

TV RADIO MIRROR

RADIO MIRROR'S N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

AY



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**MARION
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ART LINKLETTER



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JAN MINER

25¢

SPECIAL AWARDS ISSUE

YOUR FAVORITE STARS and SHOWS by NATIONWIDE VOTE

Now-be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

Perfect for new, softer hair styles
... gives you that lovely
picture-pretty look!

In hairdos, today's look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble's wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, *never* tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so *wonderfully* different. There's no strong ammonia odor while you use it or left in your hair afterwards. It's *easy* on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is *far* easier to give. You can do it all by yourself. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT's Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, you get waves and curls *where* you want them . . . no resetting needed . . . a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!



\$1.50
plus tax



PIN-IT BY PROCTER & GAMBLE . . . for the curl of your dreams

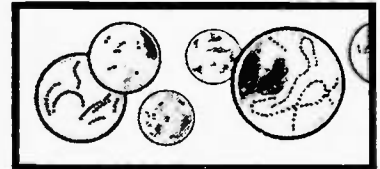
look for it in the smart gold-foil package

Here's Why Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!



Germs—The Major Cause of Mouth Odor

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is fermentation, caused by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.



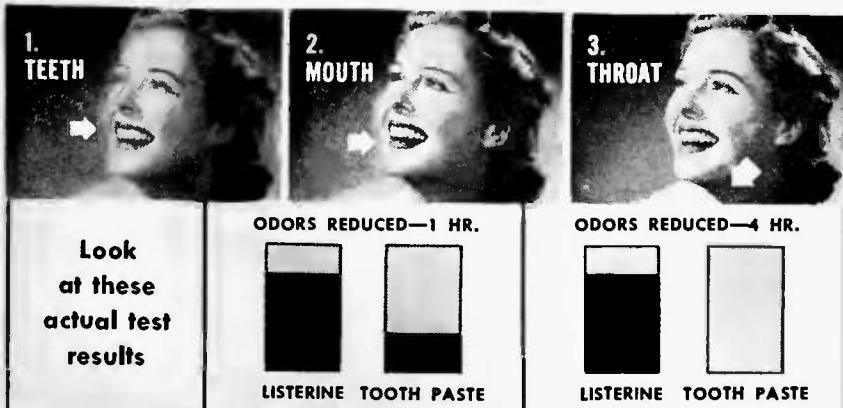
Listerine Antiseptic Kills Germs by Millions

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Test after test has shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

No Tooth Paste Kills Germs Like This ... Instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action. As a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

... the most widely used antiseptic in the world



NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

Safely stops odor
24 hours a day!



PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON
TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR

- Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours.
- New MUM with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

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

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—New MUM won't dry out in the jar.

NEW MUM

cream deodorant
with long-
lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



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MAY, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 43, NO. 6

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Cover portrait of Marion Marlowe by Ozzie Sweet

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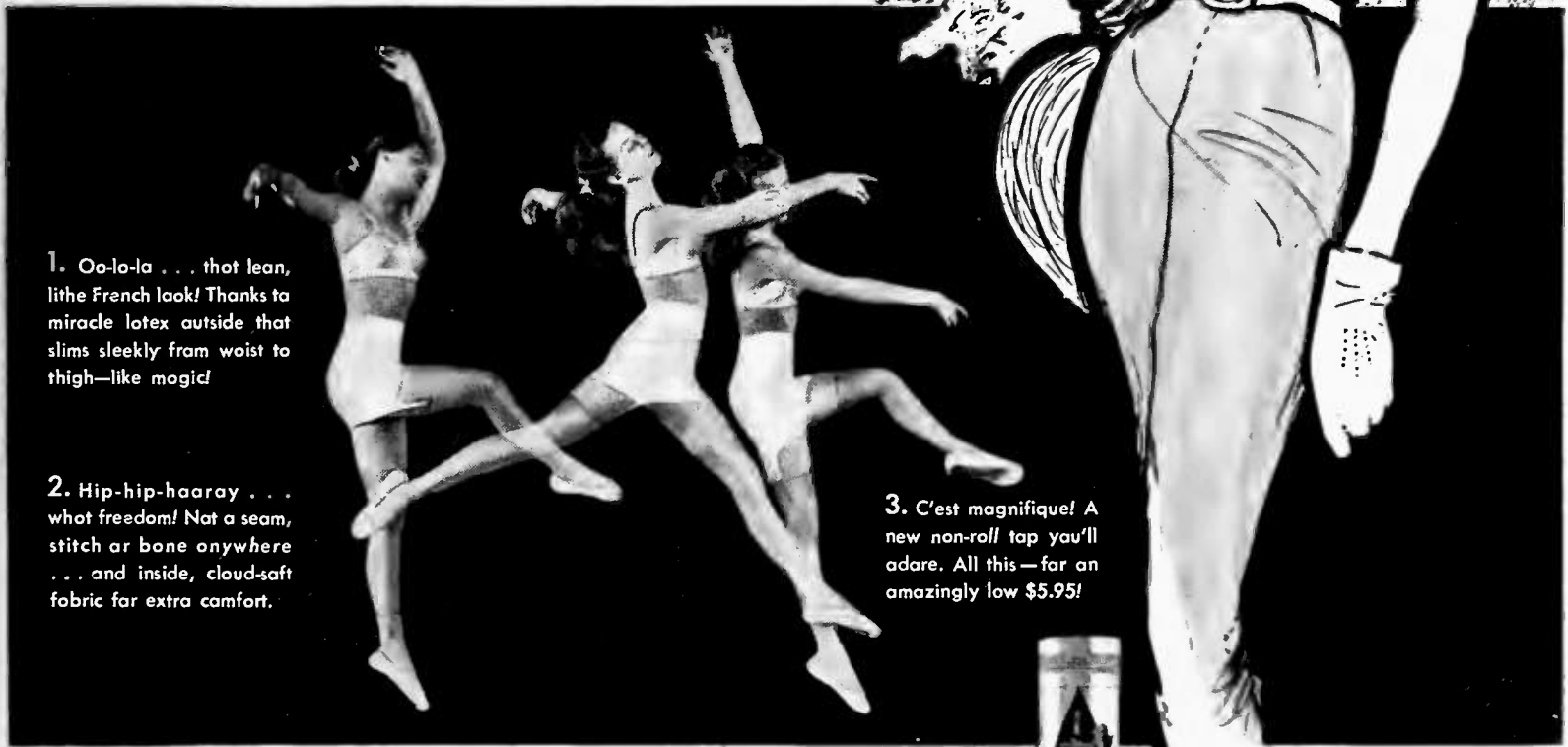
the first girdle to give you

That French Look

and

the Freedom you love

NEW
PLAYTEX
High Style
GIRDLE



1. Oo-lo-la . . . that lean, lithe French look! Thanks to miracle latex outside that slims sleekly from waist to thigh—like magic!

2. Hip-hip-hurray . . . what freedom! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere . . . and inside, cloud-soft fabric for extra comfort.

3. C'est magnifique! A new non-roll top you'll adore. All this—far an amazingly low \$5.95!

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are yours with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style . . . you'll call it wonderful! World's *only* girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming *latex* outside, cloud-soft *fabric* inside—and a new *non-roll* top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free . . . *no matter what your size!* Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for the Playtex® High Style Girdle in the SLIM tube . . . **\$5.95**
 Other Playtex Girdles from \$3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

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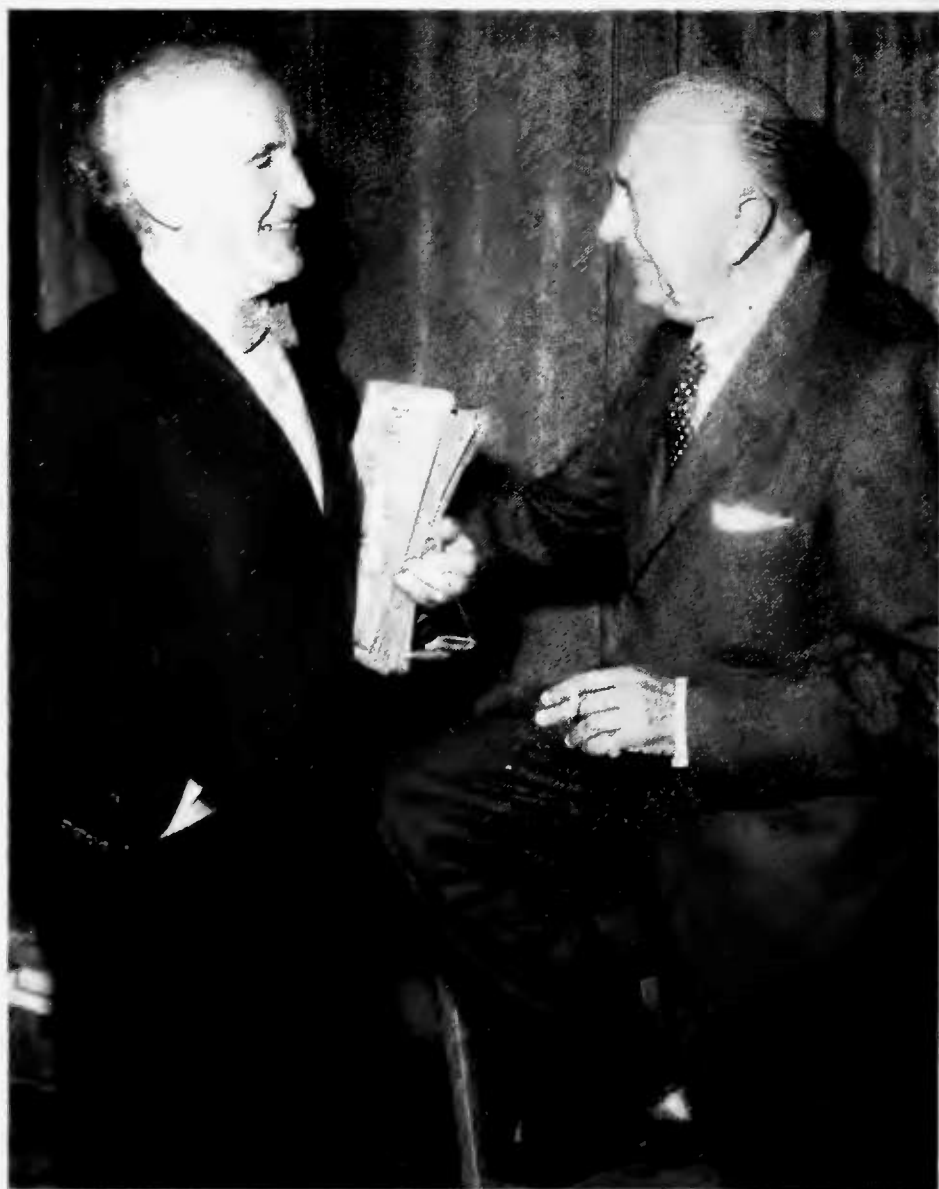


New Playtex† Living† Bra*
 The model in the photograph is wearing this exciting bra for the high, round look Paris loves—you will, too! And it's "custom-contoured" for perfect fit! \$3.95

T
V
R

Lux Radio Theater

WINS AGAIN!



How *Green Was My Valley* reunited old friends Donald Crisp and producer-host Irving Cummings—whose career as a silent screen star and film director parallels movie history.

Twenty years of the best in drama, ten Awards from TV RADIO MIRROR readers—an all-time record for consistently being the “tops”

IT'S BEEN twenty star-studded years since *Lux Radio Theater* began “broadcasting movies” on the airwaves. The date was October 14, 1934, and the play was “Seventh Heaven.” . . . The series was a lusty youngster, a full-grown favorite from the start. Now turning the corner to voting age, *Lux* has won your votes for eight consecutive years as your favorite radio evening drama—the only program to make a clean sweep of the Awards every year since the balloting began. And, for the second consecutive year, you have named it the best radio program on the air. . . . For this anniversary year, Irving Cummings, the show's producer-host, has selected “20 Greats” from the screen classics of the past. They alternate with the best in modern film fare—introduced by the magic words: “Lux Presents Hollywood.”

Lux Radio Theater is heard over NBC Radio, Tues., from 9 to 10 P.M. EST—and *Lux Video Theater* is seen over NBC-TV, Thurs., 10 P.M. EST—as sponsored by Lever Brothers Company.



FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA • FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM ON THE AIR



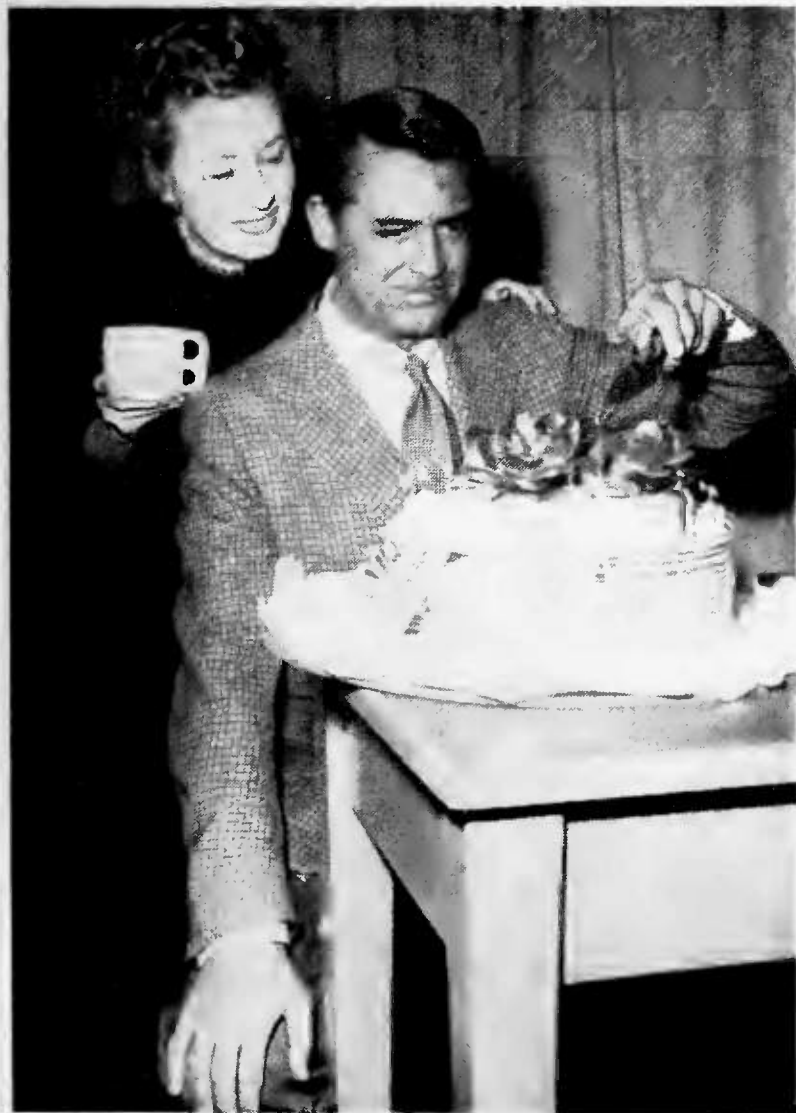
Wuthering Heights premiered the "20 Greats" series with star Merle Oberon recreating her original role and Som Goldwyn as guest of honor.



Mother Wore Tights was one of the gala musicals presented during this season. Dan Dailey, in his original role, co-starred with Mitzi Gaynor.



Song of Bernadette, another "Great," teamed lovely Ann Blyth and Charles Bickford, who enjoy coffee in *Lux's* haven for the stars, the Green Room.



The Awful Truth was played on Cary Grant's birthday. Co-star Irene Dunne counted twenty-two candles—for Cary's *Lux* appearances to that date.



Secret of the Incas had Charlton Heston and Nicole Maurey shoring top billing. The personalized coffee mugs are displayed in *Lux's* "Cups of Fome."

This . . . is Edward R. Murrow



He looks like a movie version of a foreign correspondent—but Ed Murrow is a farmer's son who loves life in a "log cabin"

FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR

A three-time winner, Ed prefers globe-trotting to desk duty: "I'm like a peasant. I can't describe what I haven't seen."

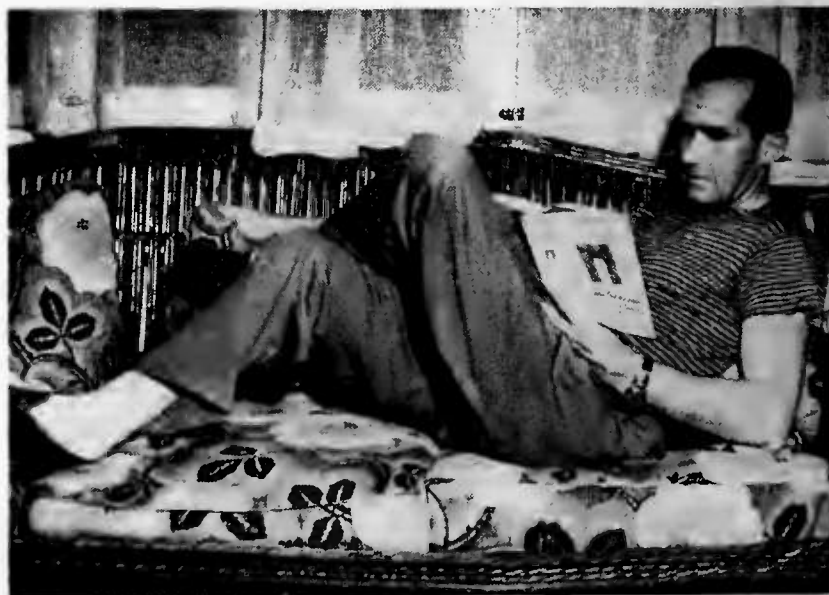
THE "glamour boy" of the newscasting world, Edward R. Murrow is handsome enough to be type-cast as a movie foreign correspondent and to provoke women to sighs. He's also a "man's man" who once worked as a logger, a lover of tall tales and poker, and he believes that "the only things a father can teach a son are to ride, shoot and tell the truth." He's a CBS vice president, a member of the Board of Directors, newscaster, interviewer, editor-producer—and a three-time winner of your Award as radio's top news commentator.

Ed, who is on a first-name basis with princes, potentates and presidents, gets his headline stories directly from the men who make the news. But he has a shirt-sleeve attitude toward his work. He puts his feet up on a desk in one of CBS' most unpretentious executive offices. He's what newsmen call a "bleeder," agonizing over his copy and never completely satisfied with it. At the end of fifteen minutes on the air, he is soaked with perspiration. In a business where everybody works hard and worries hard, Ed Murrow works and worries harder than anyone.

Ed's down-to-earth attitude toward himself and his work comes from his parents. His father, who did farm work before becoming a locomotive engineer, (Continued on page 27)



In spite of his travels, Ed's farm is his best-loved destination. Here, he relaxes by golfing with Janet, or catches up on current books.





Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Blithe Spirit" hairstyle. No nightly settings are needed.



Soft, natural from the start... that's the "Soft Talk" hairstyle after a Bobbi. And Bobbi is so simple to give!



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi always gives you care-free curls as in this winsome "Capulet" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Confection" hairdo. And the curl stays in—no matter what the weather.

NEVER TIGHT, NEVER FUSSY

Softly feminine hairstyles like these are yours with a Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

If you dread most permanents because you definitely don't want tight, fussy curls, Bobbi is just right for you. This easy pin-curl permanent is specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

Bobbi gives a curl *where* you want it, the way you want it—always soft, natural, and vastly becoming! It has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair.

You pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out...immediately you'll be happy with your hair. And the soft, natural look lasts week after week. If you like softly feminine hairstyles, you'll love a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for "Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles." Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Just simple 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.



Mel Allen's unparalleled success throughout the years has been based on honesty—with himself and everyone



TRUE to HIMSELF

FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

Mel's popularity won him his fourth consecutive Award; it also means a tremendous influx of fan mail to be read and answered by Mel personally.

WHAT MANNER of man is Mel Allen? Is his work schedule easygoing, requiring only that he attend a sports event and just describe what happens? This notion, if attached to the dynamic, on-the-go Mr. Allen, would be as worthless as a three-dollar bill. For Mel, with his radio and TV broadcasts of all the Yankee baseball games, college football games and numerous other sports events throughout the year, plus speaking engagements across the country, is as busy as the proverbial bee. Then, too, in addition to the business matters involved with all these activities, Mel receives and answers a tremendous amount of mail—in fact, he is one of the top mail recipients in his field. Nevertheless, says Mel, "I'm on a vacation twelve months of the year." And, because his work never loses its fascination or excitement, Mel says, "I just hope I can continue doing this for the rest of my life."

Everyone who follows sports is quite familiar with Mel's on-the-air, around-the-year schedule but few, by comparison, hear of his many appearances at sports and charitable events. On such occasions, Mel—besides telling colorful stories of the sports world—likes to stress one of his favorite themes: The spirit of teamwork and brotherhood in sports that is the underlying basis of democracy. "America's common meeting ground," says Mel, "is the playground." That is why he tries, (Continued on page 26)

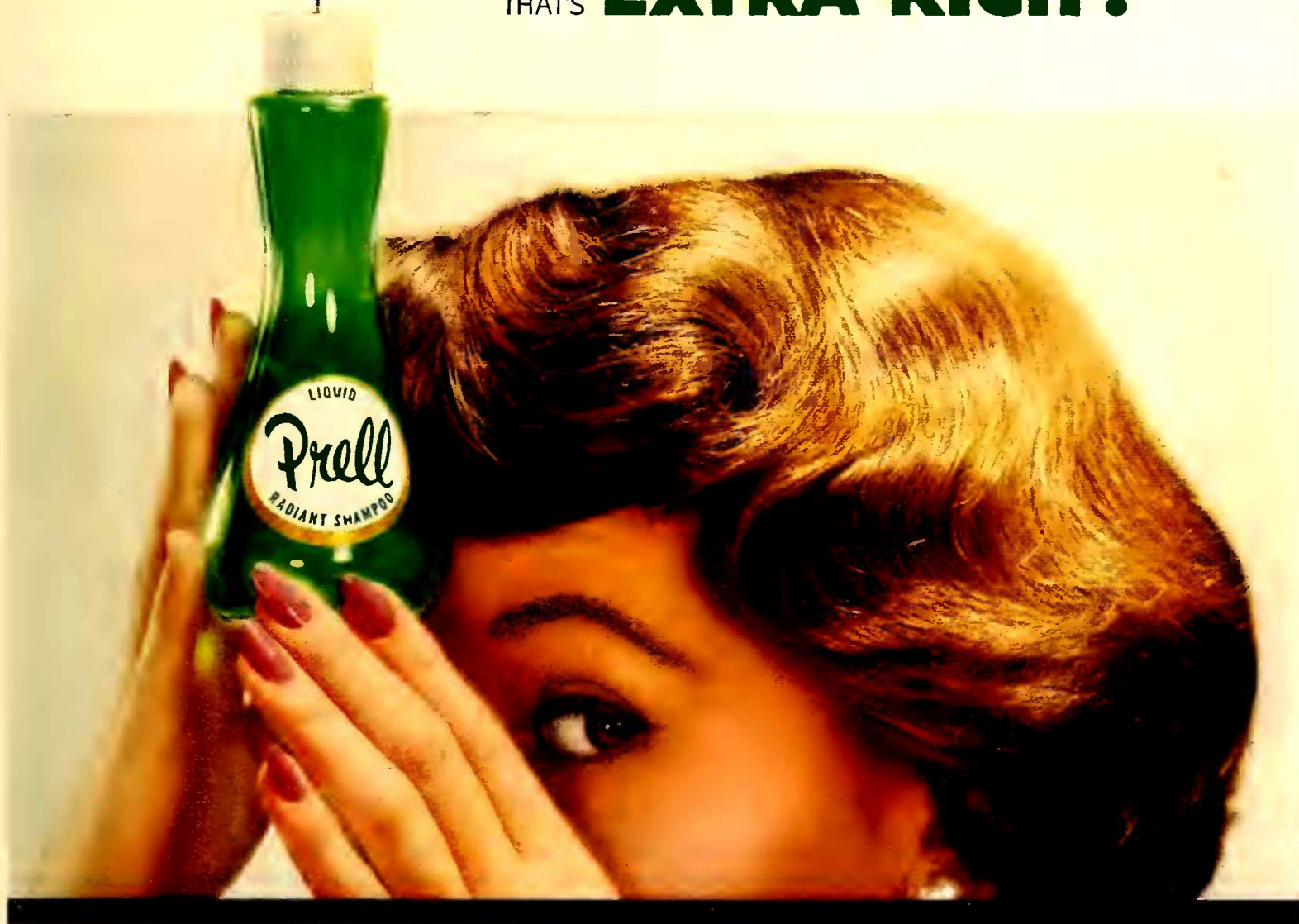


T Mel is seen on *Call The Play*, for White Owl Cigars; check newspapers for time and station. He is the "Voice of the Yankees," on WPIX and WINS, in New York.

At last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO

THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**



JUST POUR IT . . .
and you'll see the
glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery . . . some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that can leave a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film.

IT'S LIQUID **PRELL**
FOR *Radiantly Alive' Hair*

Something to sing about—wonderful, emerald-clear Liquid Prell!

No other shampoo has this unique, extra-rich new formula—and how you'll love it! Bursts instantly into luxurious, extra-rich lather . . . rinses

in a twinkle . . . is so mild you could shampoo every day. And Liquid Prell leaves your hair caressably soft, a dream to manage—looking excitingly

'Radiantly Alive.' Try new Liquid Prell today, won't you? It's *fabulous!*

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair—now available 2 ways!



The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for the whole family. Won't spill, drip, or break. It's *concentrated*—ounce for ounce it goes further!





That Ivory Look

*Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!*

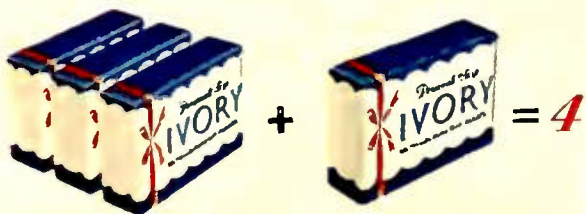
Babies have That Ivory Look . . .

why shouldn't you? Do you know the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your skin? More doctors advise mild, pure Ivory for baby's skin and *yours* than *any* other soap. Better trust Ivory!

You can have That Ivory Look . .

under your Spring bonnet, too!
Simply start *now* cleansing your skin regularly with mild, pure Ivory Soap. And in only 7 days—my, you're pretty!
You've got *That Ivory Look!*

99 3/4% pure...it floats



It's like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps. It all adds up . . .



Personal Size Ivory is your best beauty buy!

information booth



Patricia Benoit and Wally Cox

Mrs. Peepers

Dear Editor:

I would like to know something about Patricia Benoit, who plays the school nurse and newlywed, Nancy Remington Peepers, on NBC-TV's *Mr. Peepers*. Where can I write to her? C. K., Scottsville, Va.

Patricia Benoit, a pert brownette from Fort Worth, Texas, was six years old when she started taking elocution lessons. From that time on, she knew her career was to be acting. After a year at Texas State College for Women, Pat headed for New York and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Next came summer stock in Maine, off-Broadway productions, and finally Broadway itself, in "Glad Tidings" and "The Brass Ring." She won rave notices for her performances—and a flock of television offers. She has appeared on *Television Playhouse* and *Robert Montgomery Presents*, among others. After two appearances on the *Mr. Peepers* summer series, she was signed as a program regular. . . . Pat's a newlywed off-camera as well as on. She married Parton Swift, Jr. in October, 1953. She likes both stage and TV, loves playing comedy but hopes someday to become an outstanding dramatic actress. She enjoys the theater and concerts, is partial to the singing of Ethel Waters and Ella Fitzgerald. At home, Pat relaxes in blue jeans and, for street wear, favors skirts and blouses or classically simple dresses. You can write to her c/o *Mr. Peepers*, NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Stormy Weather

Dear Editor:

Would you tell us something about Gerald Mohr, who portrays Christopher Storm on the TV series, *Foreign Intrigue*?

F. J., Philadelphia, Pa.

Two "storms" have figured in the success of handsome, dark-haired Gerald Mohr. The first was the storm that brought about the Morro Castle ship disaster off the New Jersey coast in 1934. "Gerry" was a medical science student at Columbia University at the time—and also CBS' youngest coast-to-coast announcer. His broadcast of the tragedy so impressed drama critic John Anderson that he paved the way for Gerry's Broadway debut in "The Petrified Forest." The second is "Chris Storm," the Vienna hotel owner that Gerry plays in *Foreign Intrigue*, the TV adventure series filmed in Europe. . . . Now in his middle thirties, Gerry is a native New Yorker, reared by his grandfather—a doctor of psychology and associate of Sigmund Freud—and his widowed mother, who was a celebrated Viennese singer. A scholar as well as an actor, Gerry is fascinated by sociology and anthropology and is particularly proud of his rare first editions of Anatole France and his extensive collection of crime literature. He likes horseback riding, drinks 20-odd cups of coffee a day, and has trouble balancing his checkbook.

Gerry's part as Chris Storm has meant moving to Stockholm, Sweden, with his wife Rita—who was his childhood sweetheart—and their five-year-old son, Anthony. Between "storms," Gerry appeared



Gerald Mohr



The Lone Ranger

with the Mercury Theater in "Jean Christophe," starred and directed the *Philip Marlowe* radio series, narrated for the Voice of America, and appeared on such programs as *Suspense*, *Ford Theater*, *My Favorite Husband* and *Four Star Playhouse*.

Hi-yo Silver

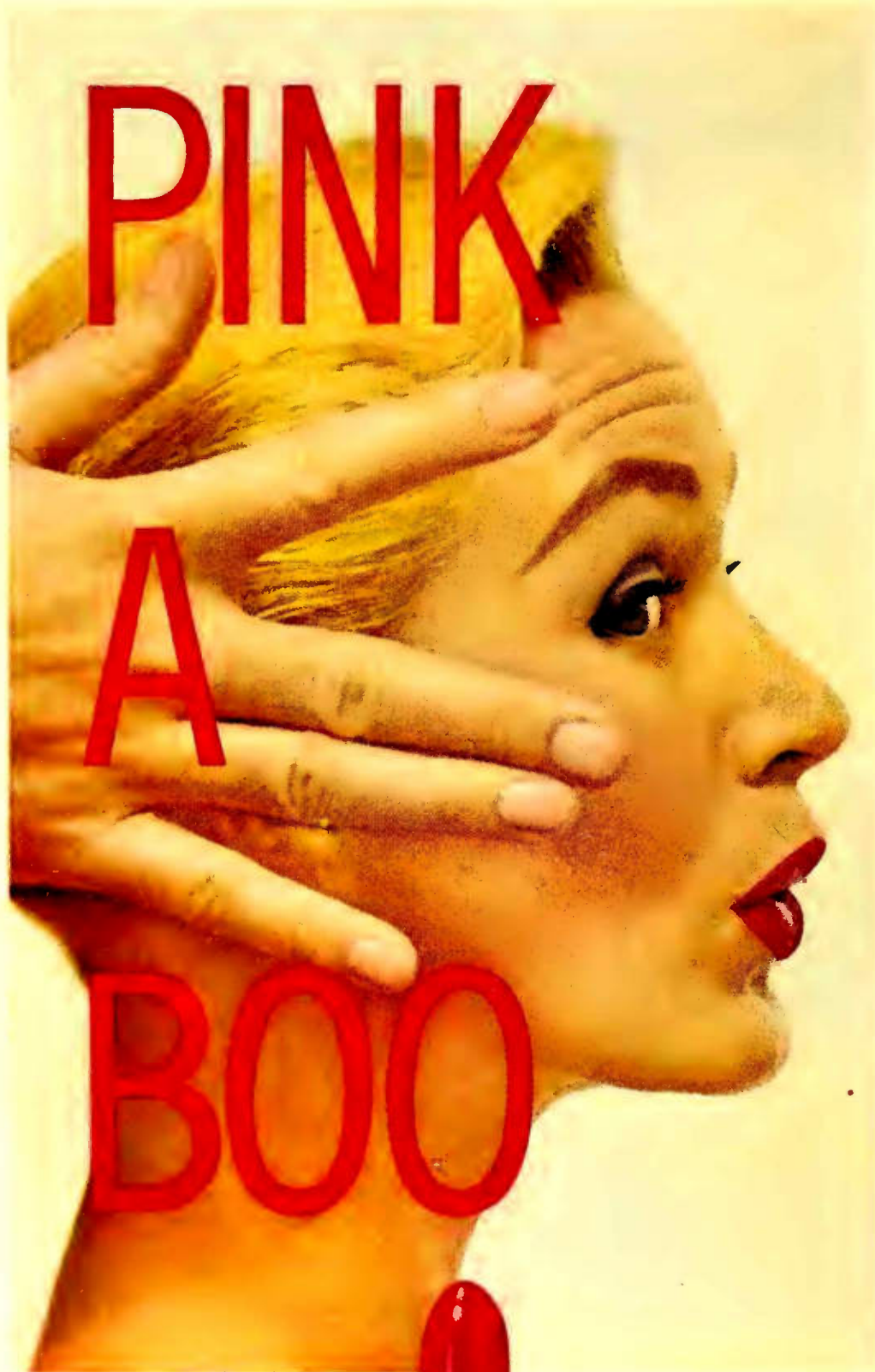
Dear Editor:

Is Jay Silverheels, who plays Tonto on *The Lone Ranger*, a real Indian?

L. M. D., Green Park, Pa.

Yes, Jay Silverheels belongs to the Mohawk Indian tribe of upper New York State and Canada. He himself was born in Canada. . . . Incidentally, *The Lone Ranger*, now on both radio and TV, is celebrating its twenty-second year on the air. The story of the masked hero stems from the lone survivor of a group of Texas Rangers ambushed by bandits. The wounded Ranger was rescued and nursed back to health by Tonto, who had known him as a child and called him "Kemo Sabay"—or trusted scout. The Ranger, thought dead by everyone, donned a mask and joined with Tonto to avenge the massacre of his friends and then devoted his life to fighting for justice. Silver was a wild stallion whom the Lone Ranger rescued from a fight with a wild bison. The Ranger tried to set him free, but Silver returned and quickly learned to obey the command: "Hi-yo Silver, away!"

(Continued on page 12)



A playful pink . . . but it's strictly for grown-ups! There's nothing little-girl about the kiss-me-quick look it gives your lips. This bright new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick does its good work discreetly, too—*Pink-A-Boo* stays on *you*, stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢** plus tax



Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a blue-red, an orange-red and a definite pink. All three cost less than \$2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet".

Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

Indelible-Type Lipstick

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Information Booth

(Continued from page 11)



Maurice Copeland

Groceries to Greasepaint

Dear Editor:

Would you print some information on Maurice Copeland, who plays Dr. Floyd Corey on *Hawkins Falls*. Where can I write to him? V. S., Lyons Falls, N. Y.

Maurice Copeland was bitten by the acting bug while in high school in his native Rector, Arkansas. When he graduated, he moved to Memphis, Tennessee, to ring up—not curtains—but cash-register sales as manager of a grocery chain store. But, when he'd saved a "grubstake," Maurice hied himself to California and the Pasadena Community Playhouse and graduated with highest honors. Next he appeared on Broadway, then went to Chicago to work in radio. In 1941, he returned to the Pasadena Playhouse as a director, then settled permanently in Chicago, where he has appeared on *First Nighter*, *Ma Perkins*, *Backstage Wife*, and, of course, *Hawkins Falls*. . . . The Copelands, with their son and two daughters, live in Wilmette, Illinois. Write to Maurice c/o *Hawkins Falls*, NBC-TV, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Calling All Fans

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

McGuire Sisters Club, Mertie Cooper, East Ave., Barker, N. Y.

Dinah Shore Fan Club, Kay Daly, 3528 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Jan Arden Club, Susan MacFeiggan, 233 Ridgewood Rd., West Hartford, Conn.

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.



Debut: A last glance in the mirror, a pause at Hotel Pierre's curtain, and Marion Marlowe "wows" New York night-clubbers with song and glamour.



WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

ONE OF THE most interesting shows ever to be presented on television has been filmed for *The Search*, the CBS-TV Sunday afternoon feature. The subject is mental health, and the producers have done it in two parts, for the April 10 and April 17 programs. The films were taken at Tulane University in Louisiana, and are a factual report on the fascinating research being done in the field of mental illness. Actual patients were photographed, and their activities are completely unrehearsed.

CBS-TV has also lined up three interesting presentations for their popular *You Are There* series. On April 10, they'll do "P. T. Barnum Presents Jenny Lind;" on April 17, "The Emancipation Proclamation;" and on April 24, "The Rise of Adolf Hitler." The "Hitler" show is a repeat of one done about a year ago, for which there have been many requests. Walter Cronkite will be the narrator-reporter on all three programs.

