

★ TV RADIO MIRROR



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BILL CULLEN
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EVE ARDEN
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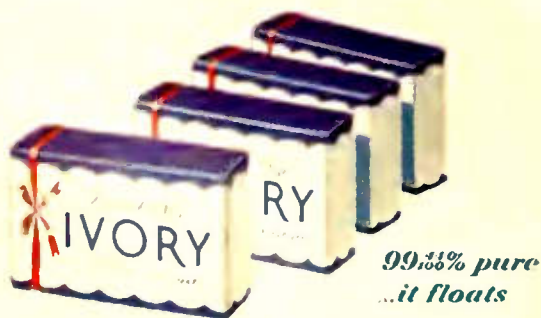
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or damage fabrics

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FEBRUARY, 1955

TV RADIO
MIRROR

Regular Edition

VOL. 43, NO. 3

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Cover portrait of Betty White courtesy of NBC

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When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover . . . he didn't mind the trouble* that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

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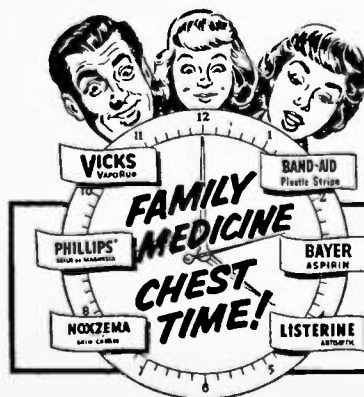
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"FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST TIME"
display of your favorite store.

Life for Ed Kallay,
 WAVE's all-around performer,
 is, in a nutshell . . .

HECTIC BUT HAPPY



Uncle Ed and Sylvester Duck tell junior viewers to mind their folks. Below, versatile Mr. Kallay covers an exciting sports event in Louisville.



The happy, hearty Kallay family: Ed and his wife Jane with (left to right) Paul, 6; Kaelin, 2; Mike, 8; and Tom, 7.

News, panel shows, play-by-play sports, children's shows, music shows—you name 'em, Ed Kallay does 'em, on both WAVE Radio and WAVE-TV, in Louisville, Kentucky. As a young boy growing up in Cleveland, Ohio, Ed hadn't the faintest notion that he'd someday be one of the busiest announcers in the business. After high school, he attended business school, did some little-theater work and spent one summer playing stock. Then the Army got hold of him and eventually sent him with the 2nd Armored Division to Africa, England and Europe. After the war, Ed decided to go into radio because, as he explains it, "My mother-in-law said she thought I had a nice voice and why didn't I try radio." Which is precisely what Ed did at Station WINN in Louisville for two and a half years, before coming to WAVE in 1948.

Of all the shows happy-go-lucky Ed does, he prefers his play-by-play broadcasts and his six-days-a-week children's show, *Funny Flickers*, on WAVE-TV at noon. The highlight of Ed's sportscasting career came last year when he announced the televising of the Kentucky-Tennessee football game—the first televised from the University of Kentucky. As for his role as Uncle Ed on *Funny Flickers*, genial Ed says the show is "built around old-time slapstick comedy films. Between films, which I narrate, Sylvester (the talking duck) flies around and we shoot the breeze about things in general." Ed's mail is very flattering and he is particularly pleased when parents write him that their youngsters do what he suggests. Particularly surprising to Ed is that many grownups watch *Funny Flickers* . . . "even the soldiers at Fort Knox."

Ed has received his share of awards for his outstanding youth leadership and for helping to teach good sportsmanship to young people. As for spare-time interests, Ed says, "My hobby is my job . . . trying new ways to do things—and finding time to prepare my shows!" All of which is very good reason why Ed and his wide and varied audience make such a happy, contented "couple."



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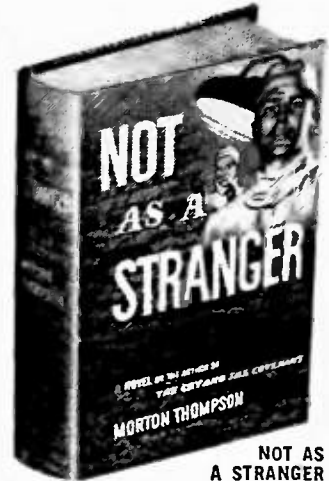
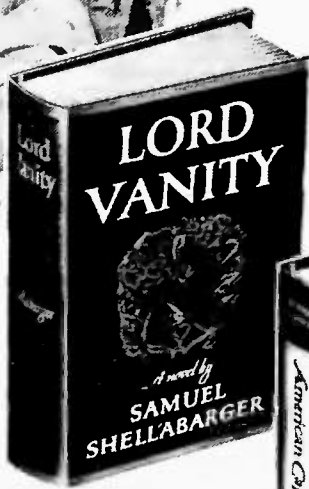
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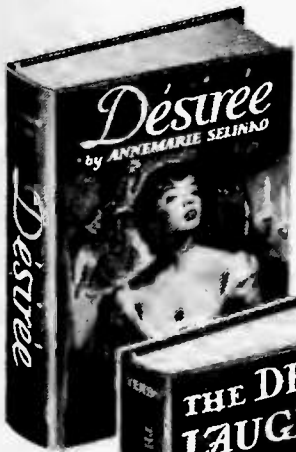
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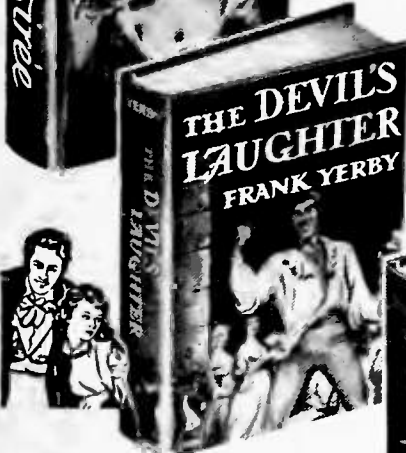
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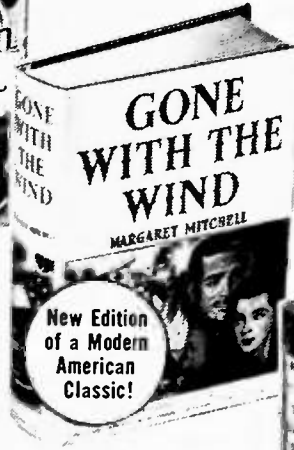


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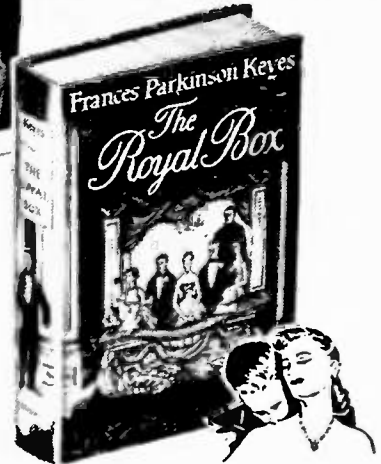


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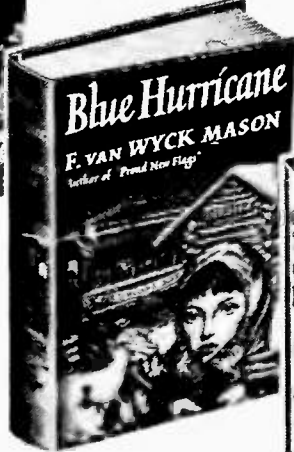
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• By Jill Warren

WHAT'S NEW FROM



Go, go, go! That's been Jackie Gleason's theme as he stars on his own TV show and guest-stars on others.



Maggie Marlowe TV Award winners, Rita Bascari and John Harkins, are feted by Louise Allbritton (center), star of the show.

DAVID WAYNE's television series, *Norby*, finally made its debut January 5 on NBC-TV. It's a half-hour situation-comedy, which has been filmed in the East, and the advance reports on it are excellent. Pat Marshall, the new singing lass on Steve Allen's *Tonight* show, has a featured acting role in *Norby*. As soon as Wayne completed his TV chores, the busy actor hastened to return to Broadway to resume his star status in the hit show, "Teahouse of the August Moon."

January 17 is the starting date for another new half-hour show, *TV Reader's Digest*, to be seen Monday nights over ABC-TV. The show will consist of dramatizations and condensations of leading articles and stories in "Reader's Digest."

If you've been following CBS-TV's fine educational show, *The Search*, be sure to see the January 16 program, which will be presented by the English Language Institute of the University of Michigan. On January 30, *The Search* will tell the camera story of a paraplegic Korean War veteran. This show will originate from the Institute for Physical

Medicine and Rehabilitation at New York University.

For the first time, NBC-TV has opened up its network early Saturday mornings with a full two-hour entertainment schedule for children. The program will be broken up into half-hour segments. One feature will be Happy Felton's Spotlight Gang, with a variety format including contests for youngsters in the studio as well as for those at home. Comedy and songs with Paul Winchell and his wooden sidekick, Jerry Mahoney, will follow. Milton De Lugg will handle the music on this portion, along with fourteen-year-old Beverly Wright as the songstress. Also to be seen are the Funny Boners, with Jimmy Weldon, the young ventriloquist, assisted by his "dummy," Webster Webfoot. NBC-TV plans to add other features to this Saturday morning small-fry session from time to time.

The Best Of Broadway show, on CBS-TV, has arranged for Jackie Gleason to star in the February 2 production. The play they've picked should be right up Gleason's alley. It's "The Show-Off" and will be

done live, and in color, as well as black and white.

Oops! There's another panel show in our midst, and ABC-TV has it. It's called *What's Going On?* and it was thought up by those clever panel-quiz boys, Mark Goodson and Bill Todman. Lee Bowman emcees the Sunday-night half-hour proceedings, and the six panelist-players are Kitty Carlisle, Hy Gardner, Gene Raymond, Audrey Meadows, Cliff Norton and Susan Oakland. During the show, the panel is separated into two groups, the "ins" and the "outs." The "ins," in the studio, will try to guess what the "outs," outside the studio, are doing. The program involves two remote camera pickups and a filmed episode.

Horace Heidt is back on television and NBC has him every Saturday night, with a brand-new half-hour show. In addition to the Heidt musical aggregation, Horace will present current entertainment headliners and hopeful stars of the future. The Heidt show takes over the time formerly occupied by *Ethel And Albert*, who were cancelled, unfortunately, because of a sponsor bow-

COAST TO COAST



Robin Morgan lends a hand to the School Savings Program—and pins a Savings Stamp corsage on Treasury Secretary George Humphrey.



Jack Webb steps out of his Sgt. Friday role to take romantic interest in lovely Dorothy Towne.

out. However, NBC-TV is trying to find a new time for this popular program.

It's anniversary time for Martin Block—his twentieth year as "Dean of Disc Jockeys" and his first year with ABC Radio. In celebration of the event, the network is planning a big four-and-a-half-hour show on February 3 with many of the biggest recording and musical stars on hand to fete Martin. Congratulations from us, too, Mr. B.

NBC-TV has lined up a solid two hours of dramatized serials which they have titled *Daydrama*, and which will be seen throughout the country, Monday through Friday afternoons. *Greatest Gift* leads off, then *Golden Windows*, *One Man's Family*, *Concerning Miss Marlowe*, *Hawkins Falls*, *First Love*, *The World Of Mr. Sweeney*, and ending with *Modern Romances*.

Lots of to-do over Ruthie "Max" Gilbert leaving her role as Milton Berle's devoted, love-sick secretary. Ruthie claims the Berle people knew she was expecting a baby when the show started this past season, and if they didn't want to give her time

off to welcome the stork they should have told her so many weeks ago. The Berle faction says they simply couldn't use her in "her condition," and even though her contract with the program runs till June of this year, they have given her no assurance that she can come back to "Miltie" after the birth of her baby.

On a happier note, Marion Lorne, who plays Mrs. Gurney on the popular *Mr. Peepers* show, will be absent for another month or so, but with the blessings of the producers. Marion is in Hollywood playing a part in Rosalind Russell's new movie, "The Girl Rush." Mrs. Gurney has simply been "written out" of the weekly proceedings until her picture chores are finished, at which time she will be back with *Peepers* and Company.

This 'n' That:

Petite songstress Teresa Brewer and her husband, Bill Monahan, welcomed a new baby to their family—a third daughter. They named her Megan Colleen, and she weighed in at seven pounds, five ounces.

Actress Joan Alexander will take

time off from *The Name's The Same* some time in February, when her baby is due. Joan and her spouse, Arthur Stanton, are hoping for a boy.

And Peter Lawford and his recent bride, Pat Kennedy, are rumored to be expecting their first visit from Sir Stork.

A few months ago Tennessee Ernie decided to use his last name—Ford—in all his professional billings. Everyone thought it was a good idea, but now Ernie is not so sure. He almost landed a sponsor for his radio show, but he didn't get it because of the Ford name. The sponsor? Chevrolet.

Sad about the passing of radio and television actress Joy Hathaway, who died suddenly from pneumonia a few hours after her three-week-old daughter died of the same illness. At one time, Joy played the lead in the popular radio serial, *Amanda Of Honeymoon Hill*, and was often heard on such shows as *Young Widder Brown*, *Man Behind The Badge* and *Stella Dallas*. She is survived by her husband, Charles (Continued on page 20)

*WGAR's audiences at home and
on the road hail genial
Tom Armstrong as their favorite*

Man of the Morning



Morning trio: Al Keiselbach, Tom, and Jim Martin.



Early morning radio listeners are kept well-informed on the Armstrong family. Billy's goal is football; that's Debbie on Tom's lap; little Tommy with wife Katie.

TOM ARMSTRONG speaks softly, carries a big smile, and does things by threes. He's been named the Number One studio announcer in three *Cleveland Press* polls, and the very good reasons for this popularity are made out in triplicate. A ten-year veteran at Station WGAR, Tom is northern Ohio's favorite all-morning man. For the audience-in-motion or at-home, Tom is mike-side from 6 to 9:30 A.M. with a listener-service program of popular music, time signals, weather reports and road-condition information, with assists from the other members of the show's trio—news by Jim Martin and comments by engineer Al Keiselbach. . . . At 9:30, Tom airs his second program, teaming up with Women's Director Ruth Allen for *Ladies' Day*. Then, as WGAR's automotive authority, he presents *Calling All Cars*, heard Tuesday and Thursday at 5:40 P.M. and Saturday at 5:10 P.M. The Cleveland Automobile Dealers Association has cited Tom for his contributions to highway safety. . . . But Tom's favorite threesome are his lively offspring: Bill, 14 and a candidate for the Shaker Heights Junior High football team; Debbie, 6; and three-year-old Tom III. Completing the Armstrong household is Tom's lovely wife Katie. An avid sports enthusiast, Tom shoots his way around the fairways in the 70's, maintains a 185 average on the bowling alleys, is a good swimmer and was Michigan University billiards champion. . . . While still at school, Tom worked as chief announcer at Michigan University of the Air and on Station WJR's *Hermit's Cave*. He followed this up with a mike stint in Hollywood, a tour of duty with the U. S. Army, and more radio work in Youngstown. His enthusiastic following in Cleveland has, in the past, been won when he appeared on such WGAR programs as *Norm Knuth And His Starliters* and *The Range Rider*. While conducting *Polka Party*, Tom collected 13 tons of Christmas cards for cerebral palsy victims during a five-day campaign. The response was overwhelming—as well as the only one possible—to the easygoing, warm-hearted personality of Tom Armstrong, Cleveland's man of the morning.



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with miracle latex
outside



Holds you
with magic "finger" panels



Pampers you
with kitten-soft fabric inside

Playtex Magic-Controller

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



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END THAT
"Certain Time"
Odor Problem

with
"ENNDS"[®]
containing
Darotol[®]

That absorbs odors within
the body—before they start!

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

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

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

The regular use of "ENNDS", not only ends the worry over "certain time" odor, but also purifies and sweetens the breath—keeping it that way for hours.

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

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



New Patterns for You

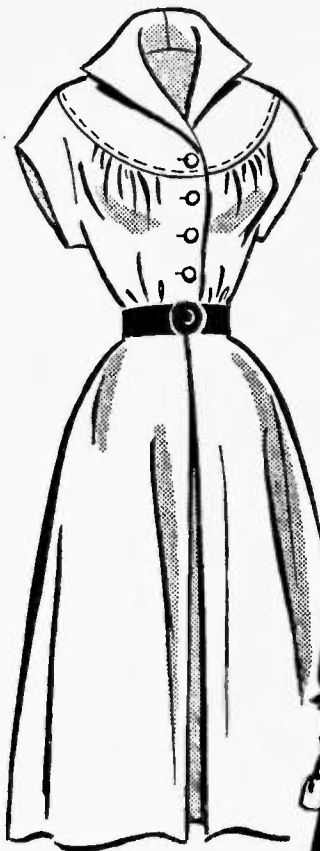
4735—Daughter will look like a princess in this sew-easy dress and capelet. Girls' Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 dress takes 2½ yards of 35-inch fabric, ⅜ yard contrast. Cape, 2 yards of 54-inch fabric. 35¢

4759—So smart, so comfortable. Note the dashing cut of the collar, bloused back, front-pleat skirt. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 takes 4⅞ yards of 39-inch fabric. 35¢

4894—Designed to fit and flatter shorter, fuller figures. Slimming paneled hipline, novel neckline, soft bodice, graceful skirt. Half-Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅞ yards of 39-inch fabric. 35¢



4735
SIZES
6-14



4759
SIZES
12-20
30-42



4894
SIZES
14½-24½

Send 35c (in coins) for each pattern to:

TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department,
P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station,
New York 11, New York.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

Add 5c for each pattern for 1st-class mailing.

Which is your hair problem?



Hair too dry?

Oh, lady, you need SUAVE! No other hairdressing turns dry hair shimmery-soft so quickly... or gives it such healthy-looking glow—thanks to SUAVE's amazing new *greaseless* lanolin.



Hard to manage?

SUAVE hairdressing makes hair comb instantly into just the arrangement you want. Leaves hair so silky, so free of oily film—for SUAVE is *truly* greaseless. *Nothing* works like Helene Curtis SUAVE!



Won't stay in place?

No other hairdressing keeps hair in place so softly and *naturally*. No stickiness, no oiliness... no "hard" look. No wispy ends, floppy curls. With Helene Curtis SUAVE, hair obeys new *soft* way.



Dull, no shine?

A kiss of SUAVE, and right away you have glowing, lovely hair. It's sparkly as it *ought* to be—and all without oily look or feel. Your hair has highlights to be proud of!



Brittle, abused?

SUAVE *conditions* sorry-looking hair new non-greasy way, protects against hair woes. Gives hair satin softness... helps hair take a better wave.

New Improved SUAVE
is created by Helene Curtis,
foremost name in hair beauty.

HELENE CURTIS
Suave[®]
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

NEW—WITH AMAZING GREASELESS LANOLIN

Solves hair problems instantly!

New, Improved SUAVE brings you a revolutionary Helene Curtis discovery—greaseless lanolin! Now—in SUAVE—get the famous benefits of lanolin without oily look and feel!

Let New, Improved SUAVE solve *your* hair problem... today! **59¢** and **\$1** (plus tax)

TRADEMARK



STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



HELLO, once more. If you're all settled down after the holidays, we can get on with the first calendar business of 1955—record business, I mean. There are some good single releases and many new albums this month, so let's be off.

I'll start with Bing Crosby, always a good man to head any platter list. Bing has recorded two pretty ballads with the Alfred Newman orchestra and the Judd Conlon Choir—"The Song from Desiree," from the Marlon Brando movie, "Desiree," and "Who Gave You Roses?" This is one of the Groaner's best in a long time. (Decca)

Ella Mae Morse, who has a way with a beat tune, does a bouncy vocal duo, "Bring Back My Baby to Me" and "Lovey, Dovey," with solid backing by "Big Dave" and his orchestra. Missy Morse has been hankering for a hit, and this could be the one. (Capitol)

RCA Victor is honoring Eddy Arnold this month with a big celebration of his ten years with the label. They've done up a fine album called "An American Institution," highlighting the top hillbilly tunes of the last decade. Eddy, with his own guitar accompaniment, does them all, of course, including such well-remembered hits as "You Can't Be True, Dear," "Tennessee Waltz," "I Don't Hurt Any More," and "Cold, Cold Heart."

Eddy has also done a kiddie thing called "The Horse with the Striped Pajamas," sharing the lyrics with his eight-year-old daughter, Jo Ann. This is Jo Ann's first professional effort, but it shouldn't be her last—she shows real vocal promise. (Victor)

And, while we're on the subject, Columbia is releasing an album for children, sung by Mary Stuart, who stars as Joanne Barron in the daytime TV drama, *Search For Tomorrow*. It's called "Joanne Sings to Patti" (Mary's daughter in the show), and features eight new songs adapted from



Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme cut their first record together for Coral.

old folk songs. It's a sure bet grownups will enjoy the album just as much as the youngsters.

Every time Cole Porter writes a new musical comedy, all the singers and musical artists knock each other down to be the first to record the tunes from the score. Porter's Broadway show, "Silk Stockings," has some wonderful songs, and you can just about have your pick of vocalists. On the Coral label there's Eileen Barton doing "Without Love," Buddy Greco crooning "Paris Loves Lovers," and "All of You" with a Mel Torme rendition.

Decca assigned four numbers from the Porter score to Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, Dolores Gray recorded "Without Love," and Jack Pleis' orchestra, with a mixed vocal chorus, did a lush treatment of "Paris Loves Lovers." . . . Over at Victor, Tony Martin waxed an enticing version of "All of You," with Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra, and Victor's Number One Boy, Perry Como, does the title song of the show, a ballad, "Silk Stockings," with Mitchell Ayres' orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers. On the backing Ol' Per sings a rhythm tune, "Home for the Holidays." Yes, I know Christmas is over, but this one is good for all year 'round.

Fred Norman and his orchestra have recorded a couple of pretty sides for M-G-M. The first is "Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday-Friday," a cute love song vocalized by The Normanares. The second, a ballad, has Malcolm Williams on the lyrics to "My Love for Dorothy." Incidentally, the latter tune was written by Larry Douglas, as a musical fan letter to Dorothy Dandridge.

Also on the M-G-M label we find two excellent instrumentals by Tony Mottola and his orchestra, both sparked by Tony's good guitar work. "The Eleventh Hour" is a moody, romantic theme you'll recognize, possibly, from hearing it just before the late movie on many TV stations. The coupling is a novelty, written by Tony, called "Toy Guitar."

Truman Capote, the literary fellow, has come up with a Broadway musical show called "The House of Flowers," and Columbia has recorded the whole score as done by the original cast, headed by Pearl Bailey, Juanita Hall and Diahann Carroll. Harold Arlen wrote the music, lyrics are by Capote and the orchestra is conducted by Jerry Arlen.

Don Cornell should have been able to buy his wife a mighty nice Christmas present with his royalties from his 1954 smash, "Hold My Hand." He's starting 1955 with a new release that could very well top it: "No Man Is an Island," a ballad with a terrific lyric, and Don really sings it out. On the reverse he does another ballad, "All at Once." (Coral)

Also in the crooner department we find Frank Sinatra, front and center with "You, My Love," and a new treatment of the old

Gershwin lovely, "Someone to Watch over Me," with Nelson Riddle's orchestra. The Sinatra baritone sounds great. (Capitol)

M-G-M is all excited about their big special album, "Deep in My Heart," which is taken right from the soundtrack of the Metro musical movie of the same name and is the screen biography of one of America's greatest composers, the late Sigmund Romberg. There are fifteen selections in all, including such classics as "Lover, Come Back to Me," "Deep in My Heart," "When I Grow Too Old to Dream." And what a vocal cast: Helen Traubel, Gene Kelly, Tony Martin, Howard Keel, Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Rosemary Clooney, Jose Ferrer and William Olvis. Adolph Deutsch conducts the M-G-M Studio orchestra and chorus.

Capitol Records is trying a new gimmick in the album department, having their people record tunes which have recently been hits for other artists on other labels. They're starting with two, the first being Nat "King" Cole singing in his style "If I Give My Heart to You," "Hold My Hand," "Papa Loves Mambo," and "Teach Me Tonight." The second set has Les Paul and Mary Ford giving their interpretation to "Mr. Sandman," "That's What I Like," "I Need You Now," and "The Things I Didn't Do."

Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence, two of the talented youngsters from my *Tonight* television show, have made their first record together, a duet called "Make Yourself Comfortable," which the kids do up in dreamy style. On the backing Eydie solos on "I've Gotta Crow," one of the tunes from the new musical version of "Peter Pan." Dick Jacobs' orchestra and chorus provide good backing. (Coral)

Decca must be out to sign up all the big he-men movie stars to record contracts. First they nabbed Jeff Chandler and Tony Curtis, now they've got Kirk Douglas—who, by the way, makes a good impression on his first wax effort. Kirk comes through with "A Whale of a Tale," the tune he sings in his movie, "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," and "The Moon Grew Brighter and Brighter," from the picture, "Man Without a Star." Kirk is helped out by The Mellow Men vocal group.

And, for a final note, RCA Victor is bringing out a brand-new Henri Rene album, "Passion in Paints," and a most unusual one it is. Maestro Rene has taken twelve famous paintings as his inspiration and written original mood music to fit each one. The recordings are all instrumentals, and are given the lush treatment by Henri and his orchestra. Included are such famous works of art as Leonardo da Vinci's "The Mona Lisa," and Toulouse Lautrec's "At the Moulin Rouge."

Well, art lovers—I mean music lovers, or both, if you will—I must be going. Happy record-listening, and I'll meet you back here next month.

SCRABBLE FANS! CROSSWORD PUZZLERS!

Here are 400 chances to win

\$40,000.00



**SEND \$2 DONATION
With Puzzle Answer
and Qualify to Win
\$3000.00**

A FORTUNE FOR SOMEONE!

We're going to give away \$40,000.00, and soon! Besides the GRAND AWARD of \$10,000.00, there will be 399 other cash awards. 2nd Prize is \$6,000.00, 3rd Prize is \$3,000.00, 4th Prize is \$2,500.00, and 5th Prize is \$2,000.00. If you have never "hit the jackpot," here is a puzzle made to order for you. It's exciting; it's thrilling; and the rules are crystal-clear. ACT NOW, for here's an opportunity you may never have again!

Help Build this Urgently Needed Hospital in Seattle

In our previous Hospital contests, thousands of generous persons contributed over \$350,000.00; and \$50,000.00 IN CASH AWARDS WAS PAID BACK TO 400 LUCKY WINNERS. The Hospital now owns a 35-acre site, and has at present in the bank sufficient cash to justify immediate plans for the building of the first 200-bed unit of the Hospital. Our Trustees are now faced with the gigantic task of raising an additional 2 million dollars in the next few months.

The Northwest Memorial Hospital invites the support of our friends and well-wishers everywhere. Your donation will provide you with the satisfaction of having supported this Hospital which is so urgently needed by the people of Seattle, with the added opportunity to WIN A SMALL FORTUNE WHICH CAN BE AS MUCH AS \$10,000.

ENTER WITH CONFIDENCE

G. F. Gemeroy, supervisor of this contest, was named "AMERICA'S FAVORITE CONTEST SPONSOR" for 1953-1954 by the National Contesters Association.

Gemeroy contests have been declared legal and lawful. Judge Felix Medina, presiding over the Federal Court, Southern District of New York, declared: "G. F. Gemeroy's business of conducting, managing and supervising fund raising campaigns, through the medium of puzzle contests, is a lawful business entitled to protection in equity."

ALL Gemeroy contest awards are paid promptly and in full! At the close of the contest, every entrant will receive a complete list of prize winners, plus a reproduction of the actual prize-winning puzzle solution.

PRIZE MONEY NOW ON DEPOSIT! The magnificent sum of \$40,000 is now on deposit at the Seattle 1st National Bank, ready to be paid to winners of this puzzle contest.

MASTER WORD LIST

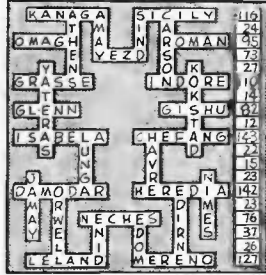
AKRON	ELMA	KENT	QUAY
ALBANY	EMME	KIROV	RACINE
AMAZON	ENZELI	LHASA	ROHATYN
APACHE	ERIE	LOGAN	RUMMEL
	EUREKA	LOWELL	SALEM
BEAVER	FAIRFAX	MIAMI	SEATTLE
BETHEL	FELLIN	NOHANT	STALIN
BOZEMAN	GHENT	OAKLAND	TACOMA
	GIZEH	OGDEN	TAFT
CANTON	HELENA	OLNEY	THUR
CHICAGO	HIERA	OMAHA	XANTHUS
CHOATE	HODGE	ORION	YORK
DENVER	JESSUP		
DESOTA			
DETROIT			

A BRAND-NEW FUN-PUZZLE CONTEST

No dictionaries or reference books needed. Everything is right here. You know exactly what words to use and how to spell them. There is no worry or uncertainty about it. MATCH YOUR SKILL IN THIS THRILLING "BATTLE OF WITS" WITH PUZZLERS EVERYWHERE.

**\$10,000.00
GRAND AWARD**

SAMPLE SOLUTION



This example solution illustrates how the words interlock and shows the manner in which the subtotals are obtained. The words used are all different from the Master List and of course cannot be used in your puzzle solution.

**ENTER NOW—
HERE'S HOW!**

To solve this easy puzzle, fill in all the blank white squares on the puzzle chart with individual letters to spell 30 different interlocking words. Use only words selected from the 50-word Master List. Spell from top to bottom for vertical words, and from left to right for horizontal words. The 18 Key Letters spotted on the chart must remain in the positions shown. No word to be used more than once.

Starting with the 6-letter horizontal word section at the top left corner, select a 6-letter word with "A" as fourth letter. Next, choose a 4-letter vertical word that begins with the last letter of your top-left word. To help you get a good start, it's easy to see that "ALBANY" is the 6-letter word to use in this position. Proceed in the same manner until all the blank letter squares are filled.

Each letter used is given a definite point value (see letter chart), and all interlocking letters are allowed triple (3 times) value. It is not necessary to show separate values in each letter square. Note—Triple-value letter spaces have all been circled. To compute each of the subtotals in the long-ladder-like column at the right, add together the letter values in each horizontal path or row. (Study example chart to see how these totals are obtained.) The GRAND TOTAL, being the total of the horizontal line totals, MUST be added together and shown at the bottom in the space marked "GRAND TOTAL". In other words, the GRAND TOTAL is simply the total value, added together, of all the letters used in all the letter squares in the entire puzzle, not forgetting the triple values where such occur.

The object of the puzzle, when ALL the blanks have been filled, is simply to obtain the highest possible Grand Total when these horizontal sub-totals have been added together. Pen, pencil or typewriter may be used. Residents of the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest.

TIEBREAKER MAILED IMMEDIATELY

Each and every person who submits a solution with a score within 25 points of the Correct High Grand Total, accompanied by a donation of \$2 for the Hospital Fund, will be eligible to proceed at once to the Main Event Tiebreaker without a further donation. The Tiebreaker will be the same style as this Initial Puzzle, but will be larger and will require more words. To break the ties, consecutive puzzles—not to exceed two more—will be employed.

The same day your puzzle solution is received, we will send back by First Class Mail your Main Event Tiebreaker, accompanied by complete rules and instructions.

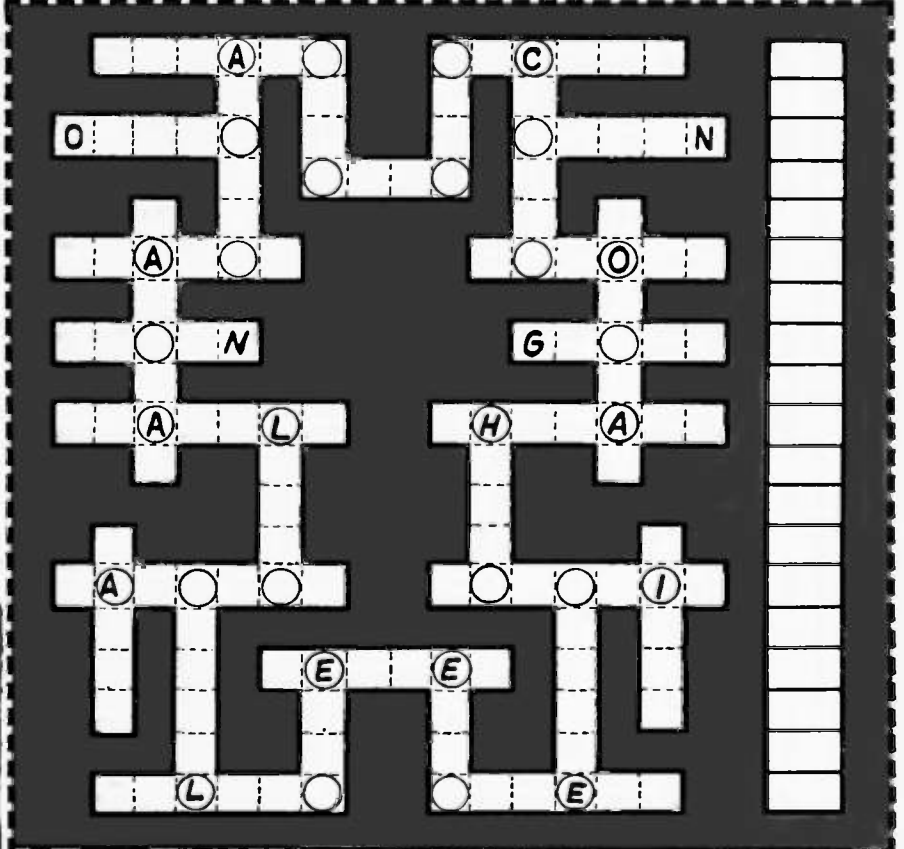
In this same letter, you will also receive a full explanation as to the Special Options available whereby you have the opportunity to increase your Prize up to the maximum Grand Award of \$10,000.00. REMEMBER NO ADDITIONAL DONATION BEYOND YOUR INITIAL \$2 WILL BE NECESSARY AT ANY TIME TO PARTICIPATE RIGHT TO THE END OF THE CONTEST. Start working the Puzzle now. When completed send your solution with \$2 donation to the NORTHWEST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION, MUTUAL LIFE BLDG., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. In a few weeks you may have the thrill of winning a big CASH AWARD up to \$10,000.00.



