like Laurie, Pat is a domestic

woman who, if there had to be a choice, would always put home and family first, but Laurie's love story has run turbulently of late.

Pat's own love story began in a way that would make a lovely sentimental sequence in any TV dramatic serial—or in any life, for that matter! Her home is Davenport, Iowa, but she had been in Hollywood a couple of years, making pictures for Warners and Columbia, when she was sent East to do a movie with a New York background. After the picture was finished, one of her friends said to her: "Now Pat, it's time you got married (She was all of about nineteen then!), and I'm going to introduce you to the man for you."

Meanwhile, the friend had said about the same thing to Phil, who was then stage-managing for the Theater Guild and not particularly interested in being married to anyone but his job. The busy friend made several dates for them to meet. Once Phil couldn't make it. Several times Pat couldn't. Then one day they did meet, at a cocktail party.

"I was still doing publicity for the picture I had just finished," Pat said. "I was on my way to another party, where I had to make an appearance for the sake of the movie, and I was dressed in an outfit the studio had asked me to wear—Hollywood's idea of what I should look like. A pale yellow suit just dripping with fur, when I longed to wear something simple.

"When I was introduced to the nice-looking, crew-cut young man who looked as if he had stepped out of a Brooks Brothers advertisement, I thought he was pretty stuffy. He thought (and told me so later), 'Oh, the Hollywood starlet type. Pretty, with that auburn-red hair and the big brown eyes, but probably no talent.'

"He didn't get in touch with me. I didn't expect him to, nor did I care. Then, three days later, I went to another party, feeling quite miserable. A wisdom tooth had been pulled that morning, and how that gaping hole did ache! I had been rushing around all day, and now I was tired and didn't care how I looked. I sat 'way back in a corner and am sure my make-up was a mess, and my mood to match.

Phil came over to me. This time I was just myself, my least attractive self, I suppose, but without any pose, and I was dressed in something of my own choosing. Phil was sweet and kind and seemed to understand that I didn't feel like putting myself out even to be very friendly. We made a date for a few evenings later.

"On the dance floor, that night, he asked when he might see me again and I found myself answering, to my surprise, 'Oh, soon.' On the way home, he was just as surprised to hear himself asking me to marry him! That was the beginning, although at the time I thought it ridiculous for him to ask a girl he hardly knew.

"I had to go back to California, where I sold the house in which I had lived with my aunt (who chaperoned me during the Hollywood part of my career, because I was only seventeen when I went into pictures). Then I came back to New York, and a little more than a year after our first meeting, Phil and I were married, on June 11, 1950."

Phil, who adapts many of his late father's plays for television ("The Philadelphia Story," "The Joyous Season," "The Animal Kingdom," to name just a few) is also a story editor, writer and assistant producer for ABC-TV. For a couple of seasons after marrying Pat, however, he ran the Palm Beach Theater in Florida during the winter and the one in East Hampton, Long Island,

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during the summer, acting as producer. Pat worked under his direction. (She has worked with stars such as Ruth Chatterton, who was very helpful to this talented young actress. In fact, they worked together at an Ann Arbor, Michigan, Festival, where Pat received the award as the most promising young performer to appear at the Festival. Last summer, Pat went back to appear in "The Crucible," with the original New York cast of the play.)

But it was before that, when they were first married and she was doing summer theater around Boston, that Pat discovered she was going to have a baby. "I was playing in 'Our Town' and I can't imagine a better play to be in at such a time," she says. "It's all about life and about death, but mostly about life and its wonderful moments, and about children and their parents and the happy relationships that exist in families."

Robin was born in 1951. It was only about a year after that Philip Barry, Sr. passed away, and they both felt they wanted something tangible to link their daughter with her grandfather. The senior Barrys had lost a daughter in infancy and many of his plays had revolved around a lovely young girl. So Robin was named Miranda Robin, the "Miranda" being for the heroine of one of Philip, Sr.'s last plays, "Second Threshold."

It wasn't until the young Barrys settled back in New York with Robin that Pat began to work out a more rigid schedule so she could somehow fit her many jobs into a twenty-four hour day. "Phil and I had promised ourselves that we would stay home most evenings and, after Robin was in bed, we would have a quiet dinner and catch up on our reading and watch some television. It hasn't always worked out that way, of course. We hear a play is going to close and it's something we feel we must see, so we rush to get tickets, or there's a movie in the neighborhood we have been waiting for. Or Phil has to stay at his desk and finish a script he's working on, and I've promised myself to run up some new slipcovers, and I stay at my sewing machine long after I should be in bed. Sometimes Phil decides to begin some home project, like cutting a rug into strips so we can re-lay it wall to wall (we're getting to be whizzes at this!), or we start measuring to see how much wallpaper a hallway will need so we can spend the next weekend being do-it-yourself-ers. (Phil does the high work and I do the low, and we plan our days and our weeks and our lives while we're at it.) Weekends when we're not committed to some job, we take Robin off on all sorts of expeditions around New York, things we like to do, too—like going to the Museum of Natural History, some of the art museums, the carousel in Central Park."

Once a week the Barrys have a night for entertaining, informally, because that's a part of the plan for a happy home life. Maybe there will be six or eight guests, sometimes ten or twelve, but they won't all be people in the Barrys' own professions. There will be businessmen and home women, architects and lawyers, the people they really like and want to see.

"We try to make it fun for everyone, including ourselves," Pat explains. "I'm the casual kind of hostess who thinks the success of a party depends upon how easy you make it seem. When I go out, I dislike to feel that my hostess has worn herself out preparing for my entertainment, and I assume others feel the same way. So I plan food that is not too difficult to cook or to serve. In fact, I try to arrange things so that if someone calls up unexpectedly either Phil or I can say, 'Why not come and have dinner with us?' and have things on hand that will lend little festive touches

to an otherwise simple family meal."

Pat has been jotting down ideas for making entertaining easier and for simplifying the day-by-day round of cooking and serving meals, and she hopes to turn these notes into a sort of guide book for young homemakers. Not to compete with the many books of recipes already on the market, but as something rather special for girls who, like herself, had practically no experience in these things before marriage. "When I was growing up, we had a housekeeper who never let me come near her stove," she says. "She ruled the kitchen and I learned very little, as a consequence."

When she was growing up, in Davenport, Iowa, she was Patricia White, whose father is a well-known doctor and heads a clinic there. Both of her parents were interested in the things that affected their city and state, and Pat became an independent, mature little girl earlier than her friends did. (The fact that her brother was fifteen years older than she was and her sister was five years older also threw her more upon her own resources.) When she was quite small, Pat's father used to take her along on some of his calls and hospital rounds, and at one point she was quite sure she wanted to be a doctor, too.

"I learned an important thing from my father very early. I learned that a good doctor has to love people and must give his career real devotion. Oddly enough, I now feel that way about acting. I think this, too, requires great devotion and there is very little place in my profession for the person who doesn't take it seriously."

Pat was a student at Stephens College, at Columbia, Missouri, during her high school and first college years, and studied drama there under the famous Maude Adams, not because she thought seriously of the stage but because she loved the course. As she listened to Miss Adams talk about the theater in New York, the producers and the ways and means of getting into show business, the idea of acting professionally began to grow and grow. Her parents were not pleased with this turn of events and insisted that first she finish her college education. So Pat enrolled at Barnard College in New York, knowing that at least half her interest would stray regularly from the campus to the Broadway area in which the legitimate theaters were located. And especially to those streets where the great producers sat in what she supposed must be glamorous and sumptuous suites of offices.