Joan Davis has done her last *I Married Joan* television film, and her laugh series has gone off the air. Though Joan has stated she is "retiring from show business," it is no secret that she and her sponsor were most unhappy over the rating drop on her program, most of which was attributed to the popularity of *Disneyland*, her

TV-time competitor. The Arthur Godfrey Wednesday night program also suffered a drop in ratings, and that has also been blamed on Mr. Disney and his little friends. At any rate, Joan Davis' show business pals don't take her retirement statement too seriously, and most of them think she's giving up her career the way Betty Hutton did—not really, and not for very long.

Rudy Vallee is back and CBS Radio has got him, starring Sunday nights on the *Kraft Music Hall*. (Remember when that was the name of Bing Crosby's air show?) Rudy heads up an hour program, originating from New York, replacing Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy and Company. It's Vallee's first regular network show since 1947.

The Phil Silvers show, which was supposed to have gone on CBS-TV this season, will be held over until fall. The network was simply unable to come up with a good time period for it and they are so sure they have a winner, they're willing to wait with it until next season. Meanwhile, Phil and his supporting cast have been shooting his situation comedy, temporarily titled *You'll Never Get Rich*, and now have almost a dozen shows ready.

There is no definite news on Arthur Godfrey's (Continued on page 24)

By JILL WARREN

Out of the Shadow



FAVORITE TV DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

The Bob Crosby Show scores with top entertainment by such stellar attractions as Bob himself (center), Joan O'Brien (left), and Paula Kelly and the Modernaires (leader Hal Dickinson just behind Joanie).

The show goes on! Wife June and eldest daughter Cathy are happy to see Bob back in action, chipper as ever. Below: Cathy, June and Bob with the other young Crosbys—Steve, Bob Jr., Chris and their baby sister, Malia.

*Bob Crosby only sees the sunshine,
but his wife June will never
forget ten days so near to tragedy*

NOW THAT Bob Crosby is well and back on his feet again, the inside story of his bout with pneumonia can be told. According to his wife, June, the events leading up to his brush with death—and the unconcerned manner with which he regarded the entire affair—give a new insight into the personality of the man who, hereafter, will be known as “Old Ironsides” Crosby.

Bob knew he was coming down with something. But “Old Ironsides” Crosby didn't want to complain: First, because he didn't want to frighten his wife and children (especially Cathy, who was planning a trip to Switzerland). Second, because he didn't want to inconvenience the crew of his TV show. And third, he just didn't like the idea of being sick.

June recalls the following order of events on the Friday he was taken ill. “When he left that morning, we had a regular husband-and-wife talk about Cathy's coming departure, and the grades Bob, Jr. was getting at school in Anaheim. Then Bob left for the studio. He didn't say a word about feeling ill.

“I remember,” says June, “that he had been complaining about sinus headaches. In fact, he'd had a siege some weeks before with a sinus infection. And, for a time, he said he noticed his voice sounded different when he sang.”

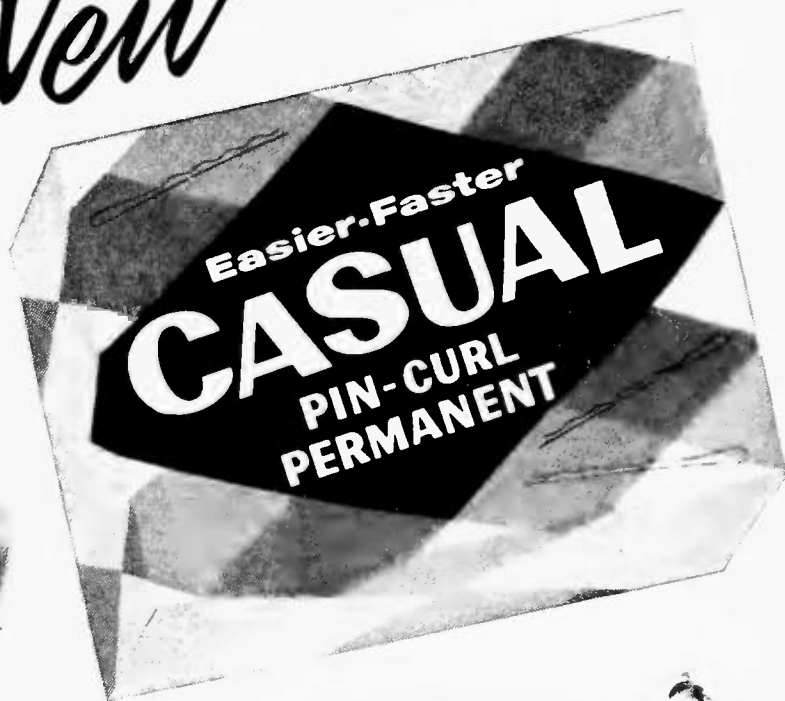
When he came home (Continued on page 26)



The Bob Crosby Show is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. Bob is heard on *The Jack Benny Program*, CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, for Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

**For the Easiest Permanent
of Your Life . . .**

New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.

WET IT!



Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!



That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX

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NEW
Evening in Paris
 DEODORANT STICKS



Delight in this
 fragrant protection
 that keeps you lovely
 to be near



Stop perspiration odor!
 Keep underarms dry!
 Delightfully fragrant!

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 INTRODUCTORY OFFER**
 Good for Limited Time Only!

2 for only \$1
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BOURJOIS - Created in France . . . Made in U.S.A.

**New Patterns
 for You**

9078—You'll live in and love this wrap-tie runabout. Opens flat to iron. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢

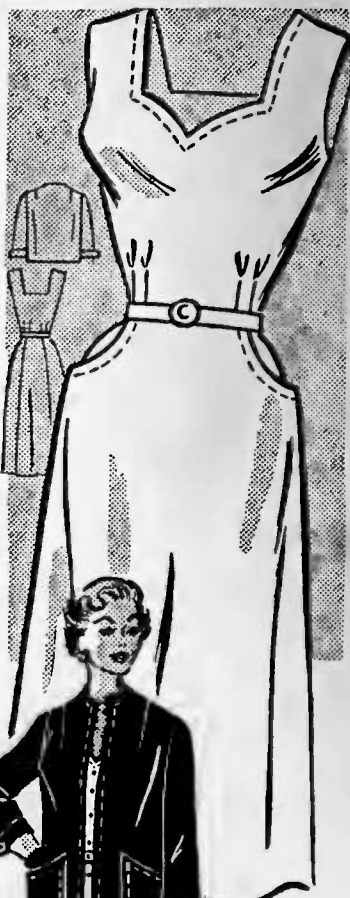
9248—The fashion-right casual you have named your favorite. Novel scalloped buttoning, bloused bodice, easy skirt. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 takes 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric. 35¢



9078
 SIZES
 12-20



9248
 SIZES
 12-20
 30-42



4773
 SIZES
 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ -24 $\frac{1}{2}$

4773—You'll love this sheath dress with the box jacket. It's proportioned to fit the half-size figure. Half-Sizes 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ -24 $\frac{1}{2}$. Size 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ dress takes 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric; jacket, 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards. 35¢

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

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
cleans thoroughly without irritation!**

There's nothing women envy more . . . or men admire so much . . . as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too, can have a younger looking, far *lovelier* complexion just by changing to proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you have a cleaner, fresher skin — leaves it so wonderfully soft!

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!

Skin Specialists Say: "MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"



Palmolive is Proved
Milder than Any Other Leading
Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!



Palmolive is Proved
Milder than Leading White
Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!



Palmolive is Proved
Even Milder than America's Leading
Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

Sincerely Yours

*Douglas Edwards presents the news
with an ease and warmth that have made him
tops, in talent and personality*



His hours at home are precious to Doug—as they are to Sara, who is always understanding about Doug's work.



FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR

Doug, a three-time Award winner, has the oldest TV news show, is called "dean" of TV newscasters.

A NEWSCASTER's lot is not always a happy one. On some days, there's too much news to report; on others, there is too little—which usually comes too late. But, in spite of the ups and downs, Douglas Edwards—whom you voted as your favorite TV news commentator—loves his work and always has. In fact, though he is still a young man—in years and at heart—Doug is celebrating his 22nd year as a newscaster. Starting when he was a fifteen-year-old schoolboy in Troy, Alabama, and was appointed unpaid news broadcaster on his friends' 100-watt station, Doug has served at radio stations in Atlanta, Detroit, and, since 1942, he has been a member of the CBS Radio news staff, branching out, in 1947, to include television. His assignments have taken him to Europe, Africa, the Middle East, and he has played a key part in CBS-TV's coverage of the Presidential and Congressional campaigns and elections. *(Continued on page 20)*

Douglas Edwards And The News is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 7:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. Doug broadcasts the news on CBS Radio, M-F, 8:25 P.M. EST.

As proud as any father could be, Doug enjoys hearing Lynn play and sing . . . is a model patient for Donna, "my little nurse" . . . and follows with keen interest Robert's hobbies and activities in the Cub Scouts.





Something special in everyone's reach . . .

The world's most precious silverplate

You *know* your future will be shiny bright the minute you're all set with Holmes & Edwards. It's not only the loveliest . . . it's the *only* silverplate with an extra helping of precious sterling *inlaid* at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces. It costs a little more . . . but think of the extra *years* of silver beauty. 52-piece set for 8. and chest, \$84.50.



Two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.

HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE

MADE ONLY BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

Sincerely Yours

(Continued from page 18)

Although he delivers a total of 20 radio and TV newscasts a week and often works eighteen to twenty hours a day, Doug's pleasant, relaxed nature never leaves him. Friends and co-workers alike agree unani- mously that he is one of the most genial, easy-to-work-and-be-with people to be found anywhere. Doug, however, is the first to admit he has had his share of qualms. This is particularly true when films to be shown on his 7:30 P.M. tele- cast are late in arriving. "They should come in at intervals throughout the after- noon," he explains, "but usually they all come in a rush around six o'clock—un- seen, uncut and *unknown*."

"News work is a job you live with 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year," Doug says. Never content to merely deliver the news, Doug has always helped write and edit it. "And," he adds, "preparation for a newscast doesn't stop until the light flashes 'off the air.' All through the program, writers and editors keep close watch on the news sources, ready to hand me late bulletins while I'm on the air. This sometimes calls for hectic pulling and hauling, adding 15 seconds here, dropping 15 there, so that when time runs out, I'm ready, willing and able to say, 'Douglas Edwards saying, "Good night, everybody . . ."'"

Although there is this constant, behind- the-scene bustling, Doug's viewers are the least aware of it for, no matter what goes wrong, he always remains unruffled. Also, Doug believes in the understated ap- proach to television news. He tries to let the pictures tell the story and be as un- obtrusive as possible, while at the same time providing an intimate, personal link with his audience.

Because his work is of such an around- the-clock nature, Doug stays in the city Wednesday and Thursday nights. On Fri- day, his work is usually finished by 11 P.M. and then he is off to Weston, Connecticut, and his family—wife Sara; Lynn Alice, who is 14 and "speaks with a clipped Con- necticut accent"; Robert 9, the most ram- bunctious member of the clan; and Donna, 7, who, says Doug, "is my little nurse; she tucks me into bed every Sunday night— then pops in with me!" Doug spends most of his weekends with the family—although, he claims, as soon as he gets home, they usually rush off somewhere.

The Edwards' home was built for them about three years ago, and Doug describes it as "modified Colonial." Situated on two acres of land, it has proved to be "one of our real great experiences," Doug says. It's strictly a family-type house and though he has never counted the number of rooms, he "figures" there are about twelve.

If he gets the time, Doug likes to play tennis—"I sometimes play a good game"— and, of course, his yearly vacation is a much welcomed event. Otherwise, he en- joys going to the theater, reading, and collecting books and records. He is also a member of the Overseas Press Club, Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalism fra- ternity, and a member of the board of the National Fund for Muscular Dystrophy. In addition, he frequently writes news articles and addresses civic organizations.

Although, as a newsman, Doug has to concentrate pretty much on events and facts, he says, "I love to get out and talk to people," and he would therefore like to do another kind of show someday, in addition to his newscasts. Meanwhile, he continues to enjoy his work thoroughly and, as always, matches his zeal with a fine, sincere performance—all of which provided the perfect reason for his being voted your favorite TV news commentator.



حَلَمْتُ بِأَنِّي رَكِبْتُ سَجَادَةَ سِحْرِيَّةٍ

in my maidenform bra

Shades of Scheherazade! I'm soaring over the shifting sands
...higher than the minaret spires

...and the only magic word I need is Maidenform!

I'm shaped so beautifully...molded so divinely...!

I'm the loveliest figure in 1001 Nights of dreaming!

The dream of a bro: Maidenform's Etude* in white
nylon toffeta or broodcloth; A, B, and C cups...from 2.00;
AA cups for teen figures, 1.75. Send for free style booklet.



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You're confident you look your loveliest... your hair soft as a cloud... sunshine bright... every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feel-

ing you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

Use New *White Rain* Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

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

Steve Allen's



TURNTABLE

WELL, WELL, did I catch you just after you paid your income tax? Or are you just about to? In either case, a little music might cheer you up about now. So let's call the meeting to order.

And we'll start off with a bright, new album of "Hit the Deck," from the old musical comedy and the current Metro movie of the same name. This album is taken right off the movie soundtrack, with such lyrical luminaries as Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Tony Martin, Debbie Reynolds, Kay Armen and Ann Miller doing the songs. You'll recognize such familiar tunes as "I Know that You Know," "Hallelujah," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "More Than You Know," among others. George Stoll conducts the M-G-M Studio orchestra and chorus. (M-G-M)

The Four Aces just keep making one hit after another, and their latest release should be one of their biggest. The boys do "You'll Always Be the One (for Me)" and a terrific arrangement of the oldie, "There Goes My Heart," with good musical support from Jack Pleis and his orchestra. (Decca)

Now, if it's the Irish songs you're likin', Miss Carmel Quinn, from Kilarney land, and from the Arthur Godfrey shows, has done her first recordings in America, a whole album-full of Ireland called "Arthur Godfrey Presents Carmel Quinn." Carmel croons such well-known tunes from Eire as "Galway Bay," "Isle of Innisfree," "Ballymaquilty Band" and, with the boss-man Godfrey, she duets "Mick McGilligan's Ball" and "The Humour Is on Me Now." (Columbia)

Also from the Godfrey clan, The Mariners have come out with "I Didn't Come to Say Hello," an up-tempo ballad—which is rather a departure for them—backed by one of their well-done spirituals, "Do As You Would Be Did By." Spencer Odom's orchestra provides the background. (Columbia)

Micki Marlo, one of Capitol's vocal hopefuls, has come up with "Prize of Gold," which may be just the prize she's been waiting for. It's a ballad with a beat, and Micki belts it out in solid style. On the reverse she sings a blues kind of thing called "Foolish Notion." Dick Reynolds, Ray Anthony's chief arranger, did the orchestrations and conducts the band.

Eddie Fisher has a new album appropriately called "I Love You," and the selections are all love songs, natch. Twelve in all, the titles more or less suggest a June wedding, and the renditions are obviously

dedicated to you-know-who. Included are such ballads as "The Girl that I Marry," "I Surrender, Dear," "My Romance," "My One and Only Love." Eddie gets his usual good musical assistance from Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra and chorus. (Victor)

If you've been following the *Disneyland* TV show, you've probably heard "The Ballad of Davy Crockett," and if you'd like a record of it, you can choose from several versions. Tennessee Ernie, with Cliffie Stone's orchestra, does it for Capitol; James Brown and the Trail Winders have the M-G-M waxing; Bill Hayes' version is on Cadence, released a couple of months ago; and even I did one up for Coral. Incidentally, mine is coupled with something that has nothing to do with Walt Disney, called "Very Square Dance," a comedy song that I have to take the blame for writing, too.

Oops! I knew it. There's another vocal group on the scene. It's a male quartet, with the name "The Gallahads," four lads from New Jersey, and they've made a darned good first record. The boys bounce forth with "Ooh Ah!," a novelty which will probably be the big side, backed with the oldie made famous by Eddie Howard, "Careless." Good luck, fellas! (Capitol)

If you like comedians on wax, here are a couple of discs to liven up the party some night. First, Buddy Hackett, the roly-poly funny man now starring in "Lunatics and Lovers" on Broadway, does "The Chinese Laundry" (a sequel to his humorous "Chinese Waiter") and an amusing version of the famous Glenn Miller instrumental, "Pennsylvania 6-5000." (Coral) Then Andy Griffith, the young monologist from North Carolina, who is sort of a cross between Will Rogers and Bob Burns, gives out with his version of "Make Yourself Comfortable" and "Ko-KoMo." (Capitol)

Fran Warren, who can always be counted on when it comes to ballads, has two pretty new ones in "I Need Your Love" and "If You Love Me." Joe Lipman's orchestra on both. (M-G-M)

"Marlene Dietrich at the Cafe de Paris" is the name of an interesting new album by the queen of the glamour gals. It was recorded right at the famous club in London when Marlene appeared there several months ago and you'll hear the audience and crowd noises in the background. Noel Coward does the introduction, in verse, and there are twelve sides in all, including such familiar Dietrich numbers as "The Boys in the Back Room," "Falling in Love

Again," "No Love, No Nothin'" and "Look Me Over Closely." There's a sensational picture of "Grandma" on the album cover, and the first printing of this set is being doused in Arpege perfume! (Columbia)

Jumping from glamour to rhythm and blues, here's Bill Haley and The Comets with "Birth of the Boogie" and "Mambo Rock," both of which are bound to coax many nickels into the country's jukeboxes. By the way, Haley's "Shake, Rattle and Roll" has sold over a million copies, which is a mighty fine shake, what? (Decca)

Denise Lor's "The Man I've Been Looking For" may be just the hit she's been looking for. It's a pretty new ballad and Denise sings it for all she's worth. The backing is a cute novelty, "Butter Fingers." Hugo Peretti's orchestra plays on both sides. (Mercury)

Looks like George Gobel really started something with his expression, "I'll be a dirty bird," which he says so humorously on his TV show. Now it's become a song, not a funny one, but a lovely torch ballad, believe it or not, and wrapped up in fine style by The Modernaires, with George Cates' orchestra. (Coral)

Coral is all steamed up about a new album they're releasing any minute, and I confess I'm steamed up right along with them, on account of it's called Steve Allen and his orchestra with "Music for Tonight." We recorded nine old standard tunes: "Long Ago and Far Away," "Imagination," "I'm Glad There Is You," and things like that. Neil Hefti did a whale of a job on the arrangements, using seventeen strings and a rhythm section. In the solo department, it's Urbie Green on trombone, Sam Taylor on tenor saxophone, and yours truly on piano. I'm really pleased with the way the album turned out, and I hope folks like it. If they don't, I guess I'll just have to give it away along with the salami on my TV show.

And the magazine will be giving me away if I don't get off this page. So bye, for now. I'll be seeing you next month.



Fontane Sisters—Geri, Margi (center) and Bea—win a gold disc for "Hearts of Stone," may also hit a million with "Rock Love." (Dot)



When inviting a house guest, should you—

- Limit her stay
- Leave the departure date open
- Say when

Let this visiting teen be a lesson—she who's taken over the family easy chair and favorite "funnies"! Can't blame her for staying on and on, though. After all, her hostess didn't specify how long. Be definite, time-wise, in inviting house guests; both as to

their arrival and exit—say *when!* Saves uncertainty, embarrassment all around. And when "that" time arrives, don't be vague about sanitary protection. Say *Kotex**, and get absorbency that doesn't fail... the trustworthy kind of protection you *need!*



If you play the coquette, can you—

- Lose Lover Boy
- Join the school bond
- Triple your bookings

Ever think you could soup up his interest by being unpredictable? Playing games—like breaking dates at the 11th hour? Make no mistake—such tricks will zoom you into social oblivion! Just be yourself. And never let your *calendar* trick you into date breaking; not when there's *Kotex* to give you chafe-free softness that *holds its shape*. And you just *can't* make a mistake—because *Kotex* can be worn on either side, safely!



To lose that winter white look, fast, try—

- Flying to Florida
- A tint stint
- Por boiling

You know that just-crept-from-under-a-stone feeling—when everyone else is a glamorous bronze? Outwit those stares before they start! Before you trek beachward, tan your snowy hide with a clear skin tint. No need to cringe on certain days, either, even in your siren-est date dress. For those *flat pressed ends* of *Kotex* veto revealing outlines. Why not try *Kotex* in all 3 sizes, to find the one for *you*—Regular, Junior or Super?

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

It's the wise lassie who doesn't take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to *Quest** deodorant powder. Specially designed for sanitary napkins... no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented *Quest* powder positively *destroys* odors. Use *Quest* to be sure!



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

**EVEN IF YOU
BRUSH YOUR TEETH
ONLY ONCE A DAY
Colgate
Dental Cream
Gives The Surest
Protection
All Day Long!**



Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate's—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol* To Stop Bad Breath Instantly—Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!

BRUSH AS OFTEN AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU! But remember! Even if that's only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

**Every Time You Use It... New Colgate's
CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It
GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

(Continued from page 13)

proposed second orthopedic operation as of this writing. The fact is that, if he wants to walk again, without aid of crutches and cane, Arthur will definitely have to undergo surgery.

This 'n' That:

Marion Marlowe was a huge success in her night-club debut at the Hotel Pierre in New York. Marion took a month off, with the Godfrey blessing, to fulfill this engagement and she more than fulfilled expectations. She received excellent notices from the Manhattan reviewers, and though she is still very much a part of the Godfrey family now, there has been some speculation as to whether she still will be next year. The demand for Marion has increased considerably, and there are many clubs and cafes about the country who would like to present her "in person." Marion, by the way, is still happily engaged to Larry Puck, co-producer of *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, who helped produce her act.

Mahalia Jackson and CBS Radio parted company after her show failed to attract any sponsor interest. It was really too bad, as the gospel singer is considered by many to be one of the great vocal talents of our generation. Meanwhile, Mahalia is set to appear on a local television program on Sunday nights in Chicago.

Ruth Gilbert—better known as Milton Berle's lovesick secretary, Max—and her husband Emanuel Feinberg are beaming over the recent arrival of their first baby, a girl they've named Jamie. Ruth is also happy that she and "Miltie" straightened out their differences and that she's back on the show.

Also singing lullabies are songstress Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer. Their stork package was a boy, Miguel.

Jane Wyman hasn't definitely signed anything yet, but there's a big television deal cooking for her. CBS-TV originally wanted her for a series of thirty-nine half-hour shows a season, but she turned it down because of her heavy movie schedule. Now it appears she may agree to do twelve programs a year instead.



It's a boy, Miguel by name, for Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer.



Mr. and Mrs. Buzzell—she's Lu Ann Simms—will become parents in July.

Congratulations to two of radio's most popular ladies—*Rosemary*, who just started her eleventh year on the air, and *Our Gal Sunday*, eighteen years old on March 29.

Mulling the Mail:

Mrs. K. L., Lemon Grove, Calif.: *The Seeking Heart* has been off television for some time, and there are no present plans for its return. It was replaced by *The Road Of Life*, which has become quite popular. . . . Miss M. G., Peterborough, Ont., Canada: The best place to write for a picture of Perry Como is c/o CBS-TV, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. . . . Miss E. R., Vallejo, Calif.: Many of the questions you asked are answered in detail in the 1955 TV RADIO ANNUAL, which is now on your newsstand. . . . Mrs. W.I.T., Marion, O.: Baritone Bill Lawrence and baritone Steve Lawrence, of *Steve Allen's Tonight* show, are no relation whatsoever. . . . Miss J. Y., Chicago, Ill.: Yes, Mike Wallace and Buff Cobb have separated, though they haven't gone through with divorce plans as yet. . . . To all of you who wrote about the *Betty White Show* going off NBC-TV: Though Betty's program was extremely popular, for some reason the rating didn't please the sponsor enough to renew, and the show was dropped. Meanwhile, Betty is continuing with her filmed situation-comedy show, *Life With Elizabeth*. . . . Mrs. M.K., Edmond, Okla.: Gloria Blondell and Joan Blondell are real sisters, and the two shows you asked about are both off the air now. . . . Mrs. F. L., Detroit, Mich.: You are right, and will win the argument with your friend. Liberace's mother's legal name was Mrs. Frances Casadonte, but she petitioned in a Los Angeles court to change her name back to Liberace, the name of her first husband, because Mr. Casadonte, her second husband, is deceased. . . . Mrs. B. B., Oakdale, Pa.: The De Marco Sisters only appear on television occasionally in guest spots, as they are currently touring the night-club circuit. . . . Mrs. M. S., Minneapolis, Minn.: There are plans for a *Fibber McGee And Molly* TV show, but not with Marian and Jim Jordan. Another couple,

TO COAST



June Havoc, star of *Willy*, greets Sergeant at Los Angeles Dog Show.

still unchosen, will portray the McGees. . . . Mrs. J.F.K., Crown Point, Ind.: June Crosby is Bob Crosby's only wife, to the best of my knowledge, and all of their children are from this marriage. . . . To all who wrote asking about Dr. Jim Kelly on *The Guiding Light* TV show: Paul Potter, the actor who portrays the role, was off the program for three weeks, during which time he was replaced by another actor, but the producers of the show tell me the character of Dr. Kelly is a permanent one in the script and that Paul Potter will appear from now on.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Sandra Deel, the blonde songstress who originally debuted in television as Johnny Desmond's vocal partner on the old *Face The Music* show over CBS-TV? Sandra went into temporary retirement a couple of seasons back to await the birth of her son, Michael. In the past few months she has been back at work, mainly doing dramatic roles on *Kraft TV Theater*, *Danger*, and similar shows.

Kenny Delmar, who was so popular several years ago on the old Fred Allen show, when he was the humorous Senator Claghorn? Kenny did a couple of Broadway shows, and then did many TV commercials, both live and on film. Now he is back on radio, playing a running part on *The Second Mrs. Burton*. Kenny is Buck Halliday, a middle-aged romantic character, a part written especially for him.

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 City 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.

What good is a pretty hat...



if you don't have pretty hair?

Helene Curtis makes even the dullest, driest hair sparkle . . . with a conditioner for hair and scalp that brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!

Those new Spring hats are showing a lot of hair.

So maybe it's time Helene Curtis LANOLIN DISCOVERY* showed up on your dressing table. 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 other hair conditioner and beautifier because it contains up to 10 times more lanolin. And there are no "filler" oils to grease your hair or make you lose your wave.

Just spray. Brush. Then watch. A before-and-after picture happens in your mirror!

And we'll bet you get more compliments on your hair than you do on your hats.



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

Mary's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. 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-55, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Mary's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

Out of the Shadow

(Continued from page 14)

that night, and sat in front of the TV set, Bob said to June, "Will you fix me an ice bag, honey? I think my sinus is back."

June now says, "I thought to myself, 'What have we got now? He's never, in all of our married life, complained before.' I was always the one who was sick. So I gave him the ice bag, and put the kids to bed. When I came back downstairs, he was in bed making odd chattering noises.

"I'm so cold," he said, "will you rub my feet?"

"I don't know why you should be cold," I said. "The electric blanket's on, the heat's on. The only thing off is the ice bag!"

"I know, but I'm so cold, I can't stand it. I can't get my breath."

June said, "Enough of this feet-rubbing. I'm going to take your temperature." She did. It was 104. She called the doctor.

When the doctor arrived, he said, "You've got to go to the hospital. I can hear fluid in your lungs. It might be lobar pneumonia. We'll call the ambulance immediately."

Bob said, "You'll do nothing of the kind. I've never been in an ambulance in my life. I'll fight them."

"All right," said the doctor, "I'll give you enough medicine to carry you through the night. But you'll have to go in the morning for the lab work, X-rays, and an electrocardiogram. You need hospital attention."

Bob said, "I won't need anything more than this medicine you've given me. You'll see. I won't have to go to the hospital."

"In the morning," June recalls, "I took his temperature. It was over 102. I called the doctor again."

When the doctor arrived, Bob's blood pressure had dropped, his temperature had gone up, and the doctor was afraid he was going into shock. So, instead of riding in a quiet ambulance, Bob went with sirens on. "And there wasn't much fight, either," says June, "for they were giving him oxygen all the way in."

When he arrived at the hospital, Bob earned the title of "Old Ironsides." They immediately wanted to feed him intravenously. But he had such thick skin, they couldn't find a vein—and had to put it into his hand. It took the nurse, lab technician, intern, doctor's assistant, and finally the doctor to get the needle in him.

The intravenous feeding lasted two days and two nights. The oxygen treatment, four days.

The children's reactions to their father's condition were mixed. Cathy was most concerned, because on Sunday she was to leave for school in Switzerland. When the doctor told her her father was in critical condition, that he might die, she cancelled her reservation.

"Chris took it with great seriousness," says June. "He was my constant helper, and Bob, Jr., in school in Anaheim, took it like the soldier he is. 'Yes, Mom,' he said. 'Yes, Mom. Okay, I'll say some prayers.' The way he said it pulled at my heart."

"Young Stevie was excited because Daddy got to ride in an ambulance like I had two years before. But he said he liked the color of my ambulance best. And little Malia went to stay with my mother."

"I don't know what my own reaction was," June sighs. "It was like being run over by a tractor. I was always the weak one in the family. Bob, on the other hand, was strong, a good athlete. He never thought anything could happen to him."

When the hospital identified the germ, the doctor came in to tell Bob what he had. They called it a hemolytic streptococcus—a blood-eating strep germ. In the 1920's it had been responsible for many deaths.

Under the oxygen mask, not even able to move his hand, still trying to make himself look brave, Bob said: "Wouldn't you know I'd have to get an old-fashioned kind of pneumonia?"

Bob's own reaction: He was overwhelmed that so many people cared. When the mail started piling in, he sat back with his mouth open. When he was finally able to sit up and read, he said, "My goodness, they're from little towns all over the country! Can you imagine people thinking enough of me to send all these? I can't believe it!"

Now that Bob's back on his feet again, June reports that he's telling people: "It was nothing. Really, nothing at all." It seems as if he couldn't care less.

But he did care desperately about the letters he received from his thousands of well-wishing friends . . . cared more than he did about the fact itself—his own near-brush with death.

True to Himself

(Continued from page 8)

wherever he goes, in everything he does, to further sports and sportsmanship.

Judging from the amount of mail he receives and the way he handles it, Mel is fulfilling that aim admirably. No matter what kind of letter he receives—complimenting or criticizing his work, requesting an autographed baseball or advice on how to become a sports announcer—Mel always tries to be as honest and as helpful as possible. Naturally, he enjoys getting letters of praise and, similarly, he welcomes letters of criticism. "I try to prove to people that I'm not always right," he says, and he encourages them to tell him when he's wrong. Very often when someone writes him that he's gotten into a rut, Mel realizes they are right and it usually helps him to snap out of it. When it comes to requests for autographed baseballs and the like, Mel explains frankly that he receives too many to fill—and besides, there's an American League rule against it. But he is always willing to give advice to

would-be sports announcers, though most of the time he feels a letter is inadequate for telling them all he would like to. Nevertheless, he always tries to do his best.

Just as important to Mel as answering his mail is being honest and sincere in what he says. And he explains why: "The basic thing in announcing is being accurate, and accuracy means honesty. You should apply this principle to everything you do." Similarly, Mel is always striving to be honest with himself. He has never had any feeling of self-importance—"at least I don't think I do," he says. He enjoys getting together with people and being considered just one of the crowd. And, as he always tries to "level" with them, so he wants them to do the same with him.

The result of his fine beliefs and practices has been a wonderful life for Mel, one he has always, and continues to, enjoy to the fullest. In all this, plus his genius for adding color, excitement and meaning to sports, Mel continues to be a living symbol of sportsmanship at its best.

Edward R. Murrow

(Continued from page 6)

read of Ed's CBS salary and remarked dryly: "I don't reckon there's anything dishonest about making money that way, but I must say Ed doesn't talk any more sense than I hear all the time at the corner store." His mother, a tiny, blue-eyed ex-schoolteacher, once noted that Ed looked tired, told him to take better care of his health, and then added, "But after all, son, maybe it's better to wear out than to rust out."

Some time ago, a group of CBS newsmen organized a "We Don't Think Murrow Is God" club. All members were elected vice presidents. The presidency was left open for Janet Murrow—who, though still starry-eyed about her urbane, six-foot-one husband, doesn't believe blind adoration is the way to help any man. It is typical that most of the newsmen are now staunch Murrow admirers. It is typical also that, as soon as he heard of the club, Ed asked if he could join.

Transportation has been important in Ed Murrow's life. Born in North Carolina, Ed grew up in Washington where he worked after school and during vacations on a timber cruiser and driving the school bus. He went on the air for the first time when he chartered a plane, then hopped a streetcar in Vienna, and got there in time to describe the arrival of Nazi troops in 1938. It was on a train that he met his wife Janet, whom he calls "Kuchen" (German for cook) and whose criticism is the only one he fears. Once, on a train to Washington, Ed happened to meet the owner of the "log cabin" on Quaker Hill in Pawling, New York. Right then Ed decided that was the only house in the East he wanted to own. Ed bought the house without ever having been inside it and, while it is not exactly a cabin—it has three bedrooms and an electric dishwasher—it is made of logs. He bought it because of his "best friend," nine-year-old son Charles Casey, and because "I swore that I wouldn't raise a boy in New York City."

Ed cares about trees the way many men do about dogs. His house is surrounded by evergreens, including one he planted for Casey with the half-smiling admonition to grow "straight and strong" like the tree. Fishing and hunting with Casey, or working together with him on the farm, Ed is completely relaxed. The boy is a true Murrow, with a mind of his own and a zest for arguing about politics and baseball. "He's a logical little fellow," Ed smiles. "About the only thing I've ever known him to do without thinking is to become a Yankee fan." Ed's choice: The Brooklyn Dodgers.

One of Ed's hobbies is golf, and though he is normally right-handed, he holds the clubs left-handed. He has a photographic memory but he generally forgets anniversaries. He's the rare man who enjoys wearing dinner jackets although, he explains apologetically, "It's a dying custom." His ideal meal, a friend once remarked, would be a candlelight and silver setting—and a cheeseburger. He helps himself off to sleep with detective stories but, he adds, "You learn things from them, too. I remember one in which the hero always made a point each day to do two things which he did not want to do. . . . One was to get up, and the other was to go to bed. I'm like that guy."

Material possessions are unimportant to Ed. He has no scrapbook and has never kept clippings. The only photographs in his office are one of Casey and one of Carl Sandburg, whom Ed admires greatly. The poet inscribed the picture: "To Ed Murrow, reporter, historian, inquirer, actor, ponderer, seeker."

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Elastic back sets lower and stays lower!

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*Pat. Pend.

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T
V
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NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



7199



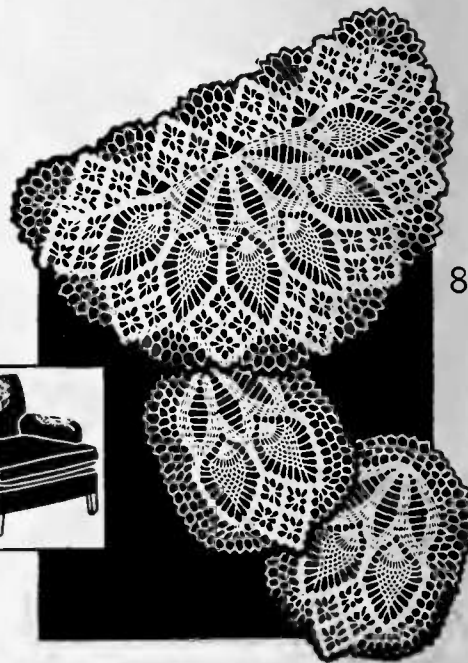
710
SIZES
2-10



7199—The long, full skirt of this doll will keep your electric mixer spotless. Use colorful remnants. Pattern pieces, transfers, directions for mixer-cover. 25¢

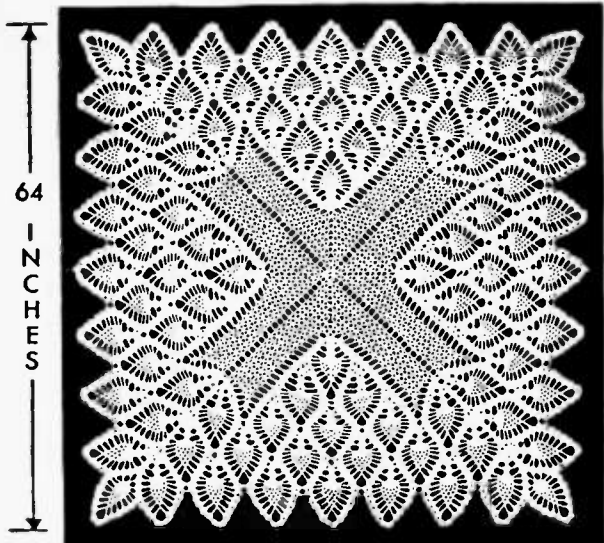
710—She'll be party-pretty in her whirl-skirted dress. Use remnants. Add perky bows, embroidery. Pattern pieces, embroidery motifs, directions. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. State size. 25¢

859—Protect and beautify your chairs with this set in pineapple design and spider web. Make a matching buffet set. Chair back, 12" x 18"; arm rest, 8" x 10", in No. 30 cotton. Easy to crochet. 25¢



859

7067



7067—Crochet this heirloom beauty in pineapple design and plain mesh. Easy-to-memorize pattern; easy to crochet. Cloth, 64-inches square in heavy 4-ply cotton. 25¢

700—Apron jumper, or sundress. Wrap 'n' tie to cinch waist. Note luscious lily—a pocket. Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Pattern pieces, embroidery motif. State size. 25¢



700

SIZES
S—10-12
M—14-16
L—18-20



533

533—Adorable picture-sampler to help your little angel remember his prayers. Letters are large, easy to read. "Now I Lay Me" prayer transfer, 16½" x 18". 25¢





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viv

(you can have it, too!)