**G. F. GEMEROY HAS GIVEN \$276,000 TO
PUZZLE HOBBYISTS IN PAST 8 YEARS!**

LETTER VALUES

- A—5
- B—8
- C—6
- D—7
- E—5
- F—8
- G—5
- H—9
- I—5
- J—8
- K—6
- L—9
- M—6
- N—6
- O—6
- P—7
- Q—8
- R—4
- S—6
- T—8
- U—4
- V—9
- W—4
- X—9
- Y—9
- Z—9



HURRY! CONTEST CLOSING SOON!

Mail Your Entry Today—\$1500 Bonus for Prompt Action—
Your last opportunity to qualify to win a fortune!

GRAND TOTAL

Send addressed stamped envelope for large size extra puzzle charts if you need them.

I have shown above my Grand Total for this Crossword Puzzle and also enclose my \$2 donation for the Northwest Memorial Hospital. It is understood the Main Event Tiebreaker will be forwarded by return mail provided my answer is within 25 points of the Correct Total. DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES: March 25, 1955.

Name

Address

City or P. O. State or Prov.

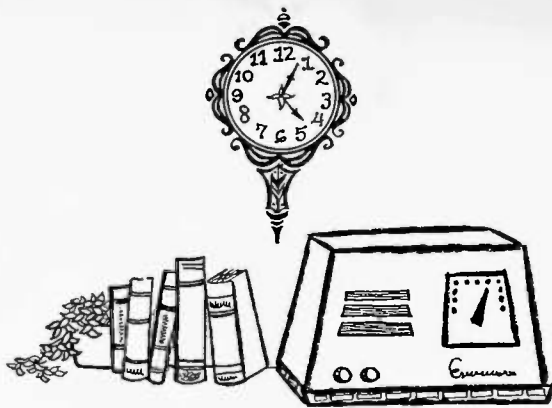
Mail to: Northwest Memorial Hospital, 209 Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Remit in Cash, Money Order or by Personal Check.



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good for
your hair!



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



Daytime Diary

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

AUNT JENNY On the surface Littleton is a small, quiet town, where very little happens. But for Aunt Jenny the town is seething with human activities, problems, and emotions, and it is on this knowledge that she draws for her stories about the lives of her neighbors . . . stories that happen to have taken place in Littleton, but might be just as true to life in any part of the world where people try to live in happiness. CBS Radio.

BACKSTAGE WIFE The wife of a successful Broadway actor learns not to take her happiness for granted, and Mary Noble was not unused to the lengths to which predatory women would go to win the attention of her handsome husband, Larry. But never before has she encountered a plot as relentless as that organized by Elise Shephard. Driven for help to an unexpected source. Mary finds herself involved in a strange dilemma. NBC Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Bert Ralston believes his smooth exterior and open-handedness in good causes are making real headway for him into New Hope's inner councils, and in some circles he has been received with open arms. But Reverend Dennis, using both his instincts and his sharp eyes and ears, has quietly built up another picture of Bert Ralston—a picture so grim that he cannot act upon it without absolute proof. Can he get it? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

CONCERNING MISS MARLOWE Actress Maggie Marlowe thought the happiest day of her life had come when she was reunited with the daughter she lost fourteen years ago. But Kit isn't the daughter Maggie hoped for—at least not on the surface. Defiant, vindictive, strangely whimsical . . . will Kit respond to Maggie's devotion? Or will the day come when Maggie bitterly regrets that her long search was successful? NBC-TV.

FIRST LOVE Laurie married Zach with her eyes open to the fact that it wouldn't be easy. His hard independence, formed during years of lonely childhood, freezes overtures from those who have no way of knowing how good a friend he can be. Laurie's love and loyalty have guided her so far, but what will happen if Zach, hurt

by misunderstanding, turns from her to someone else who is receptive? NBC-TV.

GOLDEN WINDOWS New York is unsettling enough for a girl like Julie, who has known only a small lonely island off the coast of Maine. But to be told that she has come there on a wild goose chase might be enough to send her back home in a hurry—if she were any girl but Julie. Trusting her own instinct, she will not believe Tom Anderson is less in love with her than she is with him. Would she be wiser to go home again? NBC-TV.

THE GREATEST GIFT No stranger to small town gossip, Dr. Eve Allen knows what she faces in defying one of the most powerful men in town. But it is more important to her not to be frightened or coerced into a lie. Power is important to a lot of people around Eve, but she learns as she continues to defy it that there are many others who, like herself, refuse to be cowed by it. Will they be the ones who win? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Dr. Jim Kelly and Kathy Grant started dating each other on a "just-friends" basis, and Kathy finds she cannot go along when Jim wants to change the relationship. Her ex-husband, Dr. Dick Grant, is also disturbed about his future, for Dr. Thompson's systematic campaign to demoralize him is so effective that Dick really begins to doubt himself. By the time he realizes that he must fight back, Thompson has done his work. CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS In Hawkins Falls, people live so close together that even if they want to they cannot avoid knowing a lot about one another's affairs. Knowing, however, isn't necessarily the same as interfering, and Lona and Floyd Corey have occasion to wonder just when it's wise to step over the line. Are there times when even the most helpful of neighbors is wrong to stretch out a managing hand? NBC-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE In trying to help the young child of Carl Burnett's broken marriage, Julie knows she cannot avoid antagonizing one or both of his parents. But

(Continued on page 22)

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!**

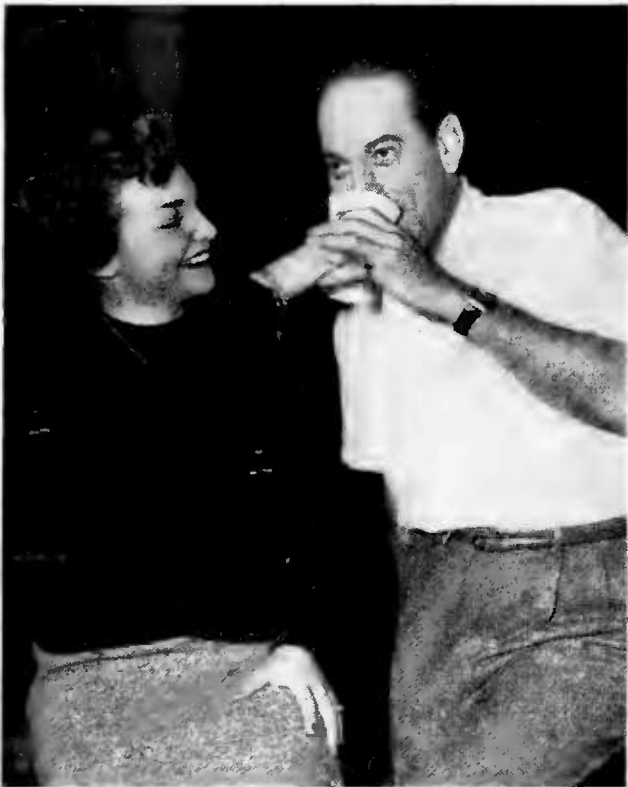


**Palmolive Is Proved
Even Milder than America's Leading
Cold Creams!**



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

T
V
R



Howard's fans wanted to run him for Congress.



June, a star herself now, started the first Como fan club.



Howard is proud of the show's two orchestras—one strings, the other rhythm—both conducted by Joseph Gallicchio.

*June Valli and Howard Miller
are having the time of their lives
as partners in love and work*

PREPARING a new TV show is a frenzied business. But back in December, 1953, when *Close Up* was preparing to make its debut as Station WNBQ's daily 5:30 offering, the ordinary chaos was compounded. The show's hazel-eyed, five-foot singing star was distracted. Instead of singing to the cameras, June Valli directed her love songs to wherever emcee Howard Miller happened to be standing. June and Howard—Chicago's acknowledged number one disc jockey—had been secretly engaged for a year, and now June had left family, friends and a radio-TV-recording career in New York to come to Chicago and co-star with Howard in career and in private life. Everything went off as electronically scheduled, including the Christmas Eve wedding in the candle-lit chapel at the Little Country Church. Windy City fans warmly welcomed the new TV twosome and the show's format: Songs by June and a guest male singer, words and hosting by Howard. Six weeks after its debut, *Close Up* won an award as the best local variety show, Howard was named Chicago's favorite emcee and, to balance the mantel in their eight-

TWO IN LOVE



June and Howard first met at a New York luncheon. Howard presented orchids and marriage-talk at dinner that same night.

room apartment, June was presented with a trophy as the best girl vocalist on Chicago TV.

Bronx-born June not only was engaged and wed on Christmas, she started her career on December 25 as well. This was in 1950 and June, whose father had been a street singer in his native Italy, was persuaded by the other guests to sing at a wedding. Among those in attendance was Abe Burrows' uncle, who was so impressed he arranged a TV talent-show audition. June gulped down her stagefright, sang "Stormy Weather," and won the contest. Musical Director Harry Salter heard June's radio debut, hired her for his show and took her under his professional wing. Next came night clubs, recording (her best seller so far is "Crying in the Chapel"), and such TV programs as *Cavalcade Of Stars*, *Cavalcade Of Bands*, *Ezio Pinza Show*, *Songs For Sale*, and, finally, a year's star billing on *Your Hit Parade*.

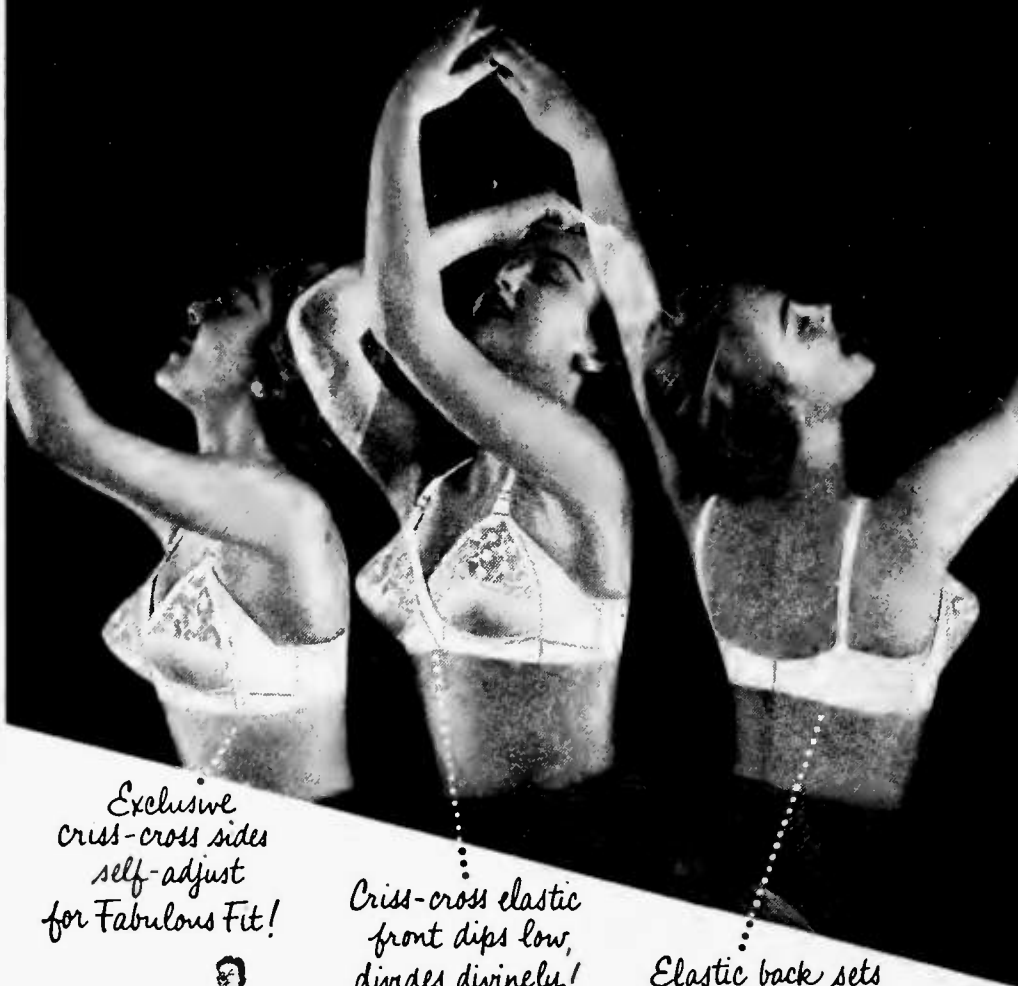
Howard was the youngest man on record to apply, but the F.C.C. granted him a license to build and operate his own station in Galesburg, Illinois. He discovered he preferred mike-side to executive-side of radio when

he pinch-hit at a basketball game. Listeners demanded "more Miller" and were trying to persuade Howard to run for Congress when war broke out and he enlisted in the Navy. In 1945, he was again wearing well-tailored civvies in his home town of Chicago and again working behind-the-radio-scenes. But mike-fever plagued him and he soon quit to free-lance around the studios. His knack for knowing what type of music the people want, for spotting the gold among the gilt, for putting guests at their ease and making interviews sparkle—plus the basic Miller charm—soon made him a favorite and his schedule now averages 60 radio and TV shows weekly!

Today Howard, a graduate of Knox College and Kent Law School, joins June in relaxing among the modern decor of their Lake Shore Drive apartment or aboard their cabin cruiser, "Disc Jockey." Both share an avid interest in music and the theater, and June adds such hobbies as sewing and cooking Italian dishes. On or off camera, June Valli and Howard Miller are two in love, and Chicagoans continue to delight in the wonderful fare the happy-in-work-and-love Millers provide.

*It's Elastic
and Nylon!*


Introducing
Playtex *Living* Bra



*Exclusive
criss-cross sides
self-adjust
for Fabulous Fit!*

*Criss-cross elastic
front dips low,
divides divinely!*

*Elastic back sets
lower and stays lower!*

“Custom  contoured” to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it! The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a *new* way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion . . . to l-i-v-e as you live. Exclusive criss-cross design lifts your loveliness, contours your curves, rounds and raises as no bra ever before. For the first time in bra history, you can enjoy *upmost uplift* in *utmost comfort*. You'll see the beautiful difference . . . *feel* the comfortable difference!



Look for Playtex *Living* Bra*

in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A—40C—\$3.95

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**New
BEAT THE CLOCK
Contest Winners**

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

1st Prize,
Sylvania Chairside
Theater:

Mrs. Rosanne Ferrante
28 Lookover Lane
Yardley, Pennsylvania



Four runners-up, Sylvania radio clock:

Mrs. Duard Duncan
506 South Pearl Street
Salem, Illinois

Gerold E. Kooley
1401 East 54th Street
Tacoma 4, Washington

Mrs. Eva Henry
129 Outer Drive
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Robert N. Brengle
204½ West Elm Street
Urbana, Illinois

Next month: Another five winners will be announced from *Beat The Clock's* December contest. Keep an eye on these pages—you may find *your* name printed here as a winner!

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

Winners were chosen on the basis of accuracy in rearranging the pictures of three radio and TV stars, and originality of last line for a limerick. Stars in November's picture puzzle were: Gale Storm, Lucille Ball, and Eve Arden.



GALE
STORM

LUCILLE
BALL

EVE
ARDEN

Puts Dancing Highlights In Your Hair!

NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!



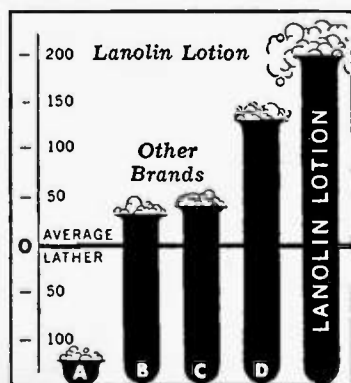
Hair's so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for *your hair*. For even problem hair — hair that's had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only *feels* twice as rich—it actually *is* twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.

***PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO
OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS**



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam Test.

Billows of Fleecy Foam Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has *any* shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy *lanolin* lather—lather that actually **POLISHES** hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone — but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you've brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there's *twice* the lanolin in it! It *can't* dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back

deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in *your* hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone... the natural softness. Treat *your* hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or \$1. On sale everywhere!



29c, 59c, \$1

OCEANS OF LATHER EVEN IN HARD WATER!

An amazing *built-in* water softener in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the *hardest* water!



"Who'd believe pimples almost ruined my career"

says BARBARA BRESLIN,
successful New York model



"When I found out most of my friends were using Clearasil to solve their pimple problems, I decided to try it. Clearasil really saved the day for me!"

New Scientific Medication... Clearasil 'STARVES' PIMPLES

'SKIN-COLORED... hides pimples while it works



**Proved effective
by doctors...
endorsed by nurses
in nationwide tests**

Doctors prove this new-type medication especially for pimples really works! In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps

remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's antiseptic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

Instant relief from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication...because CLEARASIL has helped so many young people and adults. CLEARASIL is GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. Only 59¢. Economy size 98¢. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.

Clearasil
The specific medication for pimples



WHAT'S NEW FROM

(Continued from page 7)



Jerry Mahoney and Paul Winchell adding gaiety to Saturday-morn TV.

Kenny, assistant radio and TV editor of the N. Y. Daily Mirror, and three sons.

Elena Meet Millie Verdugo and her writer husband, Charles Marion, have separated and are planning to divorce. However, close friends of the couple, unhappy about the breakup, are urging them to have a try at a reconciliation.

Conductor Archie Bleyer and "Chordette" Janet Ertel tied the knot a few weeks ago in Weehawken, New Jersey. It was a second marriage for both. Janet and Archie originally met on the Arthur Godfrey shows.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. L. S., Jacksonville, Fla., and many others who wrote about Carl Swenson: Yes, Carl did leave the cast of *Our Gal Sunday*, in order to take over the male lead on the television of *Portia Faces Life*. Alastair Duncan is the new Lord Henry. . . . Miss L. C., Squantum, Mass.: I don't know of any definite future television plans right now for Ted Mack and Fred Waring. . . . Mr. D. P., Peoria, Ill.: The Fontane Sisters went off the Perry Como show simply because the producers decided to make a change and use the mixed voices of the Ray Charles Singers. The girls are doing fine, however, on personal appearances and recordings. . . . H. W. E., Louisville, Ky.: Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker are not married, not even secretly, to the best of anyone's knowledge, so I can't give you a time, place or a date. . . . Mrs. C. J. H., Freeville, N. Y. and all who wrote about Kate Smith: Kate has been off both radio and television for several months now, and at the moment is not scheduled to return. Whenever she does go back to work, we'll have news of it, you may be

COAST TO COAST

sure. . . . Mr. K. Y., Kansas City, Mo.: There was a big rumor in the radio world that Ed Murrow was going to leave CBS and move to NBC. But Ed himself has said he has no intention of leaving his network "unless the Air Force develops their rocket to the moon." . . . Mrs. F. S., Baltimore, Md.: Laraine Day was formerly married to singer Ray Hendricks, and they had two adopted children. . . . To all the ladies who have written asking about Arlene Francis' diamond heart which she always wears on her TV shows: It was given to her by her husband, actor Martin Gabel, on their first wedding anniversary, and she never takes it off. The tiny heart inside is a recent addition, also a gift from Gabel. Hearts are Arlene's lucky symbol, and she uses them for decorations whenever she can.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Jimmy Carroll, the Irish tenor who used to sing on various radio shows, and often subbed for Morton Downey and James Melton a few seasons back? Outside of a few TV guest shots now and then, Jimmy hasn't done much radio work of late, preferring to perform in night clubs instead.

Dan Seymour, who was the announcer for so many years on the *Aunt Jenny* daytime radio show on CBS? Dan has retired from active broadcasting because his duties as vice-president of the Young and Rubicam advertising agency have kept him too busy. He previously gave up all his microphone jobs except *Aunt Jenny*—which show he had done since its start back in 1937.

Bill Hayes, who was a familiar face and voice on *Your Show Of Shows* for several seasons? Since leaving his regular berth on the show a year or so ago, Bill did a few things in TV, played a few clubs and starred in "Me and Juliet" on Broadway. About a month back, he started a new radio program on ABC, called *Take Thirty*, which originates in New York. On it Bill sings, has interviews, and does a bit of platter-spinning.

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 St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.

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CREAMY LATEX.
Non-Allergenic

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LONGER LASTING**

COOL-VENTED
for comfort

"FRIENDLY" EDGES.
No seams or stitches.
Won't bind or chafe.

PERFECT PROTECTION—
without cutting
circulation

KEEP YOUR BABY

*"Socially Acceptable"**

IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS

Made of
non-allergenic latex
. . . the coolest,
completely stretchable,
waterproof material
known!



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

No wonder MORE MOTHERS BUY PLAYTEX THAN ANY OTHER MAKE!

In U.S.A. . . . from 794 wherever baby needs are sold.

*T. M. ©1954 International Latex Corp'n. PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del.

In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario

Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 14)

as the supervisor of an orphanage, a woman dedicated to helping children, Julie would have taken that risk even if she had known how far-reaching its results would be. Will her own marriage suffer through Mildred Burnett's desire for revenge? CBS Radio.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson is uncertain about the growing friendship between his daughter Nancy and the young lawyer, Peter Dyke Hampton. The grounds for gratitude are deep, since Hampton saved Nancy from suffering for the murder of Thelma Nelson. But Nancy is beautiful and Peter is lonely—and Nancy's husband Kerry is becoming very jealous. Can Bill honestly persuade him he has no cause for jealousy? Are Kerry's instincts sound? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES Belle's long struggle to reestablish her marriage to Lorenzo faces new problems as the visitors to the Queen Charlotte Mines seem determined to separate them once and for all. What can Gail Maddox do to forward her own plan to marry Lorenzo—the plan that was on the point of success when Belle appeared? Will Belle be able to counter Gail's scheme as quickly and determinedly as may be necessary? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE It is no secret to Vanessa Raven that her new husband's past holds a tragedy of some kind, but she refuses to see it as a threat until her sister Meg makes Paul's mysterious reticence impossible to ignore. Can Paul's former wife really interfere in the present, as she is so clearly determined to do? Will she find that Vanessa has too much spirit and resourcefulness to allow herself to be made a helpless victim? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS None of the younger folks trusted Billy Pierce's wife Laura, even back when Shuffle and Ma believed she was the sweet, helpless young thing she appeared to be. And even when Ma is forced to face the sordid facts about just why Laura really married Billy she cannot imagine the sinister alliance through which Laura hopes to achieve her aim. The death of her own brother doesn't stop Laura. What will it take? CBS Radio.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY Claudia Barbour feels she is entitled to some happiness after the fiasco of her marriage to Johnny Roberts. Happiness is the one thing Father Barbour wants for his children, but he has his own ideas about how they may achieve it. Fighting for independence, both Hazel and Claudia stop to wonder if they might not be better off without it. Would it be wiser to follow their father's dictates? NBC-TV.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The new threat to the marriage of Sunday and Lord Henry Brinthrope is the most frightening one Sunday has ever faced, because she feels herself unable to defeat it without help. Not knowing how cleverly she is being maneuvered, she turns for this help to the one person she should have shunned, and plunges into a situation that grows increasingly difficult to explain. Will Lord Henry ever believe the truth? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Slowly and carefully, Pepper pieces together the

events that led up to the death of Curt Bradley. But will he learn about Grant Wilson's lie in time to save Carter from the terrible reaction to what he believes to be his own guilt? Can he find proof that Bradley's death was the result not of Carter's carelessness but of somebody else's very careful planning—planning that all along has guided events? NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON To the layman, one of the most frustrating legal tie-ups is the one Perry Mason faces as he must carefully collect legal proof before action can be taken against the man he knows perfectly well to be a multi-murderer. But Perry, as an experienced lawyer, knows that even the desperate criminal he is after must be caught with a completely legal trap. His only concern is time—will there be enough to save Kate Beekman? CBS Radio.

PORTIA FACES LIFE Walter Manning's ego suffers when his paper nears bankruptcy and he is in no shape to stand up under the possibility of Portia's resuming her legal career. Portia, intent on regaining her happiness, quickly gives up her friend's case, but Walter's bitterness seems to be growing nevertheless. Can quick-witted Dorrie Blake take advantage of his mood? How far will Portia have to go to save her home? CBS-TV.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS In an effort to help a friend, Carolyn becomes involved in a situation that at first she cannot quite handle. Wealthy Sherry Wayne has all kinds of plans for herself and Carolyn, and although Carolyn assures her they are impractical Sherry is determined to make some repayment for Carolyn's kindness. Will her impulse of gratitude do something she never expected or intended—place Carolyn in NBC Radio.

THE ROAD OF LIFE If Sybil Overton had never met Dr. Jim Brent, so long ago, many lives might have been different. But they did meet, and Sybil is still seeking full revenge for Jim's rejection of her romantic overtures. Jim's wife Jocelyn, Sybil's own baby, and the marriage of Jim's foster-son Dr. John Brent have already suffered bitterly through Sybil's campaign. How much tragedy will result before it reaches an end? CBS Radio and CBS-TV.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Faced with the necessity of forgetting the man she really loves, Helen Trent was very close to finding consolation with wealthy Brett Chapman. But the machinations of her clever young assistant put an end to that hope, and now Helen once again faces unhappiness as her love for Gil Whitney revives. Can Gil ever free himself from his unhappy marriage? What of Brett's son Richie, who has turned to Helen for comfort? CBS Radio.

ROSEMARY Monica has convinced Lonnie that he has a right to live his own life, but the knowledge that he is betraying his best friends accompanies the confused boy as he and Monica abscond with the Boys Club money. Rosemary and Bill Roberts, stunned by the tragedy that follows Lonnie's disappearance, wonder if it was not the boy's conscience that caused the crash which may take his life. CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW The sinister plot in which little Mr. Higbee has so ingeniously trapped Joanne Barron begins to show a few holes as the moment of Jo's greatest danger comes close. Higbee's own cohorts weaken when they realize what Jo's trial for murder is doing to her little daughter. A number of people are working for Jo—but a lot of power has been marshalled against her as well. Can her life ever be the same after this crisis? CBS-TV.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Stan Burton has been married to Terry for years, and Marcia Burton seems at last to have achieved happiness in her marriage to Lew Archer, but their wealthy mother has never relinquished her belief that nothing will ever be right until her children are back under the roof of Burton Towers—with or without their families. What must happen before she realizes they are no longer children? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Fearful that Jane Edwards may vanish from his life, Peter Ames takes decisive action to force her to stay in spite of her conviction that she will bring trouble to him and his children because of her past. When young Jerry Ames does get into trouble, Peter knows he is on the verge of losing the only happiness he has known since the death of his wife. Can there be a future for Peter and Jane? CBS-TV.

THE SEEKING HEART The reaction from a tense scene with Lorna forces Dr. Robin McKay to face something she might otherwise have avoided—the knowledge that her admiration of her chief, Dr. Adams, falls very little short of love. Will Dr. Adams' wife Grace take advantage of what she suspects about Robin to force certain concessions from her husband? Will Robin's desire to help Lorna lead her into an indefensible position? CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella watches, heartbroken, as her daughter Laurel unconsciously falls victim to Ada Dexter's insane plan. Determined to make Laurel the wife of her son, Stanley Warrick, Ada maneuvers to break up Laurel's marriage to Dick Grosvenor. With the help of Dick's mother the plan is close to fulfillment, but Stella is still fighting to save her child from a tragic mistake. Will Stella win out over her enemies? NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE For some time after Nora's marriage to Fred Molina, Wyn Robinson was able to pose as their friend. But Nora never fully trusted the wealthy woman who was once in love with Fred, and as the Syndicate becomes an increasing threat to her happiness, she feels more and more strongly that Wyn has a lot to do with the threats against Fred. What happens when Fred's former secretary comes up with terrifying news? CBS Radio.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN There are some women who never give up, and Jennifer Alden apparently is one of them. Though Bill Morgan made it plain enough that his heart belongs to his wife, Mary Clare, Jennifer comes back into his life with new plans and new support in the

person of Cliff Jenkins, who has his own reason for not wishing Bill well. Is it hatred or love that motivates Jennifer—and will she become her own victim? NBC-TV.

A TIME TO LIVE Several men have wanted to marry Kathy Byron, but none of them have successfully competed with the excitement of her reporting career—none until she and Chick Buchanan suddenly realized their perfect friendship had turned into love. Will Kathy remember that as Chick's fiancée she must be more—and less—than a sharp girl reporter? If Chick owes a narrow escape to her alertness, will he be grateful—or resentful? NBC-TV.

VALIANT LADY When Helen Emerson first became a widow, Bill Fraser found himself wondering if the future held anything more than friendship for both of them. Now he knows he waited too long, for the entrance of pilot Chris Kennedy into Helen's life changes things in more ways than one. How would Helen's children feel if their mother showed signs of wanting a new life of her own? Is she ready for such a change? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS The contribution that writer Mark Douglas might make to the world is obscured by the strange mental confusion which periodically besets him. His wife Wendy already knows that Mark resents and fears her efforts to help, but despite this she reaches out instinctively when he is heading for trouble. Will her love prompt her to do something that will strain the relationship between them beyond mending? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Although Harry Davis knows that nothing could make Joan stop loving him, he cannot help feeling something in their marriage will change if he remains crippled and dependent on Joan for so much help and support. Will he do something rash, perhaps permanently damaging, in his impatience to be well again? How will Joan weather the test of her new responsibilities and occupation? ABC Radio.

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Plans for Carolyn's marriage seem to leave Jeff Carter completely unconcerned. Even to himself he confesses no special concern that this girl in whom he was most interested . . . but not to the point of marriage . . . will be lost to him. Only his mother wonders, more strongly as the days go by, if Jeff isn't piling up unhappiness for the future by the solitary path he has chosen. Will he regret it? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE When Dr. Jerry Malone fell in love with Tracey Adams his good friend Dr. Paul Browne almost forfeited his friendship by ominous predictions about the future. Paul ate his words when Tracey agreed to marry Jerry and shared in the happiness felt by Jerry's mother. But will the future justify his original doubts? How will the ambitious and ruthless Dr. Ted Mason affect both Jerry and the Dineen Clinic? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN In her struggle to forget Anthony Loring, Ellen Brown turned to Michael Forsyth, and finally began to hope once again for the happiness that had eluded her. But with the postponement of her marriage to Michael and the mystery surrounding him, Ellen was plunged once again into sorrow. She does not suspect that her stubborn refusal to give up faith in Michael has become a challenge to her enemies. NBC Radio.

NOW!

to hold your hair softly in place...all day!

a hair spray with NO LACQUER



NEW *Helene Curtis*
SUPER SOFT
spray net^{*}



for all you women who've turned up your pretty noses at a hair spray

If you like what a hair fixative does, but not the way it does it, here, at last, is a hair spray "made to order" for you.



no lacquer!

Just a damp comb freshens your wave . . . even hours later. No need to re-spray!



no lacquer!

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET
"sets" pin curls in minutes.
You'll love the new fragrance!

There's not a drop of lacquer in Helene Curtis Super Soft SPRAY NET. It's a miracle of almost-nothingness that holds your hair in place so softly you won't know you've used a fixative. Yet your hair was never so perfectly behaved!

And during the day, you can freshen your hairdo with just a damp comb. No need to re-spray . . . Super Soft SPRAY NET *renews itself!* It brushes out instantly, rinses out in plain water.

Try this soft answer to the problem of wandering waves, wispy curls. It never stiffens your hair, never dries it. And it really works!

SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR \$1.25
Giant Economy Size \$1.89. Both prices plus tax.



Regular SPRAY NET is wonderful, too . . . but for different reasons

If your hair is thick and hard to manage, or if you wear elaborate hairdos, you'll bless the more persuasive control of Regular SPRAY NET. The finest of its kind . . . favorite of millions!

Now there are two SPRAY NETS . . . Regular and Super Soft. Both wonderful . . . both with Spray-on Lanolin Lotion.

Junior fans jammed the WTVN-TV studio when ringmaster Spook Beckman held a *Circus* masquerade party.



a SPOOK named Beckman



Producer Al Sternberg finds it a bit difficult to control the mischievous instincts of Spook and Carolyn Ellis.