One day, after a class, she decided to brave an appearance at the office of producer John Golden. With her schoolbooks under her arm and wearing her school-girl clothes and saddle shoes, she sallied forth and, emerging from the subway, found the address she was looking for. Her heart doing the usual rat-a-tat that hearts reserve for such momentous occasions, she approached a girl at the desk and asked to see Mr. Golden.

At that particular time, Henry and Phoebe Ephron had a play in rehearsal and were replacing an ingenue who had already been rehearsing with the cast for five days. Mr. Ephron happened to put his head out of an office door at the moment Pat was presenting herself at the outer desk. "Are you an actress?" he called out. She nodded.

The place was jammed with young aspirants for the job, and for jobs in general, and the only clear spot was a little closet used for the cleaning woman's paraphernalia. "In here," he motioned, and dutifully Pat entered and did her audition reading from a script he thrust into her hand. She was hired, for \$75 a week, and she felt so rich that she would no longer need the family's allowance. Until three weeks later, when the play closed abruptly.

Although the play didn't get good notices, Pat did. Someone from Warners had seen her and, before she knew it, she had a motion picture contract, this time for \$400 a week. Before leaving for the West Coast, Pat did one more play, with the studio's blessing. Now, she thought, the family will surely sit up and take notice. But the studio began to take cheesecake pictures of their new starlet and her father would see them printed in newspapers and would write letters of protest—to her, to the studio, to anyone concerned. It took the family quite a long time to get used to the idea of their little girl becoming a Hollywood personality.

Pat sums up her movie experience with a count of eighteen pictures—leads in B's, smaller roles in A's . . . and not much fun. "Because I was still a teenager, I had to be careful about dates. Actually, I knew very few young people. I bought a little house where I lived with my aunt and began to raise dogs, and I liked that. Evenings, I used to sit and do petit point for the little chair and stool Robin uses now. It was hardly the glamorous life usually associated with a movie career."

A professor whom Pat had known at Stephens was starting a professional summer theater at Wellesley, and Columbia gave her permission to go East for six weeks to work with him. The experience was extremely valuable. She played all types of parts—in "Accent on Youth" with Paul Lukas, "Holiday" with Bob Sterling, "First Lady" with Peggy Wood. She now plays a running part with Peggy in the television drama, *Mama*, whenever the role of Nancy, Nels' girl friend, is in the script.

Then came the picture on location in New York, "The Tattooed Stranger," a "sleeper" in which she played the lead. She wanted to stay in the East and was wondering what her next move would be, when she met Philip. After that, she knew

she wanted to cut her ties with the West Coast and come back to New York.

Last year, Pat realized one of the dreams she had nurtured back at Stephens, when she was still a student actress. She was in a Broadway play, "The Pink Elephant," starring Steve Allen. It has been described as "a sort of popular flop"—which means that Steve and Pat and some others got good notices although the play's were only so-so. Another play, "The Paradise Question," folded in Philadelphia, but Pat got good notices in that one, too.

First Love began last July 5, and she found that being on television fitted her to a T—or maybe we should say to a TV! Actually, Pat had done many TV shows—among them *Studio One*, *Suspense* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*—but this was her first regular TV show. Anyhow, it is perfect for a girl with a great big schedule of career and home. It gives her time to keep the house shipshape—to run up new slipcovers or tidy up a battered piece of furniture. ("Phil and I feel that when you love children and animals—we have a cocker now named J.J. and we used to have a huge cat—you can't be saying 'don't' all the time, so there's no point in having fine damasks and expensive rugs, and I keep making things that can be easily replaced.") Television gives Pat time to spend with Robin. It gives her a show in which she plays the kind of woman she admires, although she is saddened by the fact that Laurie's life hasn't run smoothly.

Maybe Pat's secret of having a busy life and a happy life is in the way she has learned to organize her time. Maybe it's in the way she knows just when to toss a work schedule right out of the window and go off with Phil and Robin on some utterly unexpected and delightful expedition. But part of her secret must surely be her enthusiasm for life, and her love of people. Two of them, in particular!

Magic Gift of Life

(Continued from page 41)
into show business. Get a little bit of both humor and education into your shows and you'll attract a bigger audience."

Having qualified for membership in Mystery Writers of America—thanks to Ollie's fondness for playing "detec-a-tive"—he once went to a party in honor of Anthony Boucher, who reviews mystery books for the *New York Times* and also edits a science-fiction magazine. Shortly, the two retired to a quiet corner, first, to swap Sherlock Holmes opinions, and second, to discuss learnedly plans for a space ship. Accounting for his technical knowledge of rocket propulsion, Burr explained, "Buelah Witch has been studying up on outer space travel."

He has many skills. He can work a piece of wood as deftly as a carpenter. As a sculptor shapes clay, Burr can combine cloth, padding, buttons, a bit of hair and some paint to construct a puppet. He also can cook, sail a boat, and swim like a fish. He once rode a bicycle across Canada's rugged Gaspé Peninsula. During recent vacations he has divided his time between Nantucket and Europe. He's a fan of music, ballet, archeology and model railroads.

Because equipment and trophies relating to these varied pursuits long ago overflowed the apartment which he shares with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Bert Tillstrom, Burr lives in two places. The family occupies a large apartment in a new cooperative building on Chicago's Near Northside. Also, as Burr says, "Kuke and Ollie have the coach house."

The coach house stands at the rear of

what was once one of the city's great mansions. Aided by his backstage assistant, Joe Lockwood, who is an interior decorator and designer, Burr planned the remodeling and did some of the work himself. The ground floor, which faces a small garden, is his workshop. A well-equipped bench stretches across one wall. Miniature stages cover another, and a large area is kept open for whatever project is under way.

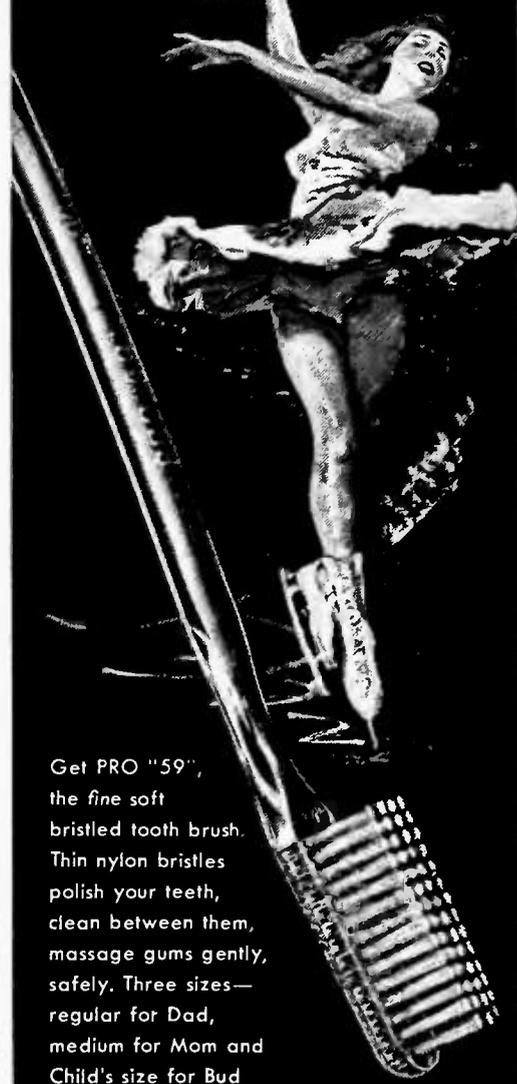
The second floor was once the mansion's ballroom. Burr built a compact kitchen, complete with dishwasher, into one corner. Opposite it are two studio couches, set at right angles. A grand piano stands in the nook made by the staircase. Two sofas are placed in front of a huge fireplace and there is a wide, low table between them. Walls are white, rugs are off-white, and upholstery and woodwork are brown. It's a pleasant place for a large party, and it's a second home for most of the Kuklapolitan staff. There they often gather to work out songs, study the kinescopes of the show, or just settle down to have a quiet dinner together.