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

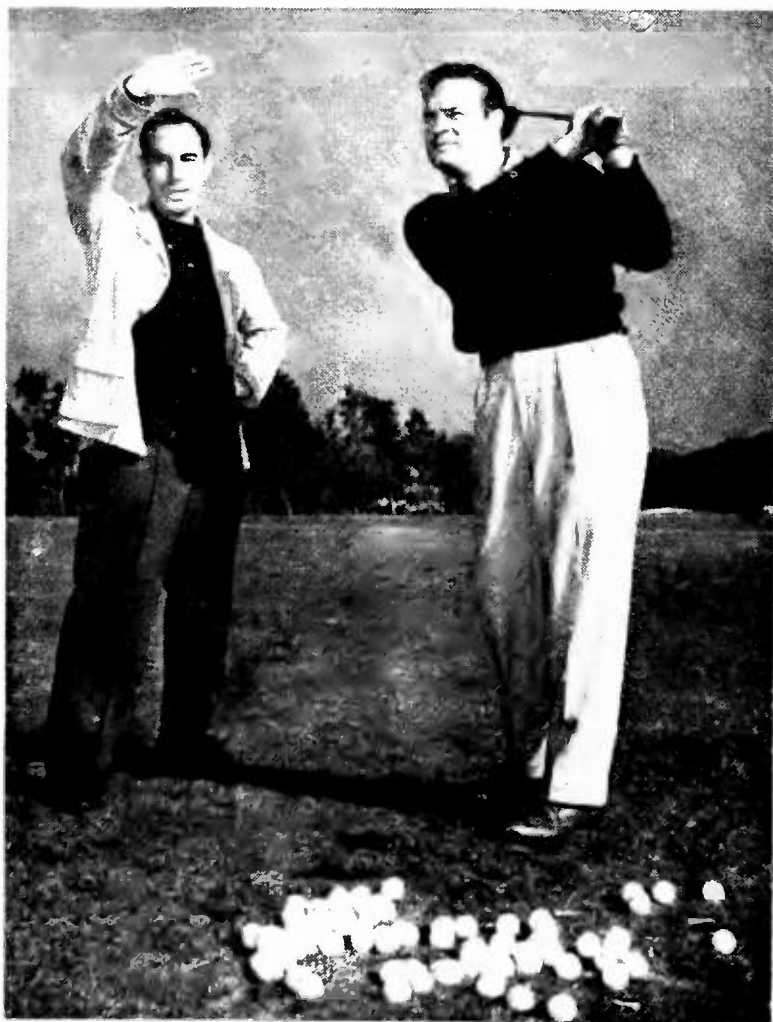
For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new *High-Chroma Formula* gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Rose you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni.

Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.

new viv lipstick

by *Toni* \$1.10
plus tax

Behind the Story



Once a three-letter athlete, Bill enjoys golf with such celebrity-friends as Bob Hope; also likes motorcycling.



FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Bill, your first sportscasting choice when the TVRM poll began eight years ago, now wins his sixth Award.

*Bill Stern finds drama and humor
behind sports events—but
his best stories are about himself*

IT'S HARD to imagine Bill Stern at a loss for words. For twenty years, the colorful, trigger-quick sportscaster has been calling the plays as fast as they happen in every major sports event across the country. Bill's also been calling the drama behind those events, the strange quirks of fate—sometimes funny, often tragic—that have been played on the men who make the sports headlines. His trademark has become the surprise-ending true story that is stranger than any fiction. His memory is crammed with recollections of the greats and near-greats of sports. But if he tells stories on these figures, Bill is not above telling one on himself. One of his favorites is of the time he found himself speechless.

It was back in 1939, during a thrilling race at the Indianapolis Speedway. Floyd Roberts had won the race the year before and he was the favorite to win again. Broadcasting from near the finish line, Bill's voice transmitted the excitement and tension felt by everyone at the Speedway. He talked of Floyd Roberts and his bright-red car. He's the easiest driver in the world to follow, Bill was saying. "He has a heavy foot on the gas pedal that you can't miss. Floyd Roberts is unmistakable." The red car was out in front and Bill went on talking of the distinct driving style that made Roberts so easy to spot until, suddenly, he felt someone tap his shoulder. He turned around to see the grinning face of—Floyd Rob-

erts. During one of the refueling stops, Floyd's mechanic had taken his place at the wheel. "It was one time in my career," Bill laughs now, "when I had a mouthful of nothing."

But Bill had plenty to say—mostly in embarrassed explanations—when he found himself at the laughing end of a joke played during a Vanderbilt-Alabama football game. Both teams were undefeated, the winner would go to the Rose Bowl, and both bands were blaring "California, Here I Come!" The game was to be broadcast from two small booths and, the night before the game, an unknown—hitherto unsung—comic painted both booths as crimson as the Alabama uniforms. On the front of Ted Husing's CBS booth, the wag had

lettered "Men." On the door of Bill's NBC booth was the legend "Women." The paint was still wet as Bill went on the air, alternately calling the football plays and trying to explain to coeds that the powder room was to be found elsewhere.

These are the stories Bill will tell on himself. However, he rarely talks about the most dramatic story of all. Bill, then a fledgling announcer, had been fired from NBC in New York for trying too hard to impress his bosses. He was announcing in Texas when, one day driving home from a football game, he was in an auto accident. Bill's leg had to be amputated and, for him—once a three-letter man—the loss of his leg meant the loss of the will to live. Then came a visit—and an offer of a job—from the NBC vice-president who had fired him. Bill will never forget the man who had renewed his will to live. Today, he foregoes Saturdays with his family to visit hospitalized veterans. He seeks out those who have given up hope, as he himself once had, devotes his time to renewing their courage and faith.

Bill talks with pride of his family and their lovely home in Purchase, New York. He met his wife Harriet at a resort in Charlevoix, Michigan. She was a distant relative and Bill's mother had asked him to "Please be nice to her." Bill was leery until he met Harriet and found the request the easiest one in the world to fill. They have three children: Peter, a fourteen-year-old sportsman; Mary, an eleven-year-old pianist-in-the-bud; and four-year-old Patty, who "would rather listen to *The Lone Ranger*." Completing the household are Trixie, a wire-haired terrier, and her children: Michael and Carla. It's a quiet, happy home, a far cry from Bill's jet-paced career. But for Bill Stern, this home is the most wonderful story of all.



Bill warms up for his broadcasts by checking over sports records.



Yes, Cyd Charisse uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

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**THERE'S FINE
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No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

Let it help you to a softer, fresher, more radiant complexion!

New millions have tried it! New millions love it! Your precious complexion, too, deserves Camay's Caressing Care. With that famous skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's no wonder cold cream Camay is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let its gentle touch caress *your* skin to new loveliness. Change to regular care... use Camay alone. Your skin will become softer, smoother with your first cake. And remember, you get the added luxury of fine cold cream in Camay at no extra cost. For your beauty *and* your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!



THE SOAP

OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

TV RADIO MIRROR Award Winners, 1954-55



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

Repeater: Winning your Award is a seven-year habit with Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, each morning on ABC Radio.



FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL PROGRAM

Newcomer: It's a first gold medal for CBS Radio's *Tennessee Ernie Show*, with songs by Tennessee Ernie and Joan O'Brien.

You, the readers, elected this issue's stars and programs in our eighth annual poll!

FOR THE eighth time, audiences of America have voiced their opinions of the past season's TV and radio fare—in the only nationwide poll decided by the listeners and viewers themselves! TV RADIO MIRROR is proud to have given you this opportunity, proud to present its coveted gold medals to the stars and programs you have chosen. Once again, your selections of TV RADIO MIRROR Award Winners prove that—though formats and styles and tastes may vary—audiences still have an eye for talent, an ear for sincerity, and a heart that remembers cherished friends.

There are both newcomers and old favorites among those being honored here for the first time. You—who voted for him in such overwhelming numbers—will hardly be surprised that the smiling Pied Piper of the Piano has won his first TVRM gold medal for *The Liberace Show*, as the best musical program on TV. Or that Tennessee Ernie Ford—whose records and guest appearances have long made him welcome with listeners everywhere—has now won the corresponding radio Award for

Continued →





TV RADIO MIRROR



FAVORITE RADIO PANEL PROGRAM

Make Up Your Mind: John S. Young, Edith Walton, panelists; Gen. Mark Clark, celebrity-guest; and emcee Jack Sterling.

his *Tennessee Ernie Show* on CBS. George Gobel, NBC's rapid-rising young humorist, triumphed as your favorite TV comedian for 1954-55. His strongest personal competition came from previous Award winner Jackie Gleason—who still added to his medals, when *The Jackie Gleason Show* was named your favorite TV comedy. Martha Raye, your choice as top TV comedienne, repeats her performance of last year, surpassing Lucille Ball by only the width of a smile. *Amos 'n' Andy*, which has always ranked high in the polls, finally crossed the tape ahead of all competitors to win its first Award as the best comedy on radio. While creators Gosden and Correll have been proving their own unfaltering ingenuity and showmanship with their brand-new *Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall*, the continued success of their situation comedy—which has passed the quarter-century mark—proves that the listener-voters are still faithful to many “twenty-year veterans” of broadcasting.

Jack Benny, for instance, who's been on the air for a good proportion of his admitted 39 years, is your favorite radio comedian. This is Jack's fourth Award, tying the quadruple honors already won by Bob Hope, who was his closest rival this year, too. An obviously prettier and more youthful

Continued →



FAVORITE RADIO EVENING COMEDY PROGRAM

Amos 'n' Andy: Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll have long delighted listeners—and recently added a *Music Hall!*



FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ PROGRAM

Strike It Rich: No stranger to our winners' circle, the Warren Hull heartwarmer earns still another gold medal.

Award Winners, 1954-55



FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Kukla, Fran And Ollie wins for the fifth consecutive year! Center, Fran Allison and her more-than-puppet playmates. Behind them, creator Burr Tillstrom. Right, producer Beulah Zachary. Left, assistant Joseph Lockwood and pianist Carolyn Gilbert.



FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM

Gunsmoke, a real Saturday double-feature (noon and night), merits its first TVRM medal for its documentary-style dramas of the Old West, with virile acting by Bill Conrad as Marshal Matt Dillon, Parley Baer as Chester, Howard McNear as "Doc."



TV RADIO MIRROR



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA ACTOR

James Lipton—alias Dr. Dick Grant of radio's and TV's *The Guiding Light*—leads the field for his first medal.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA ACTRESS

Jan Miner—the beloved Julie of *Hilltop House*—tops all other daytime heroines for the fifth consecutive year!



FAVORITE TV QUIZ PROGRAM

Herb Shriner's Hoosier wit and fast-talking contestants help *Two For The Money* add to its radio-TV Awards.

“veteran” is Eve Arden, whose present Award marks the seventh straight year she’s won as your favorite radio comedienne—practically from the first season *Our Miss Brooks* took to the air!

The Lone Ranger rode to victory as favorite children’s program on radio, after 22 years. It has been close on the heels of earlier winners, but has captured only one previous TVRM Award (for TV). *The Lone Ranger* is aired on no less than four networks—ABC and Canadian radio, ABC-TV and CBS-TV—so the daring masked rider is sure to give all contenders a real run for their medals from now on. Both the TVRM poll and professional surveys reveal that *The Lone Ranger* has at least as many grown-up fans as youthful followers—if not more!—which is also true of *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*, your choice as the best children’s program on TV. This is the fifth consecutive Award to *Kukla, Fran And Ollie*, which has been having a banner year, now that creator Burr Tillstrom has the kind of fifteen-minutes-a-day schedule on which his pixie characters thrive.

Breakfast Club, which was already on the air for two decades before it (Continued on page 108)

Award Winners, 1954-55



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA

The Romance Of Helen Trent makes it two-in-a-row, thanks to the listeners' votes, an absorbing plot, and believable performances by David Gothard as Gil Whitney, Cathleen Cordell as Gwen Sewell—and star Julie Stevens as Helen Trent.

the greatest TALENT SCOUT

Godfrey discovers stars
for the public—and,
in private, brings sunshine
to thousands whose
names you'll never hear



By
**MARTIN
COHEN**

SOME SAY he's Mr. CBS in person—but, anyway, he was on CBS, as usual, broadcasting and telecasting his morning show, when a fly came out of nowhere, circled his head, buzzed his nose, and led Arthur Godfrey to say: "There's that spy from NBC. Will someone please hand me a fly swatter? What

happened to my fly swatter? Lost? It is. Too bad."

In the next few days, fly swatters came in from every part of the country. They were made of everything but mink and platinum. Some were crocheted, some were engraved with Arthur's name, (Continued on page 106)

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, CBS Radio and CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Lipton Tea and Lipton Soups. Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker sing on: *Arthur Godfrey Time*, CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M. (multiple sponsorship)—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Frigid-aire, and The Toni Co.—*Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M. (multiple sponsorship). All times EST.

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM



of all



**FAVORITE RADIO FEMALE SINGER
and FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER**



FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER

Arthur Godfrey's weekday and Wednesday-night shows feature Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker, who this year continued to add to their collection of TVRM medals!





Loretta Young — AT HEART

Living and giving, she breathes a prayer of thanks for being a star, a woman, wife and mother

By DEE PHILLIPS

I THINK that our every act, and every word we speak, may in some way influence someone else. I believe we should be true to ourselves, true to the best we have in us. I believe in society's moral conventions, because they cannot be violated without hurting someone. I believe that the finest friendships, happiest marriages, and the happiest lives stem from being eager to give, rather than from being eager to take."

This personal philosophy of Loretta Young's has, in every way, permeated the television show to which millions turn, each week on NBC. They turn for enjoyment; perhaps not consciously feeling they expect good drama, good acting . . . and good taste. But, at the end of the show, when Loretta ties the story into a neat package with a bit of philosophy from the Bible, Shakespeare or the great philosophers, the world seems a little more believable, human nature more understandable, and the miracles which surround us more probable.

"I am in the extraordinary position of being able to project principles which I hold dear," explains the vivacious Miss Young. Fortunately, Tom Lewis, her husband and (Continued on page 103)

Loretta stars in her own *Loretta Young Show* over NBC-TV, Sundays, at 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Tide and Gleem.



Every Sunday, Loretta and her husband, Tom Lewis, set out for church together. They carry their high moral principles into the drama series, too—as in the Girl Scout story which their sponsor distributed free.



FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA ACTRESS



FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE

The most important girl in Martha's own life is, of course, her daughter Melodye.

Today, when Martha sends invitations, everyone accepts. (That one tragic night is gone—but not forgotten.) And, when well-wishers throw a party for Martha, everybody gathers to watch her cut the congratulatory cake.



Party Girl, Home Girl

Martha Raye's the gay clown we all love—the warmhearted woman two men will never forget

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

IT DOESN'T PAY to take your eyes off Martha Raye for very long, because—when you do look again—so much has happened, you have to crowd three or four stories into one. Just look at what the lady has accomplished in the short while since I last wrote about her:

She got herself on the front pages by chartering two planes and flying off to marry her fifth husband in the dead of night.

She managed to keep topping herself so consistently that her TV show is one of the best-rated hours on any network, a tremendous achievement for any sensitive star.

She bought and redecorated—with her new husband, Ed Begley—the dream house she has always wanted in Connecticut.

And, as if this weren't enough, she and Ed went to Bimini on a friend's (Continued on page 86)

The Martha Raye Show, NBC-TV, various Tuesdays, 8 PM, EST, for Hazel Bishop Lasting Lipstick, Nail Polish, Complexion Glow.

Home's a quiet, happy place for Martha and her new husband, dancer-choreographer Ed Begley (left). And there's still a steady, enduring friendship between Martha and Nick Condos (right), her business manager—and ex-husband.





Mary Stuart as Joanne Barron,
Terry O'Sullivan as Arthur Tate,
and *Search For Tomorrow*, the
beloved serial in which they star,
make it a clean sweep of all
three TV daytime drama gold medals.

Search for Tomorrow

TOMORROW will be better, Joanne Barron had told herself through the grim yesterdays just passed. Then, it had been a prayer. But today, as she looks about her at the Motor Haven, Arthur Tate is at her side, her little daughter Patti plays happily, and Joanne can look to a tomorrow that will dawn bright and shining with hope. . . . Yet it had taken all of Joanne's faith not to lose courage in the dark days of her trial for the murder of the woman who had posed as Arthur's wife. Joanne and her lawyer, Nathan Walsh, had been able to see little possibility of her acquittal—until Arthur uncovered the trail of the real criminal. . . . But, in trying to capture the murderer, Arthur had been almost fatally shot and, finally, on the brink of death, he had identified Mortimer Higbee—the “little man” who hadn't stopped even at murder in his scheme to take over the Motor Haven. Thus Joanne had been cleared. . . . Arthur's heart had actually stopped beating from the bullet wound he received, but the physician—by massaging Arthur's heart—had managed to bring him back to life. . . . Arthur and the widowed Joanne had been about to marry when the woman falsely claiming to be his wife Hazel had appeared. Then, as Arthur slowly began to recover, Joanne again looked forward to their long-awaited wedding. But Arthur began to doubt whether he would ever be a strong, healthy man again. He be-

came hesitant about marrying Joanne, fearing he might become a burden to her. . . . While his fears of becoming a permanent invalid were mounting, Arthur happened to see Joanne—in a moment of gratitude—kiss Nathan Walsh, who had defended her so vigorously during the trial. Added to his depression, this affected Arthur so deeply that he began to lose his will to live. . . . As Arthur's strength ebbed, the doctor grew alarmed but Joanne refused to give up. Finally, she herself proposed to Arthur—and he accepted. . . . With the wedding to take place in a matter of days, Joanne can look back and smile at the proposal she had had to make to prove her love. Arthur's spirits had risen, his recovery had quickened and, in a short time, he was able to leave the hospital. . . . Now, Joanne and Arthur face the future, confident and smiling. But have the series of tragedies that have kept them apart really come to an end? What lies behind the sudden apologies and friendship offered by Joanne's mother-in-law, Irene Barron, who had done so much to hurt Joanne during the trial? Will her selfish intentions continue to mar Joanne's happiness? Or will other difficulties arise that will challenge Joanne and Arthur as together they search for a happier tomorrow?

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

FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA PROGRAM
FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA ACTRESS • FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA ACTOR

Jack Benny-



Man or

*He's thrifty, 39, and frustrated . . .
generous, ageless, successful . . .
whatever he is, he's your favorite!*

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING



Daughter Joan and wife Mary Livingstone would be the first to swear that Jack's no tightwad.



FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIAN

Myth?

THE MORNING AFTER Jack Benny's daughter, Joan, was married to Seth Baker, the Los Angeles *Examiner* headlined the event, "Benny Daughter Wed in \$50,000 Ceremony." The Los Angeles *Times* duplicated that headline with one exception—the price was quoted at \$60,000. (Incidentally, both figures were incorrect.)

Eddie Cantor rushed to the telephone and asked his long-time friend, "Jack, d'ya want to save ten thousand dollars this morning?" In his usual velvety voice, Jack confessed that he had never been hostile to thrift. "Read the *Examiner* instead of the *Times* then," was the Cantor advice.

Jack has told the story repeatedly, obviously gets a kick out of it because it indicates how completely the Benny legend has permeated the American scene. He is a man who attracts labels, as if to define him could explain him as a living phenomenon. Jack Benny has been dubbed "The Waukegan Wonder," "The World's Least Appreciated Violinist," "The Most Versatile Worrier the Race of Man Has Yet Produced," "The Funniest Un-funny Man in Show Business," "The Spirit of Mankind's Daily Frustration," and (by George Burns) "The Quiet Riot."

In some respect, each of the designations is true, but—even taken all together—they don't encompass the actor, his act, or the man responsible for both. Actually, Jack Benny is one of the great short-story writers and one (Continued on page 101)

The Jack Benny Program is heard over CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M.—*Jack Benny TV Show*, CBS-TV, alternate Sundays, 7:30 P.M. (check local papers for variations)—both EST, sponsored by American Tobacco for Lucky Strike Cigarettes.



Show folk all recognize Jack's professional talents—and his personal charm. Such notables as Bing Crosby and George Burns enjoy "getting into the act" with him.



He gives freely of both time and money to worthy causes. During wartime and after, Jack made many tours to battle areas and hospitals (above, with Rochester).



Poised and well-dressed, Jack and his family chat with the Netherlands' Prince Bernhard, in London.



the ED SULLIVAN story



Toast Of The Town is vivid proof that Ed's only been wrong about one thing—when he thought he wasn't a showman

By
**GREGORY
MERWIN**



V.I.P.s trust Ed's showmanship

OBVIOUSLY, Ed Sullivan is a genius. He has filled the country's choice and most demanding hour for nearly seven years, fifty-two Sundays a year. His *Toast Of The Town* rates as the nation's top TV variety program, but Ed is not a singer, not a comedian, not a dancer, not an actor, not a musician—in fact, not even a bona-fide emcee (he barely shows his teeth). Obviously, he must be a genius. And this is a sober observation, not mere flippancy.

Ed Sullivan is an exceptional man who is painfully modest, quiet and unassuming. *Toast Of The Town* is an exceptional show which is none of these things. It is famed for variety that is exciting, sometimes wondrous and (Continued on page 89)

Ed Sullivan is the creator, producer and master of ceremonies of *Toast Of The Town*, as seen over CBS-TV, Sundays, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST. The program is sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.



FAVORITE TV EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES



BEST TV PROGRAM



Variety is just the word for *Toast Of The Town*. Always something new, something different, such as the cavalcade of radio history Ed presented this year. Based on veteran critic Ben Gross' book, *I Looked and I Listened*, it featured heroines of long-popular serial dramas—including this year's Award-winning daytime actress, Jan Miner (seated, left).



Walt Disney . . . Oscar Hammerstein II, whose "story" started a new trend . . . Liberace (at right—Marlo Lewis, co-producer of *Toast*).

FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM

the ED SULLIVAN story



Toast Of The Town is vivid proof that Ed's only been wrong about one thing—when he thought he wasn't a showman

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V.I.P.s trust Ed's showmanship

Walt Disney ... Oscar Hammerstein II, whose "story" started a new trend ... Liberace (not right)—Marlo Lewis, co-producer of *Toast*.




FAVORITE TV EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

BEST TV PROGRAM

FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM

Blessing in Disguise

Liberace triumphed with talent, faith and hard work —
and found the greatest of these was faith



LIBERACE says: "My recent siege taught me that an illness can be a blessing in disguise. It gave me time to think, time to look back on my life to see where I'd been. And, in a way, it gave me an opportunity to see where I was going. As a result, I was surprised to find how much living I could get into a 24-hour day—by *slowing down!*"

Lee says that the first few years of his professional life found him on a performing merry-go-round; he no sooner got off one engagement than he got on another. But he admits that it was his own fault that put him there.

"There was too much time wasted sleeping," he says, "*that was my philosophy. I figured if I stayed awake twenty hours instead of sixteen, I could get twice as much work done in half the additional time. The fact that it caught up with me shows that I was wrong.*"

"For years," Lee says, "I had been succumbing to the lure of the moment. (*Continued on page 88*)"

FAVORITE TV MUSICAL PROGRAM

The Liberace Show, produced by Guild Films, is seen in most areas of the U.S. and Canada. See local papers for time and station of both the TV version and *The Liberace Radio Show*.



They love Mama (Peggy Wood), on or off the Award-winning drama: Dagmar (Robin Morgan), Nels (Dick Van Patten), Katrin (Rosemary Rice), and Papa (Judson Laire).

why they remember MAMA

**Peggy Wood's TV children have
personal reasons for being grateful
to TV's most beloved mother**

By LILLA ANDERSON

IN JUST THREE emotion-packed words, the young people of CBS-TV's Award-winning *Mama* tell why they love the show: "We're a family." Unrelated by blood, they have been welded into an association as close as that of the Hansens they portray—because, off-camera as well as on, they share the love and wisdom of that remarkable woman. Peggy Wood, who portrays Mama so magnificently. Her influence reaches deep into their personal lives.

"She showed me how wonderful a family could be, so I decided to get married," says Dick Van Patten, who plays Nels, Mama's eldest child.

"Except for Peggy, I would have (Continued on page 96)

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA

Mama, which stars Peggy Wood in the title role, is seen over CBS-TV, Fridays, from 8 to 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by General Foods Corporation for Maxwell House Coffee, Grape-Nuts, and Grape-Nuts-Flakes.

fine and dan-dan-Dandy





Ring around Jackie—and Audrey Meadows, June Taylor, and Art Carney—as the June Taylor dancers create one of those camera patterns for which the Gleason show is famous.

On or off TV, it's a picnic when Jackie Gleason gets together with his gang, and away they go!

By FRANCES KISH

IT'S SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at a *Jackie Gleason Show* rehearsal. The place is CBS-TV's Studio 50, on Broadway, in New York. Gleason is due to arrive any moment and already there's excitement in the air. "Whichever way Jackie does the show—live, as it is now, or on film, as it will be next fall—there will always be excitement, and this will always be a ball for us," Audrey Meadows is saying, seated out in the darkened auditorium while the commercials are being set up on stage. "You can bet on it that Jackie will always break out with ways to keep things from quieting down (Continued on page 78)

The Jackie Gleason Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Saturday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST. The program is sponsored by Schick Electric Shavers, Nescafe Instant Coffee, Gleem and Prell.



Perfectionist Gleason watches every detail as seen by the public, keeps an eye on the TV screen as Audrey, Art, and Joyce Randolph rehearse for "The Honeymooners" on stage.

FAVORITE TV EVENING COMEDY PROGRAM

Here's GEORGE GOBEL

Friends and fellow workers agree on just one thing: You can't hardly find a better man, any day!



A kiss for "the real Alice," before Georgesets off to perform with "the TV Alice" . . . a bedtime story for two of his youngsters, Georgia and Gregg . . . that's George, too.



FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN

Viewers vote that the star of *The George Gobel Show* is the very best kind, even if he doesn't act like a star.

QUERY: What is George Gobel really like? To find out, TV Radio Mirror asked this question of eight of his closest working friends. In all fairness, we had to let George speak, too—so we quote him first.

GEORGE GOBEL: "Don't believe anything you read beyond this paragraph. These people are all such big liars, they should've been lieutenants in the Air Corps."

BUD YORKIN (George's director): "George is cooperative; the most cooperative person I've every worked with. He's always on time, punctual as the studio clock, considerate of others, in that he never makes anyone wait.

"He's completely unimpressed with his own success. Recently, we were doing a show, using a table and rug for props. When the rug got in the way, I said, 'Let's move it.' A grip took the table, then George bent over, rolled up the rug, carrying it to the side of the set. It never dawned on George that the show's star doesn't have to roll up the rugs."

ED SOBOL (George's executive producer): "Honesty and integrity—everything George does relates back to these things. He's a success because he *believes* in the things he does."

JACKIE COOPER (guest star): "George is the only comic I know who thinks and works like an actor. In rehearsals, you can see him stopping—and saying to himself, 'What am I thinking now?'—then doing the (Continued on page 92)

The George Gobel Show is seen on NBC-TV, three Saturdays out of four, 10 P.M. EST, for Armour & Co. and Pet Milk Co.



"EQUAL RIGHTS"

We've found it works both ways . . .

for Ozzie and me, as parents . . .

for David and Ricky, as teenagers

By HARRIET NELSON

ONE OF THE most pleasant aspects of doing our weekly television show is that it affords Ozzie and me the opportunity to get really close to our children and to get to know them well. We both feel that too much is often made of the differences between teenagers and adults, and not enough emphasis is placed on the similarities. After all, they eat the same food as we do, see the same motion pictures and television shows, read the same newspapers—and, in the case of our particular family, do the same work.

Self-assertion is one of the basic human emotions, and we all like to have as much freedom of expression as possible. Ozzie and I feel that teenagers should be given every opportunity to do the things they want to do, as long as what they are doing is consistent with good taste and reasonably acceptable standards.

Ricky, for instance, is an avid record collector, and, about a year ago, his taste ran toward the bizarre and blatant. Without any interference from us, however, he has recently become more and more discriminating—until, by now, Ozzie and I both look forward to his newest platters.

Dave, who is a freshman at the University of Southern California, came to us at the beginning of school last September and told us he had received a bid to a national fraternity. "I think it's the best house on the campus," he said, "and I would like to accept. What do you think of the idea?" Ozzie and I both told him it was entirely up to him, but we thought it might be wiser to wait until he passed his first-term exams. We emphasized the fact that, if he felt he could keep up his studies and the fraternity work, then he could go ahead. Dave thought it over for about a week and decided to put it off. Just two weeks after he was notified that he had passed his first-term examinations, he walked into the house proudly wearing his fraternity pledge pin. By putting our ideas in the form of advice, I feel that we accomplished much more than we could have by parental edicts.

We gave up long ago the idea of setting a curfew on the boys. They come in at a reasonable hour, not because we demand it, but because they have discovered for themselves that it is the sensible thing to do. By treating them as equals and respecting their rights as individuals, we are enjoying not only the affection of two fine sons but also the companionship of two valued friends.

The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet is seen on ABC-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored alternately by the Hotpoint Company and Listerine. See local papers for other times and stations.



FAVORITE TV HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson first won your team Award in 1947—when their sons were played by child actors.



Today, David and Ricky work with them on TV—and take vacations with them, too, as far away as France.



The Garry Moore Show gets Garry a gold medal—with sterling assistance from Durward Kirby (left), Denise Lor, and Ken Carson.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

GARRY MOORE's desk calendar read: "Thursday—Noon—See the man about the kangaroo." Pointing to that entry, he answered the question, "What do you like best about television?" The man who won this year's TV daytime emcee award with his Monday-through-Friday *Garry Moore Show*—and whose Wednesday-night program, *I've Got A Secret*, won the TV panel prize—said with enthusiasm: "This is it . . . I'll bet half the desk pads in New York today just say, 'Meet Jones for lunch.' Now, in this business, every day is different. You don't have to solve the same problem twice. (Continued on page 84)"



I've Got A Secret wins Award with Bill Cullen, Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, Faye Emerson as panelists—Garry as moderator.



FAVORITE TV PANEL PROGRAM ● FAVORITE TV DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Garry Moore is moderator of *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes. His *Garry Moore Show* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

What's your secret? Want more fun out of life—more happiness at home—more pets to play with? Whatever it is . . .



All in the day's work: Garry learns from expert handler Ross Allen how to "flip over" an alligator—eight feet long and weighing three hundred pounds!



Garry's fond of animals but finds that even small ones have to be handled with gloves on. Above, with zoologist Ivan Sanderson and South American grison.



Above, Capt. Frank Knight demonstrates the art of falconry with Ramshaw, the eagle. Bird, beast, or fish, Garry loves 'em all—even the so-called "slow loris" (right page) who proved unexpectedly frisky.

Garry Moore's got it!



Sergeant Friday Speaks

Jack Webb — whose own success created
Dragnet — has a stirring message
for teenagers about their own futures



FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA ACTOR
FAVORITE TV MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM

By BUD GOODE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jack Webb was a child of the Depression; he was raised without benefit of a father's guidance; he lived on the wrong side of the tracks. He had more than three strikes against him before he became a man—but he's never been called out! "Will power" is Jack's plea to today's teenagers: Will power, strength of character, determination—call it what you will—it is this mental iron of which our solid citizenry is made. Jack Webb is his own best example. It is not appropriate that he say this, or point to himself, and he is far too humble to do so. However, we can and do point to Jack Webb as the brightest example of his own philosophy. Now listen to what he has to say to today's troubled teenagers.

● Jack Webb, *Dragnet's* well-known Detective Sergeant Joe Friday, says: "High-school teenagers, between their fifteenth and eighteenth years, are really young adults. They are old enough to know the difference between right and wrong. They are old enough to be considered responsible for their own actions.

"Don't misunderstand me," Jack continues, "I still think that parents, no matter what age their children, are responsible for their children's actions, too. The schools have a similar responsibility. Likewise, the community churches. But in the last analysis," he emphasizes, "the decision to do right or wrong is up to the individual teenager."

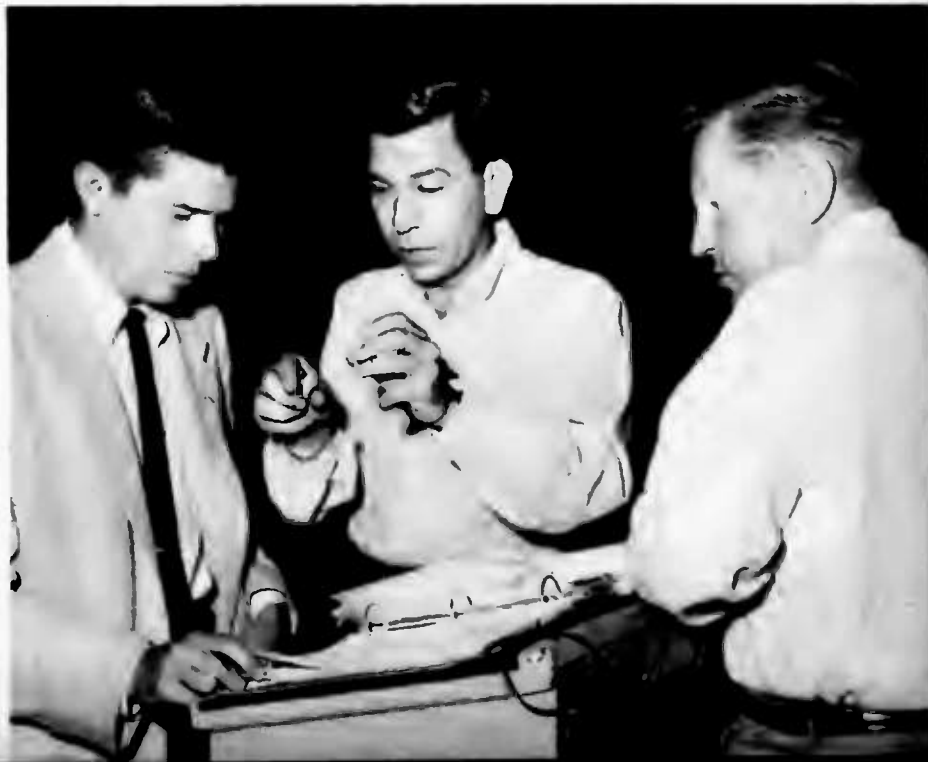
Jack does not consider himself an authority on teen-age problems, and he wants to stress that point. But he does have two children of his own—he, too, was a teenager—and, to the extent that *Dragnet* has covered teen-age problems, he is familiar with them. "I do know this," says Jack, (Continued on page 93)



Honeymooner: With bride Dorothy, Jack flies back to Hollywood—and the "one career" in their family.

Jack Webb is Detective Sergeant Joe Friday in *Dragnet*, seen over NBC-TV, Thursdays, at 9 P.M.—and heard over NBC Radio, Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M.—both EST, sponsored by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. for Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Producer-director-star Jack Webb is concerned with every major aspect of *Dragnet*. At right with script supervisor Frank Kowalski and Ben Alexander, who is Friday's partner, Frank Smith, in the Award-winning documentary drama.



WANTED: Mr. and Mrs. North



Barbara Britton and Richard Denning find they could use some help, in "The Case of the Missing Keys"

By GORDON BUDGE

BARBARA BRITTON AND RICHARD DENNING—Pam and Jerry North, the amateur sleuths of CBS Radio's *Mr. And Mrs. North*—desperately try to lead quiet lives away from the microphone. But, somehow, Richard Denning and his wife, Evelyn Ankers, and Barbara Britton and her husband, Dr. Gene Czukor, can't seem to keep Pam-and-Jerryisms out of their lives. You would think, however, that the most completely *amateur* sleuths could find their own missing car keys. But not Barbara and Dick! One recent weekend, for (Continued on page 76)

Mr. And Mrs. North, a John W. Loveton Production, is heard over CBS Radio, Mon., 8 P.M. EST. The TV version can be seen in major areas of the U.S.; see local papers for time and station.

Alias Pam and Jerry North: Dick and Barbara are a convincing pair of sleuths—in the script.

"Pam," at home, is really Mrs. Eugene Czukor, has a son named Teddy, a daughter named Chris.