Spook, who is everybody's favorite clown, once offered himself as a "gentleman's gentleman" in a *Circus* stunt.

SPOOK BECKMAN is unfair to organized ghosts, gremlins and other sundry spirits . . . he just won't take his haunting seriously. Instead, he turns it into a three-ring, TV fun-for-all during which the laughter is anything but eerie. Spook, more formally known as the Clown Prince of Columbus, Ohio, is ringmaster of the *Circus* show, an audience-participation hour of prize-winning antics, zany stunts and party games that erupts every weekday afternoon at 2:30 over Station WTVN-TV. Other acts along the *Circus* midway feature singer Carolyn Ellis, the program's Gal Monday-through-Friday, music by Bill Palmer, songs by Mark Anthony Knolls, and more songs by Marilyn Daye. . . . Born in Illinois, Spook came by his name one evening while he was doing guard duty at Roosevelt Military Academy. His light-blond hair against the evening shadows produced a "spook"-like effect, Cadet Beckman's buddies said, and the name has stuck. After graduation and service in the Marine Corps, Spook alighted in Sarasota, Florida, where he became one of the outstanding talents at Station WSPB—and walked 14 miles to and from work each day for a full year. Other adventures followed—including one in which Spook almost became mayor of a Canadian town—and then he turned up in Columbus. . . . Here, he has proved himself a clown with a sense of civic duty. Last year, he spent a week waiting on tables at the Floor Inn, then donated his total of \$475 in tips to the Polio Foundation. Spook Beckman Day for the Red Cross Blood Bank ended up as the biggest blood-donor day in Columbus. When the Franklin County Tuberculosis Hospital needed funds, Spook had their hospital's officials appear on his show. . . . There are antics a-plenty with Spook Beckman and as much as 62,000 fan letters a week in praise of them and him. Once Spook auctioned himself off as a valet for people who have always wanted a "gentleman's gentleman" but could never afford one. . . . Spook lives in a small efficiency apartment, claims his office is his inside coat pocket. One thing is sure: Gloom doesn't have a ghost of a chance since Spook Beckman came to Columbus.

NEW



Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

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

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



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

MORE WOMEN CHOOSE KOTEX THAN ALL OTHER SANITARY NAPKINS

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

information

Caliph on TV

Dear Editor:

I'd like to know a little about Richard Kiley, one of my favorites on TV dramatic shows.
M.L.G., Philadelphia, Pa.

One of the most exciting moments in the stage, movie, radio and TV career of Chicago-born Richard Kiley was playing the caliph and introducing the song, "Stranger in Paradise," in the hit musical "Kismet." But there have been other big moments for this popular actor—winning a scholarship to the Barnum Dramatic School in Chicago; touring with Judith Evelyn in the national company of "A Streetcar Named Desire"; co-starring on Broadway in George Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance"; and, this fall, playing a lead in the off-Broadway production, "Sing Me No Lullaby." Richard started his career by acting in daytime dramas while still in school, then went on to appear in such films as "Pickup on South Street," "The Mob," "Eight Iron Men," and "The Sniper." Today, he appears frequently in such top TV dramatic shows as *Studio One*, *Suspense*, *Danger*, *Schlitz Playhouse*, *The Web*, *Kraft Theater*, *Robert Montgomery Presents* (on which he first attracted attention on TV), and *Lux Video Theater*.

Richard is married and has two sons and a daughter. His hobbies are carpentry and athletics, and he plays handball and swims practically every day.

Theme Songs

Dear Editor:

Would you tell me the name of the beautiful theme music of *The Golden Windows* and *Concerning Miss Marlowe*, both on NBC-TV?

J.P.J., Clifton Forge, Va.



Richard Kiley



Charita Bauer

The theme music of *The Golden Windows* is "Julie's Song," an original composition by Clarke Morgan. The music for *Concerning Miss Marlowe* is taken from the main cello theme of the second movement of Brahms' Second Symphony.

Name's the Same

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me something about Charita Bauer who plays Bert on *The Guiding Light*? Where can I write to her?

A.B., Saxonville, Mass.

Pert, pretty Charita Bauer is in the peculiar position of being the mother of two seven-year-old Michael Bauers. In *The Guiding Light* on CBS Radio and CBS-TV, Charita plays Bertha "Bert" Bauer, a typical housewife—with the same family name as Charita bears in private life—and the mother of young "Michael Bauer." The petite brunette, who is scarcely taller than either of her sons, is the real-life mother of her own seven-year-old Michael, who sometimes asks, "Mommy, which Michael do you love most?" As to the similarity in her on- and off-stage lives, Charita laughs: "I practically spend my days in *The Guiding Light* washing dishes, making beds, cooking, and putting 'Michael' to bed, and then go right home and do the same thing. However," she is quick to admit, "doing these household chores on radio and TV is more exciting."

He's From Missouri

Dear Editor:

I would like to know about Jim Bannon, who plays Mitch Fredericks in NBC-TV's *Hawkins Falls*. Where can I write to him?

A.C.C., Baltimore, Md.

There was no trace of the fabled Mis-

souri stubbornness in Jim Bannon after he'd gotten his first taste of acting in a Rockhurst College version of "Good News." The tall Kansas City Irishman needed no further persuasion and, clutching the "rave" notices the school paper had given him, Jim departed for Hollywood, where he was signed by Columbia Pictures. After playing minor roles in several Joe Penner movies, Jim played the lead in "I Love a Mystery." Next he made the leap from suave detective to stalwart cowpoke and for the next three years he appeared in a string of Westerns as "Red Ryder." Although during that time Jim learned to play polo, a game he still enjoys, he was more than glad to hang up his boots and move to Chicago and *Hawkins Falls* in 1951.

Jim, alias Mitchell Fredericks, stands six-feet-three, weighs 180 pounds and has dark hair and gray eyes. You can write to him, c/o *Hawkins Falls*, NBC-TV, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Calling All Clubs

Beginning next month, for the convenience of its readers, TV RADIO MIRROR will publish a short list of fan clubs seeking new members. If your club wants new members, send the name of the club—and the address to which readers can write for more information—to: Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. If you are interested in joining a fan club, watch this column for the names of your favorite stars.

The Balloon Went Up

Dear Editor:

I would like to know about that wonderful singer, Earl Wrightson, who is heard on CBS-TV's *Robert Q. Lewis Show*.

C.W., Reading, Pa.



Jim Bannon

booth



Earl Wrightson

Earl Wrightson, slim, blue-eyed man about music, was born thirty-seven years ago in Baltimore, Maryland, the youngest in a family of eight children. His father was a Methodist minister, and the man who first recognized and trained Earl's voice was the church choir master. After graduation from Baltimore Polytechnical and Baltimore City College, Earl launched his own radio program on a local station. Next he came to New York and hit the big-time music centers—as a page boy in Radio City and a student of Robert Weede of the Metropolitan Opera. His big break came when he was delivering some music to Walter Damrosch, who was rehearsing his orchestra and wanted to run through the music. "As there was no soloist around," Earl recalls, "I just sang the part. See, I was just standing around when the balloon went up."

Earl's been singing on radio, television and stage ever since—on *Music In The Air*, *The Family Hour*, *Great Moments In Music*, *I Hear America Singing* and as a guest with Andre Kostelanetz, Morton Gould. On TV, he's been star of his own show, *Paul Whiteman Revue* and now the *Robert Q. Lewis Show*. When not singing, Earl spends his time in Glen Head, New York, with his wife Marky and their nine-year-old daughter Wendy.

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.



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. 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.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Doris Day

co-starring in "YOUNG AT HEART" An Arwin Production
in WarnerColor. Presented by Warner Bros.



Modess ... *because*

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



My Daughter, Betty White



By MRS. TESS WHITE

Those would be proud words for any mother, but I'm especially proud—because of what I know about Betty!

MY DAUGHTER, Betty White, has a philosophy of life which grew out of a series of hard knocks. In the ten years that she has been climbing up the slim rope of success in the entertainment industry, she has frequently slipped, but she has never given up trying. The philosophy which has sprung from these struggles? She says it in just five words: "I don't believe in defeat."

Betty learned this lesson very early in her career; she was only two when we moved from Oak Park, Illinois, to California. She went to Horace Mann Junior High School here in Los Angeles, and then to Beverly Hills

See Next Page

My Daughter, Betty White

(Continued)



Success isn't easy. As Betty tells me, "The secret is to hang on when everything seems to be going against you."

High School—and in all these years she hoped someday to grow up to be an operatic singer.

Betty worked hard for what she called the "big voice." Rather than go on to college when she finished high school, she decided to continue her study of music, concentrating on her singing career. She had every reason to do so. She *did* have the raw material of a good voice; it was developing well; and she had the encouragement of her teacher, Felix Hughes, the brother of the writer, Rupert Hughes, and himself once a well-known opera singer. So, with all this behind her, Betty looked forward to a lifetime dream come true: a successful career on the opera stage.

Then fate stepped in. Betty was stricken with a strep throat. It was no ordinary infection; rather, it was very much like a seige, a six-weeks' battle for Betty's life. She was bedridden for almost two months, during which time the fever—fought with the then-new sulfa drugs—gradually waned. But, when the fever left her, it took the best part of her voice along with it. During the weeks Betty was recouping her strength, she was able only to smile and croak, "Hello."

Yes, she was a discouraged little girl. But I think it was right then that *she decided not to be beaten*. True, she had lost everything she had dreamed about, worked toward for years, but she didn't give up. In fact, she told me one day: "Mother," she said, "you know, things aren't so black after all."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "it seems obvious to me. I've lost my voice. Everything I've planned on is down the drain. Now there's only one way for my luck to go. It can't get any worse—that means it has to get *better!*"

And Betty really felt fortunate. She thought her situation quite encouraging. She reasoned that there was only one way she could go now—and that was *up*.

She decided that, if she couldn't do the "big" things, *she would do the best with the tools she had*. Though her father and I thought she was still spending her afternoons rebuilding her voice with Mr. Hughes,

Betty's idea of play is usually something constructive—whether she's at the piano or out in the workshop.





Life With Elizabeth is Betty's own brain-child. Del Moore is the young man who plays "Elizabeth's" husband, "Alvin."

when she was well enough to be up and about, we eventually found to our surprise that she was out pounding the pavements. She was going from agent to agent, trying to find a job suited to her talents.

Her perseverance payed off. She finally got a one-line bit in a radio commercial, through a Mr. Van Heidensfelt. He was with an agency, and Betty, I think, looked a little pathetic and desperate. She certainly didn't need the job, for she always had a home—but she did want the break she thought the commercial job would give her.

I forget what the exact payment was. Something like twenty-five dollars—and it cost her father thirty-nine-fifty to have her join the federation of radio and TV artists!

So Betty was never an opera singer. After the first disappointment of her illness, she marshaled her courage and reorganized her plan of life. If she couldn't sing, she'd talk. And that's how she launched her career—with that first radio commercial and with many others that followed. It wasn't long before Betty was doing a regular part on (Continued on page 77)

The Betty White Show is seen on NBC-TV, Mondays through Fridays, at 12 noon EST. *Life With Elizabeth*, distributed by Guild Films Co., Inc., is seen on TV stations throughout the U. S. and Canada; consult local papers for time and station.

She enjoys working with Del Sharbutt and Frank DeVol on *The Betty White Show*—then snatches a snack from my kitchen!



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the HOST with



Relaxing in a big way on their farm: Sylvia and Ed Sullivan, with "Bojangles."

the MOST

Like his show, Toast Of The Town, Ed Sullivan's the biggest and best—in ideas, achievement, and heart

By LIZ NICHOLS

TOMORROW," said Ed Sullivan grinning like a kid with a candy apple, "tomorrow they'll be putting up the fence I ordered to keep the cows off the lawn."

"Yes," said Sylvia, his spouse for twenty-four years, "but tomorrow is the day you're supposed to qualify for the Championship Tournament in Westchester."

Ed shrugged unconcernedly, "Oh, I don't think I can do that," he said. "They may need a hand to help with the fence." And, as Sylvia looked dubious, he added, "Anyway, the fence is more fun!"

Carmine Santullo, Ed's office major-domo and good right arm, joined Sylvia in a gasp of astonishment. Up to the advent of the farm in his life, golf was



Toast Of The Town has presented many famous TV debuts—including those of Margaret Truman (above, with Ed, just before that first performance) and Jackie Gleason (below, with Ed and his co-producer, Marlo Lewis).



Always on hand at the Sullivan office: Carmine Santullo (left), Jean Bombard (right), and "Bojangles"—who may act up, but not so his master notices it!





Daughter Betty was the center of Ed's and Sylvia's household, right up until her marriage to Ensign Robert H. Precht. Now there's a completely furnished apartment awaiting the young couple's visits at the Sullivans' new farm.

the HOST with the MOST

(Continued)



The farm has become the big thing in Ed Sullivan's life, and he drives up from New York City every chance he gets.

Ed Sullivan's reigning passion. Whenever he could beg, borrow or steal a second from his busy schedule, he rushed to the nearest fairway.

Surprising as it is, Ed's indifference about a game of golf is nowhere near as amazing as is the fact that he has become a landowner at all. Ed and Sylvia Sullivan were considered, by everyone who knew them, as the world's most confirmed "cliff-dwellers." For all their married life, they have lived in two heart-of-the-city hotels in New York. And, aside from a few personal knickknacks, they seemed to regard possessions of any kind simply as things to be given away or otherwise disposed of as quickly as possible. Now, suddenly, Sylvia Sullivan finds herself shopping for linens and stowing away canned goods, while her ever-lovin' mulls the merits of assorted tractors, harvesting machines and all manner of dairy implements.

Sullivan-like, Ed's playing the squire to the hilt.

Of course, he has never done anything by halves. It wasn't in him—when he decided to acquire roots, one day last spring—simply to purchase a house and lot. He had to wind up with The Farm—five fully furnished structures, including a nine-room house, surrounded by 150 acres of grazing lands, and landscaped terraces. Plus a tenant farmer and his family and thirty head of fine dairy cows!

It's the same with *Toast Of The Town*—everything about it has to be the biggest and best of its kind, and it garners the highest ratings . . . the same with his five-times-a-week column—that's in the nation's largest circulation papers. And Ed's the same way about people. He goes all out. His friends' triumphs are his, their sorrows make him unhappy. He's a guy on whom other people have learned they can lean.

Ed Sullivan and his *Toast Of The Town* are seen over CBS-TV, Sun., from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.



New center of interest in the Sullivan family today is baby Robert Edward Precht. Left to right, Sylvia and Ed, Betty, her son "Robbie" and husband Bob. (Of course, "Bojangles" had to get into the picture with Ed, too.)

Britisher Bea Lillie was in the U. S. when George VI passed away. This was an event of personal tragedy to the gentle monarch's subjects—of whom Miss Lillie ranks with the most loyal. So she turned for consolation to Irishman Ed Sullivan and saw nothing incongruous in the choice . . . because, as we've said, that's the kind of a guy he is. Ed helped her dry her tears, and treated her to a night on the town as an added measure of forgetfulness.

When Julius La Rosa was fired by Godfrey and the papers were making headlines of his romance with Dottie McGuire, it was Ed Sullivan—then only a very new

acquaintance—to whom Julie turned . . . and Ed had the right answer for him. He took Julie to see and talk with a friend who is a Catholic priest, and he stayed with the troubled lad until, two hours later, Julie emerged from the interview calm and confident again.

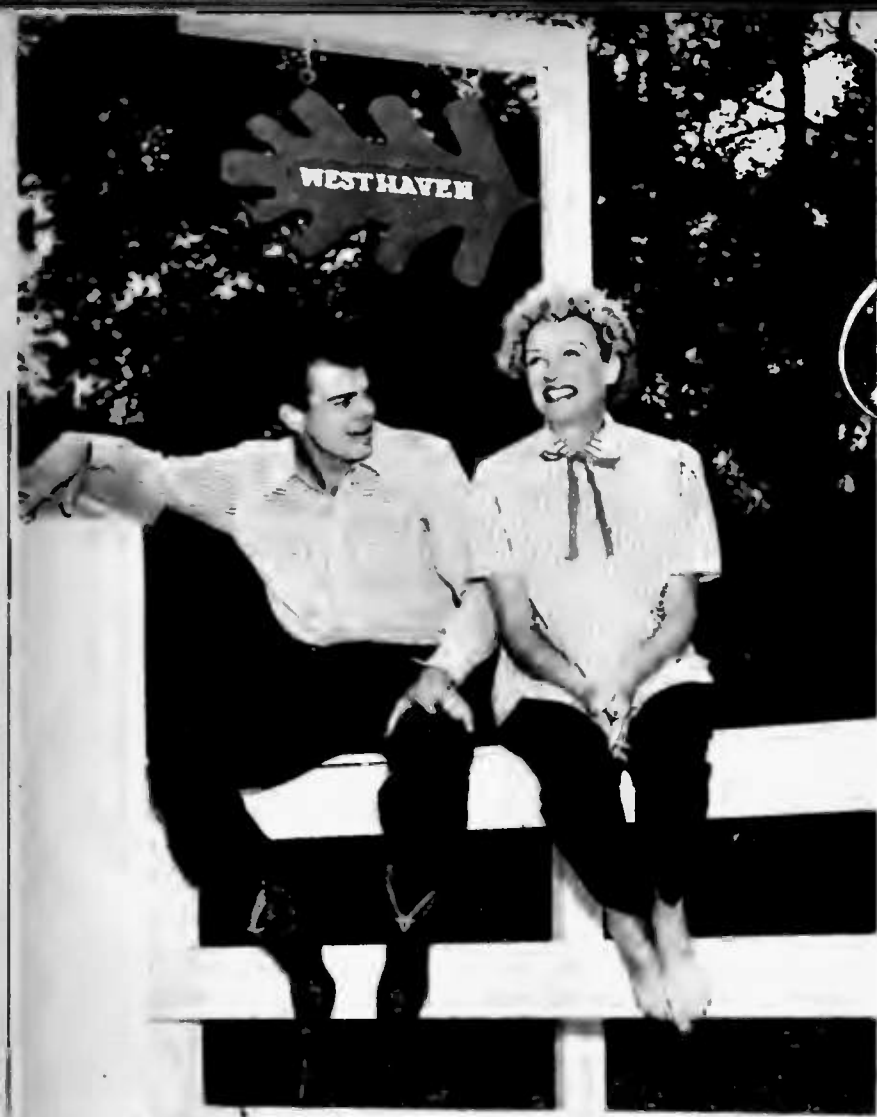
The point has not been generally made, but—if Ed Sullivan weren't a truly "good guy"—he might not be a famous star in show business at all. It was through his work in staging benefit shows and emceeing them—for free—that he was first invited to appear as master of ceremonies with a professional revue at the New York Paramount Theater. He went (Continued on page 94)

Golf has been Ed's great hobby—with such noted players as Jimmy Fidler (left), Bing Crosby, and Bob Hope (right).



Always sports-minded: That's young Ed, first in middle row, with the Port Chester H. S. ball team.





Eve's and Brooks' new ranch in Hidden Valley means even more than "home." It helped explain the blessed event!



Liza and Connie are old enough to know the truth. (Brother Duncan's just old enough to marvel over a new baby.)

Heaven

IN HER HANDS

By JERRY ASHER

THE YEAR 1954 was quite an eventful one in the entertainment world. Frank Sinatra gained five pounds, Liberace bought a \$25,000 Cadillac upholstered with black and white leather piano keys, *Mr. Peepers* got married—and *Our Miss Brooks* had a baby!

Of course, *Mr. Peepers* had nothing to do with glorious motherhood descending upon *Our Miss Brooks*. But, on the other hand, Sergeant Friday did. Sergeant Friday! Now how did he get in the act? Well, as everyone from San Diego to Saskatchewan knows, our lovable Miss Brooks is the most famous schoolteacher on television, she's also our lovable Eve Arden in professional life, and in private life she's the lovable Mrs. Brooks West. All of which brings us up to Sergeant Friday—in a round-about sort of way. Because a happy little "ham-ster" by the name of Douglas Brooks West was so eager to take his first bow, he kicked up quite a scene twenty-four hours (Continued on page 84)



Our Miss Brooks is seen on CBS-TV, Fri., 9:30 P.M., sponsored by General Foods. *Our Miss Brooks* is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 8 P.M., for The Toni Co. and Whitehall Pharmaceutical Co. (All EST)



Introducing Douglas Brooks West—whose mother Eve was the only person who took his arrival calmly.

**With a baby of her own, Eve Arden—our Mrs. Brooks West—
says: "I have everything a woman could want!"**



Rosemary

**Rosemary and Bill Roberts know that
love is eternal—for all the world to share**

COUNTLESS poets throughout the ages have penned endless verses about love . . . for every heart in love there is a song of joy to be sung . . . for every romancing couple, love opens the door to emotions beyond compare, to happiness that knows no bounds. Love is timeless, universal, indestructible; it can conquer fear, adversity, despair. The love of a man and woman, nurtured through the years, deepens and mellows—becomes richer and more satisfying with each passing day. . . . Such is the love of Rosemary and Bill Roberts. Through each crisis that has entered their lives—and there have been many—Rosemary and Bill have found the source of their strength and courage to conquer come-what-may in their mutual love. Bill, as editor of the *Banner*, has dedicated himself and his newspaper to fighting and overcoming the forces of crime and corruption which try to take root in Springdale. At the same time, Rosemary—with her instinctive faith in the goodness of mankind, her compassion for her fellow man—has worked tirelessly with the Boys Club in trying to combat delinquency among teenagers. Oftentimes, Rosemary and Bill have differed in their opinions about a particular person or project. Often, too, their happiness has been threatened, their lives fraught with tragedy. But, always, Rosemary has remained steadfast and unwavering in her love for Bill. . . . “Rosemary” is the traditional symbol of remembrance, and Valentine’s Day is dedicated to lovers. It’s the perfect time for Bill Roberts to show with all his heart his true love and devotion to one who shall never forget it—Rosemary, herself.

Rosemary, on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Ivory Snow. Virginia Kaye and Casey Allen are pictured, at left, in their regular roles as Rosemary and her husband, Bill Roberts.



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LITTLE BLACK LAMB



Singing and early rising were part of my life on the farm. Now they're mighty important in my wonderful job with Don McNeill (center) and Sam Cowling on *Breakfast Club*.



Always a tomboy—and I play a pretty good game of golf today. I chose my Chicago apartment because it's near a nine-hole public course, and practice shots indoors, too.



A FEW DAYS AGO, I happened to be walking up North Michigan Avenue near my apartment in Chicago. The wind was blowing wisps of smoke like chilly rags, and I saw a little boy standing at the curbside, looking forlornly across the traffic. For some reason, he reminded me of something out of my childhood as a girl on a farm in Pennsylvania.

The "something" that he recalled was a fact about little black sheep, the four-legged kind, and only a one-time farm child would be likely to know it. We lived on a 600-acre farm near Fredonia on Route 19 on the way to Erie. Among other animals on the home place, we raised a few sheep and one of the facts I learned about them, as a child, was that a mother sheep doesn't take very good care of any little black lambs that she bears. Perhaps they look strange to her. Whatever the reason, it is often the case that farm folks have to take over the care of feeding and tending a little black lamb.

Although we lived on a (Continued on page 93)

Eileen Parker sings on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, ABC-TV and ABC Radio, M-F, 9 A.M. EST—sponsored on radio by Swift & Co., Philco Corp., Quaker Oats Co., Rockwood & Co., ReaLemon-Puritan Co., Olson Rug Co.—sponsored on TV by Philco and Quaker Oats.

One of eleven children, I was always "different"—maybe that's why I belong on

By
EILEEN
PARKER

Breakfast Club



DREAMS ARE FOR



BELIEVING

Helen had faith in Florian ZaBach and his violin—and helped them prove that nothing is impossible

By BUD GOODE



THE PHONE rang in the hall of the modest New York apartment. Its ring set up a sympathetic vibration on the strings of a rare Guarnerius violin, interrupting the practice of the blond, blue-eyed young giant standing beside his music rack in the adjoining room. Gently placing the fiddle in its protective case, he strode to the phone.

"Florian ZaBach?" an unknown voice queried.

"Speaking."

"This is Mr. Reuben Kaufman of Guild Films."

"Yes, sir."

"Would you lunch with me tomorrow, Mr. ZaBach? I'd like to discuss (Continued on page 73)

The Florian ZaBach Show, a Guild Films production, can be seen on most major TV stations; consult local newspapers for time and day.

Talent Scouts gave ZaBach his first big break on TV and Florian has never ceased being grateful to Arthur Godfrey.



At home with his wife Helen and pets "Prince" and "Mac," ZaBach remembers some desperate days—when Helen never once complained. Now Florian can afford to indulge in his hobbies, but still spends long hours of practice with his violin.





Their duck pond in Princeton reminds Fred and Florence of their Indiana childhood.

The GREATEST Question



Twenty Questions foursome: Florence Rinard, husband Fred Van Deventer, daughter Nancy, son Bobby McGuire.

*That's what Fred Van Deventer asked Florence Rinard. The answer grew up to be Nancy and Bobby and the quiz game, *Twenty Questions!**

By FRANCES KISH

THE QUESTION was, that summer back in 1945: What could the Van Deventers (Fred, Florence and the kids, Nancy and Bobby) think up in the way of a quiz show which could be put on the air and be fun for everyone?

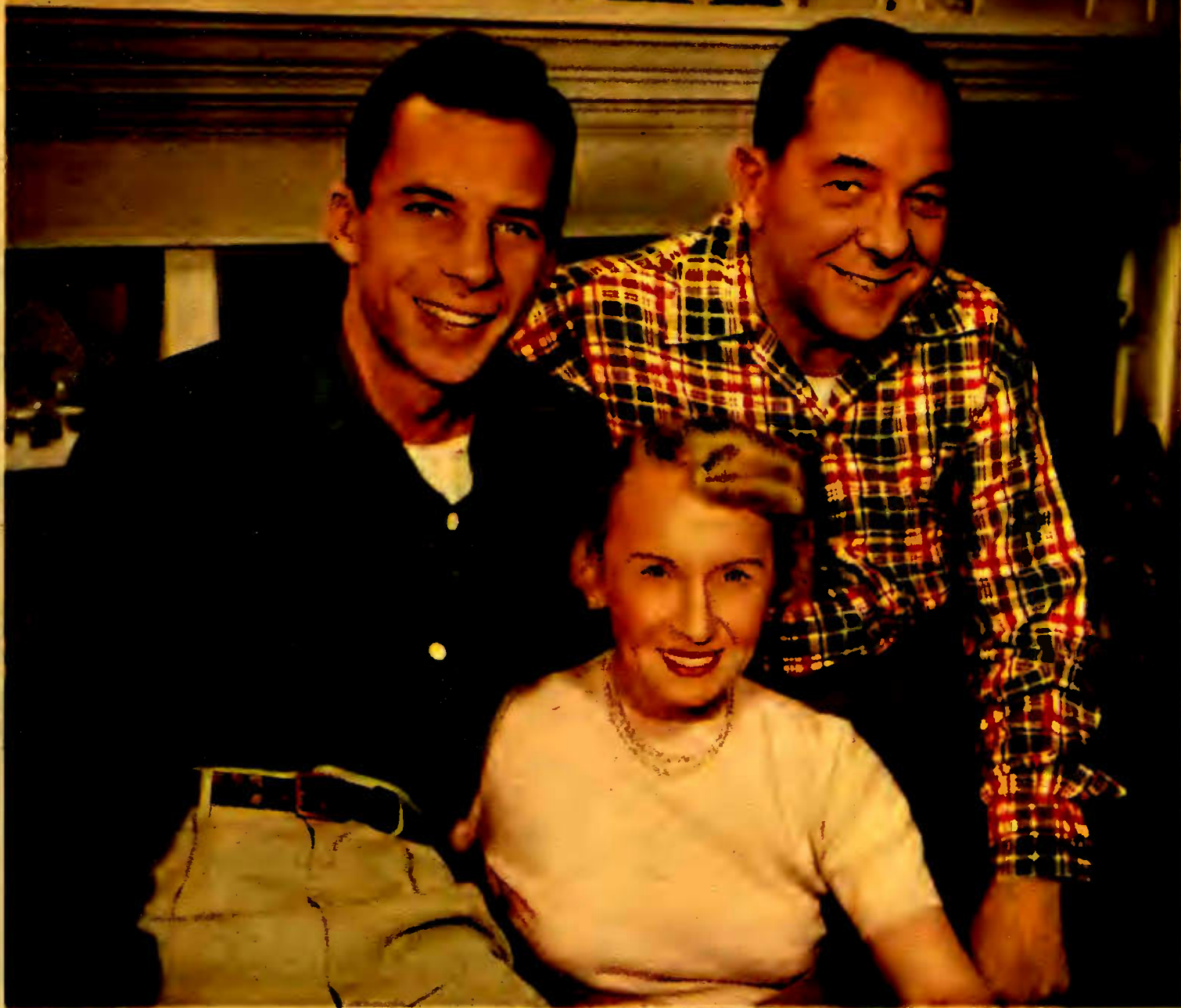
Fifteen-year-old Nancy came up with an idea: Why not do their own favorite family quiz, "Twenty Questions"—sometimes called "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral"? Why not play it on radio the same way they always played it at home?

So they did, and have been living happily ever after, having more fun than they had dreamed could be possible in the days when "Twenty

Questions" was merely something to amuse the children—especially during the Depression years, when there was little money for movies or other outside entertainment.

This February, *Twenty Questions* is celebrating its ninth anniversary on the air—on television now, "still with the original cast." The "cast," of course, is that same family group which turned a so-called parlor game into a successful broadcast. And the cast still includes Herb Polesie, who was on that first program in February, 1946. (Someone had heard him on another program and decided he had just the right voice and the *(Continued on page 75)*)

Twenty Questions, ABC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by the Florida Citrus Commission.



The Van Deventers (that's Bobby's legal name, too) like to spend their time at their New Jersey home—*Twintegspel* (Dutch for "a game of twenty")—where Florence and Fred often prove they can still "farm."



the FIRST little GODFREY



"Warmth" is the word for Janette Davis—her songs, her heart and home

By MARTIN COHEN

BROTHER, you never know. The gal comes out to the microphone and warms up a torch song so that, up North, icicles melt off antennae and, down in Miami, radio tubes disintegrate. Or the same gal does an "up" number that has the coaxial cable swinging like a jump rope. So what do you expect—that Janette Davis will be a little shy, serious, soft-spoken? Never!

But she is. Sure, she's got a quick laugh, and she can be pert and fun. But, basically, she's rather *unfrivolous*. As an example, take Janette's ambition to own a house.

Continued →

Janette has been a star since she was very young, but being discovered by Arthur Godfrey was "the greatest thing that ever happened!" Her success on his shows led to the house of her own she had always wanted, cars—and a dog named "Honey."





the FIRST little GODFREY

(Continued)

"It didn't matter whether they were two-room bungalows—or lovely old mansions—I'd get that possessive feeling every time I'd see a nice house. I couldn't look without studying every detail."

It started when Janette was nineteen and already getting along quite well, career-wise.

"People would ask why a song girl wanted a house. Maybe it's a good question, but it was always obvious to me." The way Jan reasons, she could have spent her money on minks, frequent changes of Paris originals, diamonds and other knickknacks that feed a woman's vanity. "But I like space and quiet. I love flowers. I enjoy privacy. And that's why I wanted a house."

She was raised in a house. She was one of eight children—and where else can you raise a family that size? Her career began early. She was fourteen when she won an amateur contest and a radio contract in Memphis, two hundred miles from her home in Pine

Bluff, Arkansas. At the age of sixteen, she studied voice in Quincy, Illinois, and paid her tuition by singing at a local station. At eighteen, she returned South to start her own show at a Shreveport, Louisiana, station. She became a star there, then quit and went to powerful WLW in Cincy. She became a star there, and quit to go to WBBM in Chicago. She became a star there, and quit to go to New York. Arthur Godfrey heard her on a sustaining CBS show and asked to have her on his show. Nine years ago that was. . . .

"I don't know exactly how many times I saved up to buy a house," Janette says, "and then something would come along and I'd start all over again."

The gal is a loyal one who has never side-stepped the problems—financial or otherwise—of friends and family. She has helped when there was illness, and she has helped with tuition for her brothers and sisters. But, a little over three years ago, her piggy bank was loaded again . . . so she got in her car, drove

Janette loves to entertain, and Thomas Judon never seems to mind that the guest list keeps growing at the last minute!





Sister Carol is always close to Janette, at work and at play, preparing for dates—and discussing them afterward.

out to Long Island, and decided on the first house she saw.

"My business manager insisted that I had to look around. He said that I couldn't buy the first house I saw," Janette grins. "I explained to him that I'd been window-shopping for years. I knew what I wanted."

What she bought was a rambling, white-brick ranch house. It was on a lovely landscaped acre of land with a wooded tract to one side.

"I bought the house in August of 1951, and I set December as the deadline for it to be furnished."

That was a big order for a nine-room house. Jan, who can be as realistic as Mrs. Murphy's chowder, decided someone else would have to do the shopping—for Jan worked a five-day week.

"I asked a friend of mine, Dottie Kendrick, who had been an interior decorator before she married. I asked her to furnish the house and she said, 'I'm surprised, Jan. Why would you ask me?' And I said, 'I like your taste. I like the way you furnished your own home.'"