Bachelor though he is, Burr has become, in effect, the head of a large family—for the association of the staff, off-stage, is as close-knit as that of the Kuklapolitans on-stage. Four of its key members—co-star Fran Allison, producer Beulah Zachary, director Lewis Gomavitz and special assistant Joseph Lockwood—have worked with Burr ever since the show first went on the air at Station WBKB on Burr's birthday, October 13, 1947.

This close association permits *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* to remain a spontaneous program. Each person knows exactly what

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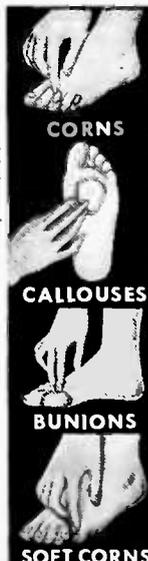
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to expect from another. They also know how each of the Kuklapolitans can be expected to react under any given set of circumstances. Program planning starts with a huddle. Burr, Fran and Beulah will get an idea. Gommy and Joe will suggest props. Carolyn Gilbert will think of music which fits in. Only the music is rehearsed. As informally as this, they go on the air.

Those unfamiliar with the show always ask, "How many people do the voices?" The direct answer is, "One—Burr Tillstrom." Those who work on the program do not think in those terms, however. They speak of "what Kukla does," "what Ollie will do"—though never forgetting for a moment that it is Burr who is solely responsible for getting them to do it at the right time.

There is no need for a script writer, for Fran ad-libs better conversation than anyone could write, and Burr has been putting words and voices into his characters' mouths—and distinct personality into their being—all his life.

Dramatizing a story was a thing Burr learned from his parents. As young people in Benton Harbor, Michigan, Bert and Alice Tillstrom enjoyed appearing in home talent shows. When they moved to Chicago, they continued their association with amateur theater groups.

While still a toddler, Burr made his teddy bear and toy elephant act out songs his mother sang. At an age when other kids constructed scooters, he turned an orange crate into a miniature stage.

His father helped Burr endow speechless creatures with personality. The family spent summers at Benton Harbor and, as soon as Dr. Tillstrom arrived for weekends, Burr and his older brother, Dick, demanded stories. Some the father read from *Alice in Wonderland* and *The Wizard of Oz*. Others he made up as he led the boys on long rambling walks through the open country. Creatures took on character. A scurrying rabbit was a messenger carrying important news. A bird's song had words. The seldom-used track, meandering along the creek bed, became "the pumpkin vine railroad." Burr recalls, "Everything had personality—and two personalities made a plot."

Returning to the city, Burr imparted to his toys the characteristics of his country friends. An understanding teacher, noting his talent, showed him how to construct puppets and marionettes.

Then came a chain of circumstances which inevitably turned Burr Tillstrom into a puppeteer. The first was pure luck. The Tillstroms moved into an apartment across the street from Mrs. Charlotte Polak, sister of the great puppet master, Tony Sarg. Lugging one of his own marionettes, Burr went calling. "Soon we kids were staging shows in Mrs. Polak's garden, under her direction," says Burr. "What's more, we charged admission. It was only a few cents, but I felt real professional."

Further opportunity to study new techniques came through seeing the puppet shows at the Century of Progress world's fair in 1933 and attending the American Puppetry Festival in Detroit in 1936.

The final swing away from his plan to become a teacher was brought about by the offer of a WPA job. He was already a freshman at the University of Chicago, trying to forget about his puppets, when the offer came. The Chicago Park District, acting jointly with the WPA, had determined that they could best provide work for unemployed theater people by setting up a marionette project. Few, however, knew anything about the techniques. Because Burr already had done volunteer shows for the Park District, they sought him out as an experienced puppeteer.

The offered salary, while small, seemed to Burr much more attractive than continuing to take a schoolboy's allowance, for the Tillstroms—while far from being on relief—were, like everyone else, feeling the pinch of the Depression. "Temporarily" (he thought) Burr quit the University and joined the company.

During this period, Burr began his first serious experimenting with hand puppets and liked them. While marionettes—maneuvered by strings according to set plots—must follow a narrator's script, the hand puppets allowed him spontaneous expression. The best of them, of course, was Kukla, the fellow who twice refused to be given away. Burr took to carrying him around in his pocket.

Difficult as it is for any viewer to imagine it today, during all this period Kukla had no voice. The marionettes were the stars, and Kuke, at best, was only a between-acts pantomimist. Then an extremely arty production of "Romeo and Juliet" was scheduled. Burr, who knew the role letter-perfect, wanted to play Romeo. He ended up, however, the most frustrated Shakespearean in Chicago, for his sole assignment was to turn pages of the narrator's script.

Burr took the disappointment politely, but it was too much for Kukla. Out he popped, during rehearsal, and in a sweetly innocent voice—reminiscent of one of the little animal characters in Dr. Tillstrom's long-ago stories—Kukla took up Romeo's romantic lines. He sighed for love, and mourned his cruel fate. Then, departing Shakespeare's lines, he went on to speak of what he thought the arty producer was doing to Shakespeare. Things well-mannered Burr would never say rattled in sharp-barbed comment from Kukla. Says Burr, "I guess some of the rest of the cast must have thought the same way, for they all started to laugh and Kukla was a riot."

From that time on, Kukla became an impromptu entertainer at parties. People would ask him questions, and, as Burr says, "Kukla was real smart with people. When I was too young or too ignorant to have an answer, Kukla took over. What would have been naive, coming from me, sounded funny coming from Kukla."

While Kukla sprang to life instantaneously and has changed little, Ollie originated most modestly—but has grown like Jack's beanstalk. Traditionally, all puppet shows had a dragon, usually a terrifying creature with a picket-fence of gnashing teeth. Burr had a different idea. He says, "I wanted one which would not scare even the most timid child. So Ollie got what he now calls his 'prehensile' tooth."

Ollie's opportunity to display that tooth—soundlessly—came primarily during appearances in the children's theater at Marshall Field's department store. During those lean years, Burr worked Mondays through Fridays as a sales clerk. Saturdays, with his mother playing the piano, they put on a show to baby-sit with children while parents shopped.

It was at Field's too, that Burr discovered television. An RCA demonstration unit arrived there in 1939. Burr took one look at what happened with screens and cameras and knew this was what was needed to present Kukla, Ollie and his other little people as life-size. With a card table as a stage, he did his first show. Neither Field's nor RCA executives were impressed. Says Burr, "The engineers saved us. They fell in love with Kukla. The guys who keep things running always like Kukla."

With that introduction, Burr became one of television's pioneers. In 1940, RCA had him do the first ship-to-shore telecast, then made his show a feature of their exhibit at the New York World's Fair. Two important developments then occurred:

Kukla set the pattern of working with people, and Ollie found his voice and character.

Kukla, it should be recalled, learned to talk to human beings as early as 1936. Says Burr, "It's taken for granted now, for every puppet show has copied us, but it was then unorthodox to combine puppets and people. Playing those ten shows a day at the World's Fair, we were always introduced by a pretty girl. Naturally, Kukla couldn't be suppressed and so the girl-and-puppet combination became a definite routine in 1940. Later, during my short stints in vaudeville and a few night clubs, I continued to use a live person out in front. Now it seems natural—but, as an actual fact, we were the first to bring it into the world."