"Jerry's" off-TV wife is pretty Evelyn Ankers—and they have a daughter whom they call DeeDee.

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA ACTOR
FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA ACTRESS





a Song from his Heart





As his wedding date approaches, Eddie Fisher finds life becoming more and more "something to sing about"

By MARY TEMPLE

REALLY there are two Eddie Fishers. . . . One is the boy who sings out of a happy heart and can hardly keep the fun he finds in life from bubbling up and spilling over into everything he does. The boy who can't quite believe that all the wonderful things which have happened to him are true. . . . The other Eddie is the serious artist who has grown in stature month by month, who is aware of his success . . . and, even more, of the responsibilities that success brings. The serious young man who is also aware of his good fortune in meeting a girl named Debbie Reynolds ("She's perfect for me, perfect for any man, but I'm the lucky one she's going to marry") . . . and who realizes that marriage will bring its own special responsibilities. This is the Eddie Fisher who welcomes the challenges of his work and of his life and runs forward with a full heart to meet them.

Eddie sat in his dressing room after rehearsal of one of his shows, having a quick lunch served on a paper plate from the drugstore in Radio City. It was one of the rare times when he might be found alone at the studio, without many people crowding into the narrow room, and it didn't last very long. Soon the room was filled with people coming and going who needed to consult with him—his barber, the manicurist, his friends.

"I am just beginning to grasp all the things that have happened to me during the past few years," Eddie said. "A couple of years ago, I told you that the responsibility of all this scared me a little at first. I would get to thinking about how many (Continued on page 100)

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



FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER

Left, Eddie Contor and his Ido attend the party to celebrate Eddie Fisher's engagement to filmstar Debbie Reynolds.



Above, Debbie receives congratulations from composer Irving Berlin by phone as Eddie beams proudly of his bride-to-be.



Together, Eddie and Debbie are already sharing careers—from cheer-up visits in hospitals to appearances at "premieres."





the Folks at
HOME

They create a TV women's

EACH OF US has our own individual ideas as to what makes a home something unique and special. Collectively, you readers decided that NBC-TV's *Home* was special enough to be chosen as favorite TV women's program. The choice was a wise one, for—in little over a year—*Home* has provided its millions of viewers with a fascinating and fantastic wealth of information.

In every home, it's the people who make it the special place it is. So it is with *Home*. First and foremost, there is Editor-in-Chief Arlene Francis who, with her infectious laugh and sunny personality, creates an atmosphere of whole-hearted enjoyment that is shared by the other *Home* editors, as well as viewers. One of the most beloved—and active—women in television, Arlene brings to the show

ARLENE FRANCIS
Editor-in-Chief of Home

Home is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, from 11 A.M. to 12 noon EST (in most other areas—10-11 CST; 9-10 MST; 11-noon PST).



FAVORITE TV WOMEN'S PROGRAM



NANCYANN GRAHAM
Home Decoration Editor



NATALIE CORE
Fashion and Beauty Editor



HUGH DOWNS
Host of Home; Shopping Editor



KIT KINNE
Cooking Editor



WILL PEIGELBECK
Gardening, How-to-do-it Editor



DORSEY CONNORS
Midwest Editor

wonderland—exciting, different and so worthwhile

an extensive background in the theater, TV and the fashion field, plus a love of cooking, decorating and other household activities. Arlene has found that each day on the program is a new experience for her. "I watch and enjoy the things shown as much as any housewife listening," she says, "and many of the ideas I have incorporated in my own home." This is a nine-room house in Manhattan which Arlene and her husband, actor-director-producer Martin Gabel, redecorated themselves. In addition to the excitement of fixing up her own home, Arlene has had a fair share of thrills on *Home*. She has descended to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean in a diving bell, allowed snakes to coil about her arms, and taken a jogging ride on a camel—after which she said dryly, "That's the last date I'll have with that

dromedary!" It seems now that life couldn't be busier or more exciting for Arlene, and it is this desire to be constantly doing, added to her many-faceted talents, that makes her the perfect mistress of *Home*.

No home is really complete without a man about it and, on *Home*, this role is ably filled by Hugh Downs, who serves as host and Shopping Editor. That he is the only male seen regularly each day seems to agree with Hugh. "I love women," he says, adding: "Any man that says he dislikes having a lot of women around him is insecure. . . . Besides, the gals on *Home* are all a wonderful bunch to work with." An Ohioan by birth, Hugh came to New York by way of Chicago where he was an announcer for NBC shows and star of his own shows. His (*Continued on page 84*)

all Play, no work

By ROBERTA OWEN

WHENEVER Bill Cullen hears a woman complain, "My husband built a sink in his darkroom, but do you suppose I can get him to put up so much as a shelf in the kitchen?" he has an urge to offer the lady some advice.

Bill, who breaks up a formidable broadcasting schedule with many a spare-time pursuit, wants to say, "Relax, ma'am. One is work, the other play. The guy will do his regular job better if he gets away from it once in a while. Besides, you can't tell where that hobby may lead."

Likewise, when he encounters the man who expects his wife to break into an ecstasy of admiration each time he waves a photograph at her and announces, "I shot this at f8 and 1/50th," Bill wishes he could impart a few facts of life.

To the offending male, he would like to confide, "You're boring your wife. You're imposing on the fact women are trained to be good listeners. Did *you* enthuse when she worked out that difficult knitting stitch?"

For Bill truly believes that a hobby, to be any good, must be completely personal, a contrast to one's regular job and a joy in itself. "It should never reflect your all-the-time thinking," he remarks. "A hobby's major importance is that it takes off the competitive pressure. You proceed at your own pace. You are the only one you have to please. But when you have pleased yourself, you'll (Continued on page 83)



That's how a busy schedule looks to Bill Cullen, who discovered a great career through his hobbies

Bill is heard on *It Happens Every Day*, M-F, Mutual, 8:55 A.M., for the Block Drug Co., and *Roadshow*, on NBC Radio, Sat. (see local papers for time). He is seen on *Name That Tune*, over CBS-TV, Thurs., 10:30 P.M., for Carter Products and Whitehall Pharmacal Co., and *I've Got A Secret*, on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., for Winston Cigarettes. All times EST.

FAVORITE RADIO EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

a Laugh in time

IF YOU can laugh at yourself in the small unexpected adventures of life, you will better be able to laugh at your big problems, too. Art Linkletter can tell you that the unexpected *always* happens; it's the way you react to it that's important.

Recently, Art was asked to guest on *Toast Of The Town*, when Ed Sullivan devoted the entire hour to saluting the pioneers of the radio industry. As Art sat with the other "greats" of radio, they reminisced about the many funny mishaps that occurred during the earlier helter-skelter days of the business.

Art says: "Suddenly a mental picture of a hilarious night came back to me. It was twenty-two years ago, when I was staff announcer and general handyman at KGB, San Diego—just starting my career. My nighttime disc-jockey and chatter show was sponsored by a local mortuary. It was my *first* sponsor—so I was putting every effort into impressing them and the station management.

"Alone, with just the sound engineer in the studio, I was beginning my evening pitch for the mortuary, when one of life's unexpected adventures began to take place. In those old days, microphones looked like a sort of pot, suspended from a long arm called a 'boom.' As I got into the meat of the message, the boom slowly started to drop. Thinking of the old show-business maxim, 'The show must go on,' I soon found myself crouching, then *kneeling* on the floor!

"The payoff came as the microphone settled (*Continued on page 79*)



Art Linkletter's *House Party* is heard over CBS Radio, 3:15 P.M.—seen on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M.—both M-F, for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Co., and Dole Pineapple. *People Are Funny*, heard on NBC Radio, Tues., 8 P.M. for Mars Candy and The Toni Co.—seen NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M., for Prom Home Permanent, Paper-Mate Pens. All EST.

**Well, it wasn't so timely then—
but it started Art Linkletter on
his way toward fabulous success**

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Eternal Miracle

Our Miss Brooks cradles her first-born. (But, to mother Eve, wee Douglas Brooks West is truly her fourth child!)





Daughters Connie and Liza are the eldest of Brooks and Eve Arden West's beloved children.

To Eve Arden, children are always the most blessed event, no matter how they come into her happy home

By GLADYS HALL

JUST SUPPOSE that you, like Eve Arden, had been married for years . . . and had adopted three children . . . and then had a baby of your own . . . what would you think, how would you feel, what would your reaction be? Surely, the miracle of birth would seem even more of a miracle, at that blessed moment!

Eve Arden—the bachelor-girl school-teacher of *Our Miss Brooks* fame—had actually been married eleven years in all . . . a first marriage that lasted seven years, and four years of happy, completely happy, marriage to actor Brooks West . . . before her first baby was (Continued on page 97)

Eve Arden is *Our Miss Brooks*, as heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, for Anacin and other products—seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M. EST, for General Foods.



The farm is their haven. But Eve and Brooks have enjoyed most of their tours in the U.S. and Europe. They make their own "title cards" (below) for travel movies they've taken.



FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE

Answer to Prayer



Everyone in the family—except mama Dale Evans and baby Dodie—wears an American cowboy hat like papa Roy's: Dusty, Scotch lassie Marion, Sandy, and Linda Lou. Marion feels more at home than ever before in her life, among the wild heather of California—or listening to Roy's soft Western voice.

Marion's sad song went straight to the hearts of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans—and found her a home

**FAVORITE TV WESTERN STAR
FAVORITE TV WESTERN PROGRAM**

EVERY PRAYER is answered. A fourteen-year-old Scottish lass named Marion knows this to be true. Her life has shown her that a day will always come in the patient future—a day when the faith implied in even the smallest prayer will be rewarded. Roy Rogers and Dale Evans have also led prayerful lives and know that faith is rewarded. Here is a story that ties together these three people—Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, fourteen-year-old Marion—and one prayer: Marion's dream of living in a home.

In 1954, Marion, then thirteen years old, lived in Scotland's Dunforth Orphanage. Her parents had had a hard time making a home for her brother, two sisters and Marion. Dunforth was the third orphanage she had been in. Her brother and two sisters had grown up and "graduated." Fate had been against Marion. There had been times when she had almost been adopted, but something always happened. Either she was too young (or too old) or some aspect of the law could not be met. But Marion never gave up her prayerful dream—to have a home.

Then in the winter of 1954, Roy and Dale, on tour in the British Isles, visited Scotland. (Continued on page 76)

The Roy Rogers Show, NBC-TV, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by General Foods for Jell-O and Post Cereals. *The Roy Rogers Show*, NBC Radio, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by Dodge Dealers.



Thanks, Pardner!

GENE AUTRY is celebrating his 25th anniversary in radio. "Faith is what kept me here," he says. "Faith I had in myself, but—more important—the faith other people had in me. In fact, I might never have been here if it hadn't been for the faith of others. Here and now, I want to thank them, one and all."

Gene first left his Oklahoma ranch home, at sixteen, to join the railroad as a telegrapher in the whistle-stop town of Chelsea, Oklahoma. During the long nights, he whiled away the hours singing and strumming his guitar.

One night Gene was sitting dreaming out the window, guitar in his lap, when a stranger came up with a message for him to send. Handing it in, he spied the guitar. "You play that thing, son?"

"Yes, sir," said Gene.

"You sing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, would you knock off a ditty for us?"

Gene did. When he finished, the stranger smiled. "Young fella," he said, "you ought to be in radio."

Gene thought the stranger was just making him feel good. But—when he looked at the message—he saw it was signed: "Will Rogers." Since the immortal Will Rogers (Continued on page 95)

The Gene Autry Show is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6 P.M. EST, for Wrigley's Doublemint Chewing Gum. See local papers for time and station on TV.



When Gene first saw the skyscrapers of New York, he said to himself: "Boy, you'll be lucky if you can ever find your way out!" But his path led on to fame and fortune, in the familiar West—riding the range with his fine horse, Champion—and cooking on an outdoor "range" for his beloved wife, Ina.



Gene Autry will never forget those who believed in him, during his twenty-five years in show business

**FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN STAR
FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN PROGRAM**

Q IS FOR QUALITY



Versatility is the keynote of the Lewis shows. Left to right, in this music-hall skit: Earl Wrightson, Lois Hunt, Jan Arden, Bob, Lee Vines, and Jaye P. Morgan.



FAVORITE TV DAYTIME COMEDY • FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME COMEDY

Robert Q. Lewis found himself
through helping others,
became a star by creating stars

By ED MEYERSON

IT WAS only a year and a half ago that Jaye P. Morgan came East—a virtual unknown from the West Coast. As she says, "I was torturing myself as a band vocalist, wondering whether I was getting anywhere." But, her first week in New York, she auditioned for the new show Robert Q. Lewis was readying for TV. "I've Got the Sun in the Morning," she sang—and that very same morning, she also got the job.

As a singer on the *Robert Q. Lewis Shows*, and a charter member of Bob's "family," Jaye P. Morgan soon became a name that meant more than just high finance. She was invited to Washington, along with Milton Berle and Irving Berlin, to entertain at an affair honoring the President. She appeared on *The Jackie Gleason Show* when Robert Q. took over for his friend. And then she signed a recording contract with RCA Victor.

"I take absolutely no credit for Jaye P. Morgan," Bob says. "She was that way to begin with."

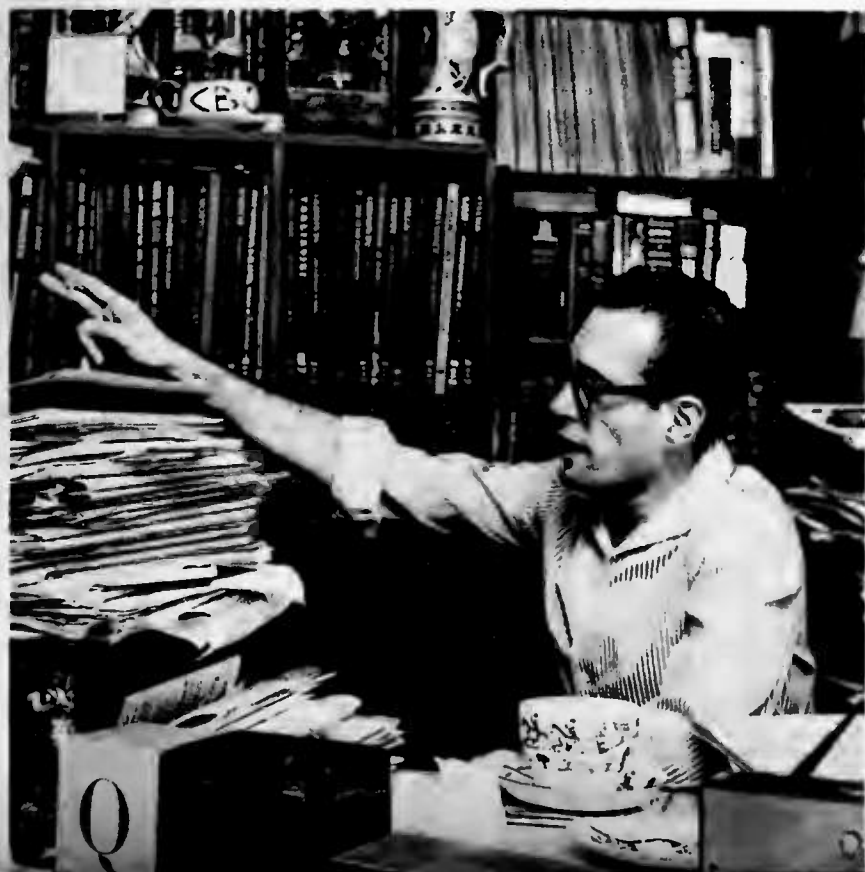
It was Bob, however, (Continued on page 105)



Anything for a laugh—Bob even tackles a xylophone with typical skill, to the amazement of Earl and Lois.



Harmony isn't just a word, in his "family." Above, Bob with the Chordettes—Marjorie Needham, Lynn Evans, Carol Bushman, Janet Ertel. Left, he loves everything about show business, has a fabulous record collection.



The Robert Q. Lewis Show on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EST, sponsored by Miles Laboratories (for Alka-Seltzer), Helene Curtis Industries (Spray Net and Lanolin Discovery), General Mills (O-Cel-O Sponges and other products), Jolinson's Wax, Swanson Frozen Poultry, Doeskin Tissues, Mazola. *The Robert Q. Lewis Show* on CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EST, sponsored by Helene Curtis (Suave, Shampoo Plus Egg), Pine-Sol, Perma-Starch.



Long Live the QUEEN!

*Jack Bailey has a
heartful of thanks,
not for just a day—
but always*

FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S PROGRAM

Audiences—and Sara Ann Starry, collegiate *Queen For A Day*—insist on crowning Jack Bailey himself. At right, Jack at home with his own queen, Carol.

JACK BAILEY and *Queen For A Day* are celebrating their tenth anniversary on the Mutual radio network—and all of Jack's millions of loyal listeners agree they couldn't have spent those ten years with a nicer guy.

But Jack claims he is not responsible for the *Queen's* ten years of success. "The *Queen* is so alive today," says Jack, "for just one reason: The loyalty of its listeners. I can remember times, during this period, when we were kept on the air only because of the graciousness and loyalty of our fans.

"I'm not generally considered a tear-shedding man," Jack says, "but, in saying 'Thanks to you all,' I could very easily shed one now. As an audience, you've stood by me from the very first day—and, long as I live, I'll never forget *that day!* Boy, did I fluff!"

It was in June, 1945, that Jack (*Continued on page 92*)

Queen For A Day is heard over Mutual, M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, for Old Gold Cigarettes (P. Lorillard Company) and other sponsors. Check local papers for time, day and stations of the TV version.



Fibber and Molly—and Family

Radio has made Jim and Marian Jordan's fondest dreams come true



FAVORITE RADIO HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM

Jim and Marian Jordan have won a permanent place in listeners' hearts—along with three Awards to date in TVRM polls—but are proudest about their six grandchildren (above, Peggy and Janice Jordan, Diane Goodman).

THEIR HOME AND FAMILY are the two most important things to Jim and Marian Jordan—your beloved *Fibber McGee And Molly*—more important to them than top ratings or star billings. This is as true today, with their five-times-a-week radio show, as it was back in their beginning days

in vaudeville—when they had only a dream to share.

Vaudeville, to Jim and Marian, was a struggle: For years, they traveled the old Gus Sun Time circuit with a group of players known as the Metropolitan Entertainers (the group played a dulcimer, (Continued on page 88)

Wanted: Mr. and Mrs. North

(Continued from page 60)

example, Barbara and Dick did a late show. Barbara's husband, Dr. Czukur, had to be at work early the following morning. Since the Dennings and the Czukors live but a few blocks apart, Gene asked Dick if he would mind bringing Barbara home. "Sure, I'll bring Barbara home, Gene," said Dick.

It was midnight when Barbara and Dick finished taping their show. When they emerged into the dark of the CBS parking lot, it appeared to them like a scene from their script. The street light poked uneasy fingers through the fog as if searching for something solid. They could barely make out the shadowy bulk of Dick's car huddled in the far corner of the lot.

A small mist of light seeped through the closed CBS doors. Beyond this brief island of illumination, it was dark as a pit. Barbara and Dick, in real life, are just as brave as Pam and Jerry. They struck up a chatter of valiant conversation as they gingerly picked their way to the car.

The door of Dick's car was cold and fog-damp to his touch. He turned the handle. "It's locked," he said, "and the attendant had the keys!"

"Don't worry," said Barbara brightly, "Pam and Jerry could find a set of car keys. And so can we. The first thing we have to do is reconstruct the crime! Now, if you were the parking lot attendant, where would you have left them?"

"Inside," said Dick, brightening, "at the reception desk!"

"Sure," said Barbara, "that's where they are!" And they ran back to the lighted doorway. But the lone watchman at the night desk said, "No, there are no keys

here. But," he said, "sometimes they leave them across the street at the Naples Restaurant."

Barbara and Dick left the warmth of the reception room, picking their way across the street toward the Naples.

"Keys?" said the cashier. "No keys here. You might try the Knickerbocker Hotel."

Thinking of the dark blocks beyond the safety and warmth of the Naples, Barbara and Dick said in their quaveringest Pam-and-Jerry voice, "Knickerbocker?"

Then they were out in the dark again. As they started to walk up to the "Knick," their footsteps unconsciously quickened, the better to speed them through the murky night. By the time they arrived, they were almost too out of breath to ask for the keys.

Looking at the panting pair in front of him, with raised eyebrows, the night clerk said, "No, there are no keys here."

Barbara and Dick stared at one another in desperation. "Look," said Dick quietly, "this isn't too big for us. But what would Pam and Jerry do now?"

"Well," said Barbara, "they'd go back to the scene of the crime."

Back in the fog-blanketed parking lot, Barbara and Dick peered off into the darkness looking for a clue. Their eyes, now accustomed to the dark, immediately picked out the empty attendant's shack.

"The shack!" exclaimed Barbara.

"Of course!" said Dick. They looked at one another sheepishly as if to say, "Why didn't we think of this before?"

But the shack was locked.

"Oh, no!" groaned Dick.

"Now what will we do?" asked Barbara.

Very Jerry-like, Dick said, "Just keep calm; we're too close to the solution to get excited. I'll think of something."

"We could burn it," suggested Barbara, "and rake the ashes."

"Don't be funny," replied Dick. "This door has a simple latch. I could force it."

"All right," said Barbara, "we'll do it together . . ." and they leaned against the splintery door. With a brief sigh of protest, it gave way. Dick turned on the light. Together their eyes quickly searched the shack's interior—but no keys.

"It beats me. Now what?" said Dick.

Barbara thought for a moment. She said: "We could call the owner of the lot."

Dick brightened. "That's an idea . . . we should have thought of that in the first place." And back they went to the Naples.

"The phone book," said Dick, "is the most remarkable invention since the wheel—you can find the solution to almost any problem in it." Two minutes later, after arousing the sleepy owner of Walt's System Auto Parks, Dick wasn't so positive. The owner didn't have the address or phone number of the lot's attendant. There was nothing he could do until morning.

But it already was morning. At 1:30 A.M., Dick and Barbara gave up playing Pam and Jerry North. They called Barbara's husband and told him their story.

Twenty minutes later, he arrived in overcoat and pajamas. Barbara and Dick didn't say anything as they sheepishly slid into the front seat beside him. The doctor didn't say anything, either, only looked at them through sleepy eyes.

But, as he pulled away from the curb, they heard him mutter: "Some detectives!"

Answer to Prayer

(Continued from page 70)

As usual, they entertained in as many hospitals and orphanages as possible. It was at Dunforth that Roy and Dale first met Marion. Here, for a change, after the stars had entertained, the children sang for Roy and Dale. Marion appeared last.

"She came out," says Dale, "in a little plaid kilt that tried desperately to hide her bony knees. Standing in the middle of the floor, a tiny pillar of bravery, she said, 'I'd like to sing a song—'Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers . . .'" Her words hit us right between the eyes:

'Underneath the gaslight glitter
Stands a little fragile girl,
Hiding from the night winds bitter
As they round about her whirl.
While the hundreds pass unheeding
In the evening's waning hours,
Still she cries with tearful pleading,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?
There are many sad and weary
In this pleasant world of ours,
Crying every night so dreary,
Won't you buy my pretty flowers.'

While Marion sang, Roy and Dale saw the words reflected in her eyes. She wasn't so much singing the song as *living* it. And Marion seemed to sense their feeling. During the rest of the afternoon, as Roy and Dale sat and talked with the children, Marion followed them with her blue eyes.

When Roy and Dale left the orphanage, Marion's face was forlorn—she looked as though her last dream had turned its back and walked away. Driving back to their hotel, Dale couldn't erase the mental picture of the little girl singing her sad song. When they were in their room, she said to Roy: "Of all those children, Roy, that girl needs a home more than the rest . . .

how about it?" She turned to her husband.

Roy said, "I was just thinkin' the same thing."

The next day, they asked the prioress for lunch and talked to her about Marion. Marion's yearning for a home was plain, they told her, and they had fallen in love with the child. Would it be possible for them to take her home to California for a visit in their home? They were surprised to learn, during this conversation, that Marion was thirteen years old. To them, her tiny frame belied her age, especially when they mentally compared her with their own children at home. They also learned that Marion was a religious girl. Besides desperately wanting a home, she wanted to become a missionary.

The information the prioress gave them convinced them that Marion was the neediest child in the orphanage. This new information only intensified Dale's and Roy's desire to have Marion with them.

Word travels fast in an orphanage: It wasn't long before Marion heard she was to go with Roy and Dale to that wonderful dreamland, America!

Then the bad news came, again—as it always had: English law prohibits adoption of a British subject by an alien living in a foreign country. Marion could not go with Roy and Dale.

But Roy and Dale didn't give up—they went to Chief Constable Merriles in Edinburgh. They discussed the situation back and forth for hours. Finally, Mr. Merriles suggested that, though Marion could not be *adopted*, there was no law against her coming to America for a visit.

"That's good enough for us," said Dale. "At least we can fill her with sunshine and good food."

The question now was: Would the special dispensation for the "visit" be granted?

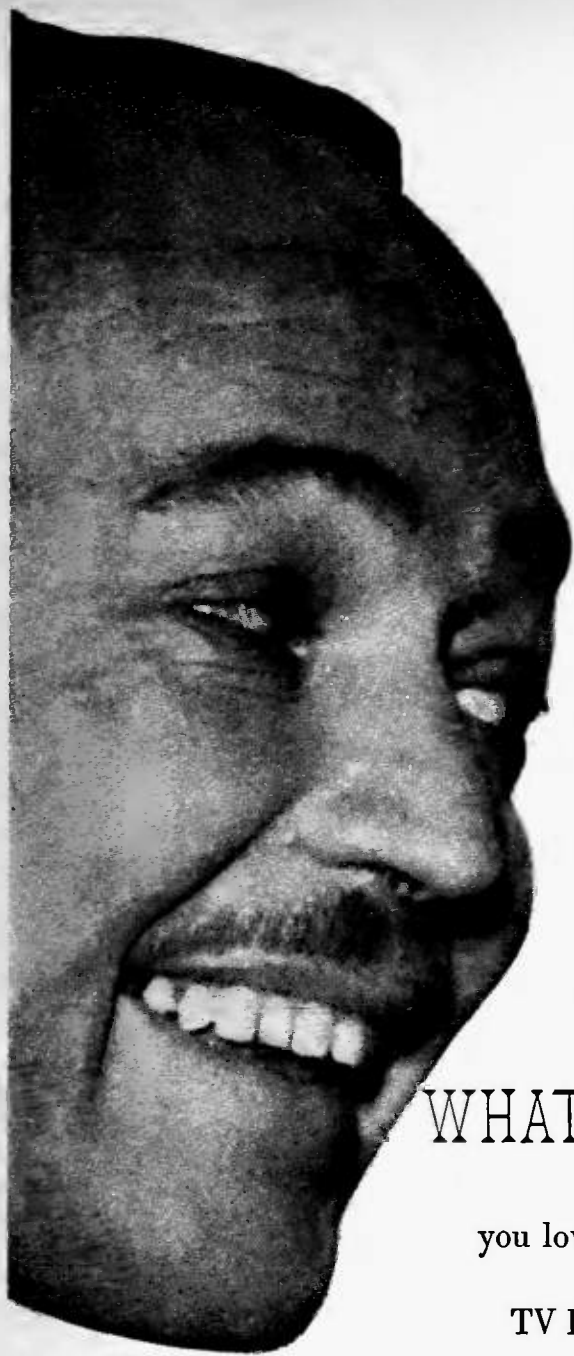
It was highly unorthodox. Roy, Dale and Marion waited patiently for word from Chief Constable Merriles. Waiting had always been part of Marion's life; she wasn't as fretful during this time as were Roy and Dale. To Marion, this was just another time for patience and prayer.

Then in July, 1954, permission was granted for Marion's "visit" to the United States! She would be allowed to stay until January, 1955.

It is now the *spring* of 1955: Marion is still at home with Roy, Dale and their five other children. After she started school in the fall of '54, Roy and Dale asked that her "visit" be extended so she could finish. Permission was granted. In Scotland, youngsters come of age when they are fifteen—if Marion were in an orphanage at that age, she would have been sent out into the world to work. Marion will turn fifteen while still in school here in America. Legally, she can then make her own decisions: She can either go back to Scotland, or stay on with Roy and Dale. . . .

Yes, it is now springtime, 1955. The wild-flowers are pushing up on the hills around Roy's and Dale's San Fernando Valley home. It hasn't even been a year since Marion came to America. But, in that time, the sunshine and food Dale promised her, the love and the home Marion longed for, have added five inches and twenty pounds to her slim frame—the kilt no longer reaches her no-longer-bony knees!

The spring blossoms remind Marion of her own sweet song, "Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers?" Who knows better than this little Scottish lass, standing up to her waist in the wild American heather, that there will always come a day in the patient future? A day when every prayer is answered!



WHAT A WONDERFUL BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

Just what we wanted! On *Queen for a Day's* tenth anniversary, you lovely readers of TV RADIO MIRROR have named *Queen* your favorite women's radio program. This is the third successive year that the TV RADIO MIRROR Gold Medal Award Poll has given *Queen for a Day* this award. And believe Jack Bailey, he's mighty grateful.

In the ten years of broadcast, Jack has given the crown to more than 2600 lucky ladies, and has rewarded them with presents worth about \$7 million.

Listen every weekday for *Queen for a Day* starring Jack Bailey 11:30 AM EST* on MBS

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

The Radio Network for all America



**For exact time and station in your area, check your local radio listings*

Fine and Dan-Dan-Dandy

(Continued from page 53)

too much. He never lets down, and he never lets us let down. It's always a ball."

Right now the place looks more like a mob scene than a ball, however. People mill up and down the aisles. You wonder how so many of them ever got past the challenging stage doorman who guards the entrance as if it were a combination of Fort Knox and the Nevada Proving Grounds. (Actually, the Gleason fans don't even try to crash. They stand patiently out on the sidewalk, waiting to yell: "Hi, Jackie"—or such characteristic expressions as "M-m-m, boy!"—as he dashes past them to the stage entrance, yelling back: "You're a dan-dan-dandy bunch," or, "One of these day-a-a-ys!")

To one side of the theater's auditorium is the orchestra, with shining-pated Ray Bloch putting the boys (and the one lone girl, the harpist) through their paces. They're going over and over a phrase which is giving them trouble, smoothing it out for the evening performance. Jack Lescoulie, the smiling announcer who is now a definite part of this program, and Jimmy Blaine and Bill Nimo, the other announcers who have rapidly become closely identified with it, are mumbling over their lines in separate corners as the sets for the commercials are being checked and lights and cameras placed. A little girl actress, who will be in one of the commercials, sits quietly by herself studying a schoolbook.

The shapely girls who will announce the imminent arrival on home screens of Mr. Gleason and his show, and who will parade again before the cameras as the show leaves the air, are moving into their places for a camera run-through. The June Taylor dancers are still scattered around the theater, knitting, reading, chattering, as they wait for their call. You feel like a child at a three-ring circus, trying to watch everything at once.

"Places, everybody," an assistant calls, and the dancers now swarm out of the half-dark and onto the brightly lit stage. Ray Bloch signals with his baton and they start their routines, making a stunning pattern of outstretched legs and arms as seen from an overhead camera and recorded on the monitor sets scattered around the theater.

Suddenly you are aware that Gleason has come in, quietly and without the welcoming fanfare you might expect for a guy with a new contract that goes 'way, 'way up in the millions. Already his eyes are focused on the monitor nearest the stage, so close to the front row of girls that he could reach out and grab a kicking foot. But Jackie pays attention only to what he sees on the screen, as the home viewers will see it later. That's what counts. He is wearing one of his favorite plaid shirts, a bright pink and black, with a gray and black tweed suit loosely fitted to his bulk but somehow giving the impression of a studied neatness. (He has that knack of looking neat, not common to most men of his size—and this is at the beginning of his now-famous public reducing regime, while he's still up there around the 260-pound mark.)

He nods his head to the music of the dance, nods it more emphatically when the pattern of legs and arms in the overhead camera hits the screen again. He's pleased, and June Taylor, who has been standing next to him, now sways contentedly to the music as she indicates to the girls that the kicks must be kept high, high, higher.

Certainly there was no fanfare when Jackie arrived indoors, but something electric ran through the theater, the performers, the orchestra, the technicians, the control room—as if everything were keyed to a higher pitch than it had been before. Details have suddenly become more important. When one of the announcers runs through a commercial, it is Jackie, standing by and seemingly paying no attention, who notices that one phrase sounds like the brand name of a competitive product when it's said fast and slurred a little. "Just switch the words around so no one will get confused," he suggests. No one else had noticed. Only Gleason, the perfectionist.

"Jackie doesn't miss a thing," Art Carney says. "Even when you think he's not watching or hearing, he knows exactly what's going on. And it isn't always an error, or a fault, that he notices. He's a guy who's quick to tell you when he's pleased."

Art, who plays Ed Norton, Ralph Kramden's neighbor—Jackie, as everybody knows, plays Ralph—is far better-looking than he appears in the get-up of Norton on the show. Like Jackie, he likes bright-colored or plaid shirts for rehearsals, and today his is blue and black, set off by a gray suit. The girls, Audrey Meadows and Joyce Randolph—the ever-lovin' but barbed-tongued Alice Kramden and Trixie Norton of "The Honeymooners"—are casual but chic in their street clothes. Audrey is wearing a gray cashmere sweater over a white silk sports shirt and an embroidered gray skirt. Joyce is in black shirt and skirt, topped by a bright orange vest.

Suddenly you notice that Audrey and Jackie are on stage, quietly rehearsing. This is it, you realize. This is what passes for "dress rehearsal" on this show, although the lines are still not completely committed to memory—certainly not Jackie's. He holds a script in his hand while he goes through Ralph Kramden's gestures, with producer Jack Hurdle acting as prompter from the sidelines. (Later, there will be a complete reading in Jackie's dressing room and the script will be timed and cut, and Jackie will do some "cramming" and know exactly what he's about, when he steps out before the cameras at eight o'clock.) But now he is still feeling his way, throwing in some ad libs, and still worrying over technical details—if a window is supposed to stick when he tries to open it, he wants to be sure he can count on that when he's doing the show. If a faucet is supposed to come off in Audrey's hand, Jackie worries about whether it will break off when the right moment comes. He is always the combination producer-director-actor-boss man, no matter how many people surround him—and plenty always do, for this is a big show.

When "The Honeymooners" was just a short skit, instead of the practically full-length program it is now, Jackie used to rehearse it even more casually. Sometimes he would stand on the stage and call out to Audrey, resting out in the theater, "Aud, what's your opening line?" Audrey would throw it back at him and they would be off, Jackie mumbling part of his lines, substituting "la-la-la-la" for words he couldn't remember, and Audrey calling hers out. They still laugh about the day when sister Jayne Meadows (now Mrs. Steve Allen) came visiting for the first time.

"Is this what you call 'rehearsal' on this show?" Jayne asked Audrey. "This is it," Audrey answered. "What do you think of it?"

For once, Jayne—who is one of television's most articulate panel members—was speechless. She never went to a rehearsal again. "The mere thought of our going on, with only that kind of preparation, scared her," Audrey says. "She preferred not to know anything about it. Now we rehearse some on Thursdays and Fridays, because to sustain characters all through a show does require more preparation, but Jackie is not one to over-rehearse at any time. It keeps the show more spontaneous, his way."

The fact that Jackie not only has a wonderful memory, but has a marvelous gift for ad-lib, makes this arrangement possible. The fact that Art Carney is Jackie's match, and that Audrey has had to learn fast, contributes to it. When Jackie and Art get to throwing in lines at rehearsals, some things are so good they stay in. When they ad-lib on the air, only those close to the show know what a battle of wits goes on, how fast Art has to pick up the ball when Jackie throws it to him, and the other way around. "There's a charge in the man when he gets started," Art explains. "You feel it the moment he pushes the curtains aside and comes out every Saturday night." This element of the unexpected adds a lot to the program and some people wonder if the filmed "Honeymooners" will be as much fun for everybody, including the viewers.

Jackie is sure it will be, if only because the people involved in it will be more relaxed. "Saturday rears its ugly head as soon as Saturday is over," he says, meaning that as soon as one live show is finished, the next week's show begins to pressure him. Perhaps as many as two programs can be filmed in a week, beginning sometime in midsummer, and that will leave the rest of the time more free for some of Jackie's other activities. He can concentrate more on each show, too, as it's filmed, knowing there is always something ready to go on and that this one need not be hurried. He has ideas for personal appearances later on—like the show he put on at the Paramount Theater in New York last year, and his successful engagement at the famous night club, La Vie en Rose. He wants to do more composing and recording, like his Capitol album, "Music for Lovers," and a new one, "Music to Remember Her." He wants to play an occasional straight role in a dramatic play on television.

There is a plan revolving in his mind for a TV program based on the investigation of psychic phenomena, a subject that interests him deeply. He has bought the movie rights to a book satirizing television, and there is a possibility he will star in a feature-length film for theater showing, a project still in the discussion stage.