"Jan's Acre" has been furnished in massive but simple modern, with emphasis on space and free movement. And Jan insisted that everything not only look functional but be useful. Jan approved every item, down to ashtrays, before it entered the house.

"But Dottie gets all the (Continued on page 82)



Music is the center of her existence. She lives for it, and it has made a living dream come true.

Janette Davis sings on the following programs: *Arthur Godfrey Time*, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M., and seen over CBS-TV, M-Th, at 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—*The Arthur Godfrey Digest*, heard over CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, seen over CBS-TV, Wed., at 8 P.M., as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Frigidaire, and The Toni Company. (All times given EST)

the FIRST little GODFREY

(Continued)

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It started when Janette was nineteen and already getting along quite well, career-wise.

"People would ask why a song girl wanted a house. Maybe it's a good question, but it was always obvious to me." The way Jan reasons, she could have spent her money on minks, frequent changes of Paris originals, diamonds and other knickknacks that feed a woman's vanity. "But I like space and quiet. I love flowers. I enjoy privacy. And that's why I wanted a house."

She was raised in a house. She was one of eight children—and where else can you raise a family that size? Her career began early. She was fourteen when she won an amateur contest and a radio contract in Memphis, two hundred miles from her home in Pine

Bluff, Arkansas. At the age of sixteen, she studied voice in Quincy, Illinois, and paid her tuition by singing at a local station. At eighteen, she returned South to start her own show at a Shreveport, Louisiana, station. She became a star there, then quit and went to powerful WLW in Cincy. She became a star there, and quit to go to WBBM in Chicago. She became a star there, and quit to go to New York. Arthur Godfrey heard her on a sustaining CBS show and asked to have her on his show. Nine years ago that was. . . .

"I don't know exactly how many times I saved up to buy a house," Janette says, "and then something would come along and I'd start all over again."

The gal is a loyal one who has never side-stepped the problems—financial or otherwise—of friends and family. She has helped when there was illness, and she has helped with tuition for her brothers and sisters. But, a little over three years ago, her piggy bank was loaded again. . . . so she got in her car, drove

Janette loves to entertain, and Thomas Judon never seems to mind that the guest list keeps growing of the lost minute!



Sister Carol is always close to Janette, at work and at play, preparing for dates—and discussing them afterward.

out to Long Island, and decided on the first house she saw.

"My business manager insisted that I had to look around. He said that I couldn't buy the first house I saw," Janette grins. "I explained to him that I'd been window-shopping for years. I knew what I wanted."

What she thought was a rambling, white-brick ranch house. It was on a lovely landscaped acre of land with a wooded tract to one side.

"I bought the house in August of 1951, and I set December as the deadline for it to be furnished."

That was a big order for a nine-room house. Jan, who can be as realistic as Mrs. Murphy's chowder, decided someone else would have to do the shopping—for Jan worked a five-day week.

"I asked a friend of mine, Dottie Kendrick, who had been an interior decorator before she married. I asked her to furnish the house and she said, 'I'm surprised, Jan. Why would you ask me?' And I said, 'I like your taste. I like the way you furnished your own home.'"

"Jan's Acre" has been furnished in massive but simple modern, with emphasis on space and free movement. And Jan insisted that everything not only look functional but be useful. Jan approved every item, down to ashtrays, before it entered the house.

"But Dottie gets all the (Continued on page 82)



Music is the center of her existence. She lives for it, and it has made a living dream come true.

Janette Davis sings on the following programs: *Arthur Godfrey Time*, as heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M., and seen over CBS-TV, M-Th, at 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—*The Arthur Godfrey Digest*, heard over CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship—*Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, seen over CBS-TV, Wed., at 8 P.M., as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Frigidaire, and The Toni Company. (All times given EST)

FUN

*Bill Cullen is
a star with many,
many points—
most of them the
rib-tickling kind*

By
**GREGORY
MERWIN**

One hobby just naturally
grows out of another for
Bill—fish, for example.



TO BE WITH



Stop The Music: Bill really likes to hear Jill Corey and Jack Haskell sing—but if he didn't stop 'em, how could anyone win those big prizes?

THE NEIGHBORS gathered, and one said, "That Cullen boy, he'll never grow up to be President."

"Not even a senator?"

"No, he gets to the point too fast."

"Well, he's clever and good with his hands. He might be a surgeon."

"Young Bill? For every appendix he took out, he'd sew in a kitchen sink, a small convertible and a portable radio."

"How about a lawyer?"

(Continued on page 98)



Name That Tune: Vicki Mills warbles, Bill is host. He's a panelist on *I've Got A Secret*, emceed by Garry Moore.



Name That Tune, CBS-TV, Thurs., 10:30 P.M., for Carter Products and Whitehall Pharmacal Co. *Stop The Music*, CBS Radio, Tues., 8 P.M., for Exquisite Form Bra, Anson Men's Jewelry, JB Watch Bands, Whitehall. *Walk A Mile*, NBC Radio, Wed., 8 P.M., for Camel Cigarettes. *Place The Face*, NBC-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M., for The Toni Co. *I've Got A Secret*, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., for Cavalier Cigarettes. *It Happens Every Day*, Mutual, 8:55 A.M., for the Block Drug Co. *Roadshow*, NBC Radio, Sat., 2 P.M. (All times EST)

Arlene Francis is his beautiful partner in radio's saphappiest "news column," *It Happens Every Day*.



Place The Face: Bandleader Xavier Cugat tries to identify the man who wouldn't let him keep a dog in his room!



LOVE OF LIFE



Hidden resentments—and a hidden past—threaten the happiness Vanessa and Paul Raven have found together

HAPPINESS for Vanessa Dale is spelled by the name she now signs to her letters—Mrs. Paul Raven. The joy of loving and being loved, the day-by-day satisfactions of a truly sound marriage—these have been hers since the day of her wedding, and Van need look no farther than her own sister Meg to realize what a rare and wonderful thing it is she shares with Paul. . . . But a shadow flickers across the glow of this almost-perfect bliss. The mysterious secret of Paul's past remains just that, and Van is puzzled by Paul's strange behavior whenever a question arises which touches on his life before he came to Barrowsville. Her own basic honesty tells Van that it is unnatural for Paul to feel such a strong desire to blot out entirely—not only his first marriage to Judith Lodge—but his entire life in Marlton, the city in which he and Judith had lived. *No matter how painful that past was and is, Van feels, Paul and I could face it together if it were brought out into the open. . . .* However, when Paul asked Van to believe in him and in their life together, she agreed to let the past lie buried. She does not question him or try to learn any more than he has willingly told her: That he has been married before; that the marriage was bitterly unhappy; and that it ended in divorce. . . . Van believes she has decided wisely and that her marriage will continue to be a truly happy one. Paul has settled down to being a promising young lawyer in Barrowsville, and Vanessa helps out financially with her work as reporter on the *Barrowsville Times* while he is establishing himself in his new profession. . . . But Vanessa has been puzzled by a recent meeting with her friend Ellie Crown and Meg. Both of them have warned Van that there is much she doesn't know about Paul. Van believes that love and trust are inseparable, and cannot understand why



1. As Dr. Brett pronounces them man and wife, Vanessa is sure the love she shares with Paul can overcome his bitter past.

2. Paul only tells Van his first marriage was unhappy and ended in divorce. Van doesn't question him further—but her sister Meg wants all the answers.

See Next Page 



3. Although Van feels that Paul's strange reactions toward his former life are unnatural, she is puzzled when Meg—resentful of her sister's happiness—insists there are facts about Paul which must be brought into the open.

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Vanessa Raven.....Peggy McCay
 Meg Harper.....Jean McBride
 Paul Raven.....Richard Coogan
 Hal Craig.....Steve Gethers
 Judith Raven.....Virginia Robinson
 Mrs. Althea Raven.....Joanna Roos
 Beanie Harper.....Dennis Parnell
 Mrs. Sarah Dale.....Jane Rose
 Dr. Brett.....Jack Davis
 Gloria.....Gloria Hamilton

Love Of Life is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, for the Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., Chef Boyardee.

her sister Meg insists that Van must try to learn all the facts surrounding Paul's marriage to Judith. In the past, when Vanessa has tried to help her sister, Meg has accused her of interfering. Vanessa's ears still ring with Meg's bitter cry: "You live your life, Van, and I'll live mine!" Why is it, then, she wonders, that Meg now wants to interfere in Van's life? Resentment and jealousy—which even Meg can only half-admit to herself—drive Meg to want to know all that lies hidden in Paul's past. Actually, Meg is right to suspect that there are forces unknown to Van which can cause her deep hurt. . . . Van is unaware of the vindictive nature of Paul's first wife, and of Judith's determination that Paul shall never again experience happiness—especially that happiness he might find in his second marriage. Whatever it was that was so scarring an experience for Paul has similarly seared the character and memory of Judith. Unable to accept failure in marriage—or in any aspect of life—as her own responsibility, Judith blames Paul for the events which led to their divorce, as well as for her deep unhappiness since their marriage ended. She cannot bear to see Paul succeed in marriage with Vanessa, and she vows she will destroy their love. . . . Warped by her bitterness, Judith has come to Barrowsville to

LOVE OF LIFE

(Continued)



4. Vowing to destroy Paul's new life, his first wife Judith demands information about the present whereabouts of her child, born after the divorce.

pursue her shameful aim. Although Paul tells her she cannot hope to accomplish anything by remaining here, Judith turns a deaf ear to his pleas that she return to Marlton. Paul has told her that Vanessa is aware of all the facts of his first marriage and its tragic ending—but Judith suspects that this is not so. . . . How right Judith is! Vanessa knows nothing of the child that was born to Judith shortly after her divorce from Paul. At that time, Judith had willingly allowed the child to be taken from her. Now, however, she professes that she wants the child returned to her and presses Paul for information as to the baby's whereabouts. But Paul grimly keeps his secret. . . . So far, Paul has been successful in preventing a meeting between Judith and Vanessa. But Judith, determined to learn exactly how much Van really knows about the past, finds herself an unwilling ally: Judith's father is influential in Marlton and, through him, Judith controls the successful business career of Paul's brother Ben. Ben has reluctantly consented to help Judith in her schemes. The half-hidden resentment Meg holds against Van exists between Ben and Paul, too. There has long been friction between them, and Ben feels that Paul's sensational divorce has scandalized Marlton and jeopardized Ben's own standing in the community. . . . Meg has always felt that Van has kept her from being successful in her own life. Meg had married money, and won a large divorce settlement—then lost it, when a company she owned was mismanaged. After she had returned to Barrowsville—which never really accepted this proud, unconventional daughter of the Dale family—the townspeople had enjoyed the sight of the once-wealthy Meg now looking for a job. When no one else would hire her, Meg had gone to work for gambler, Hal Craig. For a time, fortune appeared to



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See Next Page



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LOVE OF LIFE

(Continued)



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See Next Page

LOVE OF LIFE

(Continued)



6. As Gloria entertains their supper-club patrons, Hal Craig tells Meg of the law suit Paul's client has brought against them.

7. Paul has told Vanessa little of his past, but he assures his mother and Judith that Van knows all—even about the child.

be on her side again, and she seemed to have found romance as well with the attractive, exciting Craig. She had been furious when it turned out to be Vanessa and her newspaper that revealed the illegal nature of Hal's business operation and brought about its ruin. . . . Now Hal has bought a club in Barrowsville and given it to Meg. But the club was acquired in an illegal way and the original owner has gone to Paul Raven's law firm for help. Paul—over his protests to the head of the firm—was assigned to the case, and the legal proceedings are sure to create further antagonisms between Van and Meg. . . . Meg's jealousy goes back as far as childhood days, and it is deepened as Vanessa protects Meg's son Beanie and offers him the love which Meg seems incapable of expressing for him. Young Beanie responds to this love, and his fondness for Van, in preference to his own mother, is another cause of Meg's resentment. Impulsive, angered by the turns her own life has taken, Meg feels that Paul Raven's secret will give her something to hold over Van and to protect herself from what she considers her sister's interference in her life. . . . If Meg succeeds in ferreting out Paul's secret, how might she use this information to hurt Vanessa? Can Van—now so happily unaware of Ben's resentment and Judith's revengefulness—find the added courage and understanding she may need when she learns the truth? How will Vanessa react when she is at last confronted with all the secrets in her husband's past? When that momentous time arrives, will she and Paul weather the storm together and be able to fulfill their true love of life?





8. Mother Sarah Dale well understands the resentment Meg feels toward the happy marriage of Van and Paul and her jealousy of the preference Meg's son Beanie seems to show for Van. But, as Meg looks bitterly on at the happy group, Mrs. Dale hopes her daughter will not pry too deeply for secrets to use against Van.

His Humor Just Happens

George Gobel can't help being funny, not with his beloved Alice and their friends so ready to cheer him on!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

THE COLD-EYED CHARACTERS in the fifty-dollar sports shirts, those self-appointed connoisseurs of the fast horse and the fast gag, sat stony-faced as the spotlight's single shaft stabbed through the smoke-hazed darkness of the raucous Broadway night club and pinned to the stage the suffering young entertainer. In its relentless glare, George Gobel squirmed helplessly. His first joke had flopped.

He tried again. He had to try again. This was "the big time," in a place which had a reputation for "discovering" young comedians. This was the booking he had aimed for while playing hundreds of club dates, conventions and sales meetings across the Midwest. With his timing all off and his voice breaking badly, he croaked, "Now as I was saying to my wife, Alice . . ."

Blood-chilling (Continued on page 90)

The George Gobel Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored (on alternate weeks) by Armour and Company and the Pet Milk Co.



He'd "do anything" for his children—and does.



Guess who's happiest—Leslie or George?



"The common man" (as this most uncommon comic calls himself) has a rare family, far more precious to him than uranium: George Gobel with his schoolday sweetheart, Alice, and their children—Georgia, Gregg, and baby Leslie.



As he says to his wife Alice—when not reading the papers . . .



Home's a happy place, with children in it!



By **PAT SULLY**

LIFE on the outer rim of a pinwheel has no more spin to it than the career of an actress in a television serial drama. Believe me, I know what I'm talking about. I can prove it to myself in every twinge of my young and aching bones. I can tell it by the joy with which I collapse into bed, and by the maniacal urge to hurl the alarm clock out of my apartment window at five o'clock every weekday morn.

This may seem like paradoxical language from a girl who appears on your television screen—as Kathy Byron in *A Time To Live*—for something less than 75 minutes a week. But, by the strange alchemy of television, that 75 minutes (or less) represents a kind of condensation from something like 75 hours of hard, driving preparation.

From Sunday evening through Friday, I embrace a kind of monastic existence which is comprised of nervous energy, mental gymnastics and muscular effort. On Saturday, I emerge as some kind of butterfly into a strange world—consisting of normal human beings and their pursuits—and, for twenty-four hours or so, I mingle with them like a visitor from Mars before getting back on that jet-propelled pinwheel again. (Continued on page 88)

Pat Sully's Kathy Byron in *A Time To Live*, as seen over NBC-TV, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EST.

TIME TO LIVE

I'm Kathy Byron on a
jet-propelled pinwheel—and I'm
loving every minute of it



There aren't too many hours for light reading, phoning friends—or meeting them!—but I love getting immersed in my scripts and keeping up with Kathy.





ROMANTIC ADVENTURE



Young *Widder Brown* cast members enjoy visiting in Ronald's skytop apartment. Here's Ellen Brown herself (Wendy Drew, center)—and Mrs. Summers (Ethel Wilson).



Ronald Long enjoys having guests, too, and loves to cook for them. He may not be as wealthy as Michael Forsyth, in the script, but he has many treasures of which he's proud.



By GLADYS HALL

ON THE SIXTEENTH FLOOR of a Horatio Street apartment building, in downtown New York, lives dark, attractive, English-born Ronald Long, the Michael Forsyth of *Young Widder Brown*, as heard over NBC Radio.

Mr. Long, like Mr. Forsyth, is a bachelor, lives alone and loves it. Loves New York. Loves America—and deeply, as you shall hear. Loves height. Loves the view, from his west windows, of the Hudson River (“I can see clear across to the Jersey shore”). Loves the view, from his south windows, of Wall Street—and, from all windows, the sky, the migratory birds, the panoramic clouds.

Once upon a time, although briefly, Mr. Long was a decorator and in his aerie, so high above the earth, there is the taste and discrimination of the decorator, the collector, the man who appreciates luxury. The living-room walls (Mr. Long painted them himself) are elephant gray. The wall-to-wall carpeting is cream-colored and thick-piled. The chairs and couches are done in cream damask. The draperies, watermelon-red, are brilliant yet subtle. (Continued on page 79)

Ronald is Michael Forsyth in *Young Widder Brown*, on NBC Radio, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Prom Home Permanent and White Rain.

A dream comes true



Bachelor Ronald's Siamese cats, Alcibiades and Teufelchen, do their purry best to keep him from feeling lonely.

for Ronald Long, as Young Widder Brown's devoted Michael

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A dream comes true for Ronald Long, as *Young Widder Brown*'s devoted Michael

who's who on

GUNSMOKE

*Introducing the stars and show
which have added new meaning
and excitement to Western drama*

EACH SATURDAY, the familiar strains of "Old Trail" herald another chapter of *Gunsmoke*, the award-winning program which deals with Western life in the 1880's and U. S. Marshal Matt Dillon's struggle to maintain law and order in Dodge City, Kansas. *Gunsmoke* is not a typical Western, full of shooting, shouting and fighting. Instead, it combines suspense and excitement with realism and humanness to provide listeners with first-rate radio dramatic entertainment.

WILLIAM CONRAD, who has starred as Matt Dillon since *Gunsmoke* was first aired, was born in Louisville, Kentucky. When he was 7, his family moved to Los Angeles, where Bill received his secondary education before going on to Fullerton Junior College to major in literature and dramatics. Following his graduation, Bill became an announcer-director-writer at Station KMPC, Los Angeles, and remained there until 1942, when he joined the Air Force. Commissioned an officer on April 12, 1943, Bill made a double-day of it by taking lovely June Nelson as his bride. Soon after his discharge, in 1945, Bill began concentrating on acting in movies and radio—always playing the villain, in such film classics as "The Killers," "Body and Soul," and "Sorry, Wrong Number," and in radio, on every top network series originating in Hollywood. Consequently, his role as a hero in *Gunsmoke* has been a new experience for Bill. The show has also helped to further one of his hobbies—cooking, for *Gunsmoke's* researchers, in delving into the past, have unearthed old recipes which Bill has enjoyed testing. Concerning his other non-acting interests, Bill says, "Hobbies are my hobby." This he has proved by trying them all—from stamp collecting to taxidermy. But, once he "masters" a hobby, he loses interest in it, as has happened with photography: Bill has \$3000 worth of camera equipment and never even takes a picture! Befitting his role in *Gunsmoke*, Bill has an extensive collection of early Western firearms. His most prized gun is one which supposedly belonged to one of the West's most notorious figures, Wyatt Earp. Another of Bill's outstanding traits is his love for informal clothes (he insists they help him to relax while working). His favorite outfit combines dungarees, T-shirt, sneakers and an old leather jacket. "My wife used to call me a poor man's clothes horse," says Bill. "But one day, I took her out to Santa Anita and she apologized—to the horses." And, when he and June invite friends for dinner, Bill always adds—quite unnecessarily, it seems—"We're not dressing."





Gunsmoke is heard over CBS Radio, Saturday at 12:30 P.M. and 8 P.M. (both EST) as sponsored by L & M Filter Cigarettes.



PARLEY BAER (Chester Proudfoot) launched his show-business career in Salt Lake City, Utah, when he was 11 years old and got a summer job at the amusement pier as "key boy"—opening lockers for people spending the day swimming. Four years later he became chief cashier of the pier and made his acting debut at the city's Playhouse. Parley also made a point of working with the circus whenever it came to town—and, after leaving the University of Utah, he traveled with a circus until World War II, when he enlisted and served for four years. Upon his discharge in 1946, Parley married Ernestine Clarke, a circus performer and aerialist. They now have a daughter, Kathleen, 2. . . Parley got his radio start at KSL, Salt Lake City, before becoming tops in Los Angeles.



GEORGIA ELLIS, in her role as Kitty, is right at home, for she has played in Westerns—in movies and radio—for more than a decade. Although she had always wanted to be an actress, Georgia used music as the stepping stone to her goal. Her father, a cellist and music professor, and her mother, an opera singer, wanted her to become a music teacher, but Georgia couldn't be swayed. After attending UCLA—during which time she won her first paying job as vocalist with Walter Schuman's college band—Georgia forsook her studies to work at the Pasadena Playhouse. Her first acting role came in 1942, when she appeared in a "Hopalong Cassidy" movie. Georgia is married to radio script-writer Antony Ellis. She has a son, Jonathan, 6, enjoys painting, sketching and decorating.



HOWARD McNEAR has been in love with radio since 1933, when he first "aired" himself as an actor. Prior to his radio debut, Howard had specialized in stage roles. At 15, he enrolled at the Marta Oatman School of Theater, then he joined a San Diego stock company. For the next 12 years, he toured up and down the Pacific Coast. As a fitting tribute to his 20th year in radio Howard, in 1953, won an award as "best supporting actor." Married to the former Helen Spatz, Howard has one son, Christopher. In his role as Doc in *Gunsmoke*, Howard says, "We don't have the facilities of modern medicine and science . . . and sometimes, I guess, we make mistakes. But I think we've got a pretty good batting average." As for Howard, he always bats one thousand as an actor.



Farewell to BACHELORHOOD

Wally Cox finds that marriage is the best cure for what's wrong with any man's world, even that of Mr. Peepers

By ED MEYERSON

TO THE DEVOTED MILLIONS who watch *Mr. Peepers* every Sunday night, Jefferson City is as real as their own home town, and the gentle little science teacher of Jefferson Junior High is practically a member of the family. Last May twenty-third, when he married Nancy Remington, the school nurse, some thirty million "close friends and relatives" attended the formal church wedding over sixty-three stations of NBC-TV. The ceremony was so true-to-life that many in the audience cried. And many sent letters, telegrams, and presents—all addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Robinson J. Peepers."

But, two weeks later, announcement of another wedding appeared in the newspapers. It came as a shock, reminding the nation that *Mr. Peepers* exists only on TV. Jefferson City can't be found on any map; the gentle little science teacher is actually a TV star named Wally Cox, and Mr. Cox obviously has a life very much his own. On June 7, 1954, he married Marilyn Gennaro, Broadway musical-comedy dancer, in a ceremony as



Mr. and Mrs. Peepers on TV: Patricia Benoit as Nancy (right), Georgiann Johnson and Tony Randall as the Weskits.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox at home: Wally and the former Marilyn Gennaro (opposite page). They were wed on the Maryland estate of Donald Seawell (right, below)—and Wally wasn't a bit shy kissing his bride!



See Next Page 

Farewell to BACHELORHOOD

(Continued)



He's still Mr. Peepers to Mrs. Gurney (Marion Lorne) and Nancy (Patricia Benoit) but Wally feels like quite a different man as he keeps his very own home fires burning!



private as his make-believe wedding had been public.

Curiosity about the bride was matched by a sudden concern for the groom. For years, fans had accepted the legend that Mr. Peepers is just Mr. Cox playing himself on a TV soundstage. On camera and off, the two are supposed to be exactly alike—using the same inhibited mannerisms, speaking the same pedantic prose, sharing the same other-worldly enthusiasm for natural science. And if people feel as protective toward the one as the other, it's because—at first blush, anyway—Wally seems just as mild, helpless, and bookishly innocent as his TV characterization.

At least, when Mr. Peepers himself got married, he chose a sympathetic school nurse, as kind and guileless as he. And, despite the fact that the groom looked heartbreakingly young—as though attending his confirmation instead of his wedding—the bride appeared wise in the eternal way of woman, and understanding enough for both of them.

But when Mr. Cox married! Well, either the legend is wrong—and Peepers and Cox are as different as Jekyll and Hyde—or Wally is in for some surprises. A thorough knowledge of botany is not necessarily the best training for marriage, and the middle of Manhattan is not the best spot for setting up housekeeping. Wally might be an authority on “the psychology of the water shrew,” but what did he know about women? . . .

Anyone, watching Mr. Peepers teach his class at Jefferson Junior High, can imagine what he was like when he himself was one of the students. There's one in every school. He's the little fellow with the stringy sideburns and the owl-like spectacles, who was never built for outdoor sports. Invariably, he carries a book under his arm and, when he sees the other kids at play, he smiles. A friendly smile, but it comes out wistful—kind of a hopeful grin that passes unnoticed. And so he goes loping off, perhaps for a long walk in the woods where he can study rocks, watch the birds, hunt wild flowers.

Wallace Maynard Cox's boyhood could not have been much different. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, on December 6, 1924, but his parents divorced when he was still quite young. Brought up by his mother, a free-lance writer whose assignments kept her on the move, Wally and his sister traveled with her about the country. In the course of twelve years, he attended nine different schools before they finally settled in New York City. And, like Peepers, he also escaped from the rough-and-tumble world of the school yard into a calmer world of books and nature study. Unlike Peepers, however, Wally never kept mice or butterflies.

“Pinning wings is a pastime I would not indulge in,” he insists.

Unlike Peepers, who always intended to be a teacher when he grew up, Wally was going to be a writer. It was in his blood. His grandfather, Francis B. Atkinson, had contributed articles to *Compton's Encyclopedia* under the awe-inspiring pen name of A. Hallam Hawksworth—which perhaps accounts for Wally's current hobby of collecting odd names. (Latest gems: Desire Van Huydunk, Arthur Imbembo, Marko Toich, Tui St. George Tucker.) His grandmother, Elinor Atkinson, had written *Greyfriars* (Continued on page 85)

Wally Cox is *Mr. Peepers*, on NBC-TV, three Sundays out of four, 7:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Reynolds Metals Company.



RIN TIN TIN

Presented by the
National Biscuit Company
EVERY SUNDAY
over the
MUTUAL NETWORK

The most exciting new action show in radio. Adventures in the old West with Rin Tin Tin—the most famous canine hero of them all—and his pal, Rusty. Wards of a western cavalry company, Rin Tin Tin and Rusty fight Indians, cattle rustlers, and bank robbers, run the gamut of action and adventure.

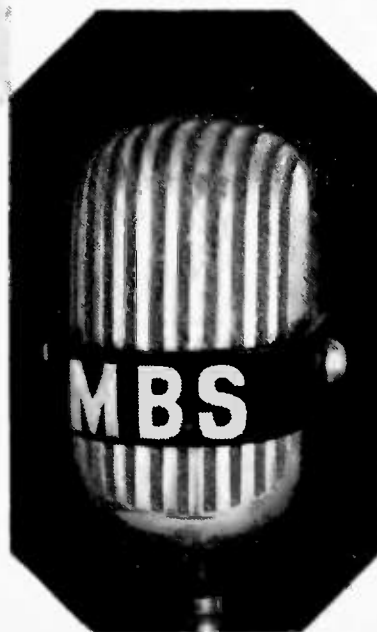
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- 5:30* PM True Detective Mysteries
- 6:00* PM Nick Carter

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Mutual Broadcasting System
The Network for All America





Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program Gabriel Heatter ² 8:55 It Happens Every Day ¹	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker*	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45		Robert Hurleigh Wifesaver Johnny Olsen Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Bob Smith Show	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Show
10:15 10:30		Kenny Baker Show News 10:35 Madeleine Carroll's Storytime	10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	
10:45	Break The Bank			
11:00	Strike It Rich	Florida Calling With Tom Moore 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Modern Romances	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15			Ever Since Eve	
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		Break The Bank	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News Aunt Jenny
12:15		Capitol Commentary with Les Higgle 12:20 Down At Holmsey's	Frank Farrell	
12:30 12:45				Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Cedric Foster, News 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		Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45			Betty Crocker* 2:35 Martin Block	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News, Ben Grauer 3:05 Women In Love Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show Modern Brides ³	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House House Party Mike & Buff's Mailbag 3:55 It Happens Every Day
4:00	Backstage Wife		Latin Quarter Matinee	News
4:15 4:30 4:45	Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Tony Martin's Quiz Treasure Island	4:25 Betty Crocker* Treasury Bandstand	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
		¹ M-W-F ² T-Th ³ Mon. only	*T, Th-Sheila Graham	

Monday

Evening Programs

5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Lorenzo Jones Mr. Jolly's Hotel For Pets It Pays To Be Married	Bobby Benson Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Musical Express Fred Beck Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News East Of Athens Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Greier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Ginner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News	Tennessee Ernie Choraliers Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Best Of All	Top Secret Files Broadway Cop	Henry J. Taylor American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone	Mr. & Mrs. North Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band Of America	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Reporters' Roundup	Sammy Kaye 9:25 News Music By Camarata	Perry Como Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve Two In The Balcony	News Manhattan Crossroads Distinguished Artists	Headline Edition Richard Rendell, News Martha Lou Harp	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Sgt. Preston Of Yukon	Charles Antell Show	News
5:15	Lorenzo Jones	Bobby Benson	Fred Beck	
5:30	Mr. Jolly's Hotel For Pets		Gloria Parker	
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Vincent Lopez	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports	
6:30	Three Star Extra		George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:45				
7:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News	Tennessee Ernie
7:15	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Quincy Howe	Choraliars
7:30	One Man's Family	Eddie Fisher	Silver Eagle	Edward R. Murrow
7:45			7:55 Les Griffith, News	
8:00	People Are Funny	Treasury Agent	Jack Gregson Show	Stop The Music
8:15				
8:30	Dragnet	John Steele, Adventurer		
8:45				
9:00	Lux Radio Theater	News, Bill Henry	Sammy Kaye	Stop The Music (con.)
9:15		9:05 Edward Arnold		Bing Crosby
9:30	Lux Theater (con.)	Mutual Newsreel	9:25 E. D. Canham, News	Amos 'n' Andy
9:45		Search That Never Ends	9:55 News	Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	News	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15	Great Gildersleeve	Manhattan Crossroads	Richard Rendell, News	
10:30	Listen To Washington		Take Thirty	

Thursday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Sgt. Preston Of Yukon	Charles Antell Show	News
5:15	Lorenzo Jones	Bobby Benson	Fred Beck	
5:30	Mr. Jolly's Hotel For Pets		Gloria Parker	
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Vincent Lopez	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports	
6:30	Three Star Extra		George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:45				
7:00	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News	Tennessee Ernie
7:15	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Quincy Howe	Choraliars
7:30	One Man's Family	Eddie Fisher	Silver Eagle	Edward R. Murrow
7:45			7:55 Les Griffith, News	
8:00	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	Jack Gregson Show	Suspense
8:15				8:25 Doug Edwards, News
8:30	Bob Hope Show	Crime Fighters		Nightwatch
8:45				
9:00	News	News, Bill Henry	Serenade Room	Rosemary Clooney
9:15	9:05 Spend A Million	9:05 Edward Arnold		
9:30		Mutual Newsreel	Ralph Flanagan Show	Bing Crosby
9:45		State Of The Nation		Amos 'n' Andy
				Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	News	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15	Great Gildersleeve	Manhattan Crossroads	Richard Rendell, News	
10:30	Jane Pickens Show	Musical Caravan	Front And Center	

Wednesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	Musical Express	News
5:15	Lorenzo Jones	Wild Bill Hickok	Fred Beck	
5:30	Mr. Jolly's Hotel For Pets		Gloria Parker	
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Vincent Lopez	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports	
6:30	Three Star Extra		George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:45				
7:00	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News	Tennessee Ernie
7:15	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Quincy Howe	Choraliars
7:30	One Man's Family	In The Mood	Lone Ranger	Edward R. Murrow
7:45			7:55 Les Griffith, News	
8:00	Oinah Shore	Squad Room	Jack Gregson Show	F.B.I. In Peace And War
8:15	Frank Sinatra			8:25 Doug Edwards, News
8:30				21st Precinct
8:45	Walk A Mile	Sentenced		
9:00	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry	Sammy Kaye	Perry Como
9:15		9:05 Edward Arnold		
9:30	Big Story	Mutual Newsreel	Brown Derby Record Room	Bing Crosby
9:45		Family Theater		Amos 'n' Andy
				Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee And Molly	News	Headline Edition	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15	Great Gildersleeve	Manhattan Crossroads	Richard Rendell, News	
10:30	Keys To The Capital	Sounding Board	Dunnigans & Friends	

Friday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	Musical Express	News
5:15	Lorenzo Jones	Wild Bill Hickok	Fred Beck	
5:30	Mr. Jolly's Hotel For Pets		Gloria Parker	
5:45	It Pays To Be Married	5:55 News, Cecil Brown	Vincent Lopez	Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe
6:00		Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
6:15	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges		Bill Stern, Sports	
6:30	Three Star Extra		George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
6:45				
7:00	Alex Oreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Vandercook, News	Tennessee Ernie
7:15	News Of The World	Gabriel Heatter	Quincy Howe	Choraliars
7:30	One Man's Family	In The Mood	Lone Ranger	Edward R. Murrow
7:45			7:55 Les Griffith, News	
8:00	Oinah Shore	Counter-Spy	Jack Gregson Show	Crime Photographer
8:15	Frank Sinatra			8:25 Doug Edwards
8:30	Friday With Garroway	Take A Number		Godfrey Oigest
8:45				
9:00	Garroway (con.)	News, Bill Henry	Sammy Kaye	Perry Como
9:15		9:05 Edward Arnold		
9:30		Mutual Newsreel	The World We Live In	Bing Crosby
9:45		Have A Heart	9:55 Sport Report	Amos 'n' Andy
				Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fights, Cavalcade Of Sports	News	Richard Rendell, News	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
10:15			Indoors Unlimited.	
10:30	Sports Highlights	Fall Out		

See Next Page →

Inside Radio

Saturday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45	Egbert & Ummly	Local Programs	Ooug Browning Show	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Egbert & Ummly (con.) Serenade To Romance	News	No School Today	News Of America Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Serenade (con.) Roadshow	Travel Guide Kite Flight	No School Today (con.) Space Patrol	News 10:05 Galen Drake Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Roadshow (con.) Roadshow (con.)	Kite Flight (con.)	News 11:05 Platterbrains All League Club House	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	National Farm And Home Hour Roadshow	Farm Quiz New England Barn Oance	News 12:05 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Roadshow (con.)	Fifth Army Band Ruby Mercer Show	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez 1:55 News	City Hospital News 1:35 Peter Lind Hayes Show 1:55 Galen Drake
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Roadshow (con.)		Metropolitan Opera	
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Roadshow (con.)		Metropolitan Opera (con.)	News
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Roadshow (con.)		Metropolitan Opera (con.)	News 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Roadshow (con.)	Teenagers Unlimited Brickhouse, Sports 5:55 News	News 5:05 Paulena Carter Pop Concert This Week In Washington As We See It	Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News H. V. Kaltenborn Thy Kingdom Come	Musical Almanac Men's Corner 6:55 Cecil Brown	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Roundup Capitol Cloakroom
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Travel Bureau 7:05 Heart Of The News College Quiz Bowl	Sam Levine, Kegler Report From Washington Keep Healthy Globe Trotter	News 7:05 Showtime Review At Ease Dinner At The Green Room	News 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Conversation Boston Symphony	True Or False Magic Valley Jamboree	Dance Party	Gunsmoke Juke Box Jury
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Boston Symphony (con.) Grand Ole Opry	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Ouda Ranch Jamboree Pee Wee Kling Show	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Ozark Jubilee Ambassador Hotel	News, Schorr 10:05 Country Style (con.) Louisville Philharmonic Orchestra

Sunday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs				
8:30 8:45			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup Carnival Of Books Faith In Action Art Of Living	Wings Of Healing Back To God	Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	The Music Room World News Roundup Organ Music
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Headlines In Perspective	Radio Bible Class Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choirs	Church Of The Air 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 John T. Flynn Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir 11:35 Invitation To Learning

Afternoon Programs

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

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	American Forum Travels In Tempo	Nick Carter Bob Considine Wisner, Sports	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News World Church	Gene Autry Hall Of Fame
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	A Radio Tribute	Rod And Gun Club Enchanted Hour	News 7:05 Quincy Howe George Sokolsky News	Jack Benny Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Or. Six Gun Barrie Craig	Heartbeat Of Industry Oklahoma City Symphony	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Adventure Of The Abbots Easy Money	Oklahoma City Symphony (con.) Manion Forum News, Hazel Markel	Walter Winchell News, Taylor Grant	Edgar Bergen Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee And Molly Great Gildersleeve NBC Travel Bureau 10:35 Meet The Press	Billy Graham Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey, News Elmer Oavis Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Mahalia Jackson, Gospel Singer Face The Nation

Florian ZaBach

(Continued from page 43)

syndicating a television show starring you!" Florian almost dropped the phone. For years, a network television show of his own had been a distant dream. After setting the lunch date, Florian called out the good news to his wife.