It was the VIP visitors to that RCA exhibit who endowed Ollie with personality. Says Burr, "We did take-offs, kidding the press, visiting dignitaries and friends, through Ollie. One performance, he'd be a newspaper man, another an engineer, a famous singer or a big shot from the industry. That's where he found out he could do anything and be anybody."

Ollie's first major triumph came at the end of that season. Burr recalls: "Two close friends, who also worked at the Fair, wrote 'St. George and the Dragon' as a satire of the legend, with Ollie the hero. After that, there was no holding him. He has grown to be Oliver J. Dragon, baritone, son of Mrs. Olivia Dragon of Dragon Retreat, Vermont, first cousin and guardian of Doloras Dragon, and a great authority on all dragon lore."

Fran joined up at WBKB. When, at the end of the war, commercial television came in, Burr was ready for it. Captain William Crawford Eddy, then head of the Balaban & Katz-Paramount station in Chicago, offered Burr the first sponsored, hour-long, five-day-a-week program.

For years, Burr had dreamed of this. This was his chance. But it also was his chance to fall flat on his face, for Eddy—entranced with the Kuklapolitans and impressed by Burr's own great charm—suggested that Burr do everything, including coming out in front to interview child guests and to do the commercials.

Burr, recalling that conference, grins. "I suppose it was our best compliment, for it indicated that the Kuklapolitans were so real to him he actually thought of them as being self-animated. I almost hated to explain that they, too, kind of needed me, backstage. Our producer, Beulah Zachary, and our director, Lewis Gomavitz, were sitting in on that huddle and, for a while, we hassled the problem back and forth. Then, rather than bring in an additional puppe-

teer or a fancy production staff, I suggested we revert to what I had already proven would work—we decided to have a live person out in front. Gommy suggested Fran Allison, and that suited me."

Fran, who already was well known on the ABC *Breakfast Club*, proved to be gentle with Kukla and understanding with Ollie, but it was a tangle with Mme. Ooglepus—that character who deems herself an unfading beauty—which made the situation jell. The Madame, during one of the first telecasts, made some acid remark about Fran's hair. Fran's retort was quick. "Well, at least mine's real."

Burr defines her importance. "It's Fran who gives the Kuklapolitans reality. Because she talks to Kukla, Ollie and the others exactly as she would to humans, the viewers, too, regard them as real."

The Kuklapolitans have lived with zest on television. The troupe now includes Mme. Ooglepus, Buelah Witch (who borrowed her name from Producer Beulah Zachary and changed the spelling just to be different); Fletcher Rabbit, the mailman; Cecil Bill, the stagehand; Mercedes, the teenager; Col. Cracky, Southern gentleman; Doloras, Ollie's niece; and, occasionally, Olivia Dragon, Ollie's mother. Once in a blue moon, that trouble-maker, Clara Coo Coo, flies in from North Pole.

It's a tribute to Burr's mastery of make-believe that everyone connected with the show regards it as a distinct breach of etiquette ever to refer to these well-developed characters as "puppets." Collectively, they're "the kids," and, individually, you address them by name.

The Kuklapolitans could fill a book with the fabulous adventures they have had since that winter of 1947 when there were only three hundred fifty-three television sets in Chicago, five stations on the air in the entire United States, and no coaxial cable or networks at all. They have made friends with millions of viewers, acquired celebrities as their fans, vacationed in Europe, appeared with the Boston Pops Orchestra to do their now-enhanced "St. George and the Dragon," and staged a concert of their own in New York's Town Hall.

The only experience they did not enjoy came when, after several seasons at NBC as a daily show, they ran into scheduling trouble and emerged with only a Sunday-afternoon program. Eventually, it led to their moving to the American Broadcasting Company, which now includes WBKB and is headed by some of their first TV friends. Fran expressed it best when she told Burr, "It's good to be home. I had been wondering what Kukla and Ollie had been doing all week."



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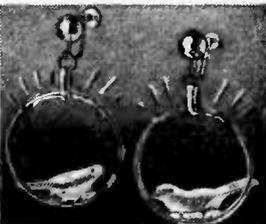
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The Best Reason for Living

(Continued from page 33)

older brother, was on the 'B' team at Hollywood High. This was Ricky's first year on the team. One night recently, we had an old family friend in for dinner and he lit up an after-dinner smoke. Ricky was then just back from his football practice and taking his training seriously. He said indignantly, 'Gee, John, what are ya trying to do—fumigate us all?'

The fourth rule of adult behavior which the Nelson boys are learning is to talk over family problems objectively. "If a problem comes up," says Harriet, "we have a war council. After the discussion, if we are not all in agreement, we take a vote. Last week, I told one of the girls at the studio about this bit of family business. She asked me: 'What happens when there are two votes on your's and Ozzie's side and two votes on the kids' side?' I told her: 'We talk it over some more.'

"But actually, there's a meeting of the minds. In our family relations, we don't bump into many brick walls. . . ."

A fifth step the Nelson's have taken, which helps them understand one another better, has to do with the boys' friends: Ricky and David make sure Ozzie and Harriet are introduced to their pals, and the Nelsons make sure the boys' friends are welcome in the home whenever possible.

"Not only do we know all of the gang," says Harriet, "but they feel very comfortable with Ozzie and me—which we consider a great compliment.

"As for welcoming them into the house, it seems there is always one home in the group they pick out to land in. Since ours has the pool, we're it. But we're glad they come to us.

"Last week, for example, David came in late with Mike, one of his friends. They went upstairs to sleep, but Ricky already had two of his friends in David's bunks. So David and Mike went downstairs to the study.

"When I came in for breakfast, Mike and David made their way sleepily in from the den, three kids came down from the upstairs bedrooms, and then five more walked in—four of them girls who had spent the night at one of the girl's houses down the street. They had all been together the night before and had been invited for breakfast!

"Well, everybody pitched in on the pancakes, and we all sat round the kitchen table gabbing. As far as they were concerned, I didn't exist, or was considered part of the gang—they were completely uninhibited. It is a very comfortable relationship.

"And, you know, I have great admiration for the kids today. They have so much more sense, it seems, than I had when I was their age. They talk more sensibly; their attitudes toward one another are straight-forward; they have a keen sense of humor. It all adds up to the fact that they have loads of common sense—and, because of it, we must learn to respect them as individuals."

Teenagers should have a healthy respect for money. This is the final subject on which Ozzie and Harriet, as parents, and David and Ricky, as teenagers, agree. "We have always felt," says Harriet, "that problems concerning money and allowances should be talked over, an agreement reached. And we have always felt that, where possible, teenagers should try to find some way to earn money. If they don't, how could you expect them to learn the value of the dollar?"

"The strange thing about our boys," says Harriet, "is that they consider the television show as pleasure, not work!"

"David came to me one day, saying: 'I think I'll get a job on Saturdays. They need an extra man down at the gas station.'

"And I said, 'You can't do that. You have too much other work to do . . . besides, aren't you making enough money?'

"Well, I know,' he said, 'but this is the kind of work where I can keep the money I make—it won't have to go into the trust fund. All the other guys have jobs, and the money they earn they keep!'

"Ozzie and I immediately talked it over. We agreed that, whatever the other boys earned, that's the kind of money David should have.

"And that's the way we settled it. Today, as a matter of fact, I can ask Dave if he needs any money, and he says: 'No, thanks, we're going to the park for a weinie roast and I won't need any.' So we feel he knows what a dollar means.

"It's wonderful," says Harriet in conclusion, "how able the teenagers of today are. I know I hear some of the most intelligent conversations when I listen in on this gang of ours.

"After all, is there anything more important than your children? Ozzie and I think it's our reason for being here. So, we should do our best to help them along.