Added to all this, he will personally supervise the half-hour live variety show, featuring the Dorsey Brothers and their musicians, and the June Taylor dancers, the group he inspired June to create. ("When he told me, for the first show, that he wanted sixteen dancers—an unheard of number at that time—to appear at one time on television," June says, "I thought he must be mad. But, as usual, he knew exactly what he was doing.")

The variety half-hour will precede the "Honeymooners" half-hour on all next season's schedules. There will be guest stars, approved by Jackie, and he will appear occasionally on the show himself, perhaps re-creating some of his famous characters—such as Reggie Van Gleason, the Loudmouth, the Poor Soul, with Art

Carney as his foil—perhaps coming up with some brand-new characterizations. Sometimes he may take over a Dorsey baton to lead the boys in something of his own.

"Whatever he does, it will be in good taste," everyone tells you. "He always remembers that his are 'family shows,' from the standpoint of the time when they go on the air, and also because they appeal to youngsters as well as grownups."

The Gleason gang wouldn't mind a bit if he went back next year to a theater like the Paramount, even with its six-a-day, sixteen-hours-in-the-theater grind of performances. The continuous audiences, but always different, stimulated Jackie. "We put five additional minutes into our sketch before the two weeks were finished," Audrey says. "Jackie came up with some marvelous ad-libbing. There was one real cute segment we later added to the TV show. Jackie really had himself a ball for the whole two weeks, and he loved it."

It was Audrey's sister Jayne who again made one of her classic remarks when she went backstage at the Paramount to visit. The corridors and dressing rooms back there are rather stark and bare, somewhat "institutional" looking, in contrast to the opulence of the lobbies and the theater auditorium. Jayne took one look around, at the clowning Gleason and the rest of the cast and the other people involved in the stage show, all laughing and shouting and carrying on over something Jackie had just been saying and doing. "This looks like a psycho ward at Bellevue," she said, "and you look exactly like a bunch of ambulatory patients!"

"She was right," Jackie admits. "We saw ourselves later in a kinescope taken during a rehearsal and that was a psycho ward, all right. M-m-m, boy!"

Now Jackie is thinking about building a Television City in the New York area, for filming "The Honeymooners" and other shows. Maybe right in the middle of New York City.

"If he wants to, he will," the cast says, when you mention it. "Right in the heart of Times Square, if that's where he wants it. If Jackie sets his heart on doing anything, he gets it done."

As Jackie himself would say, "M-m-m, boy! That would be a dan-dan-dandy set-up!"

A Laugh in Time

(Continued from page 67)

toward the floor. There I was—young, budding, ambitious Art Linkletter—on my hands and knees on the floor reading mortuary advertising copy! The humor of the situation just about killed me. No longer able to restrain myself, I started laughing—that's right, smack in the middle of my commercial.

"Anybody can tell you, the middle of a mortuary commercial is no place to laugh. And my friend, the sound engineer, was no help at all! I looked up to find *him* laughing so hard he couldn't sit in his chair.

"The commercial ended with me flat on my back, the microphone resting on my chest."

Yes, it was a wild night for Art, the end of his first sponsor. But not the end of his career—not at all. It was only the beginning, for it was this ability of Art's—being able to laugh at life's unexpected adventures—that proved so successful for him in later years with his audience participation shows. With these shows, the unexpected *always* happens, too. Art has proven, it's the way you react to these situations that is important.



Is there
an air of
freshness
about you?

...are you really lovely to love?

How confident you feel! There's an air of freshness about you always when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Underarms are *dry*... and they stay dry. No worry about stains that spoil clothes. No offensive odor. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient now known to science.

You'll love using Fresh, too. It's a pure

white cream, with a soft, subtle scent. And Fresh has a fluffy, whipped-cream texture... never sticky or greasy. So kind to your skin, too.

For an air of freshness, use Fresh Cream Deodorant every day—be sure you are lovely to love, always.

FRESH is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

a "FRESH" girl
is always
lovely to love



Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45		Local Program	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurlough Easy Does It	Breakfast Club	
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:15 10:30	Joyce Jordan Doctor's Wife	Guest Time News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	
10:45	Break The Bank	Florida Calling With Tom Moore	When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Companion—Dr. Mace	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15			Paging The New	
11:30	Phrase That Pays		Your Neighbor's Voice	Make Up Your Mind
11:45	Second Chance		Three-City Byline	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 Higgin 12:20 Own At Holmesy's	Frank Farrell	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 Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45				This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00	News	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party
3:15 3:30 3:45	3:05 Woman In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness			
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Bruce & Oan	Latin Quarter Matinee 4:25 Betty Crocker† Treasury Bandstand	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House			
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson† (Sgt. Preston) 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	5:50 Wismer, Sports	Fred Beck Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	5:55 This I Believe
		†T-TH †M-W-F	†T, Th—Sheilah Graham	

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	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry J. Taylor Best Of All	Top Secret Files Broadway Cop	Jack Gregson Show American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van	Camarata Concert	Mr. & Mrs. North 8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America	Gil Houston Show Reporters' Roundup	9:25 News Freedom Sings	Perry Como Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Wings For Tomorrow	Musical Almanac Albert Warner	News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell Martha Lou Harp	Orchestra

Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
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	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny Oragnet	Treasury Agent John Steele, Adventurer	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
9:00 9:15	Lux Radio Theater	News, Lyle Van Gil Houston Show	Jack Gregson Show	Suspense 8:25 News Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
9:30 9:45	Lux Theater (con.)		Sammy Kaye 9:25 E. O. Canham, News Platterbrains 9:55 News	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Listen To Washington	Gil Houston Show (con.) Albert Warner	News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell Take Thirty	Orchestra

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
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 Les Paul & Mary Ford	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15	Oinah 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	FBI In Peace And War 8:25 Doug Edwards 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life Penitentiary	News, Lyle Van Gil Houston Show	Sammy Kaye Brown Derby Record Room	Perry Como Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Great Gildersleeve Keys To The Capital	Gil Houston Show (con.) Albert Warner	News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell Ounigans & Friends	Orchestra

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
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	Bill 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 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Spend A Million Where Have You Been?	News, Lyle Van Parade Of Sports State Of The Nation	Jack Gregson Show	The Whistler 8:25 Doug Edwards Night Watch
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly - Great Gildersleeve Jane Pickens Show	News, Edward P. Morgan Richard Rendell Front & Center	Serenade Room Music Tent 9:55 News	Rosemary Clooney Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
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 Les Paul & Mary Ford	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Oinah Shore Frank Sinatra Friday With Garroway	Counter-Spy Take A Number	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Garroway (con.)	News, Lyle Van Gil Houston Show Search That Never Ends	Jack Gregson Show	Crime Photographer 8:25 Doug Edwards Godfrey Digest
10:00 10:15 10:30	Boxing—Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Highlights	Family Theater Albert Warner	Sammy Kaye Documentary 9:55 Sport Report	Perry Como Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45		Local Program	Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Serenade To Romance	News	No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Serenade To Romance Roadshow, with Bill Cullen	Amazing Mr. Whiz	No School Today (con.)	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Roadshow (con.)	Lucky Pierre Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

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	Pee Wee King Show	Country Jamboree	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez 1:55 News	City Hospital 1:25 Galen Drake News 1:35 Stan Oaugherty Presents
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Dude Ranch Jamboree Roadshow (con.)	Fifth Army Band Symphonies For Youth	Festival, with Milton Cross	Dance Orchestra Teddy Wilson Orch. Richard Hayes
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Roadshow (con.)	Symphonies (con.) 2:25 News Richard Hayes	Festival (con.)	String Serenade Skinny Ennis Orch.
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Roadshow (con.)	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Festival (con.)	Dance Orchestra
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Roadshow (con.)	Salute The Nation	News	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 6:15 6:30 6:45	News H. V. Kaltenborn Thy Kingdom Come	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	6:05 Pan-American Union Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Travel Bureau 7:05 Heart Of The News College Quiz Bowl	True Or False	News 7:05 At Ease Labor-Management Series	News 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Conversation Boston Symphony	Parade Of Sports	News 8:05 Oance Party	Gunsmoke Juke Box Jury
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Symphony (con.) Grand Ole Opry	Sports (con.) Lombardo Land	News 9:05 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.) Dance 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	World News Roundup The Music Room
9:30 9:45	Faith In Action Art Of Living	Back To God	Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Church Of The Air
10:30 10:45	Headlines In Perspective	Voice Of Prophecy	Church Of The Air (con.)
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	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	Music For Relaxation	Marine Band	Pan-American Union	News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question Philadelphia Symphony Orch.
12:30 12:45	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	The World Tomorrow	Philadelphia Symphony (con.) News 1:35 Syncopation Piece
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Anthology Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Global Frontiers Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Symphonette New York Philharmonic-Symphony
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Youth Wants To Know	Basil Heatter Bandstand, U.S.A.	Or. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	New York Philharmonic-Symphony (con.)
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Weekend	Wonderful City Have A Heart	News 3:05 Air Force Show Hour Of Decision	New York Philharmonic-Symphony (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend (con.)	Pop The Question 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	News 5:05 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 Nothing But Music	Public Prosecutor-Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Considine Wisner, Sports	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News	Gene Autry Hall Of Fame
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Biographies In Sound	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	Or. Six Gun Adventures Of The Abbots	Hawaii Calls	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Sherlock Holmes Easy Money	Manion Forum Keep Healthy	Walter Winchell News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Rudy Vallee 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 Face The Nation John Oerr, Sports

See Next Page →

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, APRIL 8—MAY 7

Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME	DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
APRIL							
9, Sat.	2:00	9	Yanks vs. Dodgers— <i>Ex</i>	26, Tu.	8:00	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
10, Sun.	1:55	11	Dodgers vs. Yanks— <i>Ex</i>		8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
12, Tu.	1:30	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers	27, W.	1:25	11	Mil. vs. Giants
	1:55	11	Wash. vs. Yanks	28, Th.	1:25	11	St. L. vs. Giants
13, W.	1:55	11	Wash. vs. Yanks		1:30	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
14, Th.	1:25	11	Dodgers vs. Giants	29, F.	8:00	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
15, Fri.	1:25	11	Dodgers vs. Giants		8:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
16, Sat.	1:55	11	Phila. vs. Giants	30, Sat.	1:55	11	St. L. vs. Giants
17, Sun.	1:55	11	Phila. vs. Giants— <i>D</i>		2:00	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
18, M.	1:25	11	Pgh. vs. Giants	MAY			
19, Tu.	1:25	11	Pgh. vs. Giants	1, Sun.	1:55	11	Cinc. vs. Giants— <i>D</i>
20, W.	1:55	11	Balt. vs. Yanks		2:00	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers	2, M.	1:30	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
21, Th.	1:55	11	Balt. vs. Yanks	3, Tu.	8:00	11	Chi. vs. Giants
22, F.	1:55	11	Boston vs. Yanks	4, W.	1:25	11	Chi. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers		8:00	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
23, Sat.	1:55	11	Boston vs. Yanks	5, Th.	1:25	11	Chi. vs. Giants
	2:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers		1:30	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
24, Sun.	1:55	11	Boston vs. Yanks	6, F.	8:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
	2:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers	7, Sat.	1:55	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
				8, Sun.	1:55	11	Pgh. vs. Giants

Ex—Exhibition game

D—Doubleheader

Thursday

- 8:00 **2** Meet Mr. McNulty—Mirthful Milland
- 4** & **8** You Bet Your Life—Graucha
- 8:30 **2** Climax!—Hour suspense stories, except April 14, Shower Of Stars—musical
- 4** Justice—In the end, you get it
- 7** T-Men In Action—Police adventure
- 9:00 **4** & **8** Dragnet—Webb weaves and
- 7** Star Tonight—Half-hour teleplays
- 9:30 **2** Four Star Playhouse—Filmed dramas
- 4** & **8** Ford Theater—Filmed stories
- 7** Pond's Theater—Hour-long teleplays
- 10:00 **2** Public Defender—Reed Hadley stars
- 4** & **8** Lux Video Theater—Drama
- 5** Ernie Kovacs Show—Mare madness
- 10:30 **2** Willy—Comedy Havac with June
- 7** Rocket Squad—Reed Hadley still stars

Friday

- 8:00 **2** & **8** Moma—Warm & friendly
- 4** Red Buttons—Comedy revue. Every fourth week, Apr. 8 & May 6, Jack Corson
- 7** Ozzie & Harriet—The greatest
- 8:30 **2** Topper—Hucus-pucus comedy
- 4** & **8** Life Of Riley—Comedy, Bendix
- 7** Roy Bolger Show—Witty, sparkling
- 9:00 **2** Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
- 4** & **8** Big Story—Hard-hitting stories
- 5** Mr. & Mrs. North—Whadunits
- 9:30 **2** Our Miss Brooks—Eve Arden funfest
- 4** & **8** Dear Phoebe—Peter Lawford
- 7** The Vise—Bill of thrills
- 10:00 **2** The Line-Up—Taut police work
- 4** & **8** Covolcpe Of Sports—Boxing
- 5** Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
- 10:30 **2** Person To Person—Murray's visits
- 5** Down You Go—Panel panic

Saturday

- 7:30 **2** Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
- 4** Show Wagon—Heidt's talent salute
- 8:00 **2** Jackie Gleason—The Honeymooners
- 4** & **8** Mickey Rooney—Comedy series
- 8:30 **4** & **8** So This Is Hollywood—Comedy
- 9:00 **2** Two For The Money—Quiz, Shriver
- 4** & **8** Imogene Coco—Big laughs; every fourth week, Apr. 9 & May 7, Mox Liebman Presents
- 7** Ozark Jubilee—Variety, country-style
- 9:30 **2** My Favorite Husband—Gleeful
- 4** & **8** Durante-O'Connor Show Jimmy, Apr. 9, 23, May 7; Donald, Apr. 16, 30
- 10:00 **4** & **8** George Gobel—Gabs of laughs
- 10:30 **2** Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
- 4** & **8** Your Hit Parade—Picturesque

Sunday

- 6:30 **2** & **8** You Are There—Re-live history
- 7:30 **4** & **8** People Are Funny—Linkletter
- 7** You Asked For It—Art Baker, emcee
- 7:30 **2** & **8** Jack Benny Show—Apr. 17 & May 1; alternating with Ann Sathern's comedy, Private Secretary
- 4** Mr. Peepers—Wally Cox comedy except Apr. 24, Max Liebman Presents
- 8:00 **4** & **8** Toast Of The Town—Variety
- 2** Comedy Hour—Big deal
- 9:00 **2** G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
- 4** & **8** TV Playhouse—Full-hour plays
- 9:30 **2** Stage 7—Hollywood stars emote
- 5** Life Begins At 80—Jack Barry, emcee
- 10:00 **2** Adventure Theater—Live thrillers
- 4** & **8** Loretta Young Show—Stories
- 7** Break The Bank—\$\$\$ Quiz, Parks
- 10:30 **2** & **8** What's My Line?—Jab game
- 4** Bob Cummings Show—Zaomerooney

Monday through Friday

DAYTIME

- 7:00 **2** Morning Show—Wake up to Paar
- 4** & **8** Today—With gracious Garraway
- 9:00 **2** George Skinner Show—Variety
- 10:00 **2** Gorry Moore Show—He sends you
- 4** & **8** Ding Dong School—TV nursery
- 10:30 **2** Arthur Godfrey Time—Time far fun
- 4** & **8** Woy Of The World—Drama
- 11:00 **4** Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
- 11:30 **2** & **8** Strike It Rich—Quiz far needy
- 12:00 **2** Voliant Lody—Stars Flara Campbell
- 4** & **8** Tennessee Ernie Show—Sacka
- 12:15 **2** & **8** Love Of Life—Daytime drama
- 12:30 **2** & **8** Search For Tomorrow—Serial
- 4** Feather Your Nest—Callyer's quiz
- 7** Entertainment—2½ hours of variety
- 12:45 **2** (& **8** at 2:30) The Guiding Light
- 1:00 **2** Portia Faces Life—Fran Carlan stars
- 5** Claire Mann—Far health & beauty
- 1:15 **2** Rood Of Life—Dan MacLaughlin stars
- 1:30 **2** & **8** Welcome Travelers—Fram Chi.
- 2:00 **2** & **8** Robert Q. Lewis Show—A Jay
- 2:30 **2** Art Linkletter's House Party
- 1** Liberace—Valentina of the piano
- 3:00 **2** & **8** The Big Payoff—Mink-lined quiz
- 4** The Greatest Gift—Ann Burr stars
- 5** Paul Dixon Show—Musicmimics
- 3:15 **4** The Golden Windows—Daily story
- 3:30 **2** Bob Crosby Show—Gay & tuneful
- 4** & **8** One Man's Family—Serial
- 3:45 **4** & **8** Concerning Miss Marlowe
- 4:00 **2** & **8** Brighter Day—Daily story
- 4** Howkins Falls—Small town serial
- 4:15 **2** & **8** Secret Storm—Daytime drama
- 4** First Love—Pat Barry in lead
- 4:30 **2** & **8** On Your Account—Quiz far \$\$\$
- 4** World Of Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles

EARLY EVENING

- 6:30 **1** Liberace—Songs and talk
- 7:00 **7** Kuklo, Fran & Ollie—Cute stuff
- 7:15 **7** John Daly Comments—News
- 7:30 **4** & **8** Singers—Tony Martin, Man.; Dinah Shore, Tues., Thurs.; Eddie Fisher, Wed., Fri.
- 9** Million Dollar Movies
- 7:45 **2** Singers—Perry Como, Mon., Wed. & Fri.; Ja Stafford, Tues.; Jane Framer, Thurs.
- 4** News Caravan—Suave Swayze

LATE NIGHT

- 10:00 **9** Million Dollar Movies
- 11:00 **5** News & Sports
- 11:15 **4** Tonight—Steve Allen's big show
- 12:45 **2** The Late, Late Show—Feature films

Monday P.M.

- 7:30 **5** Life With Elizabeth—Never dull
- 7** Name's The Some—Panel quiz
- 8:00 **2** Burns & Allen—Dizzy duo
- 4** & **8** Coesar's Hour—Sid's solid. Fourth week, May 2, Producer's Showcase
- 8:30 **2** Talent Scouts—Gadfrey's showcase
- 7** Voice Of Firestone—Langhair
- 9:00 **2** & **8** I Love Lucy—Desi has a Ball
- 4** The Medic—Absarbing, realistic tales
- 9:30 **2** & **8** December Bride—Lafftime
- 4** Robert Montgomery Presents
- 10:00 **2** & **8** Studio One—Exciting dramas
- 10:30 **4** Big Town—Mark Stevens as Steve

Tuesday

- 8:00 **2** Life With Fother—Family comedy
- 4** & **8** Milton Berle—Apr. 12, Apr. 26; Martha Roye, Apr. 19; Bob Hope, May 3
- 5** Life Is Worth Living—Bishop Sheen
- 8:30 **2** Halls Of Ivy—The Calmans in college
- 5** Studio 57—Filmed stories
- 7** 20 Questions—Vegetable, animal, etc.
- 9:00 **2** Meet Millie—Dazzling, dizzy blande
- 4** Fireside Theater—Filmed dramas
- 7** Make Room For Daddy—Fun!
- 9:30 **2** & **8** Red Skelton Show—Comedy
- 4** Circle Theater—Dramas nat farsquares
- 7** U.S. Steel Theater—Elgin Theater
- 10:00 **2** Danger—Heart-thumpers
- 4** & **8** Truth Or Consequences
- 5** Ernie Kovacs Show—Zany! Crazy!
- 10:30 **2** See It Now—Murray's prize-winner
- 4** It's A Great Life—And a wild one!
- 7** Stop The Music—Lately tinkle of \$\$\$

Wednesday

- 7:00 **4** & **8** Norby—David Wayne stars
- 7:30 **7** Disneyland—Nature, fantasy, history
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Godfrey & Friends—Tap variety
- 8:30 **4** (& **8** at 9:30) My Little Morgie
- 7** Stu Erwin—Comedy far Stu's in ane
- 9:00 **2** & **8** The Millionaire—\$tories
- 4** Kroft Theater—Live, hour teleplays
- 7** Mosquerode Party—Quiz
- 9:30 **2** I've Got A Secret—Mare of Maare
- 7** Who Said That?—John Daly, of course
- 10:00 **2** & **8** Blue Ribbon Boxing
- 4** This Is Your Life—Ralph Edwards
- 10:30 **4** Doug Fairbanks Presents—Tall tales
- 7** Eddie Cantor Show—Ida's ald man

All Play, No Work

(Continued from page 66)

sometimes be surprised at the number of doors it has opened up."

The most notable door a hobby has opened for Bill is that of broadcasting itself. "Belonging to a camera club in school started it," he recalls. "My father, who was an automobile dealer in Pittsburgh, built a darkroom for me on the second floor of the garage. Some of my pictures were published in the Pittsburgh Post Gazette. Then they hired me, but I never worked as a photographer. I took the job only because they also had a radio station, WWSW, and I was immediately transferred to it. I had an all-night disc-jockey show."

The show, too, went into the hobby classification, for Mr. and Mrs. Cullen wanted their only son to be a doctor. "As I saw it at that time," Bill says, "my major job was to get my M.D. I was in pre-med school and doing well when I realized I didn't want to heal, I wanted to entertain."

Immediately, he changed his direction. "For four years I applied myself to radio. I learned all I could in Pittsburgh, then came to New York and started making that learning pay off."

Here, again, a hobby diverted him. Says Bill, "I had learned to fly before I was even of legal age. A pilot, who was a friend of my father, took me up. I soloed at sixteen. Since I stayed crazy about airplanes, I put some of my radio dough into a charter service."

The charter service brought problems and Bill concentrated on licking them until the day he asked himself what would happen when the business turned profitable. "That was the second time a hobby showed me what I did not want to do," he remarks. "It cost me a sum of money, but it was worth it, for I stayed where I belonged and now fly only for fun. Nothing has ever really tempted me away from radio and TV."

Radio and TV sponsors, listeners and viewers reciprocate. By rewarding him with many shows, they have indicated they are not likely to be tempted away from Bill. Bill relishes every one and whenever the pace gets hectic, he applies his magic antidote for tension—hobbies.

Bill defines a hobby as "anything you don't have to do." In addition to flying and photography, his include oil painting, carving boats, reading, skeet shooting and raising tropical fish. His interest in any one is intense, but intermittent. When reading takes his fancy, he will, for a period, devour every book in sight, then stop reading for a month or two and scarcely glance at a newspaper. "I'm a diversifier," he says. "I'll give myself to anything only until it starts to hurt. Then I change. It's a recipe for total enjoyment."

He suspects, too, that such enthusiasm, which usually is the luxury of the amateur only, also accounts for his zest for radio and television. "I like things to come easily. When I start to hurt my head thinking, I'm through. And broadcasting is always fun. There isn't anyone I know who doesn't work harder than I do. I'm having a ball."

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TV-Radio ANNUAL

1955



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BILL CULLEN



MARY STUART



STEVE ALLEN



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LIBERACE



FRAN ALLISON



GARRY MOORE



EVE ARDEN

THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF THE YEAR

The gorgeous new TV-RADIO ANNUAL is now available to you. This exciting 1955 yearbook is better than ever! It covers all the Television and Radio events of the year. You'll enjoy the hundreds of new illustrations and you'll be simply thrilled to read the behind-the-scenes stories of all your favorite stars. Below is a brief description of this important Annual:

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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• Bill Cullen • Roy Rogers • Gene Autry • Red Buttons • Jack Bailey • Jack Barry • Ed Sullivan • Art Linkletter • Donald O'Connor • Jimmy Durante • Tom Moore.

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PLUS—Pictures and biographies from the most beloved daytime dramas on radio and TV.

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T
V
R

The Folks at Home

(Continued from page 65)
assignment on *Home* also meant moving his family East—with Ruth, and children Hugh Raymond, 9, and Deirdre, 6. Now they all live in Westport, Connecticut, where Hugh continues to pursue a variety of hobbies from astronomy to composing classical music. Hugh likes Early American furniture, as does Ruth, and they both enjoy refinishing their own antiques. Hugh also likes to read—history and philosophy particularly—enjoys sailing, and belongs to a gourmet club.

Fashion and Beauty Editor Natalie Core adds her share of freshness and charm to *Home*. A radio, TV, and stage actress, as well as a fashion commentator, Natalie was a Washington, D. C., personality, specializing in women's dramatic shows, before coming to New York. Married to actor-playwright John H. O'Hare, Natalie lives in mid-Manhattan. Her off-camera pastimes include painting in watercolor, collecting sea shells and beads and decorating boxes with them, and engaging in sports, from skiing to horseback riding. Concerning fashions, Natalie believes that "women should try to look the best they can by choosing a style that looks attractive on them and sticking with it—no matter what the current fashion is." With this in mind, Natalie concentrates on making her presentations practical as well as interesting for *Home* viewers.

In charge of *Home's* culinary department is Kit Kinne, an experienced home economist professionally and privately. In addition to having her own cooking show on TV, Kit has served as TV commercial designer for various large food concerns, taught merchandise comparison and sales technique, and was an overseas recreation

worker for the American Red Cross. In private life, Kit is the wife of Charles Sigety, a young lawyer and a good cook himself, and mother of a two-year-old boy. Kit and Charles are partners in a business called Video Vittles, and they also serve as consultants and designers of TV food commercials. As *Home's* Cooking Editor, Kit tries to "not only make cooking easier and more interesting, but more economical, too, by presenting good, tasteful budget menus in addition to the fancier, 'special occasion recipes.'" Judging from the way the *Home* staff dives into her food after a show, Kit's ideas and results have found their way to everyone's hearts.

Originally a member of the *Home* staff as off-camera food editor, Nancyann Graham finds her present role as *Home* Decoration Editor doubly exciting. For, in addition to guiding viewers on decorating matters, she and her husband Richard are busy doing the same with their own apartment in New York. They decorated it themselves and made most of their own furniture, trying to buy only those items which can someday be transplanted to their dream house. A graduate of Cornell University, Nancyann appeared on a number of women's programs on New York stations and in Boston. It was while in Boston that she met her husband, then a Navy man and now a businessman.

Possessor of *Home's* greenest thumb, Will Peigelbeck brings to the show a wealth of helpful and interesting material in his role as Gardening and How-to-fix-it Editor. Before joining *Home*, Will had taught agriculture and had had several gardening shows of his own on radio. Just as busy with growing things off-camera as on, Will, with the aid of his wife Erma and their

children, Gary, 11, and Karla, 8, maintains a 1½-acre flower, vegetable and plant farm in Metuchen, New Jersey. "You have to plan way ahead when dealing with growing things," Will explains. "I'm planting now the things I'll need next year." And *Home* viewers are looking forward to the results, knowing that Will will do all he can to make their thumbs a little greener, too.

Just as there are so many facets to home life and lore, so *Home* tries to be as versatile and far-reaching as possible. Covering the field of physical health is the noted Dr. Leona Baumgartner, Commissioner of Health for New York City. Whenever a portion of *Home* is devoted to family affairs, Dr. Ashley Montagu, well-known anthropologist and social biologist, is on hand to discuss subjects from difficult children to the meaning of love. And, because ways of life are so different in all parts of this vast land of ours, *Home* has its regional editors: Lovely Dorsey Connors, who also conducts her own how-to-do-it show on Chicago TV, serves as Midwest Editor; Esther Van Wagoner Tufty, who heads her own news bureau, is Washington Editor; and, since last January, Marjorie Trumbull, popular San Francisco TV personality, has served in the newly created role of West Coast Editor. Then, too, from time to time, there are guest experts from all fields of interest.

Although *Home* is still a comparatively new program, it has made tremendous strides in fulfilling its aim to be "a woman's magazine that comes alive . . . a television wonderland." And, with an eye to the future and the endless, exciting people, places, events and subjects *Home* is planning to cover, viewers can rest assured that "the best is yet to be."

Garry Moore's Got It!

(Continued from page 56)
Television gets you into all kinds of things."

Getting into all kinds of things is, in Garry's opinion, a condition much to be desired. "It keeps you alert. It keeps you young." He paused for a moment to reflect. "Now I'm a fairly unspectacular kind of guy—I love my wife, enjoy my kids, go home at five o'clock like any other commuter. But when I think of the things that have happened to me in the past five years. . . ."

Any enumeration of the things which have happened to Garry Moore might well have included such items as presenting comedian George Gobel in his first network television series . . . running "Operation Penny," which brought in enough one-cent pieces to build a much-needed little schoolhouse in Indiana . . . "giving away" Durward Kirby for a weekend . . . and showering a young Michigan couple with an unexpected eight thousand dollars when he suggested that viewers each send them a nickel, "just for nothing."

Garry, however, focused on a more adventurous phase. "Do you realize I've met more than two hundred wild animals face to face? I've ridden an elephant, wrestled an alligator, matched muscles with a python and outwitted an angry ant-cater."

Personal encounters with such creatures would have provided a professional explorer with material for a dozen lecture tours, but Garry has no such tall tales of travel. He does his big-game hunting without ever leaving his mid-Manhattan studio—and got into it just by chance: "It all started the day we invited Ivan Sanderson

to make just one appearance, bringing in one of his wild animals. Now Ivan, in addition to being a fine performer, also is an interesting and learned natural scientist. It turned out to be so much fun we've had an animal on once a week ever since."

"Fun," one of Garry's favorite words, may serve him as a description of the happenings which ensued, but some of the members of Garry's production staff have watched a few of his encounters with their blood close to curdling. In Garry's efforts to learn an animal trainer's technique in front of four unwinking television cameras and in full view of a goodly portion of the populace, he has had a number of close calls.

His wrestling the alligator gave his backstage assistants, Shirley Reeser McNally and Marcia Durant, a fine case of shudders. "Ross Allen, the handler, brought it from the Reptile Institute of Florida," says Marcia. "The beast was eight feet long, weighed three hundred pounds and was kept in a huge box of sand. Allen told Garry to be sure to stay out of reach of the gator's 'fifth leg.' Things went all right at rehearsal, but by the next day, the sand had warmed up and the alligator had warmed up. Instead of being sluggish, it was wild and vicious. We all held our breaths, but Garry flipped it over, easy as you please. Our only real problem turned out to be how to get rid of the sand after the show was over. You can't just dump a quarter of a ton of sand out on a New York pavement."

The wrestling bear is Shirley's candidate for no-return-engagement. "Its trainer said that the trick was to keep back and never let the bear's paws hang down. If

the bear once got his paws pushing down, he would be able to throw his whole weight on Garry. It sounded simple. But, on the show, the bear moved in and Garry had to push him pretty hard to keep from getting crushed. After the show was over, we got even more scared, just thinking about what could have happened, for then the trainer blithely told us that only two other men had ever met up with the bear without getting hurt. Those men, he also informed us, were both heavyweight boxing champions. Garry, who certainly is no heavyweight, felt pretty pleased with himself."

His self-satisfaction lasted only until the mail came in. "Some of the letters were very irate," says Shirley. "People wanted to know what Garry meant, hitting that poor bear."

In contrast, not a single squawk resulted from the bloodiest injury to occur on the show. Two supposedly tame beavers went berserk. Just before the cameras turned on them, one gashed the owner's hand, then scurried down to hide in Howard Smith's piano. There was no time to do anything about it, so, with Ivan Sanderson helping him, the owner went on with the act. To cover his injury, he put his hand in his pocket. However, the wound bled, the blood dripped on the stage and the cameramen were unable to keep it out of view. Says Shirley, "That's when Ivan Sanderson used his head. As soon as the act was over, he came out and said he wanted to tell everybody that the beavers were all right. It was just the owner who got hurt."

Having a rock python get a strangle hold around his neck didn't even make Garry's

short-cropped hair stand up in an extra bristle. "That python was a delightful animal," he recalls. "It was eleven feet long, weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and was a real beauty. Ivan, who always briefs me on things to watch out for, had told me that it wouldn't consciously do me any harm, but that I should be careful not to let it constrict. Well, there it was, around my neck, when I got interested in something else and forgot his warning. It was my fault, entirely. I was wool-gathering until I felt the snake start to tighten up. But I just motioned to Ivan. He lifted it up and I pulled my head out."

What even Garry admits was a "near one" occurred when the six-foot South African ant-eater came to visit. "She had no teeth whatsoever, but she did have a pair of claws which could absolutely eviscerate you. She also had her baby on her back, and when they let her out of the cage, she must have decided she wasn't going to let anyone near that baby ant-eater. She took after me, and Ivan grabbed her by the tail and pulled her back. Then she made for Ivan and so I grabbed her tail and pulled her back. We had a right lively little game of tag going on for a few minutes."

Zip, the chimp, is Garry's favorite among the animals. "He's a mischief. He clowns and steals things and you never can tell what he's going to do. I always feel I've got to go some to prove that I'm as smart as he is."

Although he now is an enthusiastic and studious member of the New York Zoological Society, Garry prepared for his animal training with what he calls: "Just the usual run of household pets—snakes, mice, parakeets, a European hedgehog. A skunk, too, but of course he'd had his opinion removed."

At present, Garry considers his Rye, New York, home virtually de-populated. "Nell and our boys are just as fond of animals as I am," he says. "But all we've got now is one springer spaniel named Sam, and Sam is by all means the world's most jealous dog. The only thing he'll let us have around the house is the tank of tropical fish which the kids on the show gave me a year ago Christmas. It's a shame, too, for a friend of ours has a llama she is willing to lend us and that llama is the sweetest animal..." With obvious self-discipline he pulled his mind back from yearning for that llama. "You might say that it all adds up to the fact that the thing I like best about television is that here I can make a living just playing games."

"It's a funny thing, but do you know this is the same as my first show—as all my shows, really. In Baltimore, the program was called *High Noon High Jinks*. In St. Louis, it was *Mid-afternoon Madness*. In Chicago, the title was *Club Matinee*. In New York, *Anything Goes*. It's just a family of good friends, getting together. The only difference is twenty years of experience—and pictures. That even applies to *I've Got A Secret*. Although that's a panel show, it has the overtones of people having fun."

Just once—when he worked with Jimmy Durante—has he departed from this comfortable format. "It sounds funny to say it," Garry says, "but do you know those were the most frustrating five years of my life? I learned a great deal, and I was fairly successful, it's true, but the whole pattern of the show was foreign to me. There I was, being a stand-up comedian, reading lines someone else had written, where every word was polished hard as a diamond. It just wasn't my style. I finally quit and went back to what I liked best—the daytime show that rolls along easy, a place where I can make a living playing games."

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

\$200 FOR YOUR child's photo (all ages)—if used by advertisers. Send one small photo for approval. Print child's parent's name—address on back. Returned 30 days. No obligation. Spotlite, 5880-EPW Hollywood, Hollywood 28, California.

NEED EXTRA CASH? Get it selling Blair's unusual line of household and food products. Every housewife a prospect. Products sent on Free Trial. Write Blair, Dept. 185NE, Lynchburg, Va.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Wanted items from your Newspaper for Publishers. Some worth up to \$10.00 Each! Write for information. Newsprint Publishers, 4-PW, Columbus 5 Ohio.

MATERNITY STYLES—FREE Catalog (Plain Envelope); fashions by famous designers; \$2.98 to \$22.98. Crawford's, Dept. 28, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City, Missouri.

\$2.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Crown Industries, 7150-B Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Weekly mailing Folders to New Mothers! Send stamped, addressed envelope. Allen Company, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

CONDUCT SAMPLING CAMPAIGN famous French perfumes. Half price. Free samples, details. Lifset, Schenectady 1, N.Y.

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

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

EARN SPARE TIME Cash mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

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HOMEWORKERS NEEDED! EVERYTHING Furnished. Guaranteed Pay. Genmerco, Box 142N, Boston 24, Mass.

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MONEY-MAKING SENSATION! 100% duPont nylon stockings wear like original pre-war nylons. We guarantee 3 pairs to wear 3 months or replaced free. Every woman wants them. Write for Free Kit. American Mills, Dept. 461, Indianapolis.

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

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STUFFING-MAILING ENVELOPES. Our instructions tell how. Dept. G-5, Education Publishers, 4043 St. Clair, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

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\$60 THOUSAND POSSIBLE mailing envelopes. Instructions \$1. Drawer 188P, Ft. Gibson, Okla.

EARN MONEY AT Home! Must Have good Handwriting. Write for Details. Atlas, Box 188-A, Melrose, Mass.

\$35 WEEKLY PREPARING envelopes. Instructions \$1. Refundable. Adservice, Spring Valley 151, New York.

START OWN BUSINESS. Wholesale catalog 50c. Springers, 1141-G Broadway, New York City.

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

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

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OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

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WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete coin catalog 25c. Magnacoins, Box 61-EN, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

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BIZARRE BOOK SERVICE secures rare books. Indicate titles, subjects desired. Send Stamped envelope. 40-B East 23rd, New York City 10.

PERSONAL

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

HAIR ON FACE?