"Helen! We're going to have our own national television show!" Hearing the magic words, Helen ran in from the kitchen, fell into his arms, crying "I knew you would do it. I knew it! I knew it!"

Actually, Florian shared Helen's faith. Ever since he left the Army Medical Corps in 1944, he'd worked toward the day when he'd become a nationally recognized violin soloist.

But what must a man do to become a solo performer? As a musician, he must first play in an orchestra; then a good performer floats to the top as a leader; and, finally, if he's one of the best, he becomes a soloist.

Faith. It's the most important single element in any man's success. Besides his ability—no matter what his field—he must have faith, faith in himself, and faith in his dream. But when is a man's faith tested? When he's climbed the peak of success and all those about him acclaim his brilliance as a star? Or is it tested in the valley of trial where an unpredictable fate keeps smashing him down?

If Florian ZaBach's story is any measure, a man's faith is tested in his darkest hour: When you're ready to give up, when life looks black as a coal pit, that's the time to double your efforts, that's the time to work your hardest—and that's when your faith pays off.

Florian's story begins when he was nine years old, the day his father bought Florian his first violin. Musical dreams are contagious: Florian caught his dream from his father, a clarinet virtuoso. He remembers his father's words, when he handed him the fiddle: "God created music as a balm for troubled souls. Florian, melodies are like heavenly streams, cool and pure, bathing dust from wounded hearts."

The picture his father's words created for him excited the dream in Florian's heart: Someday, he would stand on a concert stage, would thrill hundreds, even thousands, with the music of his magic fiddle. But, at that tender age, he never dreamed that a new magic—the marvel of the electronic age, television—would make his music touch the hearts of millions!

In spite of his musical heart, Florian's father was a hard taskmaster. Perhaps it was because his own musical ambitions had been frustrated. On the verge of great recognition, he had suddenly met with an accident: He cut the tendons in one hand on a jagged piece of broken crockery.

As a result of his own disappointment, he drove Florian in his practice to limits beyond perfection. Perhaps he wanted to make sure that some part of his own musical dream lived in his son. Florian says, "We practiced from six to eight every night. Dad sat next to me, pounding out the tempo—one, two, three; one, two, three. But there were times in the beginning when I would lag.



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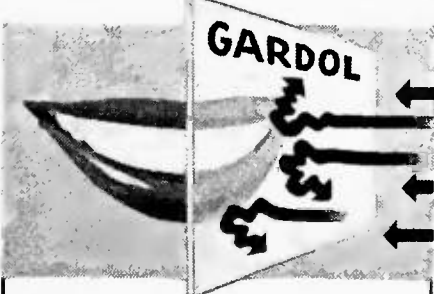
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Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But whether that's once, twice, or three times a day, be sure you use New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Colgate's stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!



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January 3-31

"I could always tell from the hurt look in his eyes when Dad was unhappy. Then I would get a big lump in my throat because I felt I was letting him down. After two hours of that, I went up to bed barely able to hold back the tears. But Mother was always there with love and affection. 'Tomorrow is another day,' she said. 'Tomorrow is another day, and I know you are going to do real well.'

"And I always went back to try again. I know this: My dad had the patience of Job. And, if it weren't for him, I wouldn't be able to play at all."

Florian's mother and father believed in him. They saw, early in his training, that he had great talent.

When he was only twelve years old, it seemed that Florian's destiny was soon to be realized: He played his first solo with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Two years later, he was starring at the famous Chicago World's Fair.

Florian was not a "mother's boy." Devoted to his daily violin practice as he was, he still found time for outside activities. At sixteen, he was a blond giant, spending happy summer afternoons swimming in the lake near his home. In the winter, he swam indoors for Chicago's Senn High School. Result: In 1936, he won the Chicago backstroke championship—a blue ribbon he prizes as much as his first concert audience's demand for a violin encore.

During this time, Florian studied with Samatini at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. But with his success in the Chicago Symphony—and later at the World's Fair—his parents decided to broaden his training in Europe. At sixteen, he made a solo tour of the European capitals, later studying at the Prague Conservatory.

"I came back to the United States," says Florian, "thinking I would be a great success. After all, I had toured Europe, had been accepted on the Continent. What a surprise when I found no one in America had ever heard of Florian ZaBach!"

The surprise made Florian aware of his position in America. His advantages: He was handsome, young, a more than competent violinist. His disadvantages: He was unknown here, and there were hundreds in the country in the same situation.

But music was his life. He was not going to give up a career which had taken fifteen years to develop. What could be done? he asked himself. His answer: What everyone else had done—he'd start from the bottom as a sideman in an orchestra, and work his way up. He still had his faith; he did not give up his destiny so easily.

He had no sooner begun his apprenticeship, on the staff of NBC Radio, than World War II broke out. He spent two and a half years in the Army Medical Corps, then returned to NBC.

"The musicians' union had a funny ruling," says Florian. "You have to wait eight or ten weeks before you can get your old job back. It was a break for me."

"Roy Shields, then musical director for NBC, told me: 'Florian, you should be in front of the public, not hidden behind a microphone. You could start with a little dance orchestra—I have a friend who is looking for a leader. How about it?'"

"I was scared. Really. I had never played in a dance band before. I didn't know a thing about the rhythms, as much as my Dad had drummed rhythm into me. It was an entirely new field."

"But Roy introduced me to the manager of Chicago's new LaSalle Hotel, got together the musicians, and gave me a library of music. I thought I was again on my way."

"On the strength of the job, I put down \$3,000 on a new \$10,000 violin. One which makes a lovely sound—it sings when you play. So I learned the rhythms, I played

a few solos, and I exceeded the show. This scared me, too. I had confidence that I could play, you know, but I had never talked to audiences!"

"All in all, it must have been all right, because our engagement was extended for a year and a half. I would probably be there today if it hadn't been for the fire."

The LaSalle Hotel fire of 1946 was a never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe—sixty-seven people were killed. Prior to this tragic conflagration, Florian's schedule had followed a set pattern: A few minutes before midnight, he would finish his solo, take his violin upstairs to its case for safe-keeping, change into a business suit, then return to the band for the last number.

The night of the fire, he had just put his fiddle away (it was still *uninsured*) and was returning to the ballroom, when he saw the bright light coming from the lobby. He looked down the stairwell: There were flames shooting thirty-feet in the air. He immediately ran to the ballroom to notify everyone on the downstairs level. (The fire had started in the elevator shaft.)

Then he thought of his fiddle! *If the fire gets up there, he thought, it would be just too bad.* He raced up the stairs to his room. Once there, he grabbed the violin case, running for the door—but, by this time, the corridor was too filled with smoke for escape in that direction.

Then he thought of jumping from the window. It was only the second floor, and the leap wouldn't be too much. But, when he looked out, his heart sank: There was a mezzanine in between, the alley behind the hotel slipped off another level, and it was paved with rough cobblestones, against which he wouldn't stand a chance. The fiddle would surely be smashed—the whole cause lost.

So, for forty-five minutes, he stayed in the room while firemen rained water on the building and the hotel crackled around him. Finally, he felt it was safe to brave the flames. Tucking the violin case under his coat, he raced through the smoke-filled corridor, down the stairs to the fire escape, and through the flames to the street. Most of Florian's hair was burned off, his eyebrows were gone, his coat was so burned through that the case was aflame! But the fiddle was unharmed.

When is a man's faith tested? In his darkest hour. Florian spent two months recuperating—and thinking that, when he recovered, he could go back to his old job. It had been promised to him. But the rebuilding of the hotel, supposed to be finished in four weeks, took *fourteen months*.

Florian never gave up hope for his career. He still had his fiddle and, after he himself had recovered, he was offered a spot as a leader in the Hilton Hotel chain. Slowly, he again built up a following, first

in Chicago's Palmer House, then in the Plaza's Persian Room in New York, and finally at the Mayflower in Washington.

It was at the Mayflower that Florian met Helen, his wife-to-be, whose offices were in the building. The first time she heard him play, she was swept away by the magic of his music. This man, she thought, should be playing to *millions*, not to a dining room full of enraptured hotel guests. Florian's and Helen's courtship lasted one year, during which time she urged him to again try the solo circuit.

Florian was overjoyed that Helen had faith in him, too. Now they would be two together, their combined strength would be unbeatable. So, shortly after their marriage, they left Washington for New York: Florian would be a soloist, he would play before his dream of thousands, or they would both die in the attempt.

But, before a man can scale the peaks of success, he must first tread the valley of trial. "I had an agent in New York," says Florian, "who said that trying to sell me to producers was like trying to sell snow to Eskimos. He'd say to them: 'I'm handling Florian ZaBach.' The producers asked: 'What's that? A new kind of cheese?' When he told them I was a violinist, they pointed to their orchestras, saying, 'I've got ten violins. I need another one like I need a hole in the head!'"

This period of trial lasted two years. During this time, Florian worked occasionally, but there were times when the rent was long overdue and the refrigerator empty. It was finally necessary for them to sell their furniture; then Florian pawned the jewelry—and, finally, a ring Helen had given him as a gift.

"I walked into the pawn shop," says Florian, "offering some of my clothes and the ring. The broker looked at me as though I were a thief. He didn't offer me nearly the ring's value, so I took it down the street. I'm sure he followed me because he thought I was a crook. In the end, I had to accept his price."

"During these two years, there were opportunities offered me to go back into a band as a sideman. Much as our hungry stomachs wanted those jobs, I couldn't accept them. And Helen wouldn't have let me do it if I wanted to. If I had taken even one of those jobs, it would have meant the two years had been *wasted*."

With everything they owned pawned—everything except the violin—behind in the rent, without furniture (not even a radio), they still never gave up their belief that Florian would be accepted.

"Then it happened," says Florian, "and I can thank Arthur Godfrey. I had been on one of his radio shows in Washington. So, thinking I should try television, I visited his *Talent Scouts* show. I played 'The Hot Canary'—and I won!"

That was the beginning of Florian's rapid rise to fame as a soloist. After winning on *Talent Scouts*, he went into Broadway's Strand Theater for three weeks—and was held over for *thirty-three*, setting a record. Then Decca Records asked for him: His first recording, "The Hot Canary," sold over a million copies! Then Florian began making guest appearances: Again on Godfrey's *Talent Scouts*, *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*, the Milton Berle show and others. Finally, he had his own TV show in New York—the show on which Mr. Reuben Kaufman saw him.

Today, Florian's long-cherished dream has come true. As a soloist, he plays—not to thousands—but to *millions* of fans. His Guild Films show is already being seen on sixty-seven stations throughout the country, will play to one hundred stations by February and two hundred by next spring—proving, beyond the most skeptical doubts, that a man should have faith in his dreams.

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the MARCH ISSUE of

TV RADIO MIRROR

on sale February 8

The Greatest Question

(Continued from page 44)
kind of quick, dry humor the show needed.)

Quizzes had never been strictly parlor or party games for the Van Deventers. The children had learned their alphabet earlier than most kids do, because Florence and Van had turned it all into an exciting quiz. "Then we learned the states," Nancy recalls, "and their capitals, and things like that, by making a game of them. When Mother bathed us, when Daddy washed my hair, or at meals, or when we were in the car, we would start doing quizzes. We thought it was wonderful fun."

Nancy, who started it all on the air, has been the "substitute" on the show, rather than a regular member . . . fitting in her appearances between her high schooling, her college work—she majored in Early Childhood Education—and, more recently, a job. Bobby (who took his grandmother's name of McGuire for the program) was off the air for four years while he went to Duke University in North Carolina . . . so a friend of his, Johnny McPhee, commuted from his classes at Princeton to the studio in New York to take Bobby's place. When Johnny went on to Cambridge for further study, Bobby was ready to fit back into the show.

The usual panel still consists of Van, Florence (who uses her maiden name of Rinard on the show), Bobby and Herb—with Jay Jackson as quizmaster, and Jack Irish as the "Mystery Voice" who lets the home audience in on the secret subject chosen. A guest quizmaster is invited each week from show business or from any one of dozens of other fields.

In the beginning, Florence and Van

thought the program might last six months, maybe a year, if they were lucky. Van was a successful newscaster at this point—a logical step as a result of his solid experience as a newspaperman and reporter—and the hard years of the Depression were forgotten. To a large extent, *Twenty Questions* was started as a family show, simply for the fun of it. Just the same, they all had first-night fright, and Nancy—who felt responsible for it—was practically petrified. (The show went on television in the fall of 1949, practically a pioneer in the new medium, first as a simulcast and now exclusively TV.)

The Van Deventers use the word "deduce" instead of the word "guess," because—as Van says—"We don't guess. Even when the answer may seem to come to one of us in a flash, it is a logical deduction from what has been established by the previous questions."

When they are not in the New York studio for the show—it takes only a half-hour a week and, of course, no rehearsal time, since the whole thing starts spontaneously as the cameras begin to grind—they are apt to be somewhere close to home, which is an eight-room ranch-style house in Princeton, New Jersey. They call the place *Twintegspel*, which is Dutch for "a game of twenty." (At least, that's what Van found out in the Princeton University Library.)

"It's the home we dreamed about," Florence says. "The one we talked about during all those years when we barely had money enough to get by, when everybody was feeling the pinch and Fred was doing any kind of work he could get—newspaper or otherwise—to keep the family going. We used to sit around and

plan this house we were going to build someday."

"We designed it, and re-designed it," Van adds, "And, over the years, we had plenty of time to change our ideas before the dream came true. But when it did—as we knew it would someday—we had decided just about what we wanted, and could go right ahead."

The house is set on five acres, landscaped to look as much as possible like the Indiana farms where Van and Florence spent their childhood. (Van grew up in Tipton and Florence in Farmland. They didn't meet until they were both in Chicago—which is a later part of this story.) Reminiscent of their farm background is the old dinner bell, and the pond which, in season, is occupied by four ducks and hundreds of frogs. There are flowers everywhere—from early spring until late fall—vegetable gardens, spreading lawns and fine old trees.

Missing is an outdoor fireplace, although there is a grill where the youngsters can cook hamburgers for their own friends. Florence, who is the chef most of the time, prefers cooking in her own compact, completely modern kitchen, and Van doesn't care much for steak, that staple of the outdoor cook's menu. He much prefers his wife's cream-baked chicken, a recipe he says only she understands. And he's willing to put up her pies against any pies baked anywhere, against all the State Fair champions and all the professional cooks in the country.

Van proposed to Florence in front of an oven ("to be assured of good meals for the rest of his life," she says). They had met when he was working as a reporter on the Chicago Hearst newspaper. Van's

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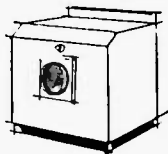
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kid sister had come to Chicago with a national musical chorus group which included high school supervisors—among whom was a married girl they both knew from his home town. "This girl telephoned me and said I had been elected to show them the big city. I said that was fine—mentally counting the change in my pockets—and immediately touched a few of my newspaper pals for some loans to finance the expeditions.

"This girl had asked if I wanted her to bring along a date chosen from among her sorority sisters. I said fine to that, too—but when she asked if I preferred blondes or brunettes, I said I was neutral. So she brought along two dates—an attractive brunette, and a little five-foot, blue-eyed blonde named Florence Mae Rinard."

Van pauses when he tells this, and looks at his wife. "I guess I never did have a chance. By the second date, I had forgotten all about the brunette."

That first date was during the latter part of April, 1928. A little later, Florence's mother and aunt came to Chicago to visit ("to look me over," Van says). Florence cooked dinner for them, fried chicken country-style, with home-made biscuits. "I think those biscuits did the trick. She was taking them out of the oven when I proposed to her."

They were married the following June 21, in Muncie, Indiana. Van was so excited he forgot the flowers and the bride had to provide her own bouquet. The minister was up on the scaffolding inspecting his new church when they grabbed him off to perform the ceremony. (Florence's brother had driven them over to Muncie because their own minister was away at a conference. Florence had practiced organ in the Muncie church, however, and the minister there had often stopped to listen to her playing—and, by the merest chance, her organ teacher happened to come by just in time to play for the wedding!) Van had to get back to his job as a reporter, so there had been little chance to make formal plans.

"Our honeymoon trip was a slow train to Chicago," he recalls. "We stopped exactly twenty minutes at Peru, Indiana, where we had our 'wedding lunch' of hamburgers and coffee. When we got off the train in Chicago, I kissed my bride and gave her the key to my apartment, where we were going to live. I had to hurry to cover a fight that night. You might say I have been covering one ever since."

"You might," the whole family shouts at this, "except that it wouldn't be true."

It definitely wouldn't be. They're an arguing family, but without any rancor. They all have definite convictions and are sticklers for facts. Nancy, for instance, is a demon defender of exact dates. If her father says that a certain program was in November and she thinks it was the last week in October, that can be good for five minutes of debate—until someone gets the facts and decides the argument.

It's this pertinacity for finding the right answers to everything which makes them such a dynamic quiz team. It makes them dynamic in everything they do. Florence is a serious pianist—she once taught both music and art in the Indiana schools. She still does watercolors and pastels, is a volunteer worker in the hospital at Princeton, and does church work. Nancy has been taken up with tackling her first independent job outside the family circle and outside the family show. Bobby has written a book—a novel—but he doesn't like to talk of it and, when anybody asks what the book is about, he says casually, "Oh, about 250 pages." (At Duke, he was active in theatricals, and wrote a play, produced there, called "All's Fair in Love.")

There's a rumor that Van is writing a book, too—and he almost owns up to it. When weather permits and he isn't pounding the typewriter, he's out riding the tractor around the place, although only half-heartedly doing the kind of chores that keep him away from his fishing and from the 20-foot express cruiser which he bought last summer to fulfill another long-time dream.

Their social life has centered mostly around Princeton, ever since they made their home there. Florence and Van play bridge a lot, and the whole family goes in for square dancing, belonging to a club which now meets in an old barn but will someday get together in the basement of the Van Deventer manse, when Van gets it all ready for them. Besides the ducks who live on their pond, they have Lughead the cat ("Part Persian," Nancy says. "Mostly alley," Van adds). Jughead, their collie, went to dog heaven a while back and they haven't yet found the dog to replace him.

People often ask how a family has been able to make a successful program out of such a simple game, known to millions before it was put on the air. The children remind questioners that Van has been a working newspaperman and a newscaster of long experience, that he has a fine background of historical study and reading and a passion for keeping up with current events, and that Florence has a fund of information about both music and art, and a lifelong acquaintance with the Bible. The kids, too, have become authorities on certain subjects. Bobby is well versed in information about most sports, particularly baseball. Nancy has a wide knowledge of classical music and musicians (a subject Herb Polesie knows well, also, along with modern music and an almost encyclopedic knowledge of show business and all that pertains to it).

They are often asked: What are the easiest subjects to guess? "The ones we get," they chorus. (Actually, any subject which they can identify after fifteen questions, they count as reasonably easy.) One of the toughest ones they ever had to figure out was "the flag on a country mailbox." They don't know why, but it was.

The very toughest subject they have ever encountered is "the weakest link in a chain." It pops up every once in a while, and they never get it. Van says, "It's not readily identifiable, as other subjects are. For instance, it could be either animal, or vegetable, or mineral—leather, rope, or metal—so you can't start to pin it down." Florence adds, "And it's only part of a saying, which helps to make it hard."

When the Van Deventers are invited to parties, no one ever asks them any more to play "Twenty Questions." In the first place, they're too good at it. In the second, everyone would suppose that, after nine years on the air, playing *any* parlor game would seem too much like their regular job.

The situation is quite the contrary, however. It's true they no longer have to depend on quiz games alone for amusement. But, if you ride in the family car with two or more Van Deventers, or wait with them for a meal to be served in a restaurant—or are anywhere with time to be filled and nothing special to do—it starts. Someone will suddenly get that quiz-zical look. "It's vegetable, and mineral," says someone (probably Nancy), and they're off.

"Does this thing exist?" Van may ask. "Can it be located geographically?" Bobby will follow up.

"If it doesn't exist, is it in a saying, or in poetic fiction?" Florence questions.

And so it goes, on and on. For the whole twenty questions, if need be.

Betty White

(Continued from page 31)

The Great Gildersleeve, then regular parts on several radio shows and, finally, television came into the picture.

Betty has won some personal bonuses from her philosophy of life. "I don't believe in defeat" has taught her something of both courage and faith. There was the time, for example, even after she had started in radio, when her progress seemed stymied. She just wasn't getting ahead.

But she felt, inside of herself—or, rather, she *knew* deep inside of her—that making people happy with entertainment was for her, and in *this* she had faith. This faith carried her through a bleak period which followed her original radio success. But, during this time, she didn't complain. Instead, she told me one day how she felt:

"Mom," she said, "anybody can keep going when the going is good, but the secret is to hang on when everything seems to be going against you."

I think Betty's first job in television illustrates how *faith* pays off. Because she knew in her heart that entertaining was for her, she was willing to do anything to keep herself going—even working for nothing. This she did, one day on Joe Landis' early variety show. Where fate had previously stolen her voice, it stepped in again with this first job. Mr. Landis had a long list of singers and possibilities to call on for his show. But, by pure chance, not one of them was able to show up! Betty's name was the last on the list—and, just one hour before showtime, she got the call. She went on, did the song and, on the strength of it, was signed to do a song spot on another show, Wes Battersea's *Grab Your Phone*.

But this didn't last long, either. I think that, psychologically, this was Betty's low point. She had been trying desperately to break into TV—those two nibbles had encouraged and then disappointed her—and pounding the pavement from one agent's door to another had resulted in only "no work" news. She came in, on the day we call "the very discouraged Thursday," nearly defeated, saying: "Oh, Mom. I just don't know, any more . . . am I beat or am I beat?"

"What do you think?" I said. "Have you forgotten so soon what you told me about hanging on?"

"No," she said, "I haven't forgotten!" She sat up and, proceeding to pull herself out of it, said: "Yup! I will just go out again tomorrow. I still feel it: *I just know there must be something!*"

At that very instant, the phone rang. It was Al Jarvis. She had known him briefly on the KLAC lot—they had been introduced, but that's all.

"I've seen you on the *Grab Your Phone* show," he said. "How would you like to try out for a television show I'm starting?"

"Fine," said Betty, thinking it was for one time only.

"Tell me," asked Mr. Jarvis, "can you sing? Dance? Are you willing to do the commercials?"

Betty, stretching it a bit, bravely said "Yes" to everything. Then, hanging up the phone, she reported: "Mother, I think I've got a job for Monday!"

Monday she went in to discover that her job was to run five hours a day, six days a week!

That was Betty's real beginning. At first, she was only to answer the phone on Mr. Jarvis' show, as she had on *Grab Your Phone*. But the job grew to helping with the commercials, then "setting up" the commercials—then interviewing the guests.

I remember an incident that happened last year, which illustrates Betty's en-

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thusiasm, her optimism, her "don't believe in defeat" attitude. Betty and her orchestra leader, Frank DeVol, were both candidates in the race for Honorary Mayor of Hollywood. Selection of the Mayor was part of an annual Kiwanis campaign to raise money for underprivileged and needy children. All of Hollywood—in fact, everyone—can vote, the votes costing ten cents each, the money going into the Kiwanis Children's Fund.

I remember that, at a luncheon honoring the "mayoral candidates" (Betty, Frank DeVol, Lawrence Welk, Tennessee Ernie, Jack Bailey, and others), there were a number of long Kiwanian faces. Though it was early in the race, there had been such a scant number of ten-cent votes counted that their \$3,000 goal looked mighty distant.

But Betty didn't lose her enthusiasm. In fact, knowing that things looked rough, she was more determined than ever to make the campaign a success. Then, at the luncheon, she and Frank DeVol were thrown into an ad-lib skit together—as one mind, it seemed, they began making jokes of the financial situation. Before the luncheon was over, their enthusiasm had spread to all the club members.

No, neither Betty nor Frank DeVol won the title—at that time (though Betty did win this year's campaign). Jack Bailey, of *Queen For A Day*, was elected. But the enthusiasm with which all the "mayors" campaigned did make the original \$3,000 figure look pale and wan—all together, they raised \$10,000!

And, the day after the luncheon, Betty went up to her producers, Don Fedderson and George Tibbles, saying: "That Frank DeVol is a funny man—if he can make the Kiwanians laugh in such a situation, he should be able to make other folks laugh, too. And we work like a charm together. We really ought to find a situation for him on *Life With Elizabeth*." And that's how Frank came to that show.

But I'm getting a little bit ahead of myself. We were still talking about Al Jarvis and Betty's first success. You know, Betty has always been first to give credit for this success to Mr. Jarvis. Al gave her a schooling she will never forget. And it's fared her well, believe me.

By now, it seems that everything in Betty's career since her first introduction to TV on the Jarvis show is almost anticlimactic. From that beginning, she just seemed to grow. The next big break came when Betty was offered her own program on KLAC, here in Los Angeles. Mr. Don Fedderson, then station manager, had watched Betty take hold of the show, after Mr. Jarvis had gone to another station. When he saw that she was so at home, so successful, he just upped and told her one day: "Betty, from now on we're going to call this *The Betty White Show*!"

Then Betty started doing a little three-minute spot at night. It was Betty's brainchild, called *Alvin And Elizabeth*, and it, too, soon grew to five minutes—then more. There were no written sketches, just some things that Betty dreamed up. She finally ran out of ideas and hired George Tibbles to write material for it—but, by then, it was a weekly one-hour show. It was later chopped down to a half-hour of just plain *Life With Elizabeth*. This was the show which won her the 1952 "Emmy" as the most outstanding personality in TV.

And this year, of course, *Life With Elizabeth* won her her *Billboard* magazine awards. She was so surprised! Last year, Lucy and Jack Webb were the two big winners, with Imogene Coca running a close second. It was something Betty always liked to read about as happening to others, but she never dreamed she was under consideration. So it came like a

bolt from the blue, when she read that she had been voted two top awards: "the best actress in any syndicated program" and "best comedy actress"! Jack Webb won again this year, too, and Loretta Young won as the best network actress.

But not all of Betty's life since television has been smooth as cream. She has had to work hard for her success. Her schedule is demanding. She has been so physically tired at times that she was ready to drop. And we've had some emotional problems here in the house, in her private life, that have knocked the props out from under her, too.

You know, Betty's pets play such an important part in her life, and one night we had a tragedy—Betty's Pekingese was taken sick and, in the middle of the night, she took him to the vet's. We had had him for many years, but his time had come, and we lost him. Of course, Betty cried the rest of the night.

Well, some people may scoff. They may think you do not get attached to dogs. But I know better. They are just like children to us. They always become such an important part of our house. Betty, you know, is an only child. And, ever since she was a baby, we've had puppies for her to play with. We hoped they would help take the place of the brothers and sisters she couldn't have—because an auto accident took that possibility away from me shortly after her birth. It's for this reason we've always had dogs to help fill the house. And that's why, when we lose one, it's such a great tragedy.

Betty says that it's "a vacant place to fill." She has made it a policy always to fill that emptiness with a new puppy. She says it doesn't take the same place in your heart the other dog had, but it helps fill up the hurt—and then you get so preoccupied watching the new little puppy in its antics, you fall in love all over again.

The point is that, the night our little Peke died, Betty was prostrated. She cried all night—the very night before she was to make her first and most important film for *Life With Elizabeth*. Up until then, she had been a West Coast personality—but, the next morning, she was to make the appearance which would introduce her across the nation.

Believe me, that day she had to reach down into her faith to put on a smile, to be cheery in front of the camera. But she never said, "Why did this have to happen to me?" She didn't complain. Rather, as she wiped the tears and went out the door, she said:

"It hurts, Mother. But I guess I'm not the only one in the world with a pain. There must be millions who are far worse off today than we are. . . ."

And that statement illustrates the last point in Betty's philosophy of life: *Courage*—courage in the face of obstacles. She did not cover herself with self-pity; she did not take the attitude that she was in a situation in which nobody had ever been before. She smiled, went to work, hoping she could bring happiness into someone else's life.

The way I have been telling this makes it sound like I'm bragging about Betty. Of course, a mother would sound that way, but I don't mean to make Betty sound noble—she's nothing of the sort. She's just a regular gal who's learned, the hard way, that—when the going gets rough—faith supplies "staying power." She's learned from experience that she's never alone with her problems—other people have suffered before and won out, probably in the exact situations she found herself in. And these experiences have given her the courage never to believe in defeat.

Romantic Adventure

(Continued from page 62)

There are book-lined shelves. Other shelves and occasional tables are decked with old and beautiful silver, including a pair of covered entree dishes which once belonged to the late, great George Bernard Shaw and bear his monogram. Against one wall is an old Florentine desk at which Mr. Long answers his fan mail. Here and there, too, is the gleam of copper, of which the most beautiful piece is an old Italian kettle.

Also ornamenting the apartment are Teufelchen (a German name meaning "little devil") and Alcibiades—Mr. Long's two Siamese cats, who make "living alone" a misstatement, according to their master. "They are very intelligent," he says. "You can talk to them and they answer back. Make little noises—which, since I understand them, is conversation."

In Mr. Long's airborne apartment, we sat and talked (with Teufelchen and Alcibiades making occasional contributions) about, first of all, *Young Widder Brown* and Mr. Long's fondness for Michael Forsyth, a part which he has been playing for more than a year now.

"If, one of these days, Michael Forsyth should marry Ellen Brown," I asked the man who knows him best, "what kind of a husband do you think he'd make?"

"As a husband, Forsyth—described in the script as 'A young businessman from Chicago, about 35, wealthy, handsome, executive-type'—would doubtless be first-rate," Mr. Long laughed. "He's a nice chap, Forsyth, with many assets more important than looks and wealth to offer a woman—courtesy, for instance, consideration and a nature sensitive to the problems and pains of others.