"In many respects they are really very grown-up. Rather than pointing up teen-adult differences—by saying, 'When you act like adults, we'll treat you like adults'—it would be good if more parents tried to bridge the gaps between themselves and their children, to find the common ground they could share.

"Then we really will be treating them like grownups."

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T
V
R

Sing and Be Happy

(Continued from page 53)

sing and loves to perform, isn't bothered by nerves, temper or frustrations, considers her work fun, and her job as one of the four singing stars on *Your Hit Parade* just about the most desirable occupation she could wish to have.

This is her second year on the show and her popularity is climbing steadily. But Gisele's had no cause for complaints ever since she made her debut as a singer on the Canadian radio network eight years ago, starring in her own weekly quarter-hour show, *Meet Gisele*. Still only a teenager, the impact of her personality and song styling on Canadian audiences was so immediate that she was singing on three other, separate shows within a month after she'd made her bow on October 8, 1946. *Meet Gisele* became enormously popular. The show stayed on the air for four years, earning Miss MacKenzie the title of "Canada's First Lady of Song" and winning her many friends within range of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in this country as well.

It was inevitable that Gisele would eventually transfer her talents to the larger field of the U.S. The call came four years ago, when she became the featured singer on Bob Crosby's *Club Fifteen*. Subsequently, she took the female lead on *The Mario Lanza Show*, accepted many bookings into swank supper clubs such as New York's Cotillion Room, made numerous guest appearances—and eventually landed on *Your Hit Parade*.

Success has come easily to Gisele. She's got talent to burn, looks, charm, personality and a lovely voice . . . it seems she couldn't have missed had she tried. But it actually took twelve years of relative frustration as a violinist, a severe attack of boils—and a slight case of burglary—before Gisele quit struggling and accepted her fate as a singer.

Gisele MacKenzie—who was born in Winnipeg, Canada, and whose native tongue is French—has never in her life had a lesson in singing or voice training. She nevertheless comes by her superb musicianship honestly. Her mother was a noted concert singer and pianist by the name of Marietta Manseau who, before her marriage to Gisele's father, toured Canada successfully for a number of years. Her father, Dr. Georges MacKenzie LaFleche, is a medical doctor with a passion for music. Gisele herself started picking out tunes on the piano at the advanced age of three. When her mother began to coach the little girl, she discovered that Gisele had absolute pitch—the ability to identify any given note out of context—a rare and envied gift even among practiced musicians.

It was, therefore, pretty much of a foregone conclusion that Gisele was going to make her mark in music. It was decided that she was to learn to play an instrument. "Dad always had a special love for the violin," says Gisele. "I guess it was kind of taken for granted that I had inherited it and would achieve the fulfillment as a fiddler he didn't have."

At seven, Gisele was given a violin and started to take lessons. Talented, ambitious and hard-working, she made rapid progress, giving her first solo recital at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg when she was only twelve. When she was fourteen, her parents sent her to Toronto to study at the Royal Conservatory of Music there. She was good enough to win a scholarship at the graduate school and might conceivably have gone on to win fame as a serious violin virtuoso—if it hadn't been

for a number of incidents which changed the course of her life and her career.

During her last years at the Conservatory, toward the end of the war, Gisele frequently entertained at service clubs and shows for the troops. In a relaxed mood, she more often sang—accompanying herself on the piano—than she played the fiddle. The enjoyment she herself got from her singing was infectious, transmitting itself to her audiences. Gisele had fun; she was popular; but it didn't seriously occur to her that this kind of entertainment could ever compete with her career as a violinist.

At least one man who'd heard her at these shows thought differently, though. Bob Shuttleworth, a young bandleader with the Royal Canadian Navy, was impressed with the warmth of her personality and the versatility of her talent. Back in civvies and leading his own band again the following summer, he remembered Gisele when she applied for a summer job as a violinist at the Glenmount Hotel on the Lake of Bays in Ontario. Shuttleworth hired her, though he didn't have a vacancy for a violinist, figuring he could always use a girl like Gisele as a triple-threat performer.

Shuttleworth soon became convinced, however, that Gisele's future lay in her rich and beautiful contralto voice, rather than in playing an instrument, and he encouraged her to concentrate on her singing exclusively.

The suggestion didn't sit too well with Gisele at first. To think that she had slaved over the violin for years and years only to be told to drop it and do something instead that she'd been able to do right along anyway! It didn't make sense. "Singing was one of the things I'd never taken very seriously," she says. "I'd done it all my life. It was as easy and natural to me as drawing a breath of air."

The winter following her engagement with Shuttleworth's band was Gisele's last at the Conservatory, and she worked terribly hard for her graduation. She continued helping out Shuttleworth occasionally, in order to earn a little extra money. "I could see the kid was wearing herself out," he says of that period. "Among other things—like losing weight and having a lot of colds—she developed a series of bad boils that often made it impossible for her to hold the violin. I'm convinced that the cause of most of it was psychological, that she was in conflict, fighting the fiddle. I kept telling her to relax, not to take her music so seriously, and to sing instead, since that was what came to her so naturally. But she couldn't let go."

"One Saturday night, she was helping me out on short notice and left her violin in my locked car. It was a beautiful Ceruti, worth several thousand dollars. Her folks had given it to her at great sacrifice. You can imagine her shock when she came back to the car and found somebody had broken in and stolen it."

"Gisele was heartbroken at first, but that's what actually tipped the scales and made her decide to become a singer. She graduated on a borrowed violin and, though her folks got the money from the insurance company, she didn't buy another one of her own until several years later. I think Gisele took the theft as a hint from Providence. I suspect she was actually relieved that the struggle was over at last."

Gisele herself readily admits today that the violin never was easy for her. "I formed a queer emotional relationship to it quite early," she relates, "and I never



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got over it or got it straightened out. Sure—I loved the instrument, and I still do; and I did achieve a certain mastery of it, but it's never been an easy, relaxed kind of a love affair. It's always been a struggle of sorts. I remember how I used to come home from school, have a glass of milk and my 'tartine' and then have exactly fifteen minutes for playing outdoors before I had to get back inside and start practicing. How I used to envy some of the other kids who didn't have a special talent and could romp all afternoon. And I didn't really start enjoying the instrument until quite a few years later, when I was fourteen or fifteen and became reasonably good at it. Of course, by that time the demands made of me by my teacher were correspondingly greater."

Gisele has no regrets, though, over the sacrifices she made and the years she spent in preparation for something she isn't using now. "It certainly was not a waste of time as far as I'm concerned," she says. "It's given me confidence, discipline, and background. In addition to studying the violin, I learned the piano, counterpoint, composition, and harmony at the Conservatory. I'm sure all of it helps in some way."

And unlike her great friend, that noted American violinist, Jack Benny, Gisele feels not in the least frustrated over not being an acclaimed virtuoso. "Jack is really interested in the violin," she relates. "He practices from one to four hours each day and is much better than he makes people think he is. Jack has told me he'd rather be a really fine fiddler than a comedian. Me—I can take it or leave it. I'm perfectly happy being what I am."

Her associates usually refer to Gisele as a "natural." "I've never known anyone with quite so much facility," says Bill Colloran, director of *Your Hit Parade*. Bob Shuttleworth, who is now her manager, says: "Everything she does is effortless. She'll sight-read a new song and learn it in half the time it takes anybody else I know."

As she looks back over the years of her teens and childhood, there's now very little doubt in Gisele's mind that—without acknowledging it—she really always wanted to be a singer. "The itch must have been pretty deep," she recalls. "I used to sing all the time. Even at the Conservatory, when Kathleen Parlow, my teacher, asked me to repeat a certain phrase I'd played, I had a habit of singing it. 'Don't sing it—play it,' she used to scold me."