Quick as a wink, superfluous hair eliminated. Completely removes all hair from FACE, arms and legs. Checks future growth. Leaves the skin petal-smooth.



Was \$5.00 — Now only \$1.10

Like magic, Milady's skin becomes adorable. For the finest down or the heaviest growth. Seems miraculous, but our 39 years experience proves it is the scientifically correct way. Odorless. Safe. Harmless. Simple to apply. Superior to ordinary hair removers. For 15 years ZIP Epilator was \$5.00. NOW ONLY \$1.10. Same superior formula, same size. Good stores or by mail \$1.10 or C.O.D. No Fed. tax. Above guaranteed, money-back.

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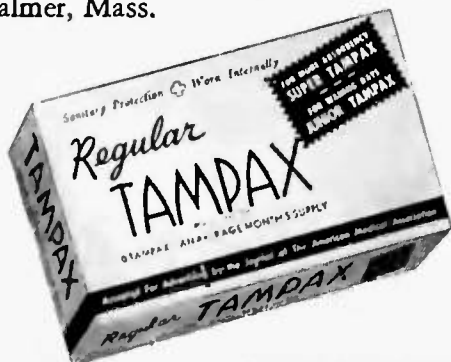
ask

You know someone who uses Tampax internal sanitary protection — of course you do!

Ask her about it. Ask her all the questions in the whole, wide world. Ask her everything that's been puzzling you, keeping you back from using the really modern form of protection.

Ask her if it isn't as comfortable as everyone says. Ask her if she doesn't find Tampax easy to insert, change and dispose of. Ask her about absorbency. Ask her if she doesn't honestly feel freer now that she's using Tampax. Listen when she tells you what it's like to get rid of the belt-pin-pad harness, never, ever to worry again about chafing or irritation.

Tampax is willing to rest its entire case on what other women tell you. If you want to ask your doctor — fine! Just remember: Tampax was invented by a doctor. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax! Why should you have any doubts about it?... At drug or notion counters in choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 43)

yacht, and Martha made more headlines. Well, I went trotting over to NBC's Center Theater one afternoon when Martha was in rehearsal for her show, and sat down with Ed Begley for a while. I'd never met Ed before, and my first impression was that—if this was the man the Ultra-Violent Raye had chosen to marry after thirteen years with Nick Condos—she had certainly changed in more ways than one.

Martha and Nick were the epitome of a show-business couple—flamboyant, nervous, cynical and sentimental, always ready with a gag and a buck, fighting and loving and working their hearts out in the profession they couldn't do without.

The young man to whom I had just been introduced was good-looking, soft-voiced, with the rather shy manners of an Ivy League college senior. When he looked at Martha, who was up front haggling with the orchestra director over an arrangement, his eyes brightened and it was obvious he thought she was wonderful.

"We've known each other a long time, you know," he told me, "two or three years, at least. And then, one evening when we were out with the Eastmans—they're Connecticut real estate people and old friends—we decided we had to be married right away. You know, not in three days or even the next afternoon, but right now, before we could change our minds or get bogged down in red tape or new shows."

He laughed, remembering. "The Eastmans were all for it, of course, so the next thing we knew, we were at the airport chartering a couple of little planes to fly us to Washington. The Eastmans were under the impression you could get married in Maryland at the drop of a hat, like in Las Vegas, without bothering with tests and days of waiting. Well, when we got to Washington and drove out to this place, we found the law had been changed.

"But there was no stopping us now. Back we went and chartered two more planes, flew to Arlington, in Virginia, and this time, just as the sun came up, we finally were married. . . ."

Martha joined us, and the three of us talked of the new house they had bought since their marriage. The Eastmans found that for them, too, an English-style place in Connecticut, near Westport, with a two-story living room and the works. One of the features was that one wall was all bookcases, from floor to ceiling. So tremendous, indeed, that you had to have a ladder on a track to climb to the top.

Now this is an example of Martha's essential honesty in her approach to living. "When you have books in your house," she said, "they ought to be books you've read and enjoyed, not sets of encyclopedias with uncut pages. Ed and I had a lot of books between us, but not nearly enough to fill all those shelves. I guess we could have gone to a second-hand bookshop and ordered a truckload, but that would have been cheating. So we broke the shelves up into sections and, where we didn't have enough books, we put other things—little personal things we've collected and like."

When Martha had changed her costume for the dress rehearsal—black leotard (now traditional on her shows) and a white mink stole with tiny shells to set it off—we went across the alley to a cafe for coffee. Ed and I told her that we'd been talking about the fantastic press reaction to their marriage.

Martha sipped her coffee for a moment and then said, "You know, I've been wanting to talk about that. Those front pages were the most exciting things that ever happened to me. I'll have to go back a little, to Hollywood when I was making my last picture for Paramount." She gave a little, bitter laugh. "My last—you can say that again! Right in the middle of the picture, I was making up in my dressing room one day when I heard a noise at the door, turned, and watched a pink envelope slide onto the carpet.

"I opened it and read a flat statement from the front office that, after this picture, my option wouldn't be lifted. I was fired without even an interview or a personal word."

Martha stared hard at her cup. "And I had to go out and be funny for the rest of the picture. I thought I could do it, until I finally realized that everyone on the set knew I'd been fired. They were so polite to me, so formal—

"Well, when the picture ended, I figured I'd give a party and laugh it off. I could always get another job, and I wanted my friends to know I didn't care so much about the way I'd been written off."

She paused, shrugged. "I gave the party, invited everybody I knew. Everybody. I had it catered, I had bars and bartenders and waiters all over the place, food and liquor enough for an army. And nobody came. Oh, a few of my closest friends were there, but that was all. That's when I promised myself that, someday—if it took me till I was eighty—I'd be on top again. I'd be in a spot where if I gave a party, people would turn up, by heaven!"

I said, "So you've made it." "But I didn't realize it," she said, "until Ed and I got off the plane at LaGuardia Field and there were all those reporters, and I saw the front pages of the *Mirror* and *News*. The whole page of each paper devoted to Ed and me and our marriage! Then it hit me. I've had a few real thrills in my life. Having my baby was one of them. This was another, one of the greatest. You don't know."

"I think I do," I told her. "No, not unless you ever flopped completely, and then got it back again. You can't realize how grateful you can be to the public for taking you home to their hearts even though you failed them once."

"Now you can give the party, and everybody will come."

She laughed, a genuine, cheerful laugh that reflected not triumph but restored self-esteem. "Now I don't need the party. I'd rather go over to Ed's folks' house for Sunday dinner. . . ."

There was more to Martha's immediate story that I had wanted to ask her about, and I knew exactly where to go to get it.

I found Nick Condos in his suite at the Park Sheraton, surrounded by the kind of people who are always in his immediate background and who used to be in Martha's, too—actors, musicians, agents, each trying to top the other's gags or stories. The air was tense with energy and loud with laughter.

When we were finally alone, however, Nick suddenly looked tired and bit the tip off a new cigar. He knew what I wanted to ask him. The last time I'd been in that suite was before Martha's marriage, and Nick had said quite candidly that he still loved her, that thirteen years of marriage—plus having a child together—could not be so easily forgotten, and that he hoped to get her back.

"I know Ed and like him," he said. "He's a fine boy. If he can make Martha happy,

that's all that matters." And, for the record, that's all of his official attitude toward the marriage. He gave them their first supper after the wedding, and is still her manager. On the afternoon that Martha called Nick in and asked him to arrange her divorce papers, she also insisted that he draw up a legal contract of management.

"I don't need papers with you, baby," Nick said, but she was adamant.

"I don't get it," he said. "With these papers you get rid of me, and with these you get me to stick around."

"It's the way I want it," she said. So that's the way it was.

The story of the Bimini episode, so garbled by many newspapers, is simply just the kind of thing that happens occasionally to great stars (as Nick explains it) because part of the public considers a famous public personality fair game.

Martha and Ed, on vacation in Miami, had accepted the invitation of some old friends to board their yacht and go fishing off Bimini, in the Bahamas. After a radiant day at sea, they put into Bimini for dinner and afterwards went to one of the local night clubs where a famous *Calypso* band was holding forth.

"If you know Bimini," Nick said, "you remember it's just a street that peters out at either end and has a small town clustered around the center. Well, this place was the best and biggest place in town. And you know Martha, too. She went for the Calypso singing in a big way. Decided to buy the singers each a beer and take it over to them herself. Got this big tray loaded with beers at the bar, and started back for the other room.

"And there in the doorway, leaning on the bar and blocking the entrance with his back, was a big guy. Martha said, 'Say hey, could I get by, please?' The guy ignored her."

I said, "Ignored Martha? Hoo boy!"

"So help me, all she did was nudge him with the tray, easy so as not to spill the beer, and say, 'Look, can I please get by?'"

"At this, the man straightened up, made a short speech about American stars who thought they could push people around, and then he hit her over the head with the bottle. Fortunately, it broke, because otherwise—

"The guy was standing there with half the broken bottle in his hand," Nick said. "Her friends rushed up and grabbed him. That's the story. And of course we're suing—I've got affidavits from a whole lot of people that that's how it was. The publicity was bad and Martha's public has a right to know the truth."

I know that this story adds up to a pretty mixed portrait of Martha Raye as she is today (oops! I mean as at the time of this writing). It's mixed because I got it directly from the girl herself and the two men closest to her. And all three have a slightly different point of view about the girl.

That's not hard to understand. Martha is many girls wrapped up in one small dynamo of a body. She is an explosion of talent and courage and heart, and sometimes that gets her into trouble. And she is a sentimental woman (and mother) who truly wants, most of the time, a quiet home life in a quiet house in Connecticut, with an understanding husband and a loving daughter to come visiting from school on weekends.

No one would ever try to predict Martha's future—except that, from every indication, she's headed for continued stardom. But everyone surely wishes her a great big share of the best in the world—because she has earned it with might and main.

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Fibber and Molly—and Family

(Continued from page 75)

musical bells, a piano, and a musical saw, and all sang harmony). Though they were constantly on the road, playing split weeks of two- and three-day stands, they never made enough money to have any in their pockets—ten dollars earned was a big night.

But, during these times, Jim and Marian never lost their sense of humor. They've always bragged that—of all the world's vaudeville acts—theirs was the only one that never played the Palace. Says Jim: "If all the vaudevillians who claimed to have played there really *did*, the Palace would have been full of performers every night!"

Because vaudeville life to them had always been a struggle, they felt there was no security traveling on the road. That is why security for their family and its attendant happiness has always been more important to them than star billing. It was their dream to have a home.

Marian well remembers one Christmas early in the vaudeville career which gave them a taste of this family closeness they so desired. She says, "It was the first time in our marriage that, as a family, we were all together with our children. We remember it as our 1922 Christmas in Peoria. There wasn't much money. I think we only bought baby clothes for Katherine—young Jim wasn't born yet—but what we lacked in money, we made up in love."

Thirteen years of vaudeville separated Jim and Marian from their ever-present dream of family security. Then in April, 1935, they were invited to New York for their first radio broadcast of *Fibber McGee And Molly*. Jim played his Fibber character more broadly than now—he was then a bucolic hayseed who more than

lived up to the name, "Fibber." Marian played Molly more Irish—especially when angry with Fibber.

At the rehearsal, they overheard some radio people discussing their first show: "Who'd want to listen to those corny characters," they were saying. "It will never go." Jim's and Marian's hearts sank. They were fearful that this first great chance at security—the opportunity that radio could give them to be able to stay home with their family—would be lost.

But they needn't have worried, for *Fibber McGee And Molly* was a success. As time went on, their show gradually grew into the highest-rated property on radio. But the highest rating was secondary to the fact that Jim and Marian were now together with their children, Katherine and Jim, Jr., in a home.

Christmas, 1935, their first in radio, was another which they will never forget. "That," says Marian, "was the Christmas we not only were together with our two families, but we were also able to afford presents for everybody!"

Today, Jim and Marian Jordan are doing a fifteen-minute, five-times-a-week radio show. Their new schedule actually takes less time than their previous one-a-week, half-hour live show: They work Mondays, Tuesdays, and an occasional Wednesday afternoon, taping the whole week's work. The remainder of their time belongs to their family—now numbering six grandchildren!

When one knows about their early struggles on the vaudeville road, it is easy to understand Jim's and Marian's gratitude to radio—for, today, it is still giving them the security and family happiness that, to them, has always come first.

Blessing in Disguise

(Continued from page 50)

Since I loved to play the piano I jumped at every invitation. If I had an unfilled evening and a concert was offered, I couldn't say no. Once, I played nineteen concerts in twenty-three days!

"The second mistake I made," says Lee, "was thinking that: *Since I did it before, I could do it again*. It seemed so easy—even to me—to supply the demands I put on myself, that I didn't realize what it was doing to me inside."

Then, suddenly, the pressure caught up with Lee: "I found I was too nervous before a concert to eat," he says. "I went without food all day long. Then, after the concert, when I was calmed, I grew ravenous! Naturally, I ate twice my normal meal—and then went straight to bed. And I wondered why, during each tour, I put on twenty pounds!"

It was because of the added weight that Lee first went to the doctor. "The weight took too much of my energy," he says, "and I went for a diet. But the doctor wouldn't let me go without a full test. It was after the electrocardiogram that he gave me the news.

"But I wouldn't believe it. I figured the abnormal EKG was just the result of the tour—that it would go away in a few days. But, when I came back for a second EKG, it had gotten worse. I still didn't want to believe it. Then the doctor asked me, 'Do you want to quit now for a short while and take care of yourself, or do you want to quit for the rest of your life?' That's when I got scared."

So Lee went to bed, staying there for nearly four weeks: "The doctor let me get up for Christmas," says Lee, with a smile.

But Lee's heart strain proved itself a blessing: For one thing, Lee learned again how many thousands of loyal fans and friends he has. The mail came to him from every corner of the country. One letter came from a San Francisco priest, a young man who had come by Lee's house when newly ordained. "We had a picture taken together," says Lee, "and when he read in the paper that I was ill he took it on himself to get an Apostolic Blessing for me from the Pope. This came during the first part of my illness, when I was very depressed. When it arrived I felt a lift," says Lee, "and my depression left me."

Here is the copy of the blessing: "Most Holy Father, Liberace, humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, begs the Apostolic Blessing, and a plenary indulgence to be gained at the hour of death on condition that being truly sorry for his sins, but unable to confess them and to receive the Holy Viaticum, he shall at least invoke with his lips or heart the Holy Name of Jesus."

With the Vatican seal, it was signed by the Pope and dated November 27, 1954.

"As soon as I saw it," says Lee, "I felt a lift. My depression left me. It showed again that there were people pulling for me.

"So my recent siege," says Lee, "taught me that an illness can be a blessing in disguise. It gave me time to think, to look back on my life, and also, to look ahead to see where I was going. As a result, I have been surprised to find how much living I can get into a 24-hour day—by slowing down. I'm glad it happened—to me, this period of illness was my blessing in disguise."

The Ed Sullivan Story

(Continued from page 48)

always entertaining, though forever touched with dignity. When it celebrates its seventh anniversary this June, *Toast* will have presented more than nine thousand performers comprising some three thousand acts—quite a record for the show and for Ed, the man who selects the acts, edits the material, travels endlessly on talent hunts, writes the scripts and creates the new ideas. It all takes more than a touch of genius—the kind worthy of such other great showmen as Ziegfeld and Barnum. Ed's got it. But he went through more than half of his life not knowing it.

Until he was thirty, if anyone had suggested that he entertain, Ed would have laughed them off—which is exactly what he did, in the spring of 1933, when he was asked to head a show at Broadway's Paramount Theater. That particular event was to be the turning point in his life, though, at that particular moment, all of Ed's experience had been as a newspaperman.

Ed was born in Manhattan in 1903, and raised in Port Chester, a suburb of the big city. As a youngster, Ed won twelve letters in school sports—plus good grades—then graduated to the Port Chester *Daily Item* as sports, police and obituary editor at ten dollars a week. At eighteen, he moved into the big city as a sports writer. Twelve years later, he seemed a more likely candidate for *Big Story* than *Toast Of The Town*, when the managing editor of the old *Graphic* assigned Ed to write a Broadway column.

"It was the first year I was doing the Broadway column that I got a call from Boris Morris, who was manager and director of the Paramount Theater. He offered me \$1500 to come into the theater for a week and head a vaudeville show. I gave him a flat no and hung up.

"I had organized some benefits around town, but had no crazy idea about being an emcee," Ed recalls. "I tried to explain to Boris it had nothing to do with money. But Boris kept calling back every half-hour and raising the ante. He also explained to Ed that the movie coming in was a weak one, and he thought Ed would draw crowds to make up for it. Ed just couldn't see it. "By noon, his offer for one week's work was \$3,250. And, by that time, I figured maybe I could do it for the money, after all. So I said *maybe*."

Before Ed accepted, he went into conference with Gary Cooper, who was making a personal appearance at the Paramount. "Coop told me to go ahead. He said there was nothing to it. All you had to do was walk onto the stage and mumble a little. It didn't occur to me at the moment that all Gary Cooper had to do was put on a cowboy outfit—and smile—to make the audience swoon."

So Ed agreed to go on, and immediately broke into a sweat. What was he going to do and how was he going to do it? As his own specialty, he decided to show some old movies which he had already begun to collect. He prepared a kind of comedy travelogue of New York. He invited friends to drop around—which meant there would be surprise guest stars at most of the shows. He was organized, but so scared that he stayed up all of the night before he was to open, with comedians Block and Sully rehearsing him.

"I thought I'd get at least one break. The first stage show went on before noon, when you'd figure they would have to pay people to come in, so I hoped the theater would be practically empty and give me a chance to try the act out."

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normally seats up to 3,650 people, looked as if it were holding 3,651. "It looked like an indoor colosseum. So big, and so many people! I nearly dropped dead—I tried hard enough, but couldn't. I was so nervous that I didn't eat that week."

At the end of the week, Ed collected his \$3,500, gave more than half of it to a caterer (who had been running a continuous buffet backstage for Ed's friends), went back to his apartment, and collapsed in relief. Unknowingly, however, he had been inoculated. For, when he was asked to do a stage show at another theater a couple of months later, he accepted. Shortly afterwards, he organized his "Dawn Patrol" stage troupe which toured the nation for years. He even had his own radio show on CBS.

On that CBS show, Jack Benny made his broadcasting debut, more than twenty years ago. Others who rode the kilocycles for the first time, with Ed, were Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, Gertrude Niesen, Jack Haley, Frances Langford. It was no accident then. It is no accident now that Vallee, Hope, Bogart and Laughton, Rita, Lana and Hedy have made their TV debuts on Ed's present show.

The reason Ed has more "firsts" than anyone else on TV is quite simple. The stars trust his great talent as a showman. And his judgment of material is always excellent. Ed will, for example, watch an act that runs thirty or forty minutes—then pick three minutes for the TV show. He has an unerring instinct for the best. It's an instinct which his daughter Betty either inherited or acquired. In her pre-marital days, she served as an unofficial scout for Ed.

Now Betty lives in Washington, D.C., with her husband and infant son. "She'll write about shows that open in Washington before moving into Broadway. Her predictions of success or failure, and her analyses, always prove to be right."

Sylvia, Ed's wife, doesn't have that same instinct, but she doesn't need it. She's got Ed and, with Ed, the fun and work of the business. Some of their nights each week are spent at first-night openings. But, generally speaking, Ed has cut out the late night-club routine. Occasionally, he will dash over to a club, catch a floor show—or usually just one act in the show—and be home by midnight. Ed is neither a drinking nor a party man, contrary to what people may expect of a Broadway columnist. The Sullivans like to visit with friends, read and watch TV.

He, Sylvia and "Boje," his gray miniature French poodle, have had a suite of rooms in a Park Avenue hotel for the past ten years. Ed breakfasts in a tiny kitchen, where they prepare coffee and oatmeal. Then Ed walks into the living room about ten and gets to work on the phone and the typewriter. He edits, interviews, auditions. A connecting door leads to the working office and several desks and file cabinets, and hundreds of autographed pictures of celebrities, and Ed's office assistants, Carmine Santullo and Jean Bombard. Ed's normal working day is abnormal—from ten A.M. until two P.M. Add to this Manhattan schedule his talent hunts abroad—he's made about forty trips in the past six years.

Last year, he bought himself a farm, after twenty-four years of living in a hotel apartment. He bought one hundred and thirty acres of land, with a handsome home, fifty head of cattle, and a tenant farmer. As Ed says, "It's quite a sight to see Boje, with his French crewcut, investigating cows after being limited to fire hydrants on Park Avenue."

Unfortunately, even in a Lincoln Capri, it takes an hour and forty-five minutes to get to the farm, and it's difficult to see just where Ed will get much time for the

farm, considering how much of the responsibility he takes on at the show. A long time ago, he was asked why he did everything himself. "The way I see it is that I'm the fall guy if the show doesn't click," he explained, "so I may as well have the pleasure of digging my own grave."

Ed isn't afraid of traditions, critics, temperament. He began changing the order of things long before television. When he plunged into vaudeville with his "Dawn Patrol," he decided to revolutionize the business a bit. One of vaudeville's ruts, he decided, was the format. Whether you were watching a stage show in Peoria or Kalamazoo, it would have the same program. Open slow with a dog act, wheeze a second breath with an indifferent boy-girl-number—with everything good saved for last. Ed had a different theory. Start off with something exciting, and it would brighten up the whole show.

Ed prevailed, and broke a tradition that had been born with vaudeville. Today, he's still doing things they tell him he can't or shouldn't do. This winter he scheduled an excerpt from the Menotti opera, "The Saint of Bleecker Street." Ed was warned that it was longhair, high-brow. Ed went ahead, put on the opera, and was stormed afterwards with enthusiastic calls and letters and wires.

"That's one of the thrills, to discover over and over that your faith in the public's good taste is justified," he says.

Ed is very proud of the artists who have performed on *Toast Of The Town*. They are, literally, the very toast of the world: Alfred Lunt, Marian Anderson, Gloria Swanson, Charles Laughton, Lauritz Melchior, the late Bill Robinson, Yehudi Menuhin, Jose Greco, Moira Shearer, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Raymond Massey, Ethel Waters, Helen Hayes, and Beatrice Lillie. There are dozens more. But, for Ed, the Charles Laughton appearance rates as one of the most memorable and thrilling. This has been reported before—but never before with the verbatim dialogue which led to the wonderful performance.

Laughton phoned to ask about his scheduled appearance on *Toast*. Mr. Laughton's voice was laced with sarcasm suggesting that, perhaps, he would be asked to do an imitation of Frankie Laine or *Howdy Doody*.

"Now, Ed, you wouldn't let me get up there and just read from a book—now would you?"

"Why not?"

"But certainly not the Bible. You wouldn't approve of Bible readings on a variety show?"

"Why not?" Ed asked. "After all, it is a Sunday show."

Mr. Laughton, more stunned than startled, nevertheless had the stamina to continue, with still a trace of sarcasm: "And could I write in my own camera directions?"

"Of course," Ed said. "You know more about camera work than we do."

Charles Laughton appeared on the show, on his own terms, and he was superb. A producer, Paul Gregory, saw the show and it started a chain of events in Mr. Laughton's career which included a new TV series, a tour of the country with "Don Juan in Hell," "John Brown's Body," culminating in the smash production of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial."

Ed is a man of daring and imagination. As quiet and good-natured as he appears, he can take a stand—and it can be a stand of importance.

January of this year, *The Chicago Defender*, a Negro-edited newspaper, chose Ed as one of eleven citizens, including President Eisenhower, to be nationally honored. The award Ed received is one of the most highly prized in the field of

race relations because of the prestige of the Chicago newspaper among Negroes. The newspaper did not mention any specific reason for the award, and it is doubtful that the editors know of a story which goes back to 1948 when *Toast* first went on the air.

Radio had earned for itself, at best, a timid reputation for being non-discriminatory. You could strain yourself deaf trying to find such great Negro entertainers as Billy Eckstine, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Fats Waller and Marian Anderson on a live network program. Some producers entering TV tended to follow the same policy. But not Ed.

His sponsor of that period manufactured items which were popular-priced in tens of thousands of stores. The sponsor had called a meeting of his distributors, in New York, and Ed addressed these people.

In the course of giving the distributors an idea of the kind of shows he planned to do, Ed mentioned that he would be featuring great Negro entertainers as well as white. Several distributors were afraid it would antagonize customers.

Ed disagreed with them. They argued, but Ed had his way, as usual. Since then, for the past seven years, he has been abiding by the spirit and letter of the Constitution, disregarding race, creed and color when it comes to selecting acts.

"I respect people," Ed says. "I have faith in their intelligence and decency and sense of fair play."

He doesn't claim originality on this thought. "I like to quote George Arliss on this subject," he says. "In his biography he wrote in asides to young actors, and one of them went like this: 'Sometimes, if you tour the country as Mrs. Arliss and I have, you'll find yourself in a small town, perhaps in the lobby of a hotel or the local drugstore. The townspeople will introduce themselves to you and, judging from their embarrassed attempts at conversation, you may get the impression the town is inhabited by morons. I urge you not to be deceived, because, when assembled under the roof of one theater, you'll find their mass instinct is perilously close to intelligence.'"

Ed recalls playing golf with Tex Rickard, the greatest showman and promoter in sports. Sometimes Tex would be upset by criticism of his judgment as a matchmaker and he would say, "Look, Ed, I don't make matches for myself. I make them for the people." Another thing that bothered Tex Rickard was one of the Barnum legends. Tex insisted that Barnum was too great a showman to have said that there is a sucker born every minute.

"Years after Rickard died, I came across an autobiography of Barnum in a second-hand store and you can bet I took the book home," Ed says. "And there was the proof that Rickard knew what he was talking about. On one page, Barnum had written, 'I'd like to find the Broadway wise-acre who quoted me as saying that there is a sucker born every minute. Nothing could be further from the truth.'"

It is to the sentiments of George Arliss and Rickard and Barnum that Ed subscribes. Yet, on one Sunday evening, Ed entertains between forty and sixty million people—a larger audience than the greats of former years had to reckon with in a lifetime. It is a gigantic audience. And it is a fabulous job which Ed performs, for each program is a fresh challenge—each week there are different acts, frequent format changes, bold experimentation. There are no tryouts before an audience, no chance to "doctor" the performance. It takes a remarkable talent—genius—to do this job.

Ed Sullivan, great showman that he is, does it every week on *Toast Of The Town*.



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Long Live the Queen

(Continued from page 74)

first joined *Queen For A Day* (then two weeks old). He had originally come from station KGB in San Diego to KHJ Mutual in Los Angeles, as a staff announcer on the early morning *Rise And Shine* show. The audition on *Queen* was Jack's first crack at the big time. "I was to take over on a trial basis for two weeks," he recalls. "But, after the first minute of the first show, I didn't think I would last even that long! We were doing the show live, and the script and I got confused."

Jack was supposed to say: "Now go out and buy the sponsor's product. . . ." But the second and third pages of his script were interchanged. Jack cut from the middle of the commercial message—"go out and buy"—to a gag on the top of page three, reading, "all the old railroad ties you can find!"

"Confused!" says Jack. "Why, I bumped into myself three times trying to escape the howl from the audience. I remember asking the folks if I couldn't start all over again. They were kind enough to let me. . . ."

It was Jack's humility in the first moment of his first *Queen* show that forever won the hearts of his studio and radio audiences. As the show went off the air, the producer, the late Bud Ernst—impressed with Jack's humility, his ability to ad lib and quickly recover—said to Raymond R. Morgan, owner of *Queen*: "If you don't sign this boy Bailey right now, I'll quit!"

"That day was my first experience with the graciousness of the *Queen's* audience," says Jack. "And, for your graciousness, I thank you."

Jack's second "thank you" came five years later. Some prospective agencies felt the show was "slipping." Because Mutual's

500 stations reach many small towns not covered by rating services, no one knew for sure whether or not *Queen* had any listeners.

"One day," Jack recalls, "Mr. Morgan visited Carol and me at home. While admiring our tulips, he said, 'I've got an idea that I believe will tell us how many listeners we have. For twenty-five cents, we'll offer an assortment of tulips to your audience, and they'll be "just like Jack's and Carol's." The returns should give us a rough idea of the size of the listening audience.'

"Rough idea!" says Jack. "There couldn't have been that many people in the United States—they must have heard our show in Holland! The first day after our offer, the Hollywood post office was swamped. Before the week was out—thanks to our loyal friends—we had fifteen girls sorting returns. We had quarters by the shovelful. For a while, it looked as though Carol and I would have to dig up our own bulbs to meet the demand!"

Did the returns prove *Queen* had many loyal listeners? Before the counting was over, Old Gold joined *Queen* as a new sponsor—they've been there ever since.

Finally, Jack wants to thank all his listeners for the ten years of letters they have sent in. He reads them all, and some of them touch him deeply—especially those that tell how the *Queen* has helped them in some way. "Some people," says Jack, "feel they are left alone with their problems. But, when they see and hear the *Queen*, they realize they are *not* alone—and they are encouraged."

"When these nice folks write to us with their thanks, saying, *Queen For A Day* has helped them, I can only reply, once again. 'Thank you for helping us.'"

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Here's George Gobel

(Continued from page 54)

routine. George is a 'thinking comic.'

PAT KELLY (George's MCA agent): "George is the same sweet little guy he was when he first walked into our offices. He hasn't changed a bit. But he has charmed the entire organization! Believe me, that's not easy—when I say 'organization,' that includes the people in New York, Chicago, and Hollywood offices. They are all show folks, experienced, worldly—if you want to call them that. But they have been charmed by George, each and every one."

JOE STRAUSS (George's technical director): "George has a sense of humor. You may think that's a funny statement, but I've known comics who *don't* have a sense of humor. And he's fast with an ad lib. Last week, the director called out, 'Are you ready, sir?' George said, 'Wait one moment. I must consult my book on Stanislavsky!' His humor is infectious. It keeps the set laughing and relaxed. As a result, the work gets done faster, easier, and without pressure. George is a naturally funny man."

HAL KANTER (George's head writer): "George is objective; he thinks about every line in the script. And he's critical. If he doesn't like a line, we discuss it. But he's agreeable, too—he'll always listen to our suggestions. He regards entertainment with integrity. He respects people. He wouldn't think of bringing 'sex' into viewers' living rooms. Integrity, that's the word for George."

JEFF DONNELL ("Alice" on the *George Gobel Show*): "George is a gentleman.

The first time I came on stage, he offered me a chair, introduced me to everyone on the set. Everybody knows everybody, and it shows in the work; everyone works for the good of the show. And there's never any tension—no shouting, even on Saturday, the day of the show! I've been on sets that fell apart on show day. Not the *George Gobel Show*—you'd think we were all there for tea!

"My husband, Aldo, comes to all the shows, too. He's as crazy about George as I am. We know Alice—the real Alice, that is—very well, and we all visit and have great times together.

"Performers have security on George's show. He never ad-libs *within* the script. Therefore, you feel safe, because you always know where you are. Some stars will throw in a line—and you're left in the lurch. You can't imagine the sinking feeling that gives you. But George is too much of a gentleman to do anything like that."

HARRY WINKLER (one of George's writers): "George is a humble liar. For example, he made a trip to Cincinnati not long ago. Twenty thousand people turned out to greet him! When he came back, I asked him, 'How was Cincinnati, George?' 'Oh,' he said, 'pretty good—wish you had been there.' More than twenty thousand people, and he says, 'pretty good!' But that's George."

GEORGE GOBEL (star of the *George Gobel Show*): "What'd I tell you? They're all a bunch of liars. . . ."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *But they're the best kind, aren't they, George?*

Sergeant Friday Speaks

(Continued from page 59)

"There is more teen-age trouble today than ever before. More important, the *proportion* of teen-age crime is increasing."

Why is this problem growing? Though, as Jack repeats, he is no authority, he does have the unique position—as producer and star of *Dragnet*, with its documentary treatment of police problems—to help him formulate an opinion. Some of the reasons he lists as follows:

"That major pitfall," says Jack, "is that the kids are not far-sighted. They can't see the consequences of a spur-of-the-moment action. They don't understand, for example, that the very friends they choose to run with are setting the patterns of their own futures."

"I remember, for example, a young man in high school who was a fine athlete. But he made the wrong kind of friends. During the first year of the war, he wanted to join the Air Force. He qualified physically and mentally, but they kept him out, I later learned, because of his character references—a result of his failure to look to the future."

The decision between right and wrong is always up to the individual: When teenagers select their friends they make just such a decision. When Jack Webb was a high-school student, the local malt shop was a breeding ground for teen-age trouble. In his three years in school, Jack never set foot in this corner store. Not that he was prissy—but he knew that the malt shop's hangers-on could only reflect ill on him. In short, he was looking ahead.

"Experimentation on the part of the teenagers," says Jack, "is another reason for the increased crime rate. They want to know what it's like to drink, to smoke, to carouse. Why do they experiment? For many reasons: Because they want to know what it's like; because they don't want to be left out—they want to feel they belong to the crowd; because their emotions are on their sleeves—they change with the wind; because, since they are youngsters, they think they are not being watched; or because they think they can get away with a 'first time.'

"What they have to learn," says Jack, "is that experimentation, presumed pleasure for a fleeting moment, can rob them of the *permanent* things in life. One drink in a speeding car can kill. One affair can destroy an entire family forever. Our society allows no quarter for the first large mistake—the first mistake is often the last. And the growing crime rate shows these mistakes to be increasing."

"Learn *without experimentation*," says Jack, "is the thing we have to get across to the kids. There are many ways for them to learn. Books, magazines, newspapers, all tell them in plain terms the drastic results of alcoholism and narcotics. Their teachers can show them what alcohol does to their insides. The schools, with their auditorium calls, the churches with their educational films, and the parents, too, can explain and, in many cases, *show* the results of dope addiction or sexual delinquency."

"We are obliged to show them the consequences of this behavior. Then they have to use their own judgment. The decision is theirs—and the future is *their* future."

Why doesn't Jack show the consequences of teen-age alcoholism or dope addiction on *Dragnet*? "Because," he says, "it is *not entertainment*." His descriptions are a convincing argument. There's no enjoyment watching a youngster in the process of wrecking his life; there's no fun watching a future flame up in the fiery

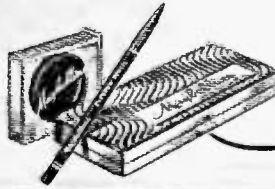


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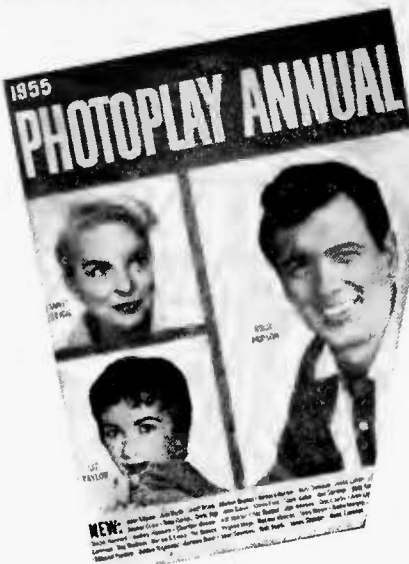
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ASCENDING STARS—These are the names that are making news. Some have just flashed into sight—some now shine with an extra radiance—Terry Moore • George Nader • Edmund Purdom • Jack Lemmon • Richard Burton • Barbara Rush • Susan Cabot • Jeff Richards • Steve Forrest • Dee Avedon • Audrey Dalton • Roco Gentry • Russ Tamblyn • Sarita Montiel • Elaine Stewart • Jeffrey Hunter • Elroy Hirsch • Rhonda Fleming • Pat Crowley • Ken Cooper • Lori Nelson • Robert Stack • Julia Adams • Suzan Ball • Maria English.

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pain of dope addiction, nor in looking at death and destruction pouring from a bottle.

Our expanding economy, says Jack, is another reason for the increase in teenage trouble. He feels that it is new wealth which, at this time, youngsters have not yet learned to handle. "In my high school days," Jack says, "the entire student body boasted of only a handful of automobiles. Today, almost every student has a car, or can get one.

"In addition, teenagers have incomes which far surpass anything we had during the thirties. Today the average teenager earns \$30 a month during a school semester. During the summer, that figure goes to \$36. I think the *earning* part is great. What alarms me is what they *buy* with it."

This new wealth brings problems. In time, Jack feels the youngsters will learn to handle it. But, in the meantime, they tend to splurge. Their problems often begin when their ready money is spent on liquor: "The combination of alcohol and automobiles can't help but lead to trouble."

Automobiles are another part of the problem that go hand in hand with the wealth. "When I was in high school," Jack recalls, "we seldom roamed away from our own back yard. But an automobile goes everywhere. It's difficult to keep a parental eye on the kids when the entire city becomes a back yard to roam in."

"Wine Gulch," a hill in the Los Angeles area, is an illustration of what the auto-liquor combination can create. "Wine Gulch," as it is called, is a remote area in the Los Angeles hills. It has become a nighttime rendezvous for youngsters, their automobiles, and their bottles.