I don't know, however, whether or not Michael Forsyth will marry the Widder Brown. Nevertheless, at present, there is a nice, romantic, very charming thing between him and Ellen.

"To have a nice, romantic, very charming feeling about Widder Brown is not, by the way, too difficult a job of acting," Mr. Long smiled his very nice smile, "for Wendy Drew, who plays Ellen, is a very charming girl. Blonde and small and dainty. Friendly, and fun. Very much the outdoor type, too, in spite of her seeming fragility. Lives here in New York, as I do—loves it, as I do—and, also as I do, loves to swim, to drive, to be in the sun, in the country . . . We are, in fact, very 'simpatico' off-mike, as well as on. So is everyone in the cast. Even Ethel Wilson—who plays Mrs. Summers, our bitter enemy on the show—is our good friend in real life, often comes here to dinner with Wendy and others of our group.

"I would not like to be typed," said Ronald Long, who is known as one of the most versatile actors on radio and TV. "I enjoy too much the variety of roles I've been fortunate enough to play. It's stimulating to go from one extreme to another, as I often do. On a TV series titled *The Hunter*, for instance, I recently played a Communist commissar, a particularly decadent sadist who—while making people wait, making them suffer—sits behind his desk, eating chocolates! The difference between this unpleasant fellow and the servile but hearty Mr. Pumblecook I played in "Great Expectations," on *Robert Montgomery Presents*, is what I mean by 'variety.' I enjoyed the role of Evans Baker, the sophisticated, brilliant lawyer I played on *Love Of Life* for some fifteen months, over CBS-TV. And the many others—romantic leads and ruffians, youngsters and oldsters—I've done on *Studio*

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"But, if I had to be typed, I prefer it to be in the person and character of Michael Forsyth—who has become, in effect, my 'alter ego,' my other self. Besides, I like the fellow! Like him, and understand him, despite the fact that we have many dissimilarities in both character and experience. He was born in Chicago, about thirty-five years ago, and I—born in London, England, January 30, 1911—am eight years his senior.

"He is in love and I, as of this instant, am not. He wants to marry Ellen Brown, and his wish to be married I do share and understand, in spite of being something of the 'confirmed bachelor'. If or when I marry, I would prefer the girl I marry to be a career woman.

"Forsyth is a businessman, the 'executive type'; and here we are radically unlike, for I am not remotely the businessman type. I try to be, but I don't succeed very well. Investments, 'deals,' contracts, income tax returns, stocks, bonds, 'interest on your money,' and such are so much meaningless jargon to me. As for my being the 'executive type,' that is clearly—and in one word—laughable!

"The bookish type is a more apt description of me, I'm afraid. The browser fits me, too. Always browsing about, as I am, in bookstores and antique shops. And I certainly am a fellow with hobbies. Cooking is one of them, and always has been. I love to have people in, cook for my friends very often. I bone up by reading 'gourmet' cookbooks. Chicken Paprika is one of my specialties. Roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, another. . . .

"Painting is another of my hobbies—watercolors as well as walls! And deep-sea fishing, too, by way of contrast (I enjoy rather violent contrasts!)—off the coast of New Jersey, where I often fish—off Montauk at the tip of Long Island, for flounder and bass. However, driving my car—a sports model, one of those high-powered Studebaker things—is the sport or hobby I most enjoy. I get in my car and go for miles and miles and miles! I like driving out to funny old country inns . . . like poking around in little old restaurants in the city, too, sampling, tasting. . . . None of these activities, of course, are guaranteed to give me 'interest on my money!' " Mr. Long laughed.

Forsyth is described in the script as: 'Handsome, romantic leading-man type.' I don't know whether I'm handsome or not, have never given the matter much thought. . . ." (Editor's Note: Not "handsome," perhaps, but he has an interesting face—a clever face, mobile and expressive; dark hair, gray eyes; very much the type one reads about in the better English novels.) "However," Mr. Long was saying, "I am 'romantic' indeed! Too romantic, at times, for my own good. Like Forsyth, a little of the flower-sending type, the rememberer of 'the day and the place we first met,' 'the time and the tune to which we first danced.' Also like Forsyth, the type who truly considers a woman—especially a loved woman—and from every angle . . . her comfort, her wishes, her whims, her good.

"Forsyth is wealthy and here is another very definite dissimilarity, for I am not, and never have been.

"I was a poor little boy, very, very poor. My parents (I was the only child) were extremely poor. I wouldn't say I was born in a London slum, but very near it. However, my parents' circumstances improved after the war and we were able to get away from this environment. And, after I became an actor, I lived in a flat overlooking the Thames.

"Also unlike Forsyth—who, I am sure,

never entertained a notion of being an actor—I have always acted, always. From infancy, I dressed up in my father's clothes, my mother's clothes. So do most kids—but, with me, it was insatiable! From my first conscious memory, it was obvious to me that I would be an actor. There was acting. There was I. It fitted.

"No one in my family history was ever connected with the theater. No one ever took me to the theater, or talked to me about it. Of course, since there was no money for it, I could not go to any of the good public schools where I might have met others of my age interested in the arts, in the theater. Nor make trips to the Continent. Nor even take vacations to the sea.

"This very poverty of experience may well account for the fact that I—a lonely child in need of companionship, an imaginative child in need of food for the imagination—read a great deal (especially Shakespeare), observed a great deal, and acted out all that I read and saw and heard. In the varied and colorful roles I played—solo performances to an 'empty house'—I lived in dreams the rich, exciting and satisfying life I did not live in fact. . . .

Until one day, when I was fourteen, I gave a recitation in school (as Bottom, I remember, in 'Midsummer Night's Dream') and Lady Benson, wife of Sir Frank Benson, the great Shakespearean actor and head of the Benson Dramatic Academy, was there.

"When anyone asks me, 'Who was the greatest influence in your life?'—the answer is 'Lady Benson.' She was a very dear friend to me, and gave me my start by arranging free tuition for me at the Benson Academy. Actually, my career started with the Benson Academy and was sparked by the stimulation and inspiration of working under the late Sir Frank. It was also Lady Benson who launched me on my first job—a whole season of Shakespeare at London's Savoy Theater.

"After my season at the Savoy, I toured with the Benson Shakespearean Company for several seasons, then played for several more at the Old Vic. All my early work was done in Shakespeare—I gave every evidence of becoming a 'long-hair' actor—usually in the roles of his young comedy characters, such as Launcelot Gobbo in 'Merchant of Venice,' Brondello in 'Taming of the Shrew,' and so on. . . . As time passed, I passed into slightly more mature roles, but still comedy—and still Shakespeare. To this day, I might be still in London, still in Shakespeare, if it were not that my dream of coming to America—it was more than a dream, it was a compulsive urge—took over. . . .

"So when, a little more than seven years ago, I no longer had any family ties in England (my parents having died), I seized the opportunity to come to America. . . .

"I didn't know one single soul. I didn't have one single letter of introduction. I arrived here November 15, 1947. The first thing I did, immediately I landed, was go to the top of the Empire State Building. Every year since, on the fifteenth of November, I go to the top of the Empire State, look down and about to see what has happened to the city—and to me—in the past twelve months.

"But that first afternoon—late afternoon, dusk coming on—I was terrified. The size of the buildings. These huge buildings. The speed. The traffic. The roar. The people. The millions of people. *What will I do here? I thought. What can I do? Where will I find my place?*

"It looked to me, the stranger, so formidable, so overwhelming. It seemed to me so callous. But only, as I soon found out, on the surface. For, after I was settled,

in a little back room—very small, very cold in winter, very hot in summer—I walked up out of the streets into the offices of agents and managers whose names and addresses I found in the classified directory. And, within two months, I had my first job—with Deborah Kerr and Mar-tita Hunt on the *Theater Guild On The Air* production of 'Mary of Scotland.' Then I did *Cavalcade Of America*, on which I played Benjamin Franklin. And there-after played Benjamin Franklin several times. Whenever a producer needed Ben-jamin Franklin, he sent for me! To be wanted for the role of Benjamin Franklin, so deep in the history and in the heart of America, made me feel at home.

"There were moments of very great stress, however, in that first year. Apart from the shows I've mentioned, I didn't work very much. I'd put aside enough from my modest capital to get back to London, if need be. But, before the year was up, I'd got down to—and gone through—the reserve. I'd burned my bridges. I really didn't mind. After the moment of terror I experienced on the day of my arrival, I was not afraid. At the age of seventeen, I had become a convert to Catholicism and I have found my religion fills—and will always and unfailingly fill—all my needs. Besides, the excitement of America, the sense of adventure in the very air I breathed, suited my personality.

"What didn't suit my personality or nature was the waiting, the delay. . . . Unlike our friend Michael Forsyth—who appears to be a man of admirable control and patience—my worst fault is, without a doubt, impatience. I can't bear people who are not on time, people who don't do things they say they're going to do when they say they're going to do them. The type of individual who says, 'Be with you at 12 noon'—and arrives at 1 P.M.! I want, above all, to get things done, want people and events to move quickly. Want—especially career-wise—to get there!

I am also (another fault) very extrava-gant. I like my surroundings to be com-fortable, charming and, yes, luxurious. If I had the money, I'd buy a still more ex-pensive car than the one I have. I'd buy still more expensive furniture. More rare books. More old rare silver and copper.

"The odd, and seemingly contradictory, thing is that I am not burningly ambitious. I'm not one of those who torture them-selves because they are not among The Great. To give pleasure to other people is, I think, the great thing and, after that, the chips can fall as and where they will. But what I do, however modest it may be, I want to do well—and I want to do it now.

"Now I feel that I am doing it, that I am moving, that things are moving for me, that there is momentum. For, after that first year, one contact led to another, one job to another. Things fell into place, day by day, as things have a way of doing. For the part of Evans Baker on *Love Of Life*, I didn't raise my little finger. Nor for many of the roles I played on *Mystery Theater*, *Stella Dallas*, *Mr. Keen*, and the others I mentioned.

"At the end of that first year, in fact, I moved from my small little room to an apartment which was larger, pleasanter, higher up, then to another still larger, pleasanter and higher up, and now," said Mr. Long with his eyes on the sky that looks in his windows, "now here!

"I had a hunch—America!" he said. "I played the hunch, and won. I had a dream—America. The dream has come true. I believed that my future was in America, and that a man must follow his future. I followed mine—and, as I believed, it is here."

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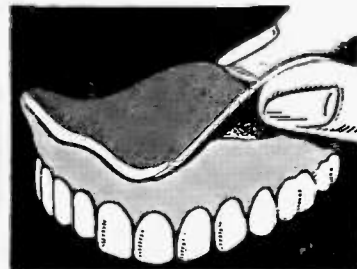
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The First Little Godfrey

(Continued from page 49)
credit," Jan repeats. "That's an awful lot of work, getting a house completely furnished in only three months."

What was the rush? Well, Jan had invited her parents and four of her brothers and sisters to New York for Christmas and she wanted to be ready for them.

"You know my apartment is small," she says, "and it used to break my heart to have them come all the way in from Arkansas and then be put up at a hotel."

Although she has been working away from home since her teens, Jan has always been close to her family. The year before she bought the house, her sister Carolyn came to New York City for a visit. Carol liked New York and wanted to stay, so Jan sent her back to Pine Bluff just long enough to take a business course. Then Carol came back and has since acted as Jan's personal secretary.

"People ask me how it feels to be the sister of a celebrity," Carol says. "I tell them Jan has always been the star of our family, even though we all respect each other equally."

The two sisters have been living together for years now. They get along famously. They have learned to compensate for each other's moods, get problems talked out, and laugh at the right time. They still have long gab sessions profitably spent analyzing their dates. "For example," Jan says, grinning, "the subject might be, 'How independent can a woman afford to be?'"

From Sunday evening to Friday afternoon, they live in Manhattan. In the early morning, Carol gets breakfast going while Jan dresses. Jan allows herself a couple of hours to make ready for the cameras, for she has always done her own grooming, hair-dressing and manicuring. About nine, she leaves the apartment and Carol takes over Jan's mail, does the shopping and relieves Jan of many housekeeping tasks. And, of course, Carol takes Honey out for her morning constitutional. (Honey is a handsome toy French poodle that Jan is extremely fond of. "I just looked and said, 'honey,' and the name stuck." Carol is equally fond of the pup and is in charge most of the time, because Jan is so often and so long at the studios.)

"Carol is too considerate," Jan says. "She

may have a Saturday-night date that will keep her in Manhattan but, if she discovers that I'm going to be alone in the house, something always happens to cancel her date."

From Monday morning till Friday afternoon, Jan leads a disciplined life. She is up every morning at seven and at work in the studio by nine-thirty. Except for Wednesday night, she is usually home about six in the evening. She and Carol have a meat-and-salad dinner, play some gin rummy, Scrabble or watch television, and by eleven Jan is in bed.

"There's no letting down for Jan until the weekend," Carol says, "and then it's like an altogether new life."

Friday afternoon, with Carol and Honey, Jan drives out to the house. Everything is ready for Jan when she gets there. She employs a couple, Thomas and Iza, to run the house. Their loyalty and interest, Jan feels, have helped to make her house a home.

"I don't do a lick of work," Jan says. "I get there and I just enjoy the house."

Jan's house contributes to a relaxed weekend. The living-dining room sets the mood for the house. The room is about fifty feet long and twenty feet wide. One wall is practically all glass, and there hangs a dramatic floor-to-ceiling drape consisting of some eighty-eight feet of material. It is a rich, heavy fabric with deep-red and black geometrical figures on green pastel.

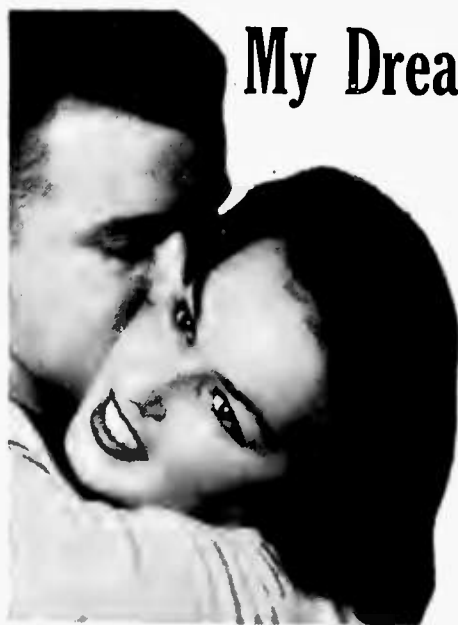
"The squiggly lines kind of remind me of a television set out of focus," Jan laughs.

The two great chairs by the fireplace are white with deep coral stitching. The carpeting is deep-green. The fireplace, paneled by mirrors, is black tile. And then, although it has nothing to do with the color scheme, there is a fine Steinway. It's a fifty-year-old, imported concert grand.

Jan has studied piano since she was a child. Once in a while, she plays on the show with Arthur. At home, she plays for herself.

"I'm seasonal," she explains. "For the summer, it's light music. In the winter, I like my chords lush."

Her bedroom is not exceptionally feminine. She always wanted a large bed and so got herself one six by seven feet. Since Jan is exactly five feet, three and three-quarters inches tall, she gets a real spacious feeling. She has used woven-textured



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wallpaper, and there are three big chests of drawers with a mirrored wall above. Her windows face out on the woods.

Next to Jan's room is the guest room with twin beds, papered in pale yellow, with drapes and bedspreads of orchid. There was once a third bedroom, but Jan converted it into a den. Here in a handsome, cozy paneled room, she has a TV receiver, floor-to-ceiling bookcases, her phonograph and desk.

"And, naturally, the smallest room in the house is the favorite of my friends."

Her house guests have included her old Chicago friend, Fran Allison, and Haleloke and Dottie Kendrick and her husband Maxie. Jan's parents and her brothers and sisters and her nephews and niece have visited during vacations and holidays.

Jan is a favorite with her four nephews and one niece. She always remembers them with gifts when she is traveling. She is the number-one volunteer baby-sitter when they are visiting her. And she's fun, because she likes games—and that goes for the adult kind, too. Saturday evening, when she has guests, there is always something going, bridge or gin rummy or charades.

"Trouble with Jan's parties is that they are always twice as big as planned," Carol says. "Jan will prepare for sixteen and then invite thirty."

Jan is big-hearted and warm-hearted, and this often causes her inconveniences. For example, Jan gives her clothes a hard run, with so many television appearances, so she must shop frequently. And the only day she has free is Saturday.

"If she goes out on a Saturday afternoon, she's got to accomplish something," Carol explains, "for she can't get the time to do it again for another week."

But a stranger can stop Jan for ten minutes to an hour. A woman will come up to her and express admiration for the Godfrey show. Jan, instead of merely saying thank you and giving her a polite brush-off, will stand or sit for a visit.

"This happens so much," Carol says, "and then Jan complains that she doesn't know where the time goes."

There are little stories to be picked up around the Godfrey office of Jan's unpublicized generosity. Jan cannot accept worship from fans and kindness from colleagues as her due. She must show her appreciation in word and, often, deeds.

"Well, I stick my chin out," she says. "I believe in people, and I'll take a chance. Suppose they prove you're wrong? Suppose they prove to be phonies? You haven't lost anything, except for a little hurt."

Jan has learned, in her association with Arthur Godfrey, the worth of trust. When Arthur first heard Jan, she was a CBS staff singer. She wasn't a "nobody" by any means. She was recording, and she had previously been earning as much as \$650 a week in Chicago. But Arthur was to take her up the few remaining and high steps to national stardom.

"It was the greatest thing that ever happened to me," she says. "Arthur believed in me."

No one can doubt that Jan's a trouper. She's constantly proving it.

Recently, a woman met Jan for the first time and was moved to say, "You're even prettier in person than on television."

Jan, who should have been flattered, said, "If I had my way, it would be reversed."

But the woman was right. Black-and-white television can't do justice to the deep brown of her eyes and the coloring of her hair. Jan has warmth and radiance that is just too subtle for an electronic eye. But not for the understanding hearts of those who hear and see her—and who will always love the first Little Godfrey.

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Over 300,000 women have received luxuries, conveniences and necessities for their homes this easy way—without money! You select what you want from our catalog showing hundreds of well-known "name-brand" products as a reward for introducing a few friends or relatives to the famous SIGNET CLUB PLAN. You help them, because they get EXTRA VALUE without extra cost with FREE Premiums. It's really easy, no experience necessary. Send Coupon today for new 1955 Catalog. No obligation. ACT NOW!

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A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address FREE BOOK

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Dept. 592 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

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National Laboratories, Dept. S52, Galt, Calif. Offer not good in California.

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ARTIFICIAL EYELASHES—Absolutely natural-looking lashes that give you GORGEOUS EYES instantly. Exotic! Glamorous! Simple, easy . . . put on in 5 seconds . . . can be used over and over again. In compact-like purse-size case.

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10 DAY TRIAL FREE! Order today at our risk. If not completely satisfied return the eyelashes after 10 days' trial for full refund.

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9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

Women who value true married happiness and physical charm know how essential a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods.

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
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So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

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Scientific tests proved no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet SAFE to body tissues as ZONITE. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away odor-causing deposits. It completely deodorizes. Leaves you with a sense of well-being and confidence. Inexpensive. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.



ZONITE—The Ideal “ALL-PURPOSE”
Antiseptic-Germicide

Heaven in Her Hands

(Continued from page 36)

ahead of his scheduled personal appearance. So, on the morning of September 16th, Eve's obstetrician said she might as well ease over to the hospital—if Eve didn't mind a long wait.

“I minded very much,” muses Eve in inimitable fashion. “You see, besides the dog, cat, ducks, chickens, horses and sheep on our ranch in Hidden Valley, we also have a pair of rabbits. Now this congenial twosome, not to be outdone by mere man, were the proud parents of nineteen little bundles of fur-bearing joy. And I was determined to find happy homes for them before settling down to increasing the population myself.”

So Eve, the super-saleswoman, devoted the entire day to delivering bunny bundles to their new lords and masters. Tired but triumphant, she returned to their home in the Hollywood Outposts Estates.

“Now, dear, don't you think we'd better leave for the hospital?” Only an expectant father like Brooks West could have projected such anxiety into a human voice.

“Really, honey, there's plenty of time,” answered Eve, with the quiet aplomb of a veteran. But she tucked her three adopted adorables in bed, gave a few last-minute instructions to their nurse and cook. With a huge sigh of relief, Brooks started their car down the hill. Why he chose that particular street this particular night, he will never know!

Suddenly they were passing a drive-in theater and, just as suddenly, Eve was tugging on her husband's coat sleeve.

“Oh, Brooks!” she exclaimed. “They're running ‘Dragnet’ and I've been dying to see it. Let's go in—there really is plenty of time!”

So now you know how Sergeant Joe (Jack Webb) Friday played such an important part in the most important event of Eve Arden's exemplary life. Never in the history of maternity wards was any father-to-be so happy and relieved as Brooks West when you-know-who checked in! He stayed with Eve until eleven. Then, having been assured that the main event was still in the preliminary stage, Brooks went home for some sleep.

Promptly at five, the following morning, Douglas Brooks West weighed in at 9 pounds, 4 ounces. A few minutes later, Brooks—with that this-is-it look in his anxious eyes—settled himself uncomfortably in the father's waiting room. Before he could even mouth an inquiry, a male attendant came beaming by.

“Mr. West,” he announced, “Mrs. West has a beautiful baby!” Brooks felt his knees turning to jelly.

“How's my wife?” he quickly asked.

“I'm sorry, you'll have to ask the doctor.”

“But is it a boy or a girl?”

“I'm sorry, you'll have to ask the doctor.”

There followed thirty of the longest minutes in any man's life—and then a nurse came out carrying his son. Brooks took the usual inventory, but he still can't quite remember how he got to Eve's bedside. But there he was and, still in the vapors, Eve squinted up at him as she announced majestically: “I had a baby!”

The birth of her first-born is the crowning event in Eve's personal life, a life that once lacked purpose and a central point of interest. For years before and after an unsuccessful first marriage, Eve wondered what she really wanted. Until Brooks West came along, she continued to search for it.

“I've always loved children,” says Eve. “While the other little girls in Mill Val-

ley, where I lived, used to play with dolls, I rounded up the neighborhood kids, combed their hair, scrubbed them until they sparkled and found it much more fascinating. My adopted children are a blessed comfort, but I've always hoped I would have a child of my own someday. When it looked like it would never happen, I must confess at moments my heart sank.

“Today I am completely convinced there is a right time for everything. Psychologically it was the right time for me to have a baby, because at long last I felt secure. Mentally, emotionally and financially secure. With gratitude I could reach out and feel I belonged to something—to someone. It used to amuse me that, because of parts I played, people associated me with serenity and complete self-assurance. I wish it had been true.”

Speaking of truth, it's ironic that Eve was voted the best comedienne on television last year, then criticized for not being on hand to accept her Emmy. She had been feeling rather ill for weeks. Finally, the day before the banquet, the doctor sent Eve to bed—after confirming that her own little award-winner was on the way! Such sacred news was much too precious to announce immediately. As a matter of fact, she and Brooks were still stunned, sitting there at home in front of their television set watching the Emmy awards being distributed.

When her name was announced, Eve started to blubber while Brooks dashed to the bar and opened some champagne.

“To heck with keeping our secret,” they toasted each other. “It's such a wonderful night for good news, let's call up a few friends and tell them about the baby!”

The “few” friends turned out to be a few dozen! Then, when the story broke in every paper, Mr. and Mrs. Future Parents held a small family conference at the breakfast table. While little Duncan was still too young to understand, Connie was seven, Liza was nine—all three are now legally adopted by Brooks—and there was always a possibility of kids at school finding out and saying something. Fortunately, the Wests had just bought the farm where they spend every weekend. It seemed like an ideal time to tell the children a new baby was on the way. Eyes wide with wonder, they all but suffocated their mother.

“A baby goat—or a baby horse?” they exclaimed breathlessly.

Facing the truth has always been one of Eve Arden's major accomplishments. Her children knew they were adored and adopted as soon as they were old enough to understand. Her friends and co-workers give loving loyalty to Eve because they always know how they stand with her. So now Eve knew the time was at hand for the truth about babies. Connie and Liza listened intently, but seemed singularly unimpressed—until they learned their mother was actually carrying the new baby herself.

Finally, Connie could no longer retain her curiosity. “Tell me Mommy,” she lisped, “ith it dwethed?”

“From that moment on,” says Eve, “no adjustment was needed. We stayed close to nature on the ranch all summer. The children saw animals being born and, by the time Douglas arrived, the idea of a new baby was old-hat to them. They just joyfully accepted him and Duncan poked a loving finger in Douglas' eye! I think children respond beautifully if you explain things, remain tolerant and patient and give them love. I love all of mine

with equal intensity. Sometimes, when I look at my brood, I feel like I'm living in sort of a domestic paradise. I now have everything a woman could want—everything!"

Four hours following their blessed event, Brooks defied hospital procedure and flashed a stereo third-dimension shot of his son through the nursery window. Eve just happens to have it in her handbag wherever she goes. Ask her how the baby is—she hands you a box slide-viewer and you see for yourself. You also see a few dozen "extras" she happens to have along, too.

Fans, friends, nurses, doctors, interns—all poured in and out of Eve's hospital room. Flowers, telegrams and endless gifts practically engulfed the year's most popular mother. Even a group of school teachers from the Middle West sent a year's subscription to a diaper service!

And, of course—quicker than you can say "it's a boy"—newspapers all over the country were clamoring for pictures of *Our Miss Brooks'* newest "pupil."

"I'm sorry," explained the new mother. "You see, the baby's formula isn't agreeing with him, he has a slight rash on his face, and I'm afraid you'll have to wait a few days."

So what's with a little rash? eager-beaver editors rejoined. All they had to do was take the pictures and retouch the negatives.

"Retouch my baby? Never!" exclaimed Eve with righteous indignation. And then she started to smile, that glowing, friendly smile which has become a visible symbol of her new-found happiness.

"Okay," she acquiesced humorously, "come on out and take my baby's picture—but be sure and bring a make-up man with you!"

Wally Cox

(Continued from page 68)

Bobby and Johnny Applesed, two children's classics that still bring in royalties after forty years. George Cox, his father, was a copywriter. Elinor Blake, his mother, wrote five novels and three mystery stories, in addition to her professional assignments. And Dorothy Blake, his aunt, was editor of *Woman's Day*.

But in 1942, it might have been Peepers himself who enrolled in a botany course at the City College of New York. The draft intervened, however, and Wally was sent to Camp Wolters, Texas. His career in the Army lasted exactly three months and twenty-one days. On a march, he suffered a heat stroke and was given a discharge.

And, just as the Army separates the men from the boys, so it separated Cox from Peepers. A physical defeat wouldn't matter to a future schoolteacher. As a scholar, Peepers would be more concerned about brain capacity than the size of muscles. But, to Wally, it was a challenge. He began to "indulge in vigorous exercise—rowing a boat or chopping wood." It was the triumph of will-power over an inherent lack of energy.

But what happened at Camp Wolters went deeper than muscles. As a boy, Wally had stood on the sidelines, watching the bigger boys at their games. In the Army, however, there had been no sidelines. For the first time, he had participated—and the taste of life was roughly sweet. Sharing the simple gripes and joys of other men, he had found reality more exciting than any books. Natural science had been a lonely business of watching other things grow. Now he himself wanted to grow. He might not be as physical as other men, but he had a mind. He could study the science of human relations.



OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)



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MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. Harford, Dept. N-2359, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

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HOME SEWERS WANTED—Part or full time. Sew ready-to-wear, aprons. You make them, we sell them. Jud San, 518 E. 105, Suite B61, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

HOME WORKERS WANTED! Self employment home jobs listed. \$20-\$50 per week possible. No experience necessary. Rush Reply for details. Maxwell, Dept. B2, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

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HOME WORKERS. MAKE hand-made moccasins. Good pay. Experience unnecessary. California Handicrafts, Dept. 81, Hollywood 46, California.

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

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"DANCING SELFTAUGHT"—Complete book \$1.00. Greenview, Box 61-ET, Whitestone 57, New York.

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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 86

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FOR
EVERYBODY**



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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 85

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The first thing to do, he decided, was to get a job, so he could be self-supporting like other men. Nineteen and eager, the amateur botanist and would-be writer worked wherever he could—in factories, farms, a grocery store. He "cut brush for a nice man," tried weaving.

No, the first thing to do, he decided, was to get the right job—one that made some constructive use of his own natural talents. He wasn't certain just what these talents were, but he had heard about those aptitude tests that tell a person's abilities quite scientifically. So Wally plunked down twenty hard-earned bucks for the tests.

"For two days," he recalls, "there was great stroking of beards and much self-conscious erudition, before they announced their decision. I was told not to attempt anything creative. I was fit for just two types of activity. One, I should make my living by working with my hands. And two, I could play a musical instrument, providing it did not require the reading of more than one line of notes."

He was also advised to stop changing jobs. A man cannot be qualified as belonging to a profession unless he has "five consecutive years of employment in that one field."

As literal-minded as Mr. Peepers, Wally learned to play a "recorder"—a woodwind which requires the reading of only one line of notes. (By coincidence, this is the musical instrument which now plays the theme music on his TV show.) And he enrolled in the School of Industrial Arts at New York University, where he studied handicrafts for two years—until his G.I. Bill credit ran out. Then he got a job in one of those little shops in Greenwich Village which sell hand-made silver objects.

Wally describes his boss as "a fairy-tale villain," but a more experienced wage-earner would have recognized him for what he was—a little businessman, making as much as he could, paying only what he had to, and trying to take advantage of a young man he had sized up as a defenseless Peepers. By calling his young assistant "an apprentice," he tried to start him off at fifty cents an hour. Wally pointed out—quietly but firmly—that his mother was ill, he needed enough money to help support his family, and he had made eighty-five cents an hour as an apprentice in a lamp factory. The owner of the shop finally agreed to start him off at sixty cents an hour, and Wally had learned his first lesson of business life: You get what you ask for—only never that much.

He kept asking, however, and was raised to seventy cents an hour, then eighty. Soon, he was not only making all the silver but running the shop as well. That was how he found out about percentages—percentage of goods sold, percentage of overhead, percentage of profit. And that was how he found out that, while he made thirty-five dollars a week, the boss made twenty-five thousand a year. This time, Wally didn't ask for a raise—he argued for it. And so he learned his second lesson of business life: Pure logic, spoken in the soft accents of reason, will get you no place. A business argument is sheer emotion and if you can't out-yell your opponent, you've got to act. Wally quit, got a job in another shop, and two months later was hired back by his first boss at a dollar an hour.

But the "fairy-tale villain" had taught Wally the facts of life in a competitive world, and aggravated him into a practicality which was to come in handy in a world that Peepers could never even dream of. In 1946, Wally went into business for himself. His shop was a workbench in the cold-water flat where he lived. Here, he made cufflinks and tie pins of his own design, selling them to the exclusive haberdasheries on Madison Avenue. And, he

was making more money on his own than he had as someone else's assistant.

Going into business for himself, however, was more than just economics. Unconsciously, he was striking out for freedom—freedom to be completely himself. Partly, it was self-confidence. He had proven he was not inadequate to life but could meet it—on his own terms. And partly, it was the reinforcement of his friends. Most of them were actors—including another young individualist named Marlon Brando, who had been a former schoolmate of Wally's at Evanston, Illinois. The two were eventually to room together in New York.

Although the aptitude-testers had failed to find any trace of creative ability in Wally, his friends didn't fail. At a party one night, he got up and did a side-splitting imitation of a non-com in charge of Army recruits. Wally wasn't any wallflower suddenly becoming the life of the party. He was simply being himself—a man with a natural talent for acting that just couldn't be held back any longer.

His friends made him join the American Creative Theater Group. They also made him entertain at other gatherings. At one of them, an NBC executive heard him and arranged an audition at the Vanguard, a Greenwich Village night club. Wally made his debut there in December, 1948.

Appearing in a night club is the toughest test for a performer. It requires fighting for an audience's attention, competing against customers bellowing the latest gossip, waiters rattling dishes, and an occasional drunk fancying himself as a comedian. It takes a commanding presence for a straight actor to hold such an audience.

Wally's act didn't rely on slapstick, noise or gags. His satiric monologues were in a quiet vein, requiring close attention to catch the subtleties of character. But the patrons of the overcrowded Vanguard paid close attention for eight consecutive weeks, leading to engagements for Wally at such swank night spots as the Persian Room in New York and the Mocambo in Hollywood. But the engagement he remembers best was the one at a certain club in Detroit, reputedly the hangout of gangsters and racketeers. A sympathetic waitress tried to assure him that it wasn't really a hangout of gangsters and racketeers—she had only seen three in the place all night.

There wasn't any stage, either. "I had to work standing on the bar," Wally recalls, "with people drinking on both sides of me. The pianist, who also served as emcee, gave me a big build-up, making much of the fact that I was direct from nine weeks at The Blue Angel in New York City."

Wally did his act, interrupted by an occasional "Hey, why don't you get your hair cut?" from the audience. Afterwards, the sympathetic waitress called him aside. "I guess this just isn't your room," she said.