Another instance she remembers is the disappointment she felt over not being given any of the solos in church. "Nowadays, when I go home for a visit, I'm always asked to sing in church. Ten or twelve years ago that would really have been a thrill!"

Gisele is very fond of her family, but she is too busy to get home to Winnipeg more than once or twice a year. She is the second oldest and, besides her mother and father, has two brothers and two sisters. Though Gisele is now the only professional musician among them, everybody in her family is musical and plays an instrument. "We form a small band of our own and always have a lot of music when I get home," she says.

She thinks her parents are a little disappointed, though, that she didn't stick to the violin. "They're very proud, of course, that I've had success in popular music. But I'm afraid that Dad, especially, would have preferred seeing me become a really fine, serious musician."

As for herself, Gisele definitely no longer has any aspirations in "long hair" music. "I have just two ambitions," she says. "I'd like to do a musical on Broadway—or in Hollywood—someday. And I want

to make a really successful record. I've never had one yet."

Although none of her records have as yet sold in the legendary million-plus class, Gisele isn't doing badly as a busy and popular recording artist for Capitol records. Besides popular hits, she also records folk songs in English and French, and recently made an album of French songs for children. She is completely bilingual and has no trace of an accent.

When Gisele first came to this country, she lived on the West Coast, but she has made her home in New York City for the past two years—since she started appearing on *Your Hit Parade*. She's undecided as to which part of the country she prefers. "New York is more exciting and stimulating. Out West, on the other hand, I liked the chance of being outdoors so much."

She doesn't go in for strenuous exercise but likes being outdoors and frequently can be seen walking through Central Park with her two long-haired dachshunds—Brunhilde ("Bruna" for short) and Wolfgang von Bagel (or "Wolfie"). Gisele is devoted to them, taking them wherever she goes. They're exceptionally well-behaved, quiet and obedient and, over the course of the years, have become excellent travelers. A minor point of disagreement between Gisele and her dogs is that Bruna and Wolfie aren't very fond of music. They'll usually put up with it, but Wolfie, the younger and more aggressive of the two, nearly ruined the show, not long ago when his mistress decided he should get into the act and start earning his keep. She was singing her song to him and, as the camera turned toward him, Wolfie began to growl. "It was the low, angry growl that usually precedes his bark," she recalls. "I was sure he'd start barking—and sure he'd come in off-beat. I still don't know what made him finally decide not to!"

Altogether, much as Gisele loves animals, they have a habit of not treating her well professionally. There was the horse mentioned before, there was Wolfie, and there was another dog, a bloodhound, who—tied to a papier-mache tree stump while she was singing "Wanted"—decided he had had enough and started to walk away, dragging the stump with him. An alert camera man saved the situation that time by quickly swinging the camera away from him.

Gisele had Brunhilde given to her as a pup when she was still living in Toronto. (Wolfie was a later—and American—acquisition to keep Bruna company.) The apartment house where she lived at the time didn't permit dogs, and Gisele secretly harbored Bruna for four months, sneaking the puppy in and out of the house under her coat. When Bruna got too big and wiggly, Gisele started to attract unwelcome attention by the gyrations she performed to keep the puppy out of sight, and decided to move to a new apartment.

This apartment, rented in order to accommodate her little dachshund, turned out to be an expensive proposition. It was the first she'd rented herself, not as a "sub-let." Well-paid and feeling secure in her radio job on the CBC, Gisele rented an elegant duplex and proceeded to decorate it with abandon. Shortly after she moved in, the job in California with Bob Crosby came through and she had to give up the apartment. The transaction cost her a good bit of money—she had to sell her furniture at a loss—and she hasn't dared to furnish another apartment since. At present she lives in a pleasant "sub-let" off Central Park South.

Gisele has the wholesome prettiness of the girl next door. And this appearance certainly isn't deceiving! Despite her success in show business and the glamour of

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her position, Gisele has genuinely domestic tastes. She loves to spend her evenings at home and prefers her own cooking to that of almost any restaurant—a preference, incidentally, which is shared by all who have been lucky enough to have eaten dinner at her home. Gisele loves to cook. "I can relax completely when I cook dinner," she explains. "Sometimes when I'm all wound up and tense, I go into the kitchen and start preparing dinner. Half an hour later, I'm usually calm and relaxed again."

She has a whole shelf of cookbooks which she reads before going to sleep, the way other people read detective stories.

One of Gisele's specialties is what she calls a "compote," though it contains little fruit. It takes hours to prepare and days to cook, but the results—Gisele declares with unblushing confidence—are "sensational." Some of the ingredients are fresh mushrooms, lots of bacon, tomatoes, green onions, dates, nuts, assorted green vegetables, herbs and a touch of magic—though she denies that it can only be made at midnight when there's a full moon! She makes it in huge quantities, but not too often, since it's an expensive dish. Bottled, the "compote" is a gift which is treasured by Gisele's friends.

Gisele likes to spend at least a few evenings each week at home, looking at television and answering her fan mail. She gets a good deal of the latter and makes a point of answering it promptly and in longhand. She also likes television—all the popular favorites, as well as crime shows. In order to be able to look at television without neglecting her mail, she has moved her desk to face the television set and has developed a technique whereby she can look and write at the same time. "Occasionally, when I become too absorbed, I

find myself writing a line from the show I'm listening to," she comments, "but, on the whole, it works well."

Her work on *Your Hit Parade* keeps Gisele pretty well occupied during most of the week. There are conferences, several days of rehearsals, new routines and new songs to learn. In addition, she does recordings, gives interviews and makes appearances on lots of disc-jockey shows. Last summer and the summer before, when the show was off the air, she was on tour with Jack Benny for several weeks, following that up with engagements at hotels and supper clubs. She's crazy about Jack and his wife, Mary Livingston, and they always see each other when the Bennys are in New York or Gisele is in California.

Gisele has many good friends all over the country, and enough close ones in New York to keep her from getting lonesome. There is no serious romance in her life at this time. "I suppose I'll want to get married someday," she says frankly, "but I most certainly won't do it just for the sake of getting married. I like my way of life. I like what I'm doing. I could be persuaded to give it up. But it would take a lot of persuading."

There's a quality about Gisele which makes one feel she'll always do the right thing for herself as well as for others. Perhaps the nicest thing was said about her by her old friend Bob Shuttleworth: "Gisele was a sweetheart when I knew her nine or ten years ago, back in Toronto. She was struggling then, living in a boarding-house on about ten bucks a week. She's come a long way since then. She's become popular, successful, is making a lot of money. But I'll be darned if I can see where it has changed her in any way. She's still a sweetheart. She always will be."

Greater Than Glamour

(Continued from page 37)

couldn't have been more pleased with his guess. She has never minded that she looks neither theatrical nor especially glamorous. She's content to be herself, an attractive woman who can readily create the illusion of being someone quite different when she steps on stage or before a microphone.

"It was as flattering a thing as he could have said to me," she smiles, "and I would not for the world have spoiled it by admitting I was an actress—had been one since I was sixteen—and was then playing on Broadway with Jane Cowl in 'First Lady,' doing that wonderful part of a clubwoman. Later, when I mentioned the encounter to some friends, they said I should have confessed who I was, but I felt he would have been terribly disappointed to discover I was in the theater. I am sure he thought all actresses were glamour girls."

It wasn't the first time a stranger had guessed Miss Wilson to be something other than what she is—a housewife perhaps (and she finds that guess quite a compliment, too). There was the time, for instance, when she was doing the lead, on tour, in "You Can't Take It with You," and she went to a beauty parlor in the city where they were currently playing.