Recently, patrolling officers found two seventeen-year-old boys lying stupefied in the middle of the road. The bottles piled around them told their story. It was a wonder they had not been run over by some of their confederates. It was sheer luck that they had fallen off to sleep—for, if they had tried driving down the tortuous road, they surely would have skidded off the mountainside.

"Their experimentation," says Jack, "could have led them to serious trouble—by that, I mean *criminal* behavior, the kind that wrecks futures. Separate records are not kept on the physical condition of delinquents in custody. If they are brought in drunk for burglary, or if they are doped up when arrested for armed robbery, the books show it as burglary and robbery. The statistics never show what their condition was when they were brought in. But any police officer will tell you there is a high correlation between the use of stimulants and the crime rate."

What can we do about delinquency, a growing blot in our society? One idea is to replace lower-principled behavior with something higher. This takes work and imagination on the part of teachers and parents. "I once knew a mother," says Jack, "whose two youngsters loved to play

with matches. She substituted a twenty-five-cent box of jack-straws. The idea worked."

The same principle applies to teenagers. If they want to get out from under the observation of their parents, then send them out—but guide them. This plan has worked very well in Los Angeles, where the DAPS (Deputy Auxiliary Police) teen-age clubs are sent with counselors, each summer and winter, to city camps high in the San Bernardino Mountains. They swim, hike, ski, and skate, are kept busy in healthy recreation.

The entire problem of juvenile delinquency is a complex one. The lack of foresight on the part of the youngsters is not the only cause. Broken, poor, or unhappy homes contribute to delinquency—but they don't have to. Jack Webb's own success is proof of that.

And the additional causes overlap. There is no telling which is most important, or where one begins and another ends. The expanding economy, for example, provides money for spending; automobiles are commonplace and carry youngsters out of range of their parents' observation; liquor is bought; they feel they want to "belong"; they think they will be excused for their first mistakes; they think they are not being observed; they "experiment"—and Wine Gulches are born.

Who is responsible? The parents, the teachers, the teenagers themselves. Parents can make more time for their children, help them to substitute something worthwhile for their wild behavior. It takes thought and imagination, but it pays off.

"I remember an acquaintance of mine," says Jack, "who had a thirteen-year-old son and a fourteen-year-old nephew. They were fine kids alone. But, when they were together, the world had to beware. One summer, when the nephew visited for a week, the parent hit on this idea: He filled two jars full of nickels. Every time the kids got in trouble, he took out a nickel. At the end of the week, they were to get whatever was left over. They behaved like angels.

"The most important thing that came of this was a new hobby. The kids had to keep occupied, so they started to build a boat. They kept out of trouble the rest of the summer by finishing the boat."

The parents should make more time for their family and home. Jack, for example, insists his wife will be a homemaker, not a performer in his new "Pete Kelly's Blues," as has been rumored. "One show-business career in any family is enough," he says.

And both teachers and parents should encourage constructive behavior in teenagers; make an attempt to replace the bad with something good, as illustrated by the "nickel" and "jackstraw" examples.

"But in the last analysis," says Jack, "the decision to 'experiment,' to do right or wrong, is up to the individual teenager." And his plea to today's young generation is: "Look to the future."

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Arthur Godfrey's Mariners

June TV RADIO MIRROR at your newsstand May 5

Thanks, Pardner!

(Continued from page 71)

wasn't a screen star at that time, Gene hadn't recognized him by sight. But everyone knew who Will Rogers was, by reputation. Gene figured that, if Will Rogers believed he should be in radio, there must be something to it!

It was this belief expressed by Will Rogers which started Gene on his way. Shortly after the meeting, the Depression hit the railroad. Gene was laid off. "I got a pass, then," he says, "and headed for New York. Mr. Rogers' words encouraged me to believe that I could sing for my supper."

"I left the old B & O railroad in New Jersey and crossed the Hudson River by ferry. It was early in the morning and, as I stood looking at the New York skyline, I remember thinking, 'Boy, if you get in amongst those tall skyscrapers, you'll be lucky if you can ever find your way out!'"

Gene eagerly made the rounds of the record and radio companies. But nothing came of it until he met Art Satherly, then in charge of country music for American Records (now Columbia Records). "I had been doing a poor imitation of Rudy Vallee," says Gene. "No wonder nobody listened to me. But Mr. Satherly said, 'Young man, you can do it if you'll just be yourself. Now go back to Oklahoma and get some experience.'"

Art Satherly had shown faith in Gene Autry. Gene took his advice; he went back to Oklahoma for "experience." "I worked at KVOO, the Voice of Oklahoma," recalls Gene. "During this time, I also wrote some songs with my wife's uncle, Jim Long. He had been a dispatcher on the railroad and we used to sing and play the guitar together."

Jim Long encouraged Gene, too. He saw the young man had talent and urged him to keep at his singing, playing and song-writing.

One of the songs that Gene and Jim Long worked on together was "Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine." "Then," remembers Gene, "Art Satherly saw a copy and asked me to come back to New York to record it." Gene figures he must have had his "experience"—for "Silver-Haired Daddy" grew into his first million-selling record.

Will Rogers, Jim Long and Art Satherly all had faith in Gene's ability. He feels it was their encouragement that helped him along the road to his first big success.

Then came motion pictures. Gene was introduced to his producer, Armand Schaeffer, as "that young singing fellow." Mr. Schaeffer was unimpressed—until he and Gene went to Sacramento on a personal appearance. There Gene performed for a group picnic in an Old West setting. Mr. Schaeffer immediately saw that, though not completely polished, Gene had a quality the people loved. He couldn't wait to get back to start their first picture.

Armand Schaeffer had faith in Gene. But, after they saw the first rushes, Gene wasn't sure he had faith in himself. "Goodness," he said, "I better go back to radio!"

"Just a minute," said Mr. Schaeffer. "It's a better picture than you think. Just be patient."

The picture, when released, was a success. "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," Gene's second, was an immediate smash, too. Then "Mexicali Rose," "Red River Valley" and "South of the Border" followed in quick succession. Mr. Schaeffer's faith in Gene was paying off. Today, twenty-odd years later, he is still the producer of Gene's Flying A Productions.

"Yes," says Gene, "faith is what got me here—whatever faith I had in myself, but, more important, the faith other people had in me. If it weren't for them, there'd be no twenty-five years of thanks!"

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Why They Remember Mama

(Continued from page 51)

stumbled into a bad marriage," says Rosemary Rice, who plays Katrin on the program.

"I call my own mother 'Mum,' but to me, Miss Wood will always be *Mama*," says Robin Morgan, who has grown up on the show from a wide-eyed seven-year-old to a bright, keen-witted thirteen.

As if preparing a sequel to *Mama*, entitled "I Remember Peggy Wood," they tell what she means to them. The fun stories come first—picnics at Peggy's home in Connecticut, post-vacation parties at her Manhattan apartment, laughs during moments of relaxation over coffee at rehearsals.

Next they tell of her professional help. "She advises me which Broadway roles to accept," says Dick. "Then she's right there, suggesting, criticizing, making sure I give a good performance."

Her help for Robin began with the child's first appearance on *Mama*, when, carrying a white rabbit, she was required to fall. "The rabbit squirmed and I was scared I'd hurt it," Robin recalls. "Mama asked, 'Are you having trouble?' Then she showed me what to do."

"Showing Robin what to do" has gone on ever since. Peggy has taught her to embroider and knit: "When I finally learned to purl, she showed it to everyone, saying, 'I told you Robin could do it.'" They exchange recipes and Robin brings samples of her cooking for Peggy to taste. Both are proud of their Norwegian pancakes. Robin shows her report card. "She's quick to discipline me, but quicker to praise."

Always, Mama is concerned about her stage children's happiness. Says Rosemary, "It upset everyone when I became engaged to a man who was so jealous he insisted I quit the show. Peggy made me see I was an individual, not a doormat. She said, 'Are you sure he's right for you, and you for him? Take your time. Don't let pride stand in your way. Better to break up now than divorce later.' I was touched that she cared so much what happened to me."

Breaking that engagement cleared the way for Rosemary's happy marriage last year to Jack Merrell, a young insurance man. "Jack is proud of me and proud of the show," Rosemary confides. "He told

me he knew I'd always need to create something. You don't know what that meant to me. This isn't just a TV job. We're a real family, and if I had to quit, I'd feel just awful."

Dick, when he came under Mama's kindly influence, was twenty, and finding out just how much footloose fun a young actor can have. "I never intended to get tied down," he says, "but I wasn't here long before I wanted a family of my own." He found the girl when dancer Pat Poole wandered in from the Jackie Gleason rehearsals next door. "Our wedding was a real thrill. Mama cried just as many happy tears as my own mother. Judson Laire—he's Papa—was an usher, and all the family was there."

All the family gathered again when Pat's and Dick's son was baptized. "Peggy and Jud are his honorary godparents," says Dick proudly. "His name is Richard Nels Van Patten, and of course we call him Nels."

A more formal accounting of Peggy Wood's life also is impressive. Her starring and leading-role credits cover two full columns in *Who's Who in the Theater* and range from singing the lead in "Naughty Marietta" when she was eighteen, to dramatic roles in Shakespeare, Shaw and Noel Coward plays. She has also published a novel, an autobiography and many magazine articles. She first wed the poet, John V. A. Weaver. Eight years after his death, she married William A. Walling, head of a large printing company. She has a son, David, and two grandchildren who are a great source of happiness.

For her inspired portrayal in *Mama*, as Marta Hansen, the Norwegian immigrant who gave her family, through love, the security it lacked financially, Peggy Wood was decorated by King Haakon of Norway with the Royal St. Olav Medal. Lake Erie College conferred on her the degree of Doctor of Fine Arts, and many civic groups have also made citation in her honor.

With a mature actor's viewpoint, Judson Laire, who plays Papa Hansen, comes as close as anyone can to defining the magic of *Mama*: "Peggy set the pace and, long ago, we all stopped regarding this as 'just another show.' Instead, each episode is truly a family problem. We work it out together."

And each will always remember Mama.

It might have been
my daughter!

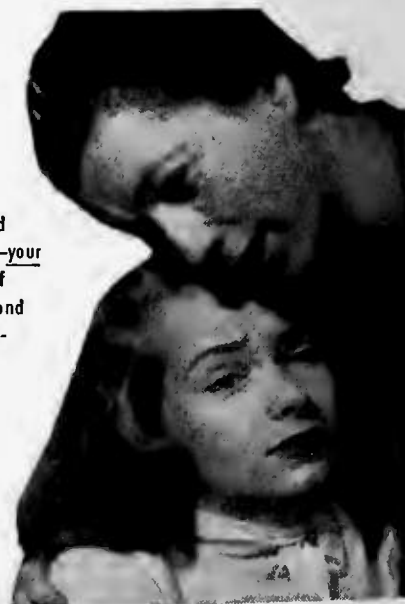
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Eternal Miracle

(Continued from page 69)

born. But Eve herself doesn't think of her first-born as her first baby. During her earlier marriage, Eve adopted her Liza, now nine, and Connie, who is seven. After her marriage to Brooks, the Wests also adopted Duncan, now two. Then . . . on September 17, 1954, in Hollywood's Cedars of Lebanon Hospital . . . Douglas Brooks West was born—weighing in at a husky 9 pounds, 4 ounces.

To our Mrs. Brooks West, wee Douglas is her fourth child. "The physical act of birth does not make a mother," Eve explains. "The child himself—by whatever means he comes to you—is the miracle. . . . I adore the baby, of course," she smiles. "He is utterly enchanting. However, in spite of having had him, I cannot believe—I do not feel—that he is any more a part of me than my three other babies.

"I bristle," Eve adds, bristling, "when people say to me: 'Now that you have your own child—I dislike the phrase, 'my own child.' I get so very annoyed when people speak of the 'natural mother.' The physical act of birth does not, I repeat, make a mother. Giving birth to a child deepens your feeling for all children, yes. . . . But, when people say to me, starry-eyed, 'Now that you have a child of your own,' my answer is: 'This is just a baby that came a different way.'

"Strangely enough, I always felt that I was going to adopt children. And, by 'always,' I mean just that—for, ever since I could toddle, I was taking care of every infant in the Mill Valley, California, neighborhood where I was born and raised. 'Pleeth let me take your baby, Mith' Joneth,' were, my family used to tease me, almost my first words. They were certainly the words I used most frequently. For some reason or other—which is not quite clear, even to me—I always thought in terms of 'taking' a baby rather than of 'having' one.

"And in fulfilling this ambition, I was—at the age of three and a half—a kidnapper! This I have, straight from the lips of an eyewitness in the person of my maternal aunt . . . who came out of the Mill Valley post office to find a distraught mother wailing, 'Someone has stolen my baby!' Casting an experienced eye around her—and finding me gone—Auntie patted the frantic female on the shoulder and said: 'Calm yourself, Madam. I think I know what has happened.' Whereupon Auntie took off just in time to see me rounding the corner with the baby buggy!

"But no one wanted it, Auntie," I explained, 'so I took it.'

"Instinctively I must have felt what I have continued to feel ever since . . . that there are so many children 'no one wants,' so many children who need homes, that it behooves someone who feels as I do to adopt them. And the way I feel, I can best explain by quoting the late Judge Ben Lindsey, who said: 'I love the child, not because he is my child, but because he is a child.'

"This doesn't mean that I didn't want to have a child by birth, for not to want this would be to ignore a basic need in the nature of every normal woman. It does mean that, had I been unable to give birth, I would not have been neurotic about it. I was never told, by doctors I consulted after I'd been married a couple of years, that I couldn't have one. I just didn't. And so, without the slightest feeling of frustration, I made up my mind to adopt some. And this, I suppose, had been tucked away in my mind," Eve laughed, "ever since my 'taking ways' first alarmed the neighborhood!

"As soon as it became known that I was

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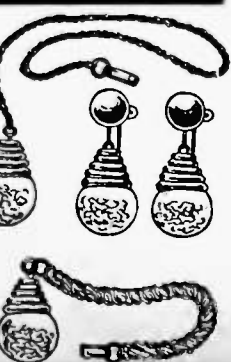
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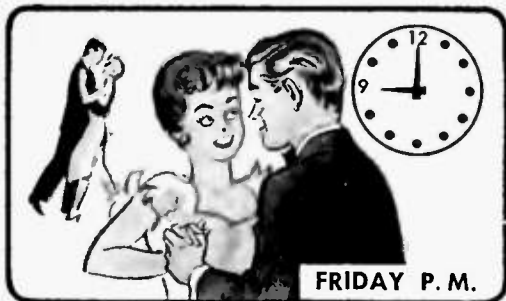
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going to adopt, however, the sisterhood gathered, flapping their sable wings. 'How do you know what you are going to get?' I was asked in voices dark with dire foreboding. 'How would I know,' I parried, 'that if I gave birth to a child, I might get one like my great-aunt Hepzibah? You get no guarantees with any of them!'

"When Liza turned out to be as lovable as she is lovely and Connie's arrival was being planned for, the croakers chorused, 'How do you know that your luck will hold?' 'I don't know,' I flipped. 'Who does?'

"When Connie arrived and was a personality right from the start . . . and then—quite a few years later—Duncan, who is just plain gorgeous . . . the croakers croaked no more.

"Our three adopted children were and are heaven-sent. If I had drawn specifications, they could not come nearer to my heart's desire. Mentally, they are bright as buttons. Temperamentally, they are delightful, well-adjusted little people, fun to live with. Physically, they are beautiful . . . so beautiful that, after I knew Douglas was on his way to us, I said to Brooks, only half in fun, 'Won't it be awful if this one is the dud in the bunch?'

"He isn't!" Eve laughs—and proves it by showing a picture of the brand-new, beautiful Douglas, taken at three and a half months but looking almost twice that age and size. And then, with the picture of Douglas in one hand and a picture of Duncan in the other, Eve adds—surveying both pictures with obviously impartial love and pride—"What is more, they could be blood brothers, they look so alike, except that our red-headed Duncan is the fair type, and Douglas is dark."

When Eve knew that she was pregnant with Douglas, she was not as surprised as one might suppose she would be after eleven years.

"I was prepared for this," Eve points out. "Here's how and why: When we adopted Duncan, we were all set to go to Europe for two months. After we'd had Duncan for a month, long enough to establish him as a member of the family, we took off, leaving him and his nurse and the two girls with good friends in Connecticut. A first trip to Europe is a milestone, an Adventure with a capital A—a romantic adventure, exciting and wonderful—and I'd been looking forward to it. So had Brooks.

"So—what happens? I felt miserable. All over Europe, I just felt so miserable. Three weeks in Paris, which was our first stop—Paris!—and even in Paris, I was miserable. I was extraordinarily tired. Limp. Lopy. I'd just done a season on TV, as well as radio, and that, I told myself, accounted for the fatigue. I didn't quite believe myself, though—for, after all, I'd done many a previous season on TV and never felt like this before! I couldn't understand—nor could Brooks understand—what ailed me. But, when we got back to Connecticut, I lost a baby.

"The way I was told I was pregnant for the second time is really a rather amusing story. It begins the evening before, when I was sitting on the couch in our living room, hooking a rug and watching a telecast of the Emmy Awards, which were being made that night. For some reason or other, my face was slightly dirty (we were in process of moving to the farm at the time, and I'd been out feeding the chickens, no doubt) and my hair not 'done,' which was obviously causing some concern to my publicity agent, Glenn Rose, who was watching the telecast with Brooks and me.

"Suppose," said Glenn, eyeing my smudged facade, 'that you should win . . . 'Mmmfff,' said I, or sounds to that effect. 'There's a chance, you know,' Glenn said,

'and if you should, the photographers will be here before you have time to—'

"Relax, honey," I said soothingly, calmly hooking away. 'Not a chance.' No sooner were the words out of my mouth than an Emmy Award winner was announced—and loudly—as: 'Eve Arden!' So then the phones started ringing, and all I could think of to do was to wash my face, which I did vigorously, and then photographers showed up—to be met by a properly scrubbed and shining, if somewhat flabbergasted, Miss Brooks!

"The next morning my doctor called when I was busy on another phone. Dr. Auerbach talked to Brooks and said, 'Congratulations!' And Brooks said 'Thanks, yes, isn't it fine she won?' And Dr. Auerbach said, 'No—that is, yes—I mean another little "Emmy" is on the way—or perhaps a little "Oscar."'

"We did hope, though, to keep the secret our secret for as long as ever possible . . . and, for a little time, thought we had a chance, when it became evident that my cast—of all people—didn't realize I was pregnant. This was all the more remarkable because, every morning at 10 o'clock, I had to have watermelon! Had to. Watermelon wasn't in season, either.

"Then, one morning, columnist Mike Connolly called, briskly asking: 'When?' . . . and we knew our secret wasn't our secret any more. Don't ask me how Mike knew. Don't ask me how any columnist knows things about you which, very often, you don't know about yourself. By osmosis, I guess. Or maybe far-off drums beat, as in the African jungle. Who knows?

"We weren't going to tell the children so early—waiting is hard for children. But, once it was in the columns, they would almost certainly be told by their playmates . . . 'I know something you don't know!' . . . 'Your Mama is going to have a baby!' And this, of course, wouldn't do. So we sat them down and we said: 'Remember, we were talking about something we really want for the family, now that we're moving to the farm? Well,' we said, 'we're going to get that something we really want.'

"Liza spoke up first: 'Is it a goat?'

"No," I said, with really commendable gravity, 'not a goat.'

"Connie: 'A dog?'

"Not a dog."

"When we finally managed to get over to them that it was a baby we were getting, we were then careful to explain that this baby was not coming to us the way they had come—or Duncan—but was, in fact, with us right now. 'Right here,' I said, patting my midriff, 'in Mommie's tummy.'

This, I could see, was going to take quite a time to comprehend. Before they were old enough to understand or analyze the word 'adopt,' we had made it a familiar word to them. We made it clear to them that 'to adopt' means 'to choose'—and to choose something, whether toy or kitten, or baby boy or girl, you want very much and love very much. When we adopted Duncan, both Liza and Connie went with us. And, when Duncan was brought home, they received him with us. Liza had often asked us, before we took Duncan, to please 'adopt' another baby—never to 'have' one. And so Liza and Connie were fascinated, of course, because this baby was the first one to come to us this way.

"Every now and then," Eve smiles, "Brooks and I bring up the fact of how lucky we are—pretty smart, too—to have picked out such wonderful children. Some, of this how-blessed-we-are-with-you feeling must have rubbed off on them . . . for, inspecting young Douglas the day we brought him home from the hospital, Liza said, 'You didn't pick out Douglas.' To which Connie added, sounding just the

least bit patronizing, 'No, you didn't . . . and he's a pretty little fellow, too!'

"No," Eve says (in answer to the question 'What did you want, a boy?'). "No, I wanted a girl. I'm a little partial to girls. Also, we had just adopted a boy. Now, of course, I can't imagine anything but a boy. Yet, although I wanted a girl—or believed I did—we were so sure it was going to be a boy that we decided, right off, on a boy's name—which right from the beginning, was Douglas. When it came to choosing a girl's name, I said, 'Let's take a look at it first, and then decide.' I am a great believer, anyway, in fitting the name to the child. To my mind, 'Liza' and 'Connie' fit Liza and Connie as smoothly as made-to-order gloves. Duncan, our red-headed Scotsman, couldn't be anything but Duncan. And Douglas is right for young Doug, or he would have been re-titled," Eve laughs, "after the first 'sneak preview'!

"When, at last," Eve resumes, "'my time' came—don't tell me it was only nine months!—and I was on my way to the hospital, with Brooks at the wheel, I was determined to keep it all light and gay for Brooks. I'd take off, I'd promised myself, laughing! I did, too. And although there were a few hours—from 11 P.M. or so to 5:41 A.M., when Doug was born—that I'd just as soon forget, I got a few laughs, too! In the Prep Room, for instance—which was my first port of call—I went all to pieces when a very pedantic little woman came in, saying cozily, 'Isn't it nice to have Miss Brooks with us?' 'Miss Brooks' yet!

Later, in the pre-labor room, when the smile was getting a little set, little pixies kept coming out of the wall, pencils and paper in hand, asking for my autograph! 'Don't bother,' they'd say, sympathetically, 'with any message. Just sign your name—Eve Arden, you know, then *Our Miss Brooks*.' 'Our Miss Brooks'—while I was having a baby!

"I wanted to be conscious—I wanted very much to be conscious when my baby was born—but I wasn't. There was a period of oblivion . . . and then I remember rolling over and seeing a little baby, my little baby, having his hair washed! The next thing I remember is complaining to the anesthetist that they hadn't laid him on my chest for my personal inspection. I remember seeing Brooks in the hall, as they wheeled me out, and watching him as he inspected the baby. And I remember hearing Dr. Krahulik, who was my obstetrician, saying to Brooks: 'Very fine delivery, Mr. West. No problem at all.'

"An hour later I was up, walking around, talking to people on the phone, making plans with Brooks for moving to the farm which is now our year-round home. Our suburban house just seemed wrong with four children. They need the freedom the farm provides, the activities, the animals . . . we realize this when we watch Liza, who has her own horse, saddling him and going off for long rides.

"And so," Eve glows, "when the time was right and the marriage was right, that 'basic need' in my nature, of which I spoke, was fulfilled. And the marriage, Brooks' and mine, is so very right. He is incredibly patient with the children, and understanding beyond anything I have ever known.

"I wouldn't have missed this experience, for anything in the world," Eve says fervently. "At the same time, I say again that I would not have been neurotic about it if I had been unable to have this experience. I may have another baby—I don't know. And I may adopt another. I'd like to have another little girl. Either way, it will be richly rewarding. And either way," says Our Miss Brooks—who was a born mother before ever she took or bore a child—"it will be equally rewarding."

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A Song from His Heart

(Continued from page 63)

people were involved in all my shows, and my recordings, and in every bit of the work I was doing, and what it would mean if I failed them. (I didn't want to sound important, but you know what I meant. These people would be doing other things, if they weren't working with me, but at the moment their work was bound up with mine and all of them were putting their best into it.) I sometimes wondered if I was big enough to handle everything I had started out to do—television, radio, records, guest appearances, benefits.

"Now I know that I am ready for this responsibility. I have had experience. Fine, solid experience. Older and wiser people have helped me to pace myself, to work without tension and strain. Everything has become less difficult. And I have learned a wonderful lesson—that when you take things as they come, and really enjoy what you are doing, nothing is too hard."

Milton Blackstone, Eddie's personal manager, came in just then. Milton is the man who has guided his career from the beginning.

"Eddie is right," Milton said. "He's relaxed now. He has a more understanding approach to his work and to life. Things which would have bothered him a year ago, he now takes in stride."

His work week right now is a full one. He has his network radio shows for Mutual and two network television shows, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, for NBC. He has had twenty hit records in a row, the newest being "A Man Chases a Girl" and, on the other side, "I'm Always Hearing Wedding Bells." Four of the recordings have been immortalized on golden discs—symbol of having sold more than a million. It looks as though this newest one will be the fifth golden record.

He makes many guest appearances. When he did the Berle TV show early this year, he rehearsed six solid days, and was on stage with Berle most of the hour-long program. "I learn a lot every time I work with him," Eddie said. "He knows so much about this business." Eddie is frequently a guest on Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town*. And he does more benefits than anyone can keep track of.

He is working with Irving Berlin on plans for a motion picture, with a Berlin story and score. "Just think what that would mean!" Eddie said. "It's the first picture I want to make." There was once some talk of his doing a musical on the New York stage, but now he isn't sure he would like that. Certainly not after he's married, with Debbie making pictures three thousand miles away, in Hollywood.

"It sounds a little corny, but I began to think I would never meet a girl I wanted to marry. Until I met Debbie. The very first time I saw her on the screen, I became a big, big fan. It was in Korea, and the picture was called 'Singing in the Rain.'"

Dick Parks, Eddie's stand-in, had said to me earlier: "They're terribly in love, these two. Eddie is a sensitive boy and it would be hard on him to get a rough deal in marriage, so everybody is glad it's Debbie. She has a wonderfully nice personality, just like Eddie's. And she's cute as a button. They make a perfect couple."

Eddie met Debbie three years ago, doing a show at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, but it took a long time for them to get together again. It happened when he was being taken around the M-G-M studio in Hollywood, where she works. He asked for her telephone number then and she gave it to him, but they just chatted over the phone a few times before he went back to New York. Then one night he called her

long-distance and asked for a date on June 17. She didn't realize when she said yes that it was the night of his opening at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood. Now their wedding is planned for the latter part of this June.

Eddie is happy that Debbie isn't just a career girl, even though her career is zooming right up. "She's a very unusual girl, in a very normal way," he said, grinning at his paradox. "She's a career girl with all the qualities of a home girl. She lives at home with her family, she's popular with everyone—tremendously popular. She loves a good time, and she loves to dance. She acts because she loves that, too, and has fun doing it, but I am sure her personal life comes first. That's difficult to do when you have a career, but Debbie can do it—because, as I said, she's a very unusual girl!"

Eddie has great respect for Debbie's work, as she has for his. (When she watches him rehearse for television she always says she could never go on as informally as he does, accustomed as she is to the long rehearsals and the better-ordered life of a motion picture studio.) They had fun having her do a "walk-on" for one of his TV shows—she came out and threw a big ball at him in a beach scene, but it was done so quickly that hardly anyone recognized her. And she has added her voice (without billing) to his singing of "A Man Chases a Girl," on a show or two, as well as on his recording.

"But I wouldn't want her to appear formally on my shows," he said. "Debbie is a personality in her own right, a fine actress and singer, and she should do a television or radio show of her own, if ever she wants to." (Her newest M-G-M record is "Never Mind the Noise in the Market," the flipover being "Carolina in the Morning.")

Even though they will live in California after their marriage, Eddie still wants to do some of his shows from New York. "I would like to be in New York a couple of months every year, if Debbie can get away, too. I wish we could travel across the United States and play to different studio audiences in every city (I miss a live audience when I'm singing). It would be wonderful if Debbie and I could go all over the country, doing my shows from wherever we were. Perhaps that will happen later. In the meantime, I suppose most of the broadcasts will come from Hollywood, because that is where Debbie must be—and I must be with her.

"Do you remember something I told you a year or so ago?" he asked then. "Do you remember I said that if I ever got married, I hoped the girl would not have gone everywhere and seen everything before I met her? That I wanted, above everything else, to show Europe to her? Well, that is going to happen this summer. I am going to show Europe to Debbie, her first time. We will be away two months. Two long, wonderful months!"

It was the serious Eddie Fisher, and the gay Eddie Fisher, both talking at once. The serious young man preparing for a honeymoon trip with the girl he hardly dared dream he would ever meet, and the gay Eddie Fisher who finds life such fun that he can hardly wait for the next day, the next month, the next year, to unfold.

JUNE issue of

TV RADIO MIRROR

on sale MAY 5

Jack Benny—Man or Myth?

(Continued from page 47)

of the great editors of our time; his yarns have gone over the air, instead of down on paper, which makes him a throwback (with microphone) to the days of the traveling minstrels who brought gossip and song to the scattered populace.

The radio and TV Jack Benny is a character created over the years, his idiosyncracies deepened, his foibles and traits sharpened until he steps out of speakers and tubes as real as those risen-from-ink myths of Sherlock Holmes, Paul Bunyan, Pollyanna, Elsie Dinsmore, Philo Vance, and Scrooge. Especially Scrooge.

Not long ago the following classified advertisement was run in the Sacramento (California) *Union*: "Two women about Jack Benny's age would like small unfurnished house. Would like to pay what Jack Benny would like to pay." To at least one hundred million Americans, this description of prospective renters and their financial status was perfectly clear.

Children by the dozen have written Jack to ask for options on any cubs produced by Carmichael, the bear that roams the Benny premises—in radio scripts only. During the war, the conservation board hit upon an ideal way to call public attention to the need for scrap iron: They asked Jack to donate his completely fictitious 1924 Maxwell to the scrap drive.

It is clear that, in times to come, "Jack Benny" will become part of our language, along with such meaningful names as Steve Brodie and Annie Oakley. A "Jack Benny" will be a gently swaggering, mildly four-flushing show-off who always gets his comeuppance; a tight-fisted, harmlessly vain, perpetually frustrated and somehow likable "fall guy."

Long ago, when Jack was still in vaudeville, slowly bringing the Benny character to fully realized form, the drama critic for New York's erudite *Times* commented, "Jack Benny's is the most civilized act in vaudeville."

A celebrated actress, after having lost a movie plum she had believed certain, after having banged up her five-thousand dollar automobile, and after having staged a battle with her husband that sent him to a hotel to recoup, announced to a friend, "I feel exactly like that newspaper etching of Jack Benny—you know, the one advertising his TV show."

This economical sketch, reproduced throughout America, depicts a pair of tragic eyes, a pair of crossed Mona Lisa-like hands, and an expression of profound frustration. Essentially sad, it is also essentially funny because nearly everyone recognizes one of his own moods in that projection of bewildered dejection. We all get "sassed back" by salespeople, taxi drivers, and police officers. We all overstep our knowledge of our abilities and fall flat on our faces. The "Jack Benny" character, suffering such disaster with us, reduces our fate to a subject for laughter.

So much for the myth that makes us smile. What of the living, breathing man who has created the legend?

First of all, he *wasn't* born in Waukegan, Illinois. He debuted into this world in Chicago, on Valentine's Day, just 39 years ago (or in the year 1894). Much of the time he looks somewhat younger than 39, having—as General MacArthur phrased it—"a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions," that keep him timeless.

His proud boast that he is the world's worst violinist is open to challenge. His show-business start came as a direct result of his proficiency with the fiddle. At 16, he toured for two vaudeville seasons

with a pianist, a woman old enough to be his mother and having a mother's conviction that the Benny lad had talent—even if he had been kicked out of school for exasperating his teachers. In 1916, with a male partner (Lyman Wood), Jack Benny and violin played the Palace, that famous goal of all vaudeville artists. Benny wasn't asked back until 1924—and, by that time, he was carrying his fiddle onstage merely as a prop—but his musical abilities cannot be denied.

During the war, Jack was invited to do a benefit for Greek War Relief. In white tie and tails he strode onto the stage, tucked his violin into place, and played a highly involved concerto arrangement of "Love in Bloom." Finishing his performance, he bowed solemnly and strolled backstage, where a friend congratulated Jack effusively, saying that he'd never realized that Jack had not been kidding about his violin lessons all those years. Jack's deadpan response: "Listen—when I was younger, they used to call me another Heifetz . . . not *this* Heifetz—another Heifetz."

Second most persistent of the legends with which Jack libels himself is that he's a slow man with a nickel. This gag started during Jack's 1924 Palace engagement. It seems that the country was suffering from a mild post-war slump, prices were high and money scarce. Looking over his audience, Jack realized that there were many couples in attendance only because the escort had been living on peanut-butter sandwiches for a week. Wistfully, he said that he had been thinking of taking *his* girl to a movie—because, down the street there was theater where, in blazing lights on the marquee, it said: "The Woman Pays." This produced such understanding howls that the character of the man clinging devoutly to his dough was born.

In actuality, Jack is not profligate (never gambles, cares nothing for betting on the horses), but his checkbook is always open to worthy causes. During the war, he spent well over a hundred thousand dollars for telephone line charges to bring his shows to servicemen.

He pays the highest salaries of any comedian in the broadcasting business, and recently sent a generous check to Walter Winchell for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund—with the understanding that the fact would not be publicized.

Many a man, professionally generous, is personally parsimonious, but Jack could never be accused of domestic penny-pinching. The Bennys live in unostentatious but unmistakable elegance. Their Beverly Hills home cost \$250,000 when built in 1939, and it is furnished in a deceptively simple style best described as "comfortable contemporary." Their Palm Springs home was purchased in 1951, at a cost of \$75,000. The main house consists of living room, dining room, kitchen, servants' quarters, and three family bedroom suites. There is also a pool, a palm-shaded patio and a guest house which always seems to be occupied.

In small things, as in great, Jack is not inclined to scrimp. When his daughter, Joan, reached the age of telephonicity, he had a private line installed for her (use unlimited—as long as she did her home work). Both Jack and Mary have always had their own private lines so that Jack's often-lengthy business calls would not interfere with Mary's active social life.

The women in the Benny family have always been considered among the best-dressed in Beverly Hills, and Jack himself is considered by his tailor, Eddie Schmidt, to be one of the 10 best dressed men in the world today. At latest inventory, Jack owned around 80 cashmere sweaters, about

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Another charge leveled at Jack Benny, the character, by Jack Benny, the man, is that he can't act. "The Horn Blows at Midnight," a Benny motion picture, has come in for much caustic comment from Jack. Truth is that "Horn" made Warner Brothers a nice piece of change.

Jack's ability as an actor is so subtle that it often escapes notice, but—like air—if it were missing there would be obvious discomfort. All comedians suffer from a quaint human practice: The layman tells the doctor how to cure the common cold; he tells a professional musician about his uncle who played piccolo for Sousa; he explains his hatred of modern art to painters—and he tells jokes to comics. It is likely that Jack has now heard, in multiple versions, every joke perpetrated. But his laughter rings out in hearty enjoyment of any and every story, quip, pun or gag inflicted upon him. He looks as if he enjoyed it, he laughs as if hearing it for the first time, he thanks the teller as though this gambit might save the Sunday show.

Statistics about the number of Maxwells manufactured are clouded by time and unsteady reporting, but they must have rolled off the assembly line like doughnuts at Hallowe'en. Wherever Jack goes to make a personal appearance, someone has thought up the great gag of meeting him at airport or station with a vintage Maxwell. Without fail, this breaks Jack up. He examines the relic with tenderness and gives every indication of being grateful for the implied familiarity with his program.

When he was on USO tour, wherever he went—no matter how mud-choked or artillery-raked the camp—Jack was greeted by a convulsing sign: "Welcome, Fred Allen." He never failed to make a big thing of this acknowledgment of his long-famous feud. He never failed to get in some mention of the sign in the show.

Jack still owns and operates a pretty good head of hair, but no Christmas passes for which he doesn't receive a toupee from some local prankster. Such a gift is acknowledged with a correspondential merry-ha ha.

The "Jack Benny" of radio and TV characterization would seem to have no emotional nature beyond a tender regard for his own ego and the welfare of his wallet, but the man behind the mountebank is—in every sense—a gentle-man. In speaking of the people connected with his show, Jack always refers to them as "those who work with me"—not "for me." When meeting times are being set for discussion of the next show, Jack never mentions an hour and adheres to it arbitrarily. He says, "What time would be good for you?"

He and Mary Livingstone were married in Waukegan, at the Hotel Clayton, on January 14, 1927. (She fainted at the end of the ceremony, a fact that has troubled Jack ever since.) When Jack is away from Mary, he writes every day, telephones whenever possible. In Korea, he lined up with the GIs in order to send flowers to Mary, just as the other men were doing for their wives. Sometimes he tells Mary, "For your birthday, go buy something you really want," but usually he plots her gift for weeks in advance, presents it with a small boy's heart-filled grin.