The second night, the pianist merely introduced him as "Wally Cox." Period! The third night, the management asked him to leave. Wally pointed out that he had been engaged for a week. What's more, he stayed the full week, playing nightly—standing on the bar before an audience which wasn't any happier about it than he was.

In 1950, he was signed for the Broadway revue, "Dance Me a Song." Once he was hailed as a great comic discovery, the door was opened to radio and TV. Wally appeared as a guest star on thirty-five different programs before starring in a Philco Television Playhouse production, "The Copper." It was a whimsical little comedy, but it went over so well that Fred Coe, the producer, and David Swift, the author, got in a huddle with the star to figure out a TV comedy series for him. They almost

made Wally a policeman, but finally decided on a schoolteacher. On July 3, 1952, *Mr. Peepers* debuted as a summer show.

When the series ended, ten thousand fans wrote to NBC urging them to bring back *Peepers*. The letters were gratifying but unnecessary. NBC had already signed Wally to a five-year contract and, three weeks later, on October twenty-sixth, *Mr. Peepers* returned to TV as a regular series of the winter season.

To his fans of all ages, *Peepers* is the eternal boy—as serious-minded as only the very young can be. Everything he does is new and fresh, because everything seems to be happening to him for the first time—as though it had never happened to anyone else before. To teenagers, he is a contemporary, taking his first hesitant steps in a grown-up world. To oldsters, he is a blessed reminder of those awful, wonderful days when they were young.

As an actor, it is gratifying to Wally to have his work so appreciated. As a human being, however, it's a bit disconcerting to learn that no one thinks he's acting. Even a boy hates to be told that he's boyish—let alone a man of thirty! "If there weren't something of *Peepers* in me," he admits, "I couldn't play him." But *Peepers* is the character Wally *might* have become. Why couldn't anyone see him as he really was?

Last September twenty-eighth, when *The Martha Raye Show* returned to the air, Wally appeared as a guest star, taking the role of a psychopathic killer. For comic effect, the script writers relied upon the incongruity of anyone as gentle as he trying to murder anyone as blithely roughhouse as Martha. But Wally played the part with such sadistic relish that he seemed quite capable of mayhem, and the merry twinkle in his eyes seemed to indicate that what he really wanted was to kill forever the legend that he is *Peepers*.

It was useless. Even the press still insists that Cox is "a mild and shy little fellow who makes his own shoes and patches his pants with rubber cement."

Shy? "To say that an actor is shy is a contradiction in terms," Wally says, mildly surprised that the record doesn't speak for itself. How could anyone who is genuinely shy become a star in the competitive, extroverted world of show business? As for "the little fellow" people feel so sorry and protective about, he's now making more than \$125,000 a year.

But money was never Wally's yardstick. He is a searching being, more concerned about inner realities than externals. What can money buy that he really needs? A few more clothes? He was just as happy with one suit—"an elegant sufficiency of all-purpose brown." Confessing to an "interest in velocity," he can now afford two motorcycles. But he rents his green convertible, and he doesn't own the plane he is learning to fly. He bought a two-acre lot in the country and started to build a house all by himself—a project he has long since abandoned.

To the world, he was a success. In his own terms, however, success was something that happened last September when *Mr. Peepers* returned to the air for its third season. It meant that Wally had been an actor for five years.

"Five years' consecutive employment in one field," he mused, thinking of the aptitude-testers. "The time has now come for me to write them a caustic letter."

He was partially serious. It meant he had proven himself, found his rightful place in a man's world—on his own terms, as an individual. But he still didn't have the things other men have. . . .

He met Marilyn—his bride-to-be—four years ago, when she was sixteen. The daughter of Edward Gennaro, a pattern-

maker in New York's garment industry, she studied dancing at the Performing Arts High School. A month before her graduation, she entered the cast of "Dance Me a Song," in which Wally also made his stage debut.

Marilyn is five feet, five inches, weighs a hundred and fifteen pounds (Wally is five feet, six inches, weighs one hundred and thirty), with poodle-cut reddish-brown hair and brown eyes. Backstage acquaintances describe her as "a quiet girl who can be vivacious on occasion."

About a year ago, when Marilyn was dancing in "The King and I," she and Wally started going steady. Since both have quiet tastes, they steered clear of night clubs, and few knew of their romance. Except for a few friends, the wedding was also kept secret.

It was performed by a Methodist minister in a ceremony similar to Wally's TV wedding. A writer who was present reports: "Donald Seawell, a New York lawyer, gave the bride away. Peter Turgeon, an actor friend, was best man, but Wally carried the wedding ring which he had hammered out of gold and beveled in an Egyptian design. The ceremony was on the lawn of Seawell's farm, overlooking Chesapeake Bay near Bozman, Maryland. Warm sunshine glinted on the star ruby of the bride's yellow-gold engagement ring. Wally had proposed more than a month before, but she got the engagement ring only three days before the wedding—took him that long to make it. The minister's wife, with babe in arms, came along for the ceremony. Wally kissed the bride solidly on the mouth at ceremony's end—rather different from his TV kisses, which are best described as pecks."

The Coxes honeymooned "somewhere in the Rockies," then toured the straw-hat circuit, for Wally was starring in a summer-theater production of "The Vegetable," F. Scott Fitzgerald's comedy of the Twenties. Marilyn, who last danced in the new Broadway hit, "The Pajama Game," has given up her career to concentrate on marriage. They now live in Wally's three-room bachelor apartment, in a high-ceilinged reconverted old brownstone in mid-Manhattan. He still has his workbench, and he's busy making a set of silverware and some extra chairs.

As for married life, Wally thinks "it's the cure for what's wrong with being a bachelor." And what's wrong with being a bachelor? "Well, you waste a lot of time looking for a wife. It isn't wasted when you get married. And then, you're always wondering who it's going to be. When you're married, you don't wonder any more."

He was half-facetious, but then he turned serious.

"I haven't any parents or close relatives within eight hundred miles. Now, when I come home at night, someone loves me. It's quite a new thing to me." He paused. "It makes a difference in your work and everything. You don't realize how much is preying on your mind until you're married. It's a burden off your shoulders, and you can devote your mind to other things. It takes a long time to realize you're not a boy—a longer time for someone like me, with my boyish face and gestures. But now I'm in the category of a married man—the head of a family, so to speak. It's a little extra adulthood—a psychological graduation."

A psychological graduation to maturity! At last, Wally has taken his rightful place in the world—and in the whole scheme of things. But, even now that he has grown into full manhood, he still reminds one of *Peepers*—for he has done so without losing any of the sweetness, the integrity, or the natural innocence of youth.

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Time to Live

(Continued from page 60)

Would I trade it for something else? No, nix, nenny, nyet—not yes! From childhood, I have had no other desire than to be an actress and, by the grace of God, I am doing my best to be one. I am eternally grateful to the good people who have watched and enjoyed our show. I am selfishly grateful, because those people have presented me with a gift that is priceless to any actress—the opportunity to act.

Now, an actress can act without an audience. There's always your bedroom mirror—or your audience in dreams. But, actually, there's no real substitute for a living audience, even if it's sitting out there at the end of what they call a micro-wave.

My first "important" audience consisted of just one person! This goes back to childhood times and the day I came out of my very own land of make-believe. The family had been indulgent about my childhood stage ambitions and never did anything to really discourage me. In time, there were to be a few barriers. But, at the outset, there was gentle toleration of the idea that I wanted to go on stage—just so long as nothing serious came of the idea. But there came a day. One particular day. The day I had an audience of one.

I was just a very little girl, playing at dreams in a back yard in Beverly Hills, California, and I had scissor-hacked one of the family pillowslips to serve as the fancy gown my heroine wore in her great love scene. Alas for a real hero—the object of my affection was a tree trunk. I had embraced it fondly and was pouring love's young ardor into a knot hole which served for the hero's ear, when I heard a chuckle from the back porch. There on the porch was my audience of one. He was a cousin, really—but something more than just a cousin. He was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the son of my Aunt Beth.

As any actor will tell you, a chuckle in the middle of a highly dramatic scene is almost a fatal kind of criticism. So far as the actor is concerned, it does one or the other of two things: It makes him decide to embrace chicken farming as a profession, or it makes him mad. In my case, it made me mad. I didn't speak to Douglas for something more than a week, and it was during that time that I decided that someday, somehow, I was going to play that kind of scene so well that the audience wouldn't laugh.

Of course, I know now that that cousinly chuckle wasn't really criticism. I know that it was just a case of joy over watching a youngster trying to spread a set of adult wings, and not having too much success.

Once having made my mind up, I got downright stubborn about it. There are a lot of performers in my family—actors, dancers and the like. Almost without exception, they tried at one time or another to dissuade me from my chosen career. For sensible people, they filled me full of an uncommon batch of nonsense about the theatrical profession being no business for a nice girl. . . . Hmph!

But, for a girl who was dedicated to the proposition of performing for the public, I went about it in a very strange way indeed. I don't think anybody would have classed me as a scholar during primary and secondary schooling. I moved around a lot, and there were frequent changes in school. Then, on top of that, some member of the family was always heading out on a trip and I was frequently carted along.

By the time I was twelve, I probably knew more about traveling to Europe than

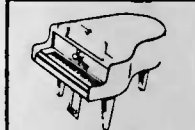
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I knew about sixth-grade mathematics. I was in London for the coronation of George VI in 1937—but I don't think this had any particular effect on my standing in the English courses in Oakland grade schools!

There came a time when I had managed to struggle through high school, and the family proposed that I should go on to college. But I had something that can be described as the Bernhardt complex. So far as I was concerned, I knew what my career was going to be and there was no reason for not starting it right then.

Of course, I considered myself to be a well-seasoned actress already. So far as my "seasoning" was concerned, what I probably needed was salt—the kind that you take a grain of. I had appeared in various children's dramas at the San Francisco Exposition, and I had always been in some kind of theatrical effort, and I thought I knew enough to get by. There was a heavy family conference on the subject of school-versus-career, with the latter winning out.

But there was one drawback to it. I was informed very firmly that, if I wanted to get into stage work in New York, I would first have to earn enough money to float me through the try-out period. Revolting thought! I, a budding actress, condemned to slavish toil. Ugh!

I got a job selling classified advertising on the Oakland Tribune, and actually liked it. Strangely enough, that experience of working on a newspaper has stood me in good stead on *A Time To Live*. On TV these days, I'm Kathy Byron, a girl reporter—and while I was in a different branch of the paper in Oakland, at least I did get a good working knowledge about how newspaper people think, feel, and act.

Meanwhile, I had been playing various roles with one of the little-theater companies in San Francisco, and getting experience which was sorely needed. It doesn't seem so long now, looking back, but there was a time when I thought it would never end. The day did come, though, when I got out of "durance vile" and headed for New York. The family still was of one mind and didn't take the venture too seriously. I think they fully expected to have Patty back in their laps after a couple of weeks or so. Or maybe they were just giving me a sort of indirect encouragement—prodding me on to greater effort by getting my gander up.

If I thought I was going to land smack-dab in the middle of a Broadway stage, I was due for a comeuppance. Rather an unflattering comeuppance, now that I think of it.

It seemed that, as of that moment, Broadway producers weren't having any young California sprouts with dramatic ambitions. I wore out a good deal of shoe leather before I convinced myself that the task was hopeless, for the time being, so I started looking elsewhere.

Well, if you've got to have a job, and if you're willing to temporize with ambition, you can usually find something profitable. I did. I got a job modeling clothes at Saks Fifth Avenue. But hold on a moment—because here goes glamour: I was a model for "chubby teens"!

Alas for lithesome lines, for sylphlike shapes, for the lean, clean profile of willow! Patty was a fatty—or a little bit, at any rate. I earned a living at it for a while, and then embraced a rigid diet.

The diet had two results—I lost my job at Saks, but almost at once I got a job in a theatrical stock company at Erie, Pennsylvania. The job lasted six months, and was very good for me. It gave me an opportunity to do all of the hundred and one acting chores you're likely to encounter with a stock company, and the kind of apprenticeship you need to become

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a useful "journeyman" actor. Subsequently, I returned to Erie for two additional seasons of summer stock and found in it the kind of reward and spur that I had always hoped for.

I have never found the stage to be work in the *toilsome* sense, even though there have been times when I was ready to drop with exhaustion. I don't know about other professions, but it has always seemed to me that a lively interest in what you're doing is necessary for any job.

There are a lot of different ways of measuring success in the theater. Sometimes it depends on your point of view. What I think of as my first big success might not appear to the average person as being anything to brag about. The short of it is that I managed to get a "super" part in the Broadway presentation of "Diamond Lil." Now, a "super" is anything but a lead. The word is literally short for "supernumerary," and it means just that—one of the rank-and-file; some faceless, nameless nobody in a mob scene.

But any professional actor knows that very few people ever blaze up in a star part, the first time they hit Broadway—and that, even if a novice does blaze that way, the sudden glow is often followed by sudden extinction. A super's role is a learner's role; a part which can be played without having the weight of the whole show on one's shoulders and, at the same time, being in an ideal position to observe experienced actors work at close range.

It wasn't too long after that I got my first chance in television. Again, it was not a big role—they turned me into a telephone operator on *The Aldrich Family*. But, like getting a start on-stage, you've got to be willing to make a start in any kind of role if you intend to make a career out of appearing before the TV cameras. One hard fact some people never seem

to learn is that an actor usually starts getting the important roles when he's *ready* for them, and not before. I had some inkling of this before I started, which was part of the good fortune of having been born into a family with a number of show people in it.

There's something else about a family like that. They have a sympathetic understanding of the troubles you're going through—but, when they criticize, it's not only a help, it's got *spurs* on it.

For all the headaches and heartaches, and the climbing of ladders with sometimes broken rungs, there are moments of glory which make it all worth while. My special moment of glory came on the day they cast me in a role opposite the idol of my young stagestruck life—my first audience! As long as I live, I will thank the memory of Ken Murray and his production staff for casting me in a scene opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

I suppose if I live long enough, and learn enough, there may be other more important and critically acceptable roles for me. But, so far as I am concerned, it is unlikely that any other role will give me exactly the same kind of satisfaction. It was an important part, and I liked that. It was on a big network show, and that was great for me, too. It was opposite one of the best-known personalities in show business, and that was purely wonderful. But, perhaps most important of all, it was a chance to show a member of the family that Patty had come up a notch in the profession and might someday amount to something.

It seems to me that a lot of my life has been spent in going contrary to family wishes. I suppose I ought to be more dutiful, but I have admired them for things they have done on their own and I have wanted to do some of the same kind of

What
a
relief!



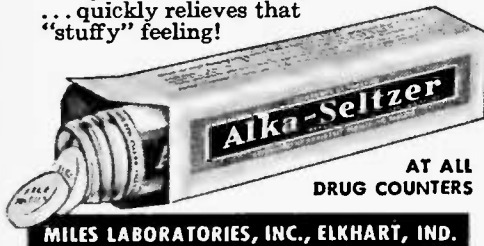
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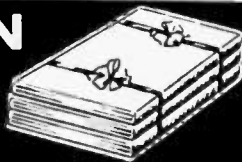
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things on my own. For instance, I decided about three years ago that I wanted to go to Europe. By that time, I was quite busy and reasonably successful. The family, plus everyone else, seemed to join in one loud yell: "Don't go to Europe!"

So I went, anyway.

Together with the girl I was rooming with at the time—and \$500—I went to Europe. We saw Paris and Munich, and had a wild and funny time doing it. And we saw England—particularly England—and all the stage shows we could walk to, or drive to, or get to even if it took a pogo stick.

As matters turned out, I was right and the family was wrong—about that trip, anyhow—because when I got back to New York I found more and more work to do and, apparently, no damage done for having played truant. At least I like to tell myself that there *wasn't* and that, after all, it was in the interest of my "art"—I can now muster up a pretty fair British accent if I'm ever called on for it.

But—to bring this thing down to present considerations and my life in a bucket seat aboard the outer rim of a pinwheel—my work week starts on Sunday evening, and it doesn't let up until the following Friday afternoon. Here's about how the schedule works out: On Sunday, I have to get my clothes pretty much in shape for the following week, because there won't be much time to do it in the daily schedule. Then I have to study my role for Monday's show.

Eventually, I stagger off to sleep with an ear cocked for that (nine bad words) alarm clock. Like an electric shock all along the spinal column, it routs me out to stagger through what are described as "morning ablutions" and a fast pass at the make-up. Somewhere between speeches read aloud, through mouthfuls of toast and coffee, I

get in another private rehearsal. If I get caught up on the world's events at all, it's because the caddy was thoughtful enough to lend me his newspaper on the brief run to the studio.

Once arrived, all seems to be confusion. Everyone associated with the show is trying frantically to remember where things were when we left off Friday. Final rehearsal is strictly a dark horse out of Madness by Iconoscope. Then, for about fifteen minutes, we turn into a bunch of expert workmen, beginning to live the lives of other people, who must be believable and honest for the television audience.

Almost before we have had time to get off the air, we have been plunged into another rehearsal in preparation for the next day. Finally, I get a chance to eat a hurried lunch before other possible rehearsals or more study for the following day. Up until my bedtime, I am still immersed in the next day's events, and then—it seems like five minutes—there's that (14 bad words) alarm clock again.

If I were bored with my job, the life I lead would probably be pretty frustrating. But it is anything but boredom. The people who are around me, in this daily frenzy, are all as dedicated as I am, as willing to overlook faults, as willing to make the final effort to produce something living for the television audience. It would be a very dull world indeed without that kind of spirit.

I suppose there may come a time when all of this may seem like "just another job." If it does, then I propose to be something else. I think that a home and a family of my own could be pretty exciting, too. And I would like to think that there will come a day when another little Patty will be around to play a dream scene with a hero who—to grown-up eyes—is only a big tree in some back yard.

His Humor Just Happens

(Continued from page 58)

silence greeted him. Then even the casual chatter at the back of the room stopped. Then, at a ringside table, a thick-tongued customer remarked heavily, "This is a comedian?"

Recalling it, David Baumgarten—now a vice-president of the important Music Corporation of America—still groans. He says, "George should never have been booked into that club. It was a place for a loud, knockdown comic who could shout the mob. That was George Gobel's absolute low point. He opened and closed the same night."

Yet, six years later—when most of the "knockdown" comics were having trouble with their TV ratings—George Gobel, with his mild-mannered humor (which so often sparks from comments to his wife, Alice), had won a warm welcome in the living rooms of the nation.

The words "surprise discovery" which appeared in so many TV reviews, brought hoots of protest from the friends which thirty-four-year-old George Gobel has made during his twenty-two years as a professional entertainer.

One of the loudest came from Garry Moore, who gave the straight-faced humorist his first multiple bookings on a TV network. Said Garry, "For years, some of us have been talking about George and trying to point out to certain New Yorkers that there's a whole different world on the other side of the Hudson River—a world which doesn't care what is the week's top two-line gag at Lindy's. In George, you have another example of that Chicago school of broadcasting which includes Dave Garroway and Fran Allison's Aunt Fanny and reaches clear back

to Fibber McGee and Molly." (It also includes Garry Moore, even though he was too modest to add his own name.)

Garry went on to analyze their appeal and charm: "They have a humor which is based on respect for the individual, however tormented he may be by circumstances. They never get their laughs at the expense of ridiculing someone. Because their humor has its roots in everyday living, they stay fresh and never 'use up' their material. By his way of drawing from experiences everyone shares, Gobel has become a sort of spokesman for the average guy."

George himself, during a broadcast, expressed the same idea this way: "I am one common man and you can't hardly get them no more."

Gobel's own background and experiences bear out this claim. He shares the same values, the same aims, as the people who have found new delight in his shows. The major influences during his youth were his parents, his church and his best girl. Today, his personal life centers around his family and his friends, and his aim is to provide a secure future for Alice and their children: Gregg, 9; Georgia, 4; and Leslie, 1.

It was his parents, Lillian and Herman Gobel, who—in addition to giving their only child love and security—also provided him with his first "listening post." The neighborhood grocery store which they owned on Chicago's West Side was a friendly place where customers talked about the happenings in their own lives. There, George's ear was first attuned to the way the working people of the world expressed their hopes and fears—and, with the saving grace of humor, laughed at their own frustrations. George listened,

learned and then imitated them at home. The church which played a key role in his career is, suitably enough, St. Stephen's, the smallest in the Episcopal Diocese of Chicago. There, the Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker—"Friar Tuck," in newspapermen's parlance, for he also works on the copy desk at the *Chicago American*—administers his church with the belief that everyone should use all of his God-given talents. Although most of his parishioners work in near-by factories, he encourages them to explore the arts. When little George Gobel turned up, possessed of a remarkable soprano voice, Friar Tuck got him his first big audience by arranging to have the choir sing at Station WLS.

At WLS, George Biggar, program director, became the first of the long line of George's professional "discoverers." He put George, at twelve, into a *Barn Dance* unit, singing and playing his guitar.

When George added acting roles in daytime serials and children's programs to his schedule, his best girl became the one who kept him out of scholastic trouble at Roosevelt High School. She was dark, dimpled Alice Humecki—petite, smart, and almost as quick with a quip as George is. He describes their romance and enduring partnership in Gobel fashion: "She did my homework, so I figured I might as well marry her. That was the least I could do."

A more revealing evidence of their deep attachment is found in George's determination to be home when their first child was to be born. By that time, war had been declared and George, who had earned his pilot's license before his enlistment, was an instructor of B-26 pilots at a base near Frederick, Oklahoma. When Alice phoned she was ready to go to the hospital, he induced his commanding officer to lend him a plane. The official reason for the mission was so flimsy that the officer specified there was to be no publicity.

But, just as they do in his TV sketches, things always happen to George Gobel. Piloting one of the fastest ships then in existence, his flight to Chicago was swift. His taxi ride in from the airport, however, was impeded and circuitous and actually took longer than the flight from Oklahoma. Thinking it a good story, a friend at WLS tipped off Larry Wolters, radio editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. The *Tribune* clocked and mapped both routes. George, when he returned to base, had his new-parent pride swiftly deflated by an irate officer who waved the *Tribune* clipping and demanded, "You call this 'no publicity'?"

That and other stories made good telling while the guys stood around shooting the breeze. And George was a natural choice whenever there was a call for entertainers at a camp program. He started out with his songs and his guitar, but the other guys yelled for his stories, too. Thus, he added comedy to his professional act.

At war's end, George's story-telling and his flying combined to bring into his life three new friends who were to play definitive roles in his career. The first was David P. O'Malley—"Mr. O," George calls him—a white-haired, red-faced, hearty Irishman who specialized in booking "club dates," supplying entertainment for lodges, conventions and sales meetings.

As his manager, O'Malley became the trusted adviser who has handled George's business affairs shrewdly and planned his career wisely. They are now partners in Gomalco Enterprises, producers of George's TV show.

The two other friends who strongly influenced Gobel's post-war progress were the brothers Bill and Frank Helsing. Bill managed Sky Harbor airport, while Frank ran Helsing's Vodeville Lounge, a north-side night club. George, having the idea

that a nice, steady income as a commercial pilot would be a good thing for a man with a wife and child to support, turned up at Sky Harbor, asking for a job. Unfortunately, a notably large number of his fellow explorers of the wild blue yonder had the same notion. When Bill Helsing was unable to work George in as a pilot, he sent him to see Frank at the night club.

In a recent TV sketch, viewers had an intimation of what this man meant to the aspiring performer. The televised situation called for George to cope with the complications of an unemployment-insurance office. Intimates garnered an extra chuckle from the identification sign on the counselor's desk—"Frank Helsing." For a number of years, the night-club proprietor proved to be exactly that for George—his counselor. When other bookings failed to materialize, he could always go back to Helsing's.

The Helsing's engagements also led to George's introduction to TV. Ted Mills—now an NBC producer in New York—was then at the *Chicago Tribune's* newly-opened station, WGN-TV. He recalls, "I caught George's act and thought he was the only night-club entertainer who could take his act, intact, into a family's home."

Gobel did indeed fit into what Mills was the first to describe as "the relaxed, Chicago school of television." But Mr. O's ability as a booker had already diverted George to more profitable fields.

Mills ruefully recalls, "I got him for a couple of appearances on *Club TV*, which pretty much centered around the Honey Dreamers. And, after I moved to NBC, I planned a projected show around him. But, already, he was making so much money on club dates that we couldn't afford him."

It was backstage during one of those *Club TV* telecasts that George first met the Honey Dreamers, their manager, Art Ward, and their arranger, Bob Davis, who is married to one of the singers, Marion Bye. The Davises and the Wards (Art and Sylvia) were destined to become the cross-country equivalents of next-door neighbors to the Gobels. When show-business bookings have separated them, they've been known to drive hundreds of miles just to spend an evening together.

Marion Bye Davis recalls how their friendship began. "Standing in the wings, waiting to go on, Bob and I started to talk to George. When we came off, after doing our number, he was wringing his hands. He positively moaned, 'How can I follow anyone as good as you? I'll die out there.' Then he went on with that line of his, different from anything else we had ever heard. Right there, Bob and I decided this guy was for us. We asked him out to dinner, then of course we had to meet Alice and we were crazy about her, too."

Marion adds, "She always seems to be a half-step ahead of George. While he's working, she's thinking about what ought to happen next. She knows what he's capable of doing before he himself knows. Her ways of letting him know about it are a bit unusual. Take Jaybell. . ."

Jaybell, it appears, was an Afghan hound, presented to George by a night club owner who had four. George, who hadn't been home in six weeks, loaded the beast into the car and arrived in his own back yard at 6:00 A.M. With Jaybell at his heels, he sneaked upstairs. Opening one eye, Alice gave him a big welcome: "Hi, honey." Then she opened the other eye and saw the hound. She dove under the covers and lay still for several minutes. Cautiously she peeked out, then glared at George. "That's all I needed—a mountain goat!"

But Jaybell proved useful in Alice's scheme of things. The next time George came home from an engagement, Alice,

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meeting him at the airport, was driving a new Studebaker. "We needed it to show off the dog," she explained blandly.

The truth was that George could well afford a new car at that time, for his star was rising, thanks both to Mr. O's guidance and the enthusiasm of the friends he made wherever he worked.

Art Ward remarks, "Everyone did the same thing we did. Wherever we worked, we'd tell our bosses about this new comedian, George Gobel."

Says Dave Baumgarten, "That's the way MCA got interested in him, too. Jim Brayley—who then managed our Chicago office—and I were sort of bringing up a young singer, Jeanne Shirley, whom we had discovered at Northwestern, and who was headed for stardom until she quit and got married. Appearing on the same bill with George, she told us about him."

Having powerful MCA searching out bookings for him should have marked the end of his club-date apprenticeship and his advent into the top spots of the nation. Instead, his bookings see-sawed, and the fiasco in the raucous New York club was a body blow.

Yet, in the depths of his discouragement, someone always turned up to appreciate his style. When, in Detroit, he played his first engagement for the Statler hotel chain, there were just sixteen people in the room. However, one of those people was William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court and brother of Arthur Douglas, president of the Statler Hotels. Justice Douglas found the Gobel humor much to his liking and said so.

George made his second approach to New York warily. Baumgarten and O'Malley chose the spot with care and put him into the Hotel Pierre. With Alice standing nervous and wet-palmed in the wings, George worried himself onto the stage. He was met with laughter and understanding. Here, at last, was a New York book-into to his liking.

The remaining high points of his see-saw career history are quickly outlined: In the summer of 1952, he made his first New York TV appearance (for one hundred dollars) on Bill Stern's show at the Astor Roof. The *Toast Of The Town* appearance came next, and led to bookings on Garry Moore's program. These brought him a "summer replacement" stint—seven shows—on *Saturday Night Revue*. Because of this success, NBC placed him under contract and moved his family from Chicago to the West Coast. They did not, however, find air time for him.

With a regular NBC salary being paid him for doing nothing, George went back to the night clubs, worrying whether he ever would get a chance to show his face to a TV camera. Then, finally, NBC agreed to put him into the Saturday-night time being vacated by *Your Show Of Shows*. Since then, he has become NBC's biggest bargain.

While such incidents tell the Gobel success story, his friends will talk happily for hours, analyzing the human story of the Gobels' attitudes and actions.

The first division of their anecdotes contradicts George's on-the-air wail, "Alice, I can't be funny all the time." Both Alice and George are just as witty off stage as he is on, say their friends, and cite instances to prove it.

Says Marion, "You'd think no one could make a joke of having a flat tire on the Jersey Turnpike at two o'clock in the morning. But, the morning that happened to us, as we were all driving back from a Philadelphia show, George—trying to be helpful and standing around talking—put Bob into such stitches he couldn't change the tire!"

His absolute honesty, his lack of pretense or egotism, and his naive attitude toward money ("That's Mr. O's department") produce another set of anecdotes.

Says Dave Baumgarten, "In contracts, George is the performer who never plays an angle. You can depend upon him to do exactly what he promises to do, and he expects the same kind of treatment from others. If he suspects someone of offering a sharp contract, he always questions it by saying, 'Dave, there isn't anything kinky about this, is there?'"

George's acute distress when once he himself got into a momentarily questionable financial predicament gives Art Ward one of his best Gobel stories.

It happened during that first important engagement at the Pierre. Although he was being paid a sizable fee, the checks were sent direct to Dave O'Malley's office in Chicago and George, following his usual policy of living on much less than his income, was drawing only \$150 a week—which vanished fast in Manhattan.

He and Alice were staying at a far-from-swanky Broadway hotel, where the management had no idea who they were and consequently required that they pay their hotel bill in cash every three days.

Says Art, "The first time George ran short, he yelled to me and I rescued him. Then came the day when somebody goofed and his allowance check, which should have been in on Friday, was still missing on Monday. George and Alice were down to their last dime when someone, dignified as all get-out, called to announce he was the assistant manager and how's about getting up a little scratch to pay the bill.

"George, thinking it was me—ribbing him—really put on an act. They were about to go out, he informed the caller. What's more, they had just opened up a bottle of pop and, if the guy wanted a drink, he'd better get up there pronto. A few minutes later, there was a knock at the door and they discovered it actually was the assistant manager, toting the bill. Poor George darned near died. He gave the man a check. But, since Alice had been doing a little Fifth Avenue shopping, their personal account was pretty anaemic, too."

Gobel's reaction was intense. Says Art, "He got on the horn—that's his word for telephone—and called Chicago. He also called me, and no monologue he's ever done on the air could compare with it. You'd have thought he was headed straight for Leavenworth. It didn't matter to him that he actually had a good, substantial sum in the company account and that it would take only minutes to transfer the funds in the Chicago bank. The way he saw it, he had done something which violated his own sense of honesty and he was having fits."

Marion takes up the story. "That's all George wanted of that hotel. When Alice had to go home to the kids, he phoned us and announced he couldn't stand that mousetrap another day. He came out to our house and—for the rest of the engagement—slept on a cot back of the piano, happy as a country cousin."

Home parties, either at their own home or at friends like the Davises and the Wards, are still George and Alice Gobel's favorite entertainment. Says Art, "There's where he works up his new stories. He buys some material, of course, but whether he buys it or dreams it up himself, he works it over until it is thoroughly his. I've seen him take as long as six months, telling a story over and over again to his friends, before he was satisfied to use it."

But, that's what makes George Gobel that common man—"and you can't hardly get them no more."

Little Black Lamb

(Continued from page 40)

farm, my father was not a farmer—he was a plumber. He and Mother had moved there from DuBois, Pennsylvania, and Dad conducted his plumbing business right from the farm. The actual work of farming the place was handled by a tenant farmer who also had his house there. We were a big family—there were eleven of us children—but, for all that, I had a somewhat lonely childhood. You see, I came along as the last of the line, and my brothers and sisters were all older. While they played with me and loved me nearly to death, it wasn't quite the same thing as having someone near my own age to play with. Of course, I had friends my own age, but it is not as handy for youngsters to get together in farm country as it is in town.

But there are other compensations in farm life, and there was certainly no lack of happiness in my family. One of my greatest friends was a Shetland pony named Jack. He had been around so long, he was almost a part of the family, and he was more faithful than any dog I've ever known.

The family itself was a happy one to be around. We were a singing family—not in a professional sense, but simply because we liked to sing. That's usually a good sign of people who are at peace with one another and enjoy being together. In my case, the singing seems to have rubbed off in a permanent way. I don't remember this, because I was too young to recall it, but it seems that I learned some of the popular songs my sisters were singing while I was still in a high-chair. They took me to make my "singing debut" at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Fredonia when I was 21 months old. After that, I had a lot of encouragement from my sister Edna, who was a music teacher, and by the time I was four years old she had me singing not only in English but in French.

Now that I look back on it, it seems to me that I am almost entirely a product of my childhood years. There's the singing, for one thing. There's also the reverence for God that comes from long years of choir singing. And—I suppose this is kind of an amusing offshoot—there's some proficiency in golf, traceable to the fact that I was a tomboy.

I must have been a burden to other girls in my grades at Orr School in Fredonia, because I couldn't be bothered with the sissy kind of baseball they played on the girls' side of the school yard! I was always over fielding or batting on the boys' side of the grounds! And, instead of always playing with dolls, I found a friend who would go hiking with me, JoAnn Marsteller. We would hike and go sledding and come back all frost-nipped and ready for hot cocoa.