"I had to explain who I was to restrain the operator from wanting to set my hair in some fancy way unsuited to my role. 'Oh, are you an actress?' the girl said, her disillusionment coming right at me in her voice and startled expression. I hope someone in my profession came along later, who looked more like what she pictured an actress should be, to restore her faith!"

It's true that, if you are expecting to meet a performer who is "on" all the time

—even when she is "off stage"—Ethel Wilson won't impress you, although she is pretty and rather strikingly tall (5'8"), has lovely brown eyes and soft brown hair (graying a little now as it falls away from a youthful face). She dresses simply but with chic, mostly in suits and casual clothes, and wears small hats without much adornment. Only when you listen to her fine voice would you get a hint of her profession, perhaps, and only then if your ear is attuned to a certain quality in a voice which stamps its possessor either as a trained singer or actress—or both, as in Ethel Wilson's own case.

That voice usually fools people until they meet her in person. Because of its fullness and resonance, they expect to find a large woman instead of a rather slender one. The man who mistook her for a schoolteacher, when she was playing in "First Lady," would probably never have recognized her on the stage, anyhow, because she had to wear terrific pads across her bosom to look like the dowager-type female she played.

She is apt sometimes to wonder whether her life might have been quite different if she had looked more like an actress—although she can't imagine that it could have been any happier or more satisfying! Quite a time after she was married, she asked King Calder—the fine actor who has been her husband for more than twenty years—how he happened to fall in love with a girl who was so "average," when in the course of his own career he had met a long procession of glamour ladies of the theater.

"Just when did you first decide you were in love with me?" she prodded.

King then reminded her of a night when they were in the same stock company in

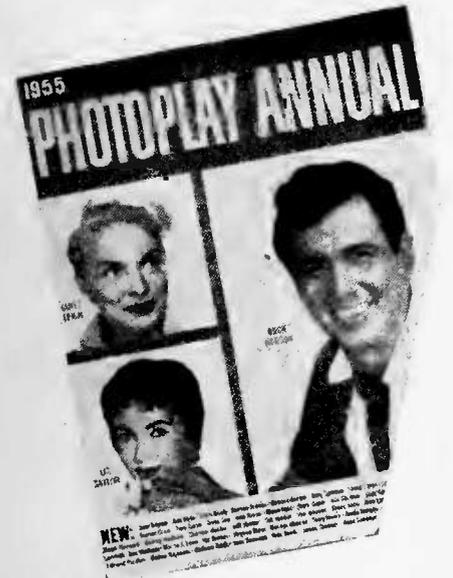
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Cleveland, and the cast had gathered in one of the hotel rooms after a rehearsal. "You had your ukulele with you, and were strumming it," he said. "You were dressed in something simple you had worn to rehearsal, and you probably didn't have any make-up on, and were a little tired and not trying to create an impression on anyone. Yet, when you began to sing quietly to your own accompaniment, I thought: *There is the girl I want to marry.* And I never changed my mind about that."

Florence Ethel Wilson—as she was christened, although always called Ethel—had never dreamed of being an actress, as so many girls do. She had shown great promise as a singer, and her mother had been able to enter her in the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, at fourteen—two years before the age at which most pupils are accepted. Baltimore was not far from the Wilson farm in Howard County, Maryland, where Ethel's father was a country judge. Life was lovely for "Judge Wilson's daughters," as Ethel and her sisters were known. "We were only in fairly comfortable circumstances, but we all rode horses and were invited to all the parties and had everything we needed, including a good home, and I suppose I thought we were rich. We looked forward to our lives going on in the same way until we married and had homes of our own. My grandmother was making each of us a patchwork quilt for our 'hope chests'—all the girls in our community had these collections of nice things started for future homes. In my mind's eye, I can see my grandmother sewing out on our big porch, during the lazy summer afternoons. In the winter, we girls used to help make the little patches that Grandmother later put together into such beautiful designs.

"Then, when I was sixteen, my mother passed on—and overnight my whole world changed. Nothing had prepared me for this. When my father later re-married, I went to live with an aunt. It was the end of the first chapter of my life, and the beginning of my growing up to some of the harsh realities of living."

Ethel was not prepared to earn a livelihood, but felt she should become self-supporting as quickly as possible and not be a burden to anyone. She was the Wilson daughter who had always recited and had often been told she should become an actress, and at this point someone suggested to her that this was the time to start. There was no great urge in her for the theater, but it did seem like something she might do. So, with courage born of complete ignorance of all the obstacles which might stand in her way, she asked the manager of a stock company playing Baltimore if he would hire her. He did, at fifteen dollars a week, because he happened at that moment to need someone just like her.

Her trained voice and stage presence were a great help, and the variety of roles she played turned her into an actress of some experience in a rather short time. Fired by the desire to conquer Broadway, she decided she was ready to go to New York. Shortly after she arrived, she met a Baltimore friend, Minna Gombell, already well known to theater-goers and later to movie-goers. She confessed to Minna that her funds were extremely limited, and was advised to see a producer who was casting for a road company. She had only one good outfit, a tailored navy blue suit which she wore only for such occasions, and so she dressed herself up in this staple of her wardrobe and went to see the great man. She couldn't have been more surprised when he hired her at the (to her) unheard-of sum of \$65 a week, and she could hardly get to a telegraph office fast enough to re-

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lay the news home. "I thought I must be really good to command a salary like that," she says.

Things were rosy enough for a while, the whole experience being a pretty exciting thing for a little girl from the farm country of Maryland. Even long after, when there were the dozens of up seasons and down seasons, she still felt a little like a princess in a fairy tale. She played with road companies and stock companies, and she had important roles with important stars in important Broadway productions, always learning, always loving her life, although she had never intended it to turn in this direction.

Oddly enough, although King Calder had been born in Baltimore, very close to Ethel's birthplace—and they had gone to the same school—they had hardly known each other. He had been stagestruck for a long time, however, when Ethel went back to Baltimore in a play called "Fair and Warmer," and he came backstage after a performance to see her. Then she didn't see him again for a number of years.

One season, when she was doing leads in Cleveland with one of the best stock companies in the country, the manager came to her and said he was delighted they were going to have one of the most sought-after leading men, King Calder. "I had not seen him for a long time and wasn't aware of his success as an actor, and I wondered why in the world he had been picked," she says. "I was glad to see him again, of course, and when he asked me to have dinner and go dancing after the theater one night, I went. We both have always liked to dance, and we found we liked being together, and after a while he asked me to marry him. Then the season ended and he went into another play, in New York, and then on tour, and I went my separate way on tour, so there was a long engagement before we could be married."

That first Christmas of their engagement, King told Ethel he was bringing her a present he hoped she would like very much, and she naturally supposed it was her ring. It took her a while to get over the first let-down of seeing a big package and then slowly unwrapping the fine Seth Thomas clock which now stands on a shelf in the corner of their living room. King was already thinking in terms of the home they both wanted so much, the home they would have together, and the lovely things he would buy for it.

"Now, all that seems so much more important to me than any ring could have

been," Ethel admits, "but I doubt that, until he reads what is being written now, King has ever known how disappointed I was at the time!"

Almost two years later they were married, in New York, in the Little Church around the Corner. There were still many separations, though Ethel gave up good parts to go touring with King and he took minor roles, when he might have had stellar ones, to be with her. Finally, after a long and exhausting tour in "My Sister Eileen," Ethel decided she had had enough of separation—and she turned to radio, which would anchor her in New York even if King sometimes had to go on the road. It would give them a permanent home.

That was fourteen years ago, and she has been a sought-after radio actress ever since. King has played many stage roles and has made a place for himself, too, in radio and on television, notably in his two years on the *Martin Kane* program. For Ethel, radio was very difficult at first, because she had terrific mike-fright and often wondered if the words would come out. She used to hope, even after she made her decision about no more travel, that someone would tempt her with a part in the theater that she simply couldn't refuse, instead of the repeated calls she got for radio. Gradually, she gained confidence and, before long, was doing as many as sixteen or seventeen radio programs a week—and loving it.