Perhaps the unkindest dig of all is the charge sometimes made that Jack Benny, outside his radio personality, is not an amusing man. There has been an assumption that his admittedly tremendous abilities reside in situations built up to a pay-

off. Such phrases as "flawless timing," "masterful inflection," "an uncanny ear for the inner rhythm of laughter," have been tossed off to explain audience guffaws at Benny. One colleague once observed: "The only operator to get more out of a 'Well...' than Benny is the state of Texas."

Now would seem to be the time to give you a happy few minutes with Jack Benny, the man who doesn't need his writers to tickle your ribs. Having been interviewed by Cleveland Amory, author of *The Proper Bostonian*, Mr. Benny made good use of the time from the standpoint of both publicity and putting a show together. The following Sunday, a comic situation found Jack annoyed with Rochester and seeking reasons to rebuke him. "What is this copy of *The Proper Bostonian* doing next to the Kinsey Report?" he wanted to know.

Eddie Cantor, in an affectionate moment, allowed as how he'd give Jack the shirt off his back any old time. Benny's instant response, delivered in a tone of solemn dedication, was: "And do you know what I'd do for you, Eddie? I'd wash it, iron it, and charge you only thirty-five cents."

Jack still likes to report the advice he received from Jimmy Durante when Jimmy heard that Jack was going into TV. "Jimmy sounded a real warning: He said, 'When youse is in television, youse is gotta speak distinkly.'"

Benny said of his great and good friend George Burns, "He's the world's loosest man with an insult."

Returning from an appearance in Vancouver, one raw spring day, Jack was happily playing gin rummy with Don Wilson when the plane began to struggle like a Mexican jumping bean. The pilot came back to ask for instructions, saying that dead ahead loomed Mount Rainier: The plane was icing up and they were losing altitude and something had gone wrong with the radio—he thought they were off the beam. Would it be all right if he set down at Corvallis?

Many spine-chilling moments later, the pilot made a perfect landing at Corvallis, once again came back into the cabin to ask if there was anything more he could do for Mr. Benny. Very softly, Jack said, "Yes. Please get me a room in a nice one-story hotel."

During one of Jack's USO tours, he and two other members of the troupe were being jeeped back to their lodgings. An MP ordered the jeep to stop unexpectedly—calling from a dark corner—and when the driver didn't comply as fast as the MP thought he should, a fusillade of bullets whizzed over the heads of the jeepsters. Once all were identified and the difficulty straightened out, the shaken quartet climbed back into the jeep just as a black cat strolled across the street in front of the whitened travelers. "Now he tells us," snorted Jack.

When he was asked by an interviewer if he were a handy man about the house, Jack admitted sorrowfully that he "couldn't push a thumb tack into a bulletin board without consulting a carpenter."

Well aware of the fact that he isn't supposed to be a quipster, Benny sometimes uses this misapprehension to his own advantage. He said wistfully, one day, "I really envy ad-libbers like Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. They're so well coordinated. I've been playing golf as long as they have, but I still haven't been able to break 80."

The tag line must be awarded to Fred Allen, erstwhile airwaves enemy of the Waukegan Wonder. Fred doesn't often speak the straight lines, so he is doubly impressive when he does so. Said Mr. Allen, in his book, *Treadmill to Oblivion*, "Jack Benny is the best-liked man in show business."

And funny, too.

Loretta Young—At Heart

(Continued from page 41)

producer, has exactly the same set of principles. In accord, they have established a pattern of simple constructive scripts which reach as many human situations as possible. Whether leaving you with a chuckle or a lump in your throat, each story delves deep into the heart of a dilemma and, solving it, the ending invariably conforms to the high standards of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis.

It was more than two years ago that Tom Lewis sniffed the adventure-laden air of television, looked at his Academy Award-winning wife and said, "Let's go, Ma'am!" "Not," responded his ever-loving wife, "without Norbert Brodine, ASC, man-genius behind the camera." So the duet became a trio, and Loretta was off to absorb the new medium. Avidly curious, she threw herself into learning any and everything about television.

A lesser woman might have collapsed under the demands made upon her. Because the story is different every week, Loretta spends much time with wardrobe and wig fittings, learning a new character and new script. Then, too, her love for gracious living was disrupted by the shooting schedule. Because they shoot on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Loretta sleeps at the studio Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights so she'll be ready for the early start. Extremely fashion-conscious, she has long and careful sessions with Werlé, who designs her personal gowns for television. To date, Loretta has portrayed more than seventy women in different walks of life. Each one of those characterizations was outwardly clothed properly and in excellent taste. She leans heavily on Werlé's artistry, personally, but—since Loretta believes, "You get out of fashion what you put into it, just as you do out of life"—the Young principles of dress are as evident in her portrayals as the philosophical ones.

With this hectic work-load, it would be easy to sink into the insidious quicksand of complete concentration on self. But Loretta learned her lesson about that very early, and has never forgotten it. She was sixteen, a motion picture phenomenon—a star. She was quite humanly wallowing in the wages of success when she met a Jesuit priest, who changed the whole course of her life. "Don't you know," said the priest, "that God didn't give you your talent just so you could glory in it for the gratification of your ego? It was given to you to develop for His glory. You are in a position to be an example to others. You have no right to lead a selfish personal life. For—whether you want it or not, Loretta—as a star, you will be an example. You dare not be a bad example."

It was from this meeting that Loretta's introspection took only enough time to delve for truth and then turn to an outward interest in those around her. Quietly she made a working arrangement with faith, prayer, tolerance, graciousness, and a real interest in others.

In her ascendancy, attainment and permanent stature as a shining star in the Hollywood heavens, whenever she felt the pulsing of personal self and ego, Loretta returned to the knowledge that, before anything else, she was a source for God's goodness. "The actor shares the same moral responsibility as his fellow men and seeks spiritual guidance with the same humility and the same faith," she explains earnestly. "No person is truly successful who has, in his material progression, lost himself spiritually. No man is a failure who has kept his sense of humor, his enthusiasm, his devotion to doing his job

well, no matter how humble that job may be. There are some musts, I believe, for those of us in this absorbing, fascinating entertainment business. *Never take yourself too seriously* is one of my constant self-admonitions. Take your work seriously—every phase of it—but never your all-too-vulnerable self. Study, study, study human beings. As an actress, you can never know too much about people."

Intertwined with Loretta's personal philosophy is a moral conscience which pervades every field of her world: "Just as I believe you should nurture your love for your husband, so I believe you should nurture your conscience. A conscience is not very strong, to begin with. Its strength must be developed, never neglected. If you don't listen to your conscience, you can commit the same wrong a second time and then the shock is less, by far. The third time, you can see no reason why the act is wrong! Watch your conscience, and it will police your life magnificently."

"I do not hold with those who think it is all right to do whatever you want, as long as it doesn't hurt anyone. I think that's nonsense. There are very, very few things one can say or do that are without influence or possible hurt to someone."

As happily stimulating as her theory of nurturing—rather than ignoring—conscience are Loretta's clear-headed attitudes toward anticipation and worry: "I do not believe that anticipation is greater than realization. I think it is possible to destroy enjoyment by exaggerated anticipation. You are living in the future when you anticipate greatly. In saying that one should live for today, I don't mean that I believe in spending every nickel one earns as soon as it is earned. There is a lack of perspective—and responsibility—in a lack of thrift."

"But," she continues, "I do believe it is possible to worry our lives away over trivialities. And one has to watch oneself on that! I say to myself: Think of what you worried about last week. Did you accomplish anything by your worries? And haven't most of them melted away into thin air? I like the motto, 'Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday and it never happened.' I can't think of a single problem I ever solved by *worrying*."

An honored guest once wrote in the Lewis guest book a summation of Loretta's thoughts which she cherishes: "Give us the strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. Give us the courage to change the things that can and should be changed. Give us the wisdom to distinguish the one from the other."

Perhaps the pattern of Loretta's life was to learn all these things early and so surely that they could not be lost after she entered the fast frenetic pace of television. Diving into a new medium, uprooting one's way of life and filling one's mind with a myriad of new experiences is usually the time when human nature overcomes the divine principles we live by when life is calm and balanced. But Loretta's served her well, during the first intricate months of mastering television. Then, too—with Tom part-and-parcel of the ideals and philosophies—there was little left to be discussed in the nature of underlying motivations and good taste for the show. Tom produces, supervises scripts, and carries the business end of the show, leaving Loretta free to concentrate on her needs as an actress. But her restless and attentive mind always seems to be exploring all the fields—cutting, music, sets, and scripts.

Actually, Tom and Loretta do not sit around ten hours a day discussing their personal philosophy and how to integrate it into the show. In fact, they don't delib-

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erately instill any of it. It is a natural outcome of Tom's holding the production reins and Loretta's acting. The richness, warmth, and positive, uplifting belief in life felt in their films comes from the Lewises' combined searching for the right scripts and the right presentation.

This part of Loretta, her beliefs and philosophy, is not necessarily seen on the show . . . it is only felt. She is the idealized picture of womanhood to millions across the nation. Her charm, vivacity, and graciousness create excitement. Her delicate, "fragile as a flower" appearance is exceedingly deceptive. She is, indeed, a strong orchid . . . abounding in strength and vitality.

Tom was once asked by Greta Garbo: "Where does Loretta exercise when she's in New York?" Tom stared for a moment in amazement, "Exercise? My beloved wife wouldn't walk across a room if she could get a ride!" Loretta insists she doesn't need formal exercise. She uses up her boundless energies daily, as she pokes, peeks, and absorbs the life around her.

She is a wonderful human contradiction . . . the epitome of virtues, faults and vagaries of womanhood. She loathes prejudice, gossip, criticism, and inflexible opinions. She is a perfectionist. Full of an insatiable curiosity about people—and things—she adores dinner by candlelight, fragile china, heavy crystal, cob-webby linens, old silver, gracious conversation.

Now in the throes of television, she has put aside gracious entertaining, except for occasional weekends in the Lewis home in her beloved Ojai Valley. In the lovely wooded valley, with family and friends, Loretta savors the enjoyment of leisure without a time clock ticking off the seconds. She has accepted the pseudo-sacred importance of time in her work. One of the world's ten best-dressed women, she personally loves hats, her wedding gown, and crisp white neckwear. She loves the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning . . . comfort, jungle rhythm, and antiques. She wears filmy nightgowns, ear plugs—and a sleep mask—to bed. She also leaves the earplugs in during the day . . . while the household buzzes around her—she blithely ignores it. She is glad she is a star, a woman and a mother—and, most of all, Mrs. Tom Lewis.

Loretta uses everything she knows in her show. She will remember a speech she made for the Variety Club in Minneapolis five years ago. Once she forgot whom to call to look it up, but she was right about the speech. Her memory is two-edged. Some things she can never remember, others she will never forget.

With all the press interviews she has given, she never yet has learned the meaning of that precious word (to the writer) "anecdote"—a little story from the past that takes on the color of the speaker. One day, her friend and public relations counselor, Helen Ferguson, set up a mass interview with high school reporters. Loretta was surrounded by eager novices, questioning, probing and touching. Finally she broke away from the group, sailed across the room with a studious little boy clutching her hand. In complete innocence, Loretta sped up to Helen and said, "Helen, you'll have to go to work. This reporter wants an antidote." Helen looked at her with a knowing smile and, turning to the boy, she said: "You have your anecdote. The brilliant star of stage, screen and television, Miss Loretta Young, does not know the difference between an anecdote and an antidote. And you may quote me."

Both Tom and Loretta are constantly on the lookout for simple human dramas to be translated into scripts. One day, Tom overheard their children talking about a Cub Scout who had lost a precious rating

because his parents hadn't attended a family night meeting. The simple drama of careless parents and a heartbroken boy became the basis for one of their most successful scripts. Entertainment-wise, it met with a sensational reaction. In a goodwill move that will do a lot of good, the Procter and Gamble Company (the sponsors) removed their commercial and furnished sixty-eight prints of the film to Cub Scout headquarters for distribution throughout the country. It touched perhaps untold numbers of parents and children with a bit more tolerance and understanding of one another's problems.

The thrill of personal reaction to the story lines has come to Tom and Loretta many times. The Christmas Eve story of the poorhouse, where the children were taken care of but the aged forgotten, brought a spontaneous response. People in three different communities worked to put television sets in the recreation rooms of the county homes for old people. The story and the entertainment values were brilliant . . . not one of the viewers need have gone past the satisfaction of enjoying good drama. But the underlying theme, "Lest we forget," captures the best in every audience.

"The greatest way to use my personal philosophy," says Loretta, "is in playing women from all walks of life and adapting it within the character I'm playing." Among others, Loretta has played a woman doctor solving a murder mystery, a publicity girl for a resort (the script did not call for her to ask anyone for an "antidote"), a woman having a nervous breakdown, a woman who believed in Aladdin's Lamp, a girl on a jury, a Girl Scout leader, a school teacher, a dancer, pianist Clara Schumann, a dying wife, an old maid, and a pickpocket.

Loretta has managed to submerge herself, through serious study of each woman's outlook on life. Embracing the characterization completely, she becomes the woman she portrays. Consistently, however, each role conveys an intangible aura of Loretta's personal philosophy. For she believes that, in every walk of life, the basic tenets are the same: "Maybe you are richer or poorer, younger or older than I am. But one thing we share: No one is ever too rich or too poor, too old or too young, to pray."

Prayer and faith are the nuclei of the inner- and outer-personality known as Loretta Young, which is spelled out in every gesture, expression or utterance you see weekly on your television set. That inner radiance is as much a part of the actress as the woman. "I believe in living the eternal now, doing now—not the things we want to do—but the things that we know are the right things to do. I believe that, to succeed in business, and as human beings, we must do the best we can each day. Be as kind as we possibly can to each other."

Loretta lives each day as fully as time allows. Kipling, not knowing that the world would take on the harried, hurried time clock as a boss—nor that television would stretch the twenty-four-hour day to bursting—showed remarkable foresight in his poem, "If." He could have written it for Loretta:

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything
that's in it . . ."

And Loretta, capturing those sixty seconds with complete awareness of their meaning, living richly from her full experience, looking outward for fulfillment of her personal philosophy, will always be Young—by name and by nature—heart and soul.

"Q" Is For Quality

(Continued from page 73)

who had picked her at that audition and exposed her to a nation-wide audience on the CBS Radio and TV Network. And it was Bob who gave Jaye her chance to do more than just vocalize. He encouraged her to be herself, so that Jaye's personality belted out as happily as her songs—and everyone loved her. A year ago, when she flew to Hollywood to marry Michael Baiano, Bob had talked about it so much on the air that the private little ceremony was practically a national event.

As Jaye's popularity grew, however, she began receiving offers for outside engagements. Bob gave her time off from the show. He was trying to further her career, not monopolize it. But this year, when too many offers came pouring in—and all too attractive to resist—Lewis encouraged Jaye to further her career to the fullest, even though it meant losing her services. Her appearances on his radio and TV programs, all emanating from New York, prevented her from accepting vaudeville and supper-club engagements in Hollywood, Las Vegas, and Chicago.

And she goes with Bob's blessings. He may have built up a star attraction, only to lose her. But any regrets on his part are personal, Bob's family is very real to him, and he will miss Jaye very much. Professionally, however, he is delighted.

"It proves I've got good talent," he says. His early faith in Jaye is more than justified, and the kick he gets out of seeing one of his "family" get ahead is very genuine. But there's more to it than that. You can tell by the look of happy excitement, like a kid let loose in a toy shop. Now Bob could go out and discover a brand-new singer, and maybe make a star out of her . . .

In spite of the many stars Bob has discovered, he doesn't think of himself as a scout for talent. Actually, he is a developer of talent. He helps bring it out.

"I guess I've got a Pygmalion complex," he admits.

According to legend, however, Pygmalion was a king of Old Cyprus who created a statue, fell in love with it and made it come to life. Or, in the popular play—later a movie—by George Bernard Shaw, "Pygmalion" is the man who takes a Cockney flower girl and makes her into a lady of high fashion—and also falls in love with her.

Bob, too, has brought performers to life, and sometimes he has made them over. The one difference is—Bob doesn't fall in love with his discoveries after they're transformed. He's in love with them to begin with—with a deep respect for their talent, and a feeling for their real personalities as opposed to the "stage manner" they may have picked up along the way. That's why, on Bob's show, everyone is "allowed to express himself." He tells the cast: "If you feel like saying something on the show, say it."

And so Lois Hunt and Earl Wrightson have had a chance to exhibit their warm, friendly personalities as well as their appealing voices. Lee Vines has been transformed from a straight announcer to a

singer, dancer, comedian, and impersonator of Liberace. As for Ray Bloch—"Well, it's an old tradition in show business," Bob says, "to poke fun at the orchestra leader. We do that, too, but I think we've shown people more of Ray than they've ever seen before—not only his singing, dancing and clowning, but his serious side, too."

In the case of Don Liberto, who had previously been known only as a dancer, Bob was equally impressed by his singing. "He has some of the same quality Eddie Fisher has." So Don sings as well as dances on the TV show. Bob even used him as a singer on the Saturday morning radio show to replace Jaye P. during some of her absences.

Since appearing on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, the Chordettes have come up with their fabulously successful recording of "Mr. Sandman," and Lois Hunt has realized her ambition to be an opera star. When she was invited to sing "La Traviata" in Philadelphia, Bob plugged her appearance so faithfully on his programs that the Philadelphia Opera House found itself sold out for the first time in years. And, when this engagement led to her appearance at the City Center Opera Company in New York, Bob started in plugging as soon as he heard the news.

If Bob has a special talent for developing other people's talent, it lies in his uncanny ability to make the public see what he sees and share his enthusiasm. He can not only stir up excitement about a promising newcomer but revive interest in an old-timer he feels shouldn't be neglected. Even in his early days on radio, back on Station WHN, Bob was able to keep plugging an old record—Ted Weem's "Heartaches"—until it became a national best-seller. And several years ago, CBS built a special program—*The Show Goes On*—around Bob's special abilities to develop other people's abilities.

Tony Bennett, the singer, got his start on this show. Other performers who have been boosted on the way to stardom by "exposure" on Bob's radio and TV shows include Rosemary Clooney, the Ames Brothers and, just recently, Norman Brooks ("he sings similar to Jolson") who is now under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

According to Bob: "The public is always ready to accept something new—something fresh and different. There aren't enough people in show business ready to give this young talent a break."

If Bob is so particularly ready, it's because he genuinely enjoys it. This is his idea of fun—helping others to succeed in the business he likes best—show business! And, though Bob would be the last one to point out a moral in all this, it's there nonetheless. Something about the man who cast his bread upon the waters and had it returned to him . . .

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The Greatest Talent Scout of All

(Continued from page 38)

some had carved handles, some had sequin borders. For fly-killing, the Godfrey office was equipped like an armory—but fly swatters are the merest fraction of Godfrey's fan mail.

Every day, more than a thousand letters (two thousand on some days) come into his office. In the return mail, Arthur replies with autographed pictures, get-well cards, congratulatory messages to newlyweds, greetings to people celebrating birthdays and anniversaries, gifts to hospitalized veterans and children, and flowers to someone's sick grandmother. Every piece of mail gets an appropriate answer—even harsh criticism gets a polite thank-you card. It's a tremendous task. Fabulous. But it happens every day.

Since Arthur Godfrey refuses to brag or discuss figures, you go to his accountant—who has to record expenses for legal reasons—and you learn that, each year, Arthur Godfrey spends fifty thousand dollars, just answering mail. (This covers stamps and pictures and greeting cards.) But get this straight: No one tells Arthur he has to spend it. And, after all, with fifty thousand, you could buy enough fertilizer to cover his Virginia farm and the west side of the Blue Ridge mountains.

"When you see the mail, you begin to understand why Arthur values it," says Doreen Partin. Doreen has worked for Arthur seven years and is his office manager. "It's not quantity," she explains, "but the kind of mail. Whether a letter is chatty or critical or flattering, there is the feeling of intimacy and trust. Arthur is 'one of the family,' and that's the way the letters sound. They're often addressed: 'Dear sir' or 'Dear Mr. Godfrey.' Usually, however, it's: 'Dear Arthur.'"

They are not simply I-like-you or I-hate-you letters. A parent writes a friendly note about the family and encloses a picture of her children. A man in mourning writes that it was Arthur who brought his mother joy and relief from pain in her last few weeks of suffering. A little boy (Robert Hughes of Bangor, Maine, in this case) sends Arthur a joke for his show, "If you had two ducks and one cow, what could you have to eat?" Answer: "Quackers and milk."

And gifts come in—57,000 varieties of them: Rattlesnakes and tea-bag tweezers, bird whistles and tie pins and animal cakes (a life-size animal cracker). Several trucking companies sent Arthur a cute trinket—a life-size Cadillac. But this gift was no more thoughtful than that of a child who had seen Arthur snap a ukelele string and immediately mailed him a new one.

One of Doreen Partin's assistants, Eleanor Ungar, has the job of opening packages all to herself. She does this with care—so that Arthur will know exactly who sent what—and also with caution, for she does not like snakes. Eleanor is a young lady who is not easily surprised, for she has "had it." Here is a sampling of what she has found inside packages: Ducks, a crate of worms, back-scratchers, ties, cufflinks, a 50-pound package of licorice, doilies, powdered milk, Bibles, wallets, toads, deer antlers, moccasins, orchids, sink traps, a dead mouse, ashtrays, and hominy from Alabama.

Because Arthur talks a lot about Lipton Tea, he gets quantities of items and inventions connected with tea: Cups, spoons, tea-bag resters to relax a used or retired tea bag—even tweezers, in case your string slips into the hot water and you have to go fishing. And because of one of his other sponsors, Arthur receives many a lock of hair with the request that he advise which

Toni product he would recommend. Of course, a lot of boxes—such as games and books—come from manufacturers who hope to intrigue Arthur into a free "plug." All of these are sorted out and re-shipped to charitable institutions and similar organizations.

"Then there was the day the quail arrived," Doreen says, "and I didn't know what to do with them, and Arthur wasn't here. All I knew about quail was that they taste like chicken, so I went to see one of our writers who is from Ohio—I figured he should know about quail. 'Do they fly?' I asked him. And he said, 'I don't think so.' Then I opened the box—and they flew. They were all over the office for an hour."

Arthur has to be extra careful of what he says at any time. There was the day he mentioned piccalilli, said he hadn't tasted the old-fashioned kind in years. He got piccalilli—pails of it. He didn't mention corset-type binders for Tony Marvin but they came, anyway—as a gag. One morning, Arthur complained mildly about the way the curtain stuck to him under a shower. So five manufacturers offered to build him a glass-enclosed shower—and women sent in weights by the pound.

While there is much fun in the letters and packages, there is heartbreak in some of the mail. Just as parents write with pride about Junior, they also unload family worries. Because Arthur does not exploit charity, few people are aware of how thoughtful and helpful he is.

You will find in the files kept by Doreen and her assistants many letters of gratitude from institutions and individuals he has helped. You won't find many hundreds of such letters, for they keep only the recent ones. No effort has ever been made to record or publicize the good work that is done. In the Godfrey office, it is a matter of routine—it is done because it is the right thing. And so the letters in the file are a haphazard collection. A director of an orphanage wrote, for example, "I think you might be interested in an incident here. The Queen of Greece expressed to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt the desire to visit us, since one of her friends had visited us a year ago. We told our children that Mrs. Roosevelt was coming with a very important visitor—who was to be a surprise—and we wanted them to be very quiet and well-behaved. When the Queen had left, we learned they had been disappointed, and why: When told someone very important was coming they all expected to see Arthur Godfrey." Arthur has become very important to these children through the many packages he has sent them.

Arthur's interest—active interest—in children is perhaps unparalleled in show business. Various communities throughout the country know from local papers about a hospitalized child receiving an unexpected phone call or flowers or a toy from Arthur. No one keeps record of these acts, and no one sends out publicity stories. Frequently Arthur's personal secretary is the only one who has knowledge of them.

This past fall, Mrs. Lilli Lewis, of Newport News, Virginia, had a phone call from a man she had never met before. It was Arthur. He had heard that her son was very ill with leukemia. At the end of the call, he asked if he could send the boy a gift. His mother said he had been asking for a paint set. It took a couple of days for the paint set to arrive, but the lad had flowers from Arthur that same afternoon.

Another woman, in the Midwest, had written Arthur about her twelve-year-old son, who had given up and would not walk after an operation on his legs. For six years prior to the operation, he had worn heavy braces. His mother wrote Arthur, and Arthur wrote the boy. And this was the result, in her own words: "Even though you're busy, Arthur, you took time to write this little boy who loves you so dearly. Everyone who came to the house had to see this cherished letter. In fact, he had to show it so many times that one of the men who work in the office for his daddy had the letter framed in order to hold the pieces together. But that isn't all. Just because you took a few minutes of your precious time, Bob decided he was going to walk. And that is just what he did. He does a beautiful job of walking now, *without braces*. There just aren't words enough to say how I feel about you, Arthur, and this miracle. . . ."

It's not exactly a secret. On the other hand, it isn't advertised that Arthur sends out two different pictures. One is a portrait, and the other is a picture of Arthur on horseback. Of course, you can have your choice and it's all for free. But Mr. Godfrey, with a few kids of his own, has an understanding of the way little boys' minds work, so it's not surprising that youngsters get a picture of Arthur on a horse. The effect is devastating. Here's a letter to Arthur, headed "Private—Keep Out":

"Dear Mr. Godfrey, This medal isn't new. I got it the day I served my first Mass and I have worn it ever since. I shined it up for you. It is a blessed medal and it will help to protect you. It is the best thing I've got and I love it, so it's the only thing that I've got that's good enough to give to my friend. And you are my friend, cos I got a picture that you wrote my own name on, to prove it. Boy, was I happy today when I got that picture. But you should have kept the one dollar and eleven cents, cos I know pictures and stamps cost lots of money. . . ." Later, in closing, Georgie Kelsch of Norfolk, Virginia, notes that he will send the returned dollar and eleven cents to Walter Winchell, to help fight cancer. Then, "Thanks forty-eleven times for being such a good man. I will always remember you when I say my prayers."

Not all letters of gratitude come from children or their parents. An American officer in Korea, for one, sent Arthur twenty-five dollars and asked him to buy a Christmas gift for his stateside wife. This was done and the officer reported, with a thank-you letter, that his wife was quite pleased. And—if you happen to drive by a veterans' hospital and hear some ukes being strummed on a balcony—chances are that they got there via Arthur. Regularly, he sends ukes and books and games to servicemen and veterans.

Some mail is tough to answer. Occasionally a woman sends in her picture, announces she is looking for a husband—and so will someone please "take a good look at the snapshot and tell me what's wrong with me." It ain't easy. And there are people who have asked to honeymoon on Arthur's farm and others who have asked if they can't hold their annual conventions there. (Arthur's farm just doesn't have the special facilities for such gatherings.)

Arthur is particularly attentive to criticism from his audience, and some of the criticisms are unusual. There was one woman who passionately bawled out Arthur for making fun of the handicapped. Arthur, who is also handicapped, was shocked and puzzled by the letter, and

read through the lengthy pages trying to find out what she was driving at. Finally, he learned that the woman's brother was cross-eyed and she had been upset when Marion Marlowe sang a number titled, "I'm a Cockeyed Optimist."

There was the day Arthur saw some advertising copy about a bra—featuring "four freedoms." Arthur, who collects scalps of advertising men, went after some laughs. A couple of listeners thought he was desecrating the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt. (Anyone who knows Arthur knows that he worshipped FDR. Ed Murrow's album, *Hear It Now*, records Arthur weeping at the funeral procession.)

Arthur has a lovely, personable crew working on his mail and, when you meet the six girls, you begin to realize the "Godfrey family" is larger than those you see on television. You find the same feeling of good will and enthusiasm back in the office that you find among those in the studio.

Alison Bartlett is a tall, attractive blonde who worked with cancer research before joining the Godfrey office: "That was like coming from a world of pessimism to a world of optimism. We get a lot of fun out of this work and I don't mean just laughs. It's fun to be doing something constructive—doing good for lonely people and convalescents."

And there is Ann Kirkland, another blonde and a cute one, who picks up the telephone while Arthur is on the air. During broadcast time, a hundred calls will come in on "quiet" days—and half of them will be long-distance.

"Some people want to ask Arthur to a christening," Ann explains, "and others have a new joke for Arthur and they get hysterical trying to tell me the ending."

And there is Jean Eger, also blonde and similarly cute, who also answers outside calls. "There's one man who likes to phone in 'knock-knock' jokes and, when I take his calls in the reception room, everyone looks at me as if I'm crazy."

Brunette Barbara Scott sometimes feels as if she were in charge of a travel bureau. "They write in to say they are coming to New York on a vacation and want to know where they should stay. Some of them ask Arthur to meet them at the railroad station. They feel close to Arthur. They turn to him for advice."

Joan Zacher, another in the brunette minority, expands that one: "Arthur has been asked for advice on medical problems, contractual arrangements, dieting—everything. One mother, concerned about her daughter, asked Arthur if nice girls join the WACs. He answered that one on the air!"

These young ladies highly respect Arthur, and it's not because he is a national idol. To them, he is a kind and considerate man. During the summer, when he is on the Virginia farm, it is not unusual for him to phone Manhattan and tell the girls to knock off early on a hot day. He was aboard his airplane when news came in of the possibility of a hurricane sweeping into New York. Arthur radioed his staff to go home.

"Arthur is deeply concerned with the welfare of others," says Doreen Partin. "He is quickly touched by misfortune and, frankly, we try to spare him many of the heartbreaking letters, for no man could survive it all. No one is a stranger to him and I think from the mail that most people realize this. They write the way they would to a father or a brother. They want to share with him. They want to tell him how much they love him. They feel just the way we do, who know him well. I think the 'Godfrey family' runs into the millions."

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T
V
R

TV Radio Mirror Award Winners for 1954-55

(Continued from page 36)

even experimented with TV, has won its seventh straight Award for jovial Don McNeill—this year, as your favorite radio daytime variety program. The corresponding television Award goes to a comparative newcomer, *The Bob Crosby Show*, after only a couple of seasons on the CBS-TV network. Two frequent winners walked off with husband-and-wife team honors: ABC-TV's *Ozzie And Harriet* (of the famed Nelson family) and NBC Radio's *Fibber McGee And Molly* (Jim and Marian Jordan).

As your favorite radio quiz program, *Strike It Rich* garnered still another gold medal for emcee Warren Hull and producer Walt Framer, to add to the fistful already won in previous classifications (including TV and "Best Program on the Air"). *Two For The Money*, a radio Award winner last year, took the TV quiz prize this year, despite a strong bid by previous title-holder *What's My Line?* The panel prizes went to two first-timers: CBS-TV's *I've Got A Secret* and CBS Radio's *Make Up Your Mind*, both novelties in their field—the latter a unique daytime program indeed, as a panel show which is both entertaining and instructive.

If there is a "serial queen" in broadcasting, it must surely be Jan Miner—the lovable Julie Nixon of *Hilltop House*—whom you have voted your favorite radio daytime drama actress for five years in a row. Perhaps Jan's winning ways are catching, for her husband, Terry O'Sullivan, has also been voted your favorite TV daytime actor, as Arthur Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*; for the second consecutive year. Or perhaps talented Terry is catching the habit from sweet Mary Stuart, who plays Joanne Barron in *Search For Tomorrow*—and who has just won her third straight Award as TV daytime actress! Mary's closest rivals were the popular actresses in two serials produced by Richard Dunn: Peggy McCay, charming star of *Love Of Life*, and Virginia Dwyer, who was then appearing in *The Secret Storm*.

Search For Tomorrow, a strong contender last year, gets your nod as the best TV daytime drama, with a well-deserved bow toward producer Myron Golden and director Charles Irving. Since the hottest competition for your votes is in this entire field of dramatic serials, *The Romance Of Helen Trent*—directed by Ernie Ricca and starring Julie Stevens—can be especially proud of its second straight victory as your favorite radio daytime drama. James Lip-

ton, portraying Dr. Dick Grant in *The Guiding Light*, also deserves great credit for his first triumph as your favorite radio daytime actor. Incidentally, *The Guiding Light*—last year's prize daytime drama on TV—was a close runner-up in both radio and TV this year, as produced by Lucy Ferri and directed by Ted Corday.

In the field of evening drama, *Lux Radio Theater* has chalked up its eighth successive prize as your favorite radio dramatic series—and its second consecutive medal as the best program on radio! Barbara Britton and Richard Denning, the sleuthing *Mr. And Mrs. North*, repeated their last year's success as your favorite radio evening actors. *Mama* again won as the top TV evening drama, with *Kraft Television Theater*—also a previous winner—not far behind. It was the second consecutive year for lovely Loretta Young as your favorite TV evening drama actress, and the third for Jack Webb as TV actor.

With *Dragnet* also winning its third TV Award—as mystery-adventure program—star-producer-creator Jack Webb can now count up at least ten TVRM prizes for both the show and himself, in both radio and TV. The big surprise in this field was scored by *Gunsmoke*, in capturing the radio mystery-adventure Award. Though Western in theme and set in an earlier day, *Gunsmoke* is almost documentary in its treatment, with psychological undertones and skillful characterizations.

In the straight Western category, two hard-riding, sweet-singing cowboys continued their photo-finish race, and the result was simply a switch in the Awards they won last year. This time, the star and program honors went to Roy Rogers and his NBC-TV show, to Gene Autry and his CBS Radio show. In sports and news, your votes also went to previous Award winners. Bill Stern was your favorite radio sportscaster, with five earlier Awards already to his credit—including top honors in our very first poll. Mel Allen, who won twice in radio, now receives his second citation as your favorite TV sportscaster. Edward R. Murrow earned his third Award as top radio news commentator, and Douglas Edwards became a three-time medalist as your TV choice in the same classification.

Queen For A Day, the Mutual "Cinderella show" emceed by Jack Bailey, also made it three-in-a-row, as your favorite women's program on radio. But your television votes went to that kaleidoscopic

newcomer, NBC-TV's *Home*. And it was the spectacular man with the spectacles who scored a unique triumph by winning both medals in the daytime comedy field, for his Monday-through-Friday *Robert Q. Lewis Show* on CBS-TV and his Saturday *Robert Q. Lewis Show* on CBS Radio!

Competition was keen for the emcee prizes, with most of them going to those dynamic personalities who handle more than one show. Art Linkletter—whose rollicking *House Party* is seen and heard weekdays on CBS Radio and CBS-TV, and whose *People Are Funny* is a nighttime feature on both NBC-TV and NBC Radio—achieved his seventh consecutive personal Award, as your favorite daytime master of ceremonies, radio division. Bill Cullen—busy as anybody on radio and TV, and now running a real Saturday-long marathon on NBC's *Roadshow*—gets the evening radio Award, for his achievements on CBS's *Stop The Music* and NBC's *Walk A Mile* during the past year.

Day and night, in both TV and radio, the winning masters of ceremonies were hard-pressed by such previous medalists as Bert Parks, Bud Collyer, Groucho Marx. It took a careful recount to prove that Garry Moore—whose big TV daytime show got many votes in several categories, and whose evening panel program, *I've Got A Secret*, did walk off with a prize—had snatched the TV daytime emcee Award from that irrepressible man, Godfrey. And the race was almost as close for the TV evening honors, which were ultimately won by Ed Sullivan.

Sullivan and his mammoth entertainment, *Toast Of The Town*, got three gold medals this year. It was the fourth personal Award for Laughing Ed, the third consecutive year for *Toast Of The Town* as your favorite TV evening variety show, and *Toast's* first victory as the best program on television! A proud achievement indeed, and one that gathers greater glory by virtue of the strong competition from Arthur Godfrey and his programs.

No one has yet topped Arthur and his "Little Godfreys" in the number of TVRM Awards your votes have given them—a total which has now reached some two-score citations for programs and personalities, on both radio and TV. Four of these were voted this year, with *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* winning its latest of many Awards, as your favorite radio evening variety program, and two of his fine singers virtually sweeping their entire category.

This has been Eddie Fisher's great year, and only Eddie was able to break the charm which almost gave all four singer Awards to the Godfrey soloists. Actually, the fight in the male division was a three-cornered battle, in both radio and TV, with Frank Parker, Eddie Fisher and Perry Como all in there swinging, right up to the final count. Result: Eddie gets his first gold medal, as your radio favorite—and Frank gets his fourth, as your TV choice this year. Marion Marlowe, your favorite female singer, won TV honors for the third consecutive season and radio honors for the second time.

All of which proves, as usual, that the TV RADIO MIRROR Awards are "anybody's race"—just as the poll itself is "everybody's show." We know the winners of our gold medals will be grateful for your votes of confidence in a highly competitive field . . . and TV RADIO MIRROR is grateful for the discrimination and enthusiasm you have shown for your favorites—both winners and near-winners—which will help guide our selection of stories and pictures throughout the coming year.

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