

Ed and Dale are keeping pace

It's been fun to watch some of the nostalgic television programs rehashing former successful series, such as the Mary Tyler Moore show. It's a bit unnerving to see the actors aging before our eyes, because we know we've kept up our own aging pace accordingly. It was gratifying, however, to see that Ed Asner and my husband still look alike.

In our 20 years of marriage, we have seen varied reactions to my husband's resemblance to the actor, depending on where we were. Years ago in a QuadCity restaurant a whole table of diners kept looking over at us. We checked our zippers and buttons to make sure all our clothes were intact, but I finally figured out they thought our foursome might include Ed Asner. Dale and I were in a medical clinic years ago and when I emerged from the examining room the nurses were giggling like school children.

"Do you know your husband looks just like Lou Grant?" they asked, referring to the actor's series of the same name. I thought the whole waiting room of people just might break into applause when he reappeared.

Curious people around the country, from hotel employees to airline passengers have done a doubletake when they spotted him. During a long wait at an airport we noticed a little lady clear across the room, knitting furiously, but studying us for a long time.

Her fingers still flashing, she finally made her way across the airport towards us and said, "I just had to see if you really are Ed Asner."

Once in a local restaurant, a group of women we didn't know were watching us and becoming more animated by the minute. Finally, the whole table approached and asked us if we were aware of the uncanny resemblance.

We missed our big chance when Mr. Asner spoke at a Knox College commencement. I was determined we would attend and have a photo taken of the two of them. We didn't make it.

The best experience was in Las Vegas, where celebrities are likely to be. I was playing blackjack with a group of strangers when Dale sauntered down the aisle of the casino. "Oh m' god," exclaimed one of the players, "it's Ed Asner." Much to their amazement, Dale approached our table, came up behind me and put his hands on my shoulders. "How're you doing?" he asked. The players were fascinated. I just smiled and said, "And I'm Mrs. Asner."

You know? Since I don't have much of a "poker face," they didn't believe me at all. So here's a toast to you Ed, it sure has been fun.

Caroline Porter is a freelance writer from Galesburg who can be reached at cporter@galesburg.net.

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Pencil drawing by Don McKelvie, Alexis.)