You may remember her as Aunt Harriet, in *The Aldrich Family*, a role she did for eleven years on radio and then carried over into television for two years, until a time conflict developed with some of her other work. She has worked for a long time on *Backstage Wife*, and her voice is familiar to listeners of *When A Girl Marries*, *Holiday Hotel*, *My True Story*, *Whispering Streets*, *Mr. Keen*—and more—a list too long for her to remember all of it. She considers the role of Mrs. Summers, on *Young Widder Brown*, one of her most challenging.

"This woman's whole character runs counter to mine and to all my own feelings toward other people," she says. "I, who love people in general, am now this deluded and selfish woman who doesn't even have any real love for her own daughter. I know there are such women, and I know the havoc they can cause, and because she is such a believable person I find her extremely interesting to portray."

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one with as sweet a nature as Ethel Wilson has, shouldn't be asked to play a woman like Mrs. Summers." This tickled her very much. "Maybe some day I can 'reform' her and make her a little kinder," she says.

The Calders live in an apartment building overlooking the Hudson River and the New Jersey Palisades on the far shore. It has been their home now for some years, and a visitor's first impression is of a place that is well loved and well lived in. Ethel's grand piano stands in a corner of the living room—a room in soft greens, around which are distributed many of the things King bought for their future home, when they were still engaged, and many treasures from his own childhood home.

The handsome hand-made red leather chairs are from the library of King's grandfather. The silver service in the little dining room came from his home also. Ethel has a cherished plate hanging on the wall, picturing the church in Maryland where she was christened. There is a china dog who has sat patient and immobile for more than seventy-five years, a burnished old brass teapot that came from Scotland, dishes which were wedding presents to King's parents, a turkey platter he had seen on every holiday table during his years of growing up.

Some of the more modern touches in the apartment are strictly King Calder, circa 1954-1955. They consist of such things as a gay red-and-white paint job in the kitchen and dining room. Ethel has provided some touches, too—in the stunning deep fuchsia drapes and spreads in their bedroom, in slipcovers and curtains. King built the big fieldstone fireplace in what they call their "shack" facing the ocean on Long Island, a summer retreat from New York where they putter around the house and yard in old clothes and forget they are actors.

Ethel seizes every chance to putter around the apartment, too, especially the kitchen. King thinks nothing he eats away from home ever tastes as good as her cooking, and when she has time she loves to plan some special dish and serve it to a King's taste!

"At heart, I suppose I am a home woman who got side-tracked into a career," she says. "Just a girl from a farm home. I still laugh about something that happened to me quite a long time ago, when I was still on the stage. We were finishing a tour in San Francisco and I had been asked to address a women's club, so I bought what I hoped was a terrifically smart hat and dress for that occasion. Back in New York, I wore the same outfit to an audition for a role in a commercial film, adding a little fur piece which I believed would complete the impression of being a chic woman of the world.

"The room was filled with actresses when I arrived. A man emerged from an inside office, looked around a moment and, without hesitation, said, 'Ladies, I am not going to make you wait to be interviewed, because I know now which of you I want for the part.' He motioned to me. Well, I thought, here is what an outfit like this can do to open doors. When I found that the part was that of a farmer's wife, I was so amused that I decided, once and for all time, that I must be stamped with my simple background and I might just as well give up any glamour aspirations, if I ever had any!"

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Whispering Streets.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Modern Romances.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ever Since Eve.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
My True Story.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
When A Girl Marries..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Road Of Life.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ma Perkins.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Young Dr. Malone.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Guiding Light.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Second Mrs. Burton	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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This Is Nora Drake.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Backstage Wife.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Stella Dallas.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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The Woman In My House.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Breakfast Club.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Morning Show.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Queen For A Day.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Valiant Lady.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Strike It Rich.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bob Crosby Show.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Man On The Farm.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Robert Q. Lewis Show..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Betty White Show.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Phrase That Pays...	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Big Payoff.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Garry Moore Show.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Love Of Life.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Search For Tomorrow..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Today.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ding Dong School.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
First Love.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Pinky Lee Show.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Concerning Miss Marlowe.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Secret Storm.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
On Your Account.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Jack Benny.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Toast Of The Town....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Milton Berle.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
My Little Margie.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ray Bolger.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Talent Scouts.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
I Love Lucy.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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George Gobel.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
My Favorite Husband..	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Two For The Money...	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bob Hope.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
What's My Line.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
December Bride.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sid Caesar.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dragnet.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Meet Millie.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Father Knows Best.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Loretta Young.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ozzie And Harriet.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Topper.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. Peepers.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Imogene Coca.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Danny Thomas.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Martha Raye.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Halls Of Ivy.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Willy.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Private Secretary.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mr. And Mrs. North...	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mickey Rooney.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
I Married Joan.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Burns And Allen.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Red Buttons.....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Other favorite night-time shows:

.....

What story did you like best in this issue:

What story did you like least in this issue:

What stars did you miss reading about in this issue:

.....



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are Three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet its gentle lather cleans the hair thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

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

Now! A filter cigarette that's fun to smoke!

WINSTON

tastes good—like a cigarette should!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

■ Smokers who go for flavor are sure going for Winston! This filter cigarette really *tastes* like a cigarette. It's the filter cigarette that's *fun* to smoke!

New, king-size Winstons are easy-drawing, too! Winston's finer filter works so effectively, yet doesn't flatten the flavor. The full, rich, tobacco flavor comes through to you easily and smoothly.

Try Winstons! They taste good—like a cigarette should!

**FINER
FILTER!**

**FINER
FLAVOR!**

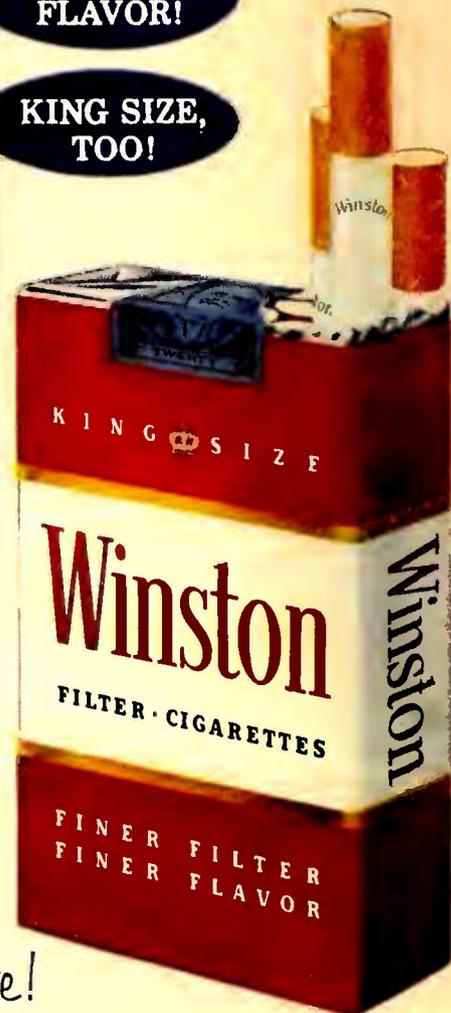
**KING SIZE,
TOO!**



EASY-DRAWING!

WINSTONS are so easy-drawing!

There's no effort to puff! Winston's finer filter lets Winston's finer flavor come clean through to you. The full, rich flavor is all yours to enjoy!



Smoke **WINSTON** the easy-drawing filter cigarette!