I didn't know it at the time, but I made my start along the road to professional singing when I entered Fredonia High School. Aside from the scholastic pursuits, my life there seems to have been one long series of high school plays, operettas and concerts. Together with Sevilla Kraemer and Doris Reichert, I helped form a trio and we became the belles of the banquets around that section of Pennsylvania. We even made it all the way to one of the state singing contests, but our singing was a little sharp and we finished in second place.

My sister Edna had taught me all she could about singing and music generally, and during my senior year in high school I was taken under the particular wing of Carolin Snider (now Berkley), who was a singing teacher and who eventually became a very close friend of mine. She taught me about breathing, phrasing, and all the other elements that a singer must know.

At the time of graduation from high

school, some youngsters are undecided about a career. As for me, I had never wanted to do anything but sing, from my earliest days in grade school. It was almost automatic that, in a very short time, I should find myself singing professionally with Bob Collar's orchestra. This was a five-piece "combo" that played the country clubs and high school proms around that part of the state. During the next four years, I was always busy, but never very far away from home. We were out on a date somewhere almost every night in the week. While it involved a very great deal of hard work and a lot of driving, I often think of it as being the most essential time of my life, from a professional standpoint.

Somewhere along about the middle of that early band experience, I got my own show on Station WPIC in Sharon. It was a 15-minute evening program and I sang all kinds of things. Meanwhile, I also sang at the dance dates with Bob and the band.

I guess I have been particularly lucky. Some performers always seem to go through long periods of unemployment, but it was my good fortune to go out of one job right into another. In radio, I went to WKST in Newcastle to become one-half of a boy-girl combination, and from there I went to WFMJ in Youngstown. It was while singing on WFMJ that I got my first network break. ABC originated a Coast-to-Coast sustaining program from there, and I was on the air regularly with Jack Merrill and the Woodside Sisters.

Meanwhile, the band dates continued. I graduated from Bob Collar's combination to working with Jerry Edwards' band, and then to the Benny Jones Orchestra. This was an eighteen-piece dance band and was very popular around Youngstown.

The biggest break of my life is another illustration of just how lucky I have been. I went to New York for a CBS audition in the late spring of 1952. I suppose I could have gone on working as I had been for the rest of my life. But, for any performer, there's always a challenge in the talent competition of a big production center. Along the way in the days of my band experience, I had met Clark Dennis, and this meeting was to have an important effect on my big chance.

Clark knew that I had been scheduled by CBS for an appearance on June 12, 1952. He also knew that his old boss, Don McNeill, was looking for a girl singer. He got in touch with Don and told him to listen in on the CBS show—and, the first thing I knew, there was a wire waiting for me at the hotel, asking me to come along to Chicago for an audition with the *Breakfast Club*! On July 27, 1952, a little over a month after my appearance on CBS in New York, I went on the *Breakfast Club*—and that's where I've been ever since.

From my individual standpoint, this has been probably the happiest period of my professional life, because it gives me a chance to sing hymns as well as popular music. I did choir work for many years at home and I really love the sacred songs. But, for many years, I hadn't had much chance to sing that kind of music in public.

But as for the *Breakfast Club*, this show really points up the fact that any professional performer has need for an extensive "internship." If it hadn't been for my choir work, and if it hadn't been for my work with the bands over all those years, I don't believe that I would be able to satisfy Don McNeill or his audience.

Traditionally, farm folk are supposed to be early risers, and in my case the farm provided good training for my present work. Anybody who is associated with the *Breakfast Club* has to go to bed

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with the chickens and get up at 5:00 A.M.! That's literally true, as any Breakfast Clubber will tell you. While we do some rehearsal following the program each day, the main rehearsal job comes in the early morning, before the show gets on the air.

The show takes up quite a little of my time at home, too, because there are songs to learn, records to listen to, and sometimes dialogue lines to learn. But, aside from that, I still have plenty of time for my own interests. This happens to include golf—and golf is the reason why I picked the particular apartment I live in. One of its advantages is that it is convenient for me to reach a nine-hole public course in Lincoln Park, and that's where I can usually be found on a Saturday, during the season.

I'm not a great golfer, really, but I am good enough to regularly shoot in the low 90's for 18 holes. Of course, this interest traces right back to that tomboy stage, because I now put as much swat into hitting a golf ball as I used to do in hitting a baseball! I can usually hit a good, long tee shot—sometimes to the evident unhappiness of men I play with—but my short game could probably stand some improvement. (I also used to love bowling, and did rather well at it, but there doesn't seem to be much time for it these days.)

I suppose some girls in my position would be shopping continuously, but clothes have never been a mental problem for me. Basically, I'm a very plain Pennsylvania farm girl in my tastes, and about the only extravagance I have is shoes. I can't stand them when they're "run-over," and for that reason I always seem to have a rack full of new ones.

When I stop to think about how life has treated me—and I often do think about it—I realize that I have been a very fortunate

girl. I enjoy singing, and it has been my good fortune to be able to make a living from it. It seems that I have never had to push, and the right thing has always seemed to happen to me at the right time.

I often think of those little black lambs that I helped nurse in childhood, and it has occurred to me often that maybe that's how human "black sheep" get their starts in life—by being neglected when they were little ones. I often wonder whether the human kind would be that way when they grow up, if they had been surrounded by loving care and devotion when they were first here on earth. Having been given that kind of care during childhood, of course, I can't understand any other kind—and I would want the same kind of care for any child. It doesn't seem to me that delinquency would be such a problem, if all the potential little black sheep in the world could have the right kind of start and protection at the outset.

This feeling of mine will materialize someday, I hope, in a sort of personal project I have been planning for a long time. I would like to establish a home somewhere, a real home, for orphans and crippled youngsters. I don't mean a very big place—certainly not anything like an institution. What I have in mind is something just large enough to encompass what might be called a big family. Someday, I hope to be able to make enough out of my singing to really make that project work.

As for my own family, when we get together at Christmastime or on other holidays, we strain the walls of whatever place we're in. With brothers and sisters, their wives, husbands and youngsters, we make up a family party of fifty-two people!

And there's a certainty that we do at least one thing for our entertainment—we get together and sing.

The Host with the Most

(Continued from page 35)

from there into radio in 1932, and it was in radio that he actually created the "scoop" format with which he has been so successful in TV. Ed introduced Jack Benny to the airlines, as well as the late George M. Cohan and scores of others. Among his "firsts" on TV have been the video debuts of Martin and Lewis, Bob Hope, Rita Hayworth, Audrey Hepburn, Moira Shearer, James Mason, Vic Damone, Rosemary Clooney, Alfred Lunt, and Jackie Gleason.

Perhaps his most publicized "first" was Margaret Truman. The way this came about illustrates some of the reasons why Ed has been so successful with his formula.

Ed had been trying without much luck to induce the then-President's daughter to appear on *Toast*. One Sunday he had Mimi Benzell as a guest. He didn't know it then, but Mimi is one of Margaret's close friends. After her appearance, she raved to Margaret about Ed's helpfulness and the pleasant manner with which he'd handled the show and the talent appearing on it. Not long after that, Margaret called Ed. If he could do so well for Mimi—well, she'd like to give it a whirl . . . and she did.

In addition to his all-around duties on *Toast*, Ed writes his Coast-to-Coast syndicated column five days a week. He also does an extensive promotion job for his sponsors, traveling all over the country to make appearances for various Lincoln-Mercury dealers. He also does more benefits, both as organizer and performer, than any other star. Despite all these activities, he operates with a very small staff: Jean Bombard, who handles secretarial chores, and Carmine Santullo. These two youngsters, who are with him constantly, know the man behind the intent, serious, businesslike host of *The Toast*. Along with

millions of TV viewers, they like the guy . . . but—to his eternal credit—they're not afraid to talk about his foibles, either.

In show business's inner circles, Carmine is almost as well-known as his boss. To illustrate the quality of their relationship: Some years ago, Ed somehow got involved with backing a Broadway show called "Crazy with the Heat." It was a dismal flop and Ed lost all the money he'd invested. Shortly after its demise, there arrived at Ed's office a belated bill, for some advertising material, amounting to \$16.50. Carmine paid it out of his own pocket.

"I figured Mr. Sullivan had enough worries about then," Carmine now reluctantly admits. "It was the least I could do, considering all he's done for me."

"Let me tell you how I happen to be working for him," Carmine goes on. "I was one of those New York kids who just can't seem to stay away from the bright lights. I began to haunt Broadway and its stage doors almost as soon as I could get around by myself. Why not? My own street on the East Side wasn't particularly glamorous."

"I staked out a berth for myself at Loew's State. I had a shoeshine stand by the stage door and I used to run errands and try to make myself generally helpful, for a few pennies, to the people around the theater. Mr. Sullivan came in there with his 'Dawn Patrol Revue'—he played there sixteen consecutive weeks for the all-time record, you know—and I saw him a lot. I used to get his lunch and run his column over to the paper for him. Things like that. He never made me feel small or insignificant even though I was just a bootblack. Quite the opposite, he seemed to have a faculty for making me feel that the little things I did for him were important and that he appreciated them. And it wasn't only the

size of the tips, it was his whole attitude. He was always courteous, always took time to say thank you.

"Well, when he offered me a steady job—that was eighteen years ago—I could hardly believe it was happening to me, but you can bet I didn't hesitate! I've been with him ever since, except for a few months when the syndicate assigned him to the West Coast and he originated the column from there. I don't know what would have become of me if he hadn't given me a break. As it is—well, I love my work, through it, I've been able to help my parents and live happily and comfortably myself."

By now, of course, Carmine is accustomed to contact with the famous, but he's still far from blasé. He tells with deep awe about the show he did with Ed at the White House some time ago—"I actually sat in the chair of the President of the United States!" But few things disturb Carmine's steady, stony calm. He does recall one particular moment of great embarrassment, though. That was when he opened the office door one day to find four hulking Marines, grinning broadly.

"Say," said the spokesman, "is Amelia around? We'd like to take her to lunch."

"Amelia," it should be hastily explained, is an imaginary secretary whose name has been used by Ed in his column—and by Carmine, in answering "Amelia's" mail. Amelia's columns attracted an extra-large number of G.I. letters and they never questioned but that she was a real person. Carmine couldn't bear to let his visitors know she didn't exist.

He tried to think fast, and then he told them he was sorry but Amelia was on vacation right then. The boys were crestfallen. But Ed got Carmine off the spot, by appearing in the office at that precise moment. He invited the Marines in, and then spent the afternoon entertaining them.

Neither Carmine nor Jean Bombard ever knows who it will be when they open Ed's door or answer his phone. His circle of acquaintances is one of the world's largest and most varied. On the walls of his pine-paneled office are autographed photos of movie stars, golfers, statesmen, fighters, social figures, politicians, baseball players, generals—even financiers.

"I had a rough time getting used to being surrounded by all these impressive people," says wide-eyed Jean, indicating the walls around her desk. "But, if anyone could make you feel at ease anywhere, it's Mr. Sullivan. Besides, we're so busy we don't have time to be impressed."

I came here to work three years ago. Mr. Sullivan was going to write a book and I was to transcribe it. But we've been so rushed we've yet to even get a start on that project, although Mr. Sullivan did write one book, before my time here—Mr. Lee, about Lee Shubert, the theatrical producer—and he's also the author of a number of original movie scripts."

An average day in the Sullivan office begins at ten o'clock. That's when Jean and Carmine arrive for work at the office, which is one large room adjoining Ed's apartment at the Hotel Delmonico, on Park Avenue in New York City. First thing Jean does is to walk "Bojangles," the Sullivans' gray French poodle—named for the late Bill Robinson. Then Jean gets to the mail, while Carmine is already busy on the phones, which ring constantly. Ed's fan mail averages a thousand letters a week. There are a great many requests for photographs. "Just filling those takes scores of hours and costs several thousands of dollars every year," says Jean.

Ed's own day begins around one o'clock when, having breakfasted lightly on boiled egg, toast and coffee, he comes into the den which serves as office, gives his mail a quick check, takes "Bojangles" for another

run, and then sits down to his solid-gold typewriter to pound out his column. The gold typewriter is no affectation. It is an honest-to-goodness working model—and a most handsome one—which Ed received from the Jewish War Veterans of Springfield, Massachusetts, as a token of their gratitude for a mammoth benefit he staged to raise funds for them.

The typewriter is only one of scores of trophies which make the office an interesting spot to visit—or work in. Interspersed with the autographed pictures on the office walls are about a dozen plaques which have been presented to Ed by all types of religious, veterans' and other charitable groups as tokens of appreciation and esteem. These souvenirs tell their own story of Ed's universal good will, because—although he is a strong professor of his own faith—his charitable efforts have included causes espoused by every conceivable religion and all racial groups.

One of the most striking mementos in Ed's extensive collection is a pair of brown "tap" shoes, neatly encased in their own glass box. These belonged to the famed Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. When Bill—who had been a fine gentleman and one of the greatest performers of our day—died broke, Ed Sullivan arranged the mammoth funeral which was attended by every great star in New York and a good many people equally famous in other professions. It was the most impressive funeral the Big Town had ever seen. Mrs. Robinson carried out Bill's last wish and gave Ed the dancer's most prized possession, his "lucky" tap shoes.

While Ed is writing his column, Carmine is busy answering the phones and trying to keep Bojangles quiet. The little pup, knowing his master is around, usually picks this particular time to make a major bid for attention. Ed works with such concentration—and Carmine usually does so well with Bojangles—that the boss was completely unaware of the dog's devilry until one day, when Carmine was out and Jean had her hands full with the phones, he began to pester Ed.

"What in the world ails Boje?" Ed asked irritably. Jean told him—but the dog's conduct hasn't improved. Ed's so fond of the little animal he can scarcely bear to reprimand him.

Sullivan began his journalistic career as a reporter of high school sports events for his hometown newspaper, the *Port Chester* (N. Y.) *Item*. His great interest in all sorts of athletic events—he earned twelve letters during high school—made him a natural for this assignment and led him to set a goal as a sports columnist or editor. He realized this ambition on the N. Y. *Evening Mail* in 1920, and as sports editor of the now-defunct *Graphic*. Came then the "blow" which was to change his life. He was switched from the sports desk to the Broadway beat and asked to turn out a column of Broadway gossip. Ed didn't think much of this assignment and teed-off his new career with a blast at gossip-writing in general. This first column—plus other disagreements when Walter Winchell was also a *Graphic* staffer—led to their long-smoldering feud. At the height of the Barry Gray-Winchell vendetta, this feud flared anew when Ed "tore Winchell's ear off" on two separate occasions on the Barry Gray radio show.

After Ed finishes his column, Carmine takes it down to the *Daily News* for setting and follows through with it, adding or deleting designated items until it has been sent out to other newspapers. Ed, meanwhile, turns to whatever other chores the day has brought. He writes the scripts used on *Toast*. Sometimes these take considerable time and research, as in the case of one of his biographical shows. He also

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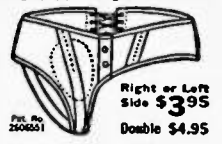
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When they were first married, Ed and the former Sylvia Weinstein lived at the Astor Hotel in Times Square. Later, when their daughter Betty came along, they moved to the East Side to their present abode at the Delmonico, because that part of town is quieter and less congested.

This three-room-plus-kitchenette apartment adjacent to the office in the Delmonico is a handsome one. Up to a few months ago, it was comfortable but less distinguished, done simply in what Ed describes as "Early Delmonico" (meaning furniture and decor supplied by the hotel).

Just before Betty was graduated from UCLA—as a graduation present, in fact—Sylvia re-did Betty's room in blond wood and a dainty pink and pale gray color scheme. Ed liked it so much they decided to re-decorate the rest of the place. In contrast to the farm, which is done in chintz and Early American, the apartment is slick modern. Three of the walls in their bedroom are painted a pale blue, and on the fourth there's a textured metallic paper. Against this wall stands their huge "Hollywood" bed with brass frame headboard upholstered in the same pale blue antique satin. The spread and draperies are identical fabric. The carpet is pale gray and there are two textured overstuffed chairs in apricot. Their huge light modern dresser has a white marble top and brass legs, as have the small matching bedside chests.

In their large living room: the walls are pure white and the carpet is deep green. Along two of the walls are long brown-and-white tweed sofas, arranged at right angles and with a marble-top corner table between. A huge circular coffeetable with white marble top stands in front of them. A blond desk with brass legs, a pair of interesting TV stools upholstered in blue-green shantung, a soft red overstuffed chair and a couple of occasional tables complete the furnishings. Personal mementos—some nice china figurines collected by Mrs. Sullivan and placed in the antique mirror-framed bookcase, a large portrait of her hanging on one wall, photograph albums, framed pictures and lots of books—give the place a lived-in look.

"The TV set is usually there," Jean explained, pointing to a blank wall space, "but one of the veterans' hospitals, where Mrs. Sullivan does charity work, needed a set for a ward, so she bundled it off to them last week. The sixth one to go to a hospital this year," Jean sighed.

Betty, now 23, and her husband Bob Precht and nine-month-old baby (Robert Edward) have spent most of their life together traveling, since Bob was a Navy officer up to last September, when he completed his hitch. Consequently, they have had little time for overnight visits with the Sullivans at either the apartment or the farm—where there's a completely furnished apartment waiting for them whenever they can come "home" to it. But these extra facilities don't go to waste, even when Betty and Bob can't use them. The Sullivans' latchstring is always out for Betty's young friends.

Ed rarely gets to bed before three or four in the morning, and he always spends some time reading before he goes to sleep. His preferences run to biographies, and although he gives away more than a thousand books a year—largely to hospitals—his shelves are always overflowing. During the hours of the early morning, he gets

many of his ideas for his column and the shows. Invariably, when Jean and Carmine arrive in the morning, they find notes on their desks "dated" with the hour and containing scrawled reminders from the boss.

Ed has an ulcer which kicks up when he gets overtired, overtense, or when he overeats. He doesn't drink at all—his ulcer wouldn't permit it even if he liked it, which he doesn't. He's not sunny when he's disturbed in the early morning, and Jean and Carmine will go to almost any length to keep from arousing him then.

He usually works in sports clothes—slacks and a wool polo shirt—but, when he ventures out of the hotel, he's always the height of fashion in a nattily tailored suit of rich material, with blending shirt and tie and a pair of his favorite suede oxfords. He seldom wears a hat. He's passionately neat and he likes the office to be kept uncluttered. It's on this point that he and Carmine have their only differences. Ed throws things away. Carmine salvages them and carefully stores them. Ed complains chronically that Carmine's collecting will run them out of home and office, but Carmine just can't seem to help himself—and with some justification. One day recently, for some point of reference, Ed needed an old group photograph which had been taken at a large sports banquet almost twenty years ago. He asked Carmine where it was, and in seconds Carmine had it. Ed had forgotten completely that the week before he'd insisted that Carmine throw away the picture. Carmine, a model of self-restraint, didn't remind him.

Because he truly likes people—individually, or en masse—Ed thoroughly enjoys personal contact with his legions of fans in the cities across the country. However, he admits that occasionally these contacts can be disconcerting.

A couple of months ago, he was making a personal appearance in a Midwestern city when he was approached for an autograph by a pair of teenagers. While he was signing her book, he noticed that one of the girls was looking at him in some surprise. "My gosh, Mr. Sullivan," she exclaimed, as he handed back her book, "I didn't know you had gray hair!"

Ed—who does have a sprinkling at his temples—tells that one on himself, with the broadest of grins. Sure, he's fifty-two and he's a grandpa. And now he's a real country squire.

The other day, surveying his new acres in the waning light of the afternoon, it suddenly occurred to him that the beauty of his trees was entirely lost when darkness fell. Loving every needle and leaf, Ed opined that this was a terrible waste. He wanted to share them with his frequent evening visitors or even just casual passers-by. What, he asked Nelson Baume—who does the lighting effects on *Toast*—could be done to remedy the situation?

In record time, Nelson created a system of lamps, buttons and wires which could be worked from the house to light up the trees and terraces to their most dramatic advantage. When he had finished, Ed surveyed the scene.

"Why—why, it's a fairyland," he exclaimed. "Beautiful as a *Toast* set . . ."

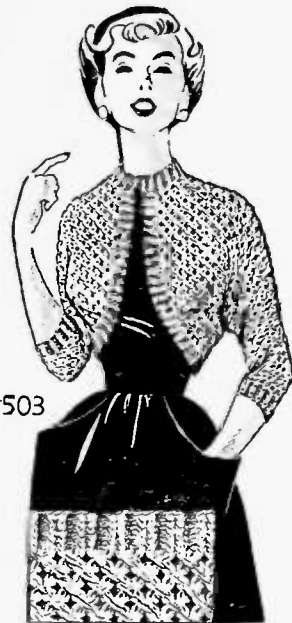
"Which," said Nelson promptly, "gives me an idea . . ."

"Yes," said Ed shaking his head. "Me, too. But no—I don't think I should do a show from here. Heck, who'd be interested? No, to the viewers, this is just a place I live. The show's the thing on *Toast* . . ."

But what'll you bet? Say, along about next midsummer Ed will do one of his grand "on location" shows from his home in Southbury, Connecticut. The Farm is too much fun. Ed's going to have to share it.

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503—Knit a shrug to toss over everything, keep you warm all winter. Fast 'n' easy pattern stitch trimmed with ribbing. Easy-to-follow directions. Misses' Sizes 32-34; 36-38 included. 25¢



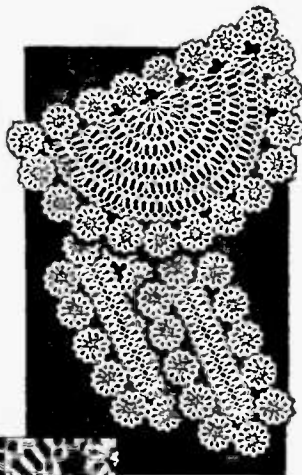
503

7173—Use remnants of checks or plaid 'n' plain for this crisp school dress. Easy to sew, jiffy to embroider. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Pattern parts, embroidery transfer. State size. 25¢

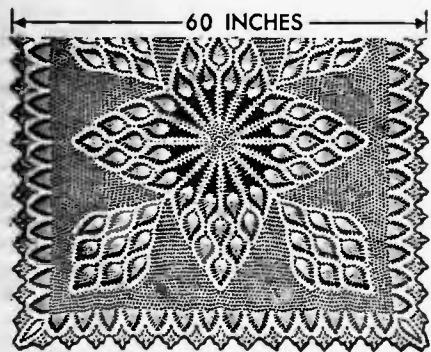
7211—Rickrack combined with crochet—prettiest new chair-set. Make buffet set, too. Combine 2 colors. Chair back, 11" x 17"; arm rest 6" x 12". Use No. 30 cotton, gay rick-rack. 25¢



7173
SIZES
2-10



7211



832

832—Pleasure to crochet—treasure to own. Set an elegant table with this 60-inch square, crocheted in pineapple design and plain mesh. Tablecloth, 60" in string; centerpiece, 40" in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

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Fun to Be With

(Continued from page 51)

"He's got too impish a sense of humor."

"A garbage collector?"

"Too much responsibility."

"How about a radio star?"

"Hmm . . . why not. We can always turn him off." And so the neighbors, bless them—having decided Bill's fate—went back to their living rooms and tuned in *Myrt and Marge* while they waited for young Bill Cullen to grow up and become a star.

"They're still waiting," says Bill. "Every time someone calls me a star, I feel like asking for a show of hands."

The neighbors, however, had a couple of good points. Bill's smart enough to be a lawyer, studious enough to be a doctor, friendly enough to be a politician, but he couldn't have been any of those things. He just naturally fits in where he is, for Bill is innately cheerful and happy-go-lucky. He's fun whether you're with him in a studio or his own living room. He's good for the unexpected and a lot of laughs. But, although he "horses" around a good bit, he also works like one.

For eight months, he commuted six thousand miles each week. From CBS-TV's New York studios, where he participated in *I've Got A Secret*, he would hustle out to the airport and fly to CBS-TV's Hollywood studios, where he emceed *Place The Face*. He then about-faced and flew back to New York to do four hours on NBC's *Roadshow*. Of course, Bill was still doing his other shows: NBC's *Walk A Mile*, CBS Radio's *Stop The Music*, Mutual's *It Happens Every Day*, and CBS-TV's *Name That Tune*.

"Bill has a problem," says his agent Marty Goodman. "Bill is not only popular with the audience, but sponsors like him, too. It's a very pleasant kind of problem."

Toni, for example—which sponsored *Place The Face*—decided to hold onto their time, but replace *The Face* with *Name That Tune*. Bill, figuratively, just stayed at the microphone while one crew went out and another came in. One week, he was daring someone to remember a face—the next week, to remember a song. And it might as well be noted that, when *Place The Face* returned temporarily to a Saturday-night slot, Bill was called in again!

Ten or so shows a week can keep a man mighty busy, but Bill doesn't take a chance on having any spare time. He has hobbies. He has been—and, in some cases, still is—a musician, mechanic, aviator, artist, poet, photographer, fish fancier, playwright, comedian, magician, airline owner, and maybe a few other things. And he doesn't dabble. He jumps in head first where it's deep. He buys books and studies. He buys equipment and works.

"This accounts for Bill being right at home with everyone he interviews," says Mert Koplin, producer of *Walk A Mile*. "Bill is never stumped by a man's or woman's occupation. He talks almost anyone's language."

He never took up doctoring as a hobby (there's a law against it), but he has read enough medical books to know a knee cap as a patella. So nurses and medics like to talk to Bill . . . and so do engineers and housewives (Bill can cook up a fine meal), plus pilots and mechanics.

One day they thought they'd stump Bill with a contestant who worked on the Univac, the electronic brain, but Bill had read quite a bit about it.

"Matter of fact, I had been thinking of buying one," Bill said. The man noted that a Univac costs more than a million dollars. "I offered him ten per cent—and the rest of my life in easy payments."

The man explained that the Univac was

large and required a room twenty by thirty feet. Frankly, there are already so many hobbies and gadgets in Bill's apartment that it's unlikely he could squeeze in another measuring only twenty by thirty inches. Last summer, Bill had to chop a hole in a bookcase to make space for a fish tank in the den. He had already sealed off access to the fireplace with another fish tank.

"I've grown to hate fish," he now admits, ruefully. "They're incredibly cannibalistic. They attack the young and weak and sick."

Bill boned up on fish, but he admits he had picked up the hobby inadvertently. He had originally bought them to use as subjects for color movies. Matter of fact, he had no intention of making movies, either, when he first walked into the camera store. He had seen a couple of floodlights he liked in the window. The clerk asked Bill what kind of photography he did. Bill told him mostly "still." The man said the lights were for movies.

"So, in order to buy the lights, I first had to get a movie camera and a projector and a splicer and tripods and a mess of other things," Bill says. "The fish came afterwards."

But fish, of course, aren't gadgets. Gadget-wise, Bill owns magic paraphernalia, a flock of cameras, recording equipment and a lot of other hard stuff—including musical instruments and art materials—all jammed into shelves and closets. In one closet, there is a fine, sensitive altimeter which he once used in his private airplane.

"It's a good thing to have around the apartment," Bill says. "Every once in a while, I plug in the altimeter and check our altitude. It gives me confidence in the building."

Although Bill at the moment owns no plane, he hasn't by any means given up flying. He's an excellent pilot and, for a year or more, owned several planes and ran a small airline of his own. However, it got too expensive for even a high-rated radio star, and Bill sold all the planes. Now, when he gets a free day, he goes out to the airport and rents one.

"I just get up and roam," he says. "It's just a question of getting away from everything in that big quiet."

While Bill goes up mostly for relaxation and rest, he occasionally has gone sight-seeing or visiting friends in New England by plane. And there was that Friday he told his pretty brunette wife Carol to dress for dinner and then proceeded to drive her to the airport. Carol, conscious of their both having dressed nicely and properly for dinner out, turned two eyes curled with question marks at Bill, as he led her to the plane.

"We're flying to Boston for dinner, naturally," he said.

And they did. And, after dinner in Boston, they came back to Manhattan to see a movie. Naturally.

"It sounded like fun, going to Boston just for dinner," Bill recalls, "and it was."

This is the one thing Bill's friends find most consistent in him: He is fun. Bill's verve is as constant off the air as on. But he's no freak. Bill can be upset.

"He can be disturbed about something, but he swallows it up in front of you and smiles," says Millicent Holloway. "He just doesn't like to give others a hard time."

Millicent and her husband have been friends of the Cullens for years. She also assists Bill with a lot of his work and so knows him well. She recalls riding across town with him. Their cab stopped at a traffic light and Bill's eyes suddenly welled up with tears. He was staring at an

old man on the sidewalk. The old man was tired and poor and wearing hand-me-downs which drooped to his feet. And there was so obviously nothing anyone could do for him any more.

"I got it, too," Millicent says, "and my eyes got real heavy and wet. Then Bill took it upon himself to pull us out of it and he swallowed it right down, and in the next block he had me distracted and chuckling about something."

His sensitivity to others is just one of many nice traits. He's also generous to an extreme. He has turned to Millicent in the office and said, "Please call the florist and have him send poinsettias to my mother. And, while you're at it, have them sent to Carol's mother and yours, too."

When a friend is hard up, Bill comes galloping up on a white steed. He's created jobs for friends who needed immediate help. He'll go to bat for someone in the business who needs a door opened. And then, too, Bill is brave.

Bravery is a word seldom required in talking about radio people. You meet few ravenous lions in studios, and not many dressing rooms are heavily mined, but everyone in the business says Bill is brave. He talks up and talks back, when he thinks he's right. And he talks up and back to producers, sponsors and other powerful men.

"Mostly it boils down to one thing that he is defending," a friend says, "and that is the right of the individual to act as an individual. You can make him angry by saying, 'Bill, you've got to do this my way.' He believes people need lots of elbow room for thinking and doing. And, incidentally, he'll fight just as hard for another person's right to the same privileges."

These somewhat serious dissections of Bill may come as a shock to many of his friends and fans—and to Bill, too. Bill, especially, for he refuses to be visibly impressed by Cullen.

Some of Bill's friends have, from time to time over the years, tried to take a good photograph of him. They'll find a fat cloud in the sky and tilt his chin up against that, and take special light readings, and figure this is going to be a picture worthy of Bill Cullen. But, just as the shutter clicks, Bill sticks out his tongue or crosses his eyes or wiggles his ears. Bill just can't take himself seriously in that sense. He will take your problems seriously, but not his and not himself.

Consider that apartment of his. You wouldn't dare walk in and ask him, "What's new?" You'd be liable to get an answer.

"The mynah is new."

Now a mynah—which everyone needs in his home like a hole in the roof—is a kind of starling that looks like a black crow. It is a rare bird and costs about \$500 without cage, automatic drive and other accessories. What makes the mynah worth \$500 is that it can be taught to repeat words better than a parrot. Now, this mynah that Bill took unto himself goes by the name of Henry—and calls everyone else "Charlie."

"Henry's simple to take care of," Bill says, with a wry smile. "You have to keep him out of drafts but, again, the room can't be too warm for him. And, if he isn't asleep on schedule, he's in a bad humor. His meals are more complicated than a French chef's. Henry's bananas have to be mashed. I must peel his orange, then break it into small segments, then peel the skin off the segments and then pick out all the seeds. And he doesn't eat domestic bird seeds. Only the expensive, imported kind."

Bill got Henry mostly for professional reasons. He hoped to teach Henry some phrases and then use him on radio and TV.

"As you know," Bill explains, "someone always has to say with enthusiasm, 'And here's Bill Cullen.' Well, I feel sorry for the guy who has to say that, especially with enthusiasm."

So Bill decided to train Henry the mynah to say, "And here's Bill Cullen." He made a recording of it and instructed his maid to keep the record going all day. Henry was kept in the same room with the phonograph, and the maid would bring in her ironing or whatever it was, and she played the record over and over. This went on for a week.

"With no results," Bill says. "I was ready to give up, but I figured I'd give the bird one more week."

The middle of the second week, Bill came in the front door, stopped suddenly and cocked his ear.

"I heard it over and over again, 'And here's Bill Cullen. And here's Bill Cullen. And here's Bill Cullen.'"

Bill grins as he explains, "It was the maid. She'd learned the line perfectly."

Now, in the interest of domestic science, Bill is trying to help the maid unlearn the line and give it to the mynah. And, when she does and he does, you'll meet Henry on the air.

"Bill's imaginative," says Mert Koplin, "and he's very much alive. From Bill, you expect the unexpected."

And Bill's friends generally expect to be surprised. He is seldom routine. For birthdays and holidays, he makes plans. But, any other time, he is likely to phone after six in the evening and say, "Let's get together tonight."

And, no matter where they go or what they do, an evening with Bill is guaranteed to be fun. At home, he likes to get the fireplace in business and roast weiners and toast marshmallows. He may call on his friends to act out in slow-motion a couple of scenes for a home movie. He tells a good story and he sings pretty well, with a warm, resonant voice.

"I've got five good notes," he says, "but I can't get above middle C."

If you want to talk seriously about politics or wars or people, you'll find Bill well-read and interested. If you want a sympathetic ear for your troubles, you couldn't ask for anyone more sensitive. But one thing's sure: When it's all over, and you leave Bill—you'll be smiling. For Bill Cullen's fun. He just will not leave you with a frown.

